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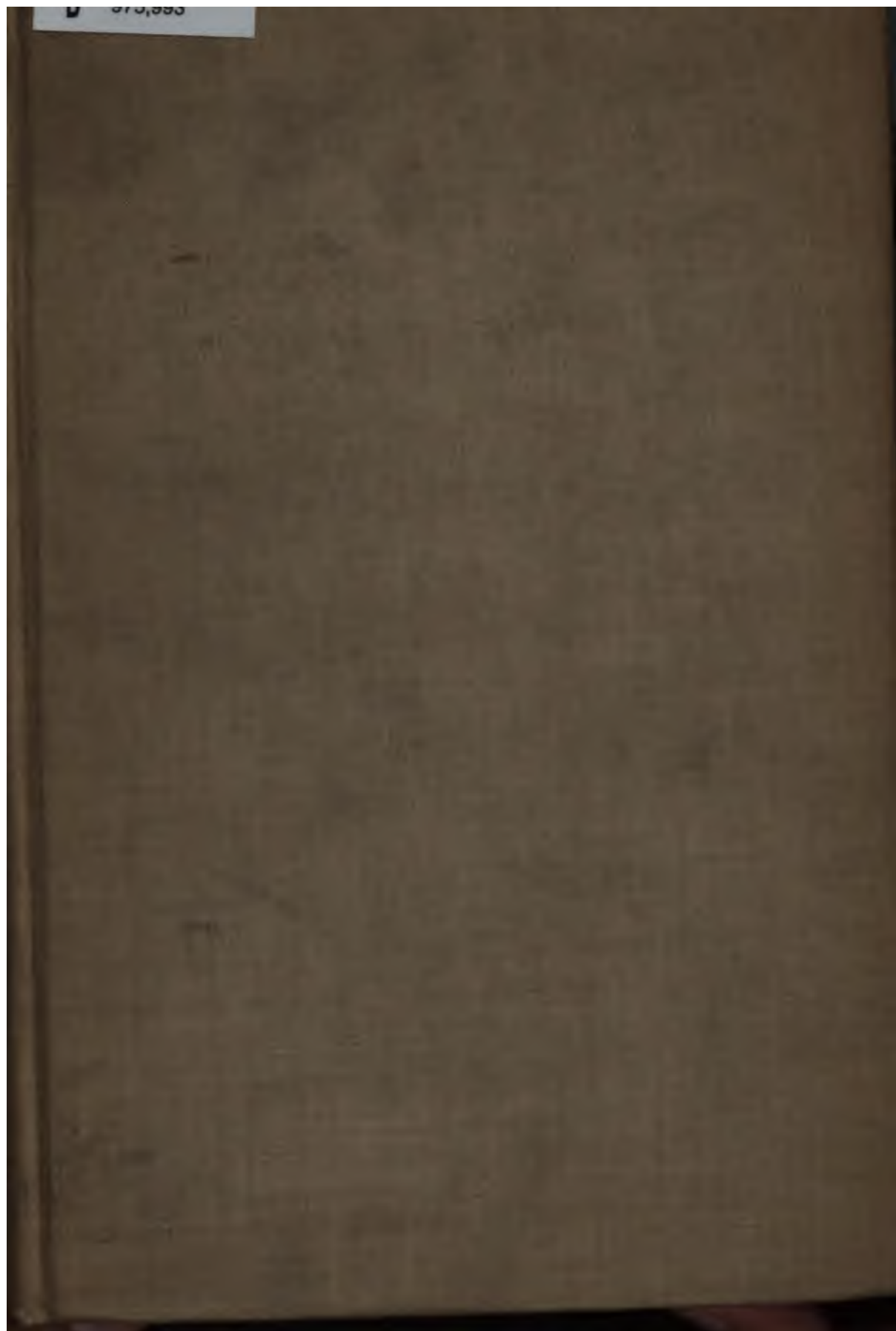
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LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

CONDUCTED BY E. LITTELL.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

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The Rev. J. Starr King sends from California, to the *Transcript*, the following verses upon the contribution from that State to the hospitals.

CALIFORNIA PRIVILEGE.

Not ours, where battle smoke upcurls,
And battle dews lie wet,
To meet the charge that treason hurls
By sword and bayonet.

Not ours to guide the fatal scythe,
The fleshless reaper wields;
The harvest moon looks calmly down
Upon our peaceful fields.

The long grass dimples on the hill,
The pines sing by the sea,
And Plenty from her golden horn
Is pouring far and free.

O brothers, by the further sea,
Think still our faith is warm;
The same bright flag above us waves
That swathed our baby form.

The same red blood that dyes your fields
Here throbs in patriot pride;
The blood that flowed when Lander fell
And Baker's crimson tide.

And thus apart our hearts keep time
With every pulse ye feel,
And Mercy's ringing gold shall chime
With Valor's clashing steel.

F. B. HASTE.

THE CUMBERLAND.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarm of drums swept past,
Or a bugle-blast,
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the South uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain,
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;

"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast-head.
Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

O brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream,
Ho, brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

—Atlantic Monthly.

THE LASS OF THE PAMUNKY.

Your "glens" and "groves" I ne'er admired,
And oh, your "broom" and "birks" they
pall so!
Of Burn-sides (all but one) I'm tired,
And of your "bonny lasses" also.
The man that sings the "Banks of Doon,"
And braces—I hold him but a donkey;
My heart beats to another tune,
And that's the Banks of the Pamunky.

For that famed "Lass of Pattie's Mill"
I wouldn't give one nickel penny;
Of "Nannies" we've quite had our fill,
Of "Peggies" and of "Jessies" many.
Ditto the "Lass of Ballochmyle,"
All set so tediously to one key:
Suppose we try a different style,
And sing the Lass of the Pamunky!

Then sing no more the "Banks of Cree,"
Or "Aftons," green and softly rounded,
But sing the steamer on the P——,
Where they took me when I was wounded.
And sing the maiden kind and true,
Trim, handy, quiet, sweet, and spunky,
That nursed me, and made no ado,
When I lay sick on the Pamunky.

Fair hands! but not too nice or coy
To soothe my pangs with service tender;
Soft eyes! that watched a wasted boy,
All loving as your land's defender!
Oh, I was then a wretched shade,
But now I'm strong, and growing chunky,
So, Forward! but God bless the maid
That saved my life on the Pamunky.
—Daily Advertiser. F. J. C.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ALL IN THE WRONG;
OR, THE TAMER TAMED.

A STORY WITHOUT A MORAL.

CHAPTER I.

THE old gray manor-house had nestled down to dreamless slumber in the hollow of the hills: the rooks in the tall elms behind it had at last settled into silence. But the young mistress of the manor still flitted to and fro on the terrace, slowly and with soft footfall, never hastening, never pausing; not conscious that the light had faded and the dew was falling. There was light enough for the dreaming of such dreams as hers, enough of the warmth of hope and young life in her heart to resist a far graver chill than any that was to be feared from the tepid air of the summer night.

Presently a lattice creaked on its hinges, and a voice from the many-casemented west window asked,—

"Clare, are you out there still? Pray, come in, my dear—you will take cold; and there is a letter for you."

"A letter!—from Allan?"

"No; from Mr. Stanner."

Having heard this, Miss Watermeyr seemed in no haste to obey the summons. For some minutes she leant over the terrace balustrade, breathing the perfume which rose like incense from the great bed of valley lilies under the wall. In the porch she paused again—the honeysuckles seemed so peculiarly, so bewilderingly sweet to-night, as if reminding her of past joy, and prophesying to her of joy to be. So it appeared at first; but she paused too long, till her heart seemed suddenly to sink within her. Perhaps some unrecognized instinct warned her that, passing into the house to-night, she passed over one of those boundary-lines of life which we cross unconsciously, and only perceive when we look back upon them from a distance.

"You are shutting out the twilight early, are you not, auntie?" she asked, entering the drawing-room, and finding that the lamp had been brought in, and that a servant was letting fall the curtains.

"Auntie"—a placid-looking old lady, dressed with somewhat of the quaint gravity of old ladies of an olden time, which made her look peculiarly in keeping with the large,

low, oak-wainscoted—smiled.

"Your thought to-night, Clare: in an hour I have not but my coarse knitted

"My thoughts

Clare said, softly, seem-

vant left the room, on a low stool

lady's feet. "I have been thinking of Allan—of how sweet it will be to have him home again at last. I have been very happy with only you, auntie, but still I do feel lonely sometimes, and it is so long that he has been away."

"Very long, my dear; I hope that you may never be separated again—never left with 'only auntie' any more."

"I do not know that I shall wish that."

Clare's color had risen; she spoke proudly as she added, "I do not wish anything to be considered as settled; we were so young then."

Mrs. Andrews was silent for some time; when she spoke, it was with some considerable show of embarrassment.

"I am not apt to croak, dear Clare, or to be a bird of ill omen, but I feel as if I ought to warn you that you must not expect all will go smoothly: I mean I would have you prepared to endure some things that will seem hard at first—very hard, if you meet them in a proud spirit. You have been good and gentle to me always; still, my dear, you are too proud: you have a more obstinate will than is beautiful in a woman, or consistent with a woman's happiness. I wish to warn you against it—to put you on your guard. A woman must learn to submit before she can be what she should be—before she can be happy."

"Dear auntie, what is all this about? What have I done? What am I going to be done to? Will Allan come home a tyrant? Am I to learn to submit to his will? He used to have no will but mine." In spite of her light tone, Clare's heart sank.

"Your father was a tyrant, my dear." Mrs. Andrews spoke in a suppressed voice, glancing round the room, as if conscious of the treasonableness of her words. "He did not approve of any amount of liberty for women; he was my poor sister's jailer rather than her husband; his jealousy during the last years of her life, which were the

again
last
day
were

The ~~of~~ his too, amounted to something bordering on insanity. I have always thought the unlikely that, with his opinion of women, he should have left you free, and an heiress; and, my dear, you are of age to-morrow."

Clare took the letter from where it had been lying on the table, disregarded till now.

"You think I shall find that I am, without my own consent, disposed of?" she said. "This letter, perhaps, is to tell me of my destination, my fate. Mr. Stanner generally writes if he has anything disagreeable to say: he is afraid of me, I think."

"As I should be, my dear, if you often spoke to me in that tone, or looked at me as you have been looking at that inoffensive paper."

Clare did not smile, or let her features relax; she had opened the letter.

"A short respite," she said, harshly. "My guardian only writes to say that he is coming to speak to me on business of importance to-morrow, and shall probably do himself the pleasure of spending a few weeks here."

"They are going to spoil all my pleasure in seeing Allan again," she muttered, when she was alone in her own room. "Mr. Stanner is coming to help auntie play propriety: we shall be watched, our actions observed, and feelings speculated upon. Perhaps I shall dislike Allan now; I shall, if he seems sure of success—thinks I am to be won without wooing—that I am already won. Mr. Stanner might have waited for an invitation here; it is not much use to be mistress, if he comes when and for as long as he pleases."

The girlish softness and sweetness had passed from Miss Watermeyr's face: reflected in the glass she saw that of a woman who would have been beautiful had she been less proud.

CHAPTER II.

CLARE woke next morning with a sense of something impending: she did not know what she dreaded, but a gloom was over everything, a weight upon her usually light elastic spirits.

Mr. Stanner, who lived at no great distance, arrived early; but he seemed rather to shun than to seek opportunity for a *tête-à-tête* with Clare: being both kind-hearted and timid, he was at once fond of his ward and afraid of her. On her part she did not

return his affection, and held him more in contempt than in awe. She had always been able to wind him round her finger in such unimportant matters as there had been question of between them, and she was not herself enough truly womanly to feel, nor had she experience enough of life to know, that a gentle-hearted man, easily swayed by a woman's wish or will in trifles, may yet show himself to be inflexible when need is. Mr. Stanner was, perhaps, hardly able to teach Clare this lesson—yet it was a lesson it would be well that she should learn.

It was Clare who at last broke the silence, which she felt to be ominous and oppressive, saying after dinner, when Mr. Stanner had joined her and Mrs. Andrews in the drawing-room, "If you have business to talk to me about, shall we go into the library now, while Mrs. Andrews takes her nap?"

"If you please, but there is really no hurry."

Clare stood expectant, so Mr. Stanner had no alternative but to rise from the soft depths of a luxurious chair into which he had just sunk with a sigh of content, and follow her from the room.

"It is very warm this afternoon—very warm, upon my word!"

Thus Mr. Stanner broke the silence which had ensued when he and Clare were seated; he drew out his handkerchief, passed it across his forehead, and glanced furtively at his fair ward as he repeated his assertion.

"I feel it is something unpleasant that you have to tell me," Clare said. "You need not be afraid to speak; no doubt I shall be able to bear what you may have to communicate."

"'Unpleasant!' oh, by no means—at least, not necessarily so. 'Afraid to speak!' why should I be, my dear young lady? You have no deadly weapon concealed among the amplitude of that light and pretty dress, in which you look so charming."

"If you begin to pay me compliments, I shall be quite sure that something disagreeable is to follow them."

"To come to the point at once, then: You are aware that Mr. Allan Watermeyr, your father's half-brother's son, whom, for brevity, we will call your cousin, is expected home from abroad in a few days."

"As my cousin has himself written to me to this effect, I certainly am aware of it."

Clare's color had risen at the first mention of her cousin's name; but Mr. Stanner studiously avoided looking at her. As he continued, he became more and completely absorbed in the contemplation of some speck or flaw on one of his carefully tended fingernails.

"Every step I take in this matter I am obliged to take without exercising my own judgment. Every step has been planned for me. Your father left me the most minute directions: compliance with some of his instructions is a *painful* duty. Unhappily, your father believed that he had cause to entertain but a low opinion of your sex. From his point of view, his conduct was, perhaps, right and wise; from other points of view, I do not hesitate to say that it seems to me foolish—nay, extravagant and mischievous in the extreme. But, my dear young lady, much, if not everything, rests with yourself: if you can subdue your pride and control your somewhat high temper, let events take the course they would easily and naturally have taken had you, as I could have desired, remained in ignorance of what I am compelled to communicate to you: if you will adopt this womanly and becoming line of conduct, all will yet go well."

"Perhaps for 'womanly and becoming' I might substitute spiritless and abject," interposed Clare; "but pray go on—let me hear the worst at once."

"If you will bear in your mind your father's lamentable and mistaken views, you will be less unprepared for my communication. It was your father's desire, that when you and Mr. Allan Watermeyr had respectively arrived at a suitable age, you should—according to his way of expressing himself—enter purgatory together: he had many reasons for wishing that you should be united. You know that, during the last years of his life, his friends had cause to fear that his mind was somewhat affected—what was sense, and what insanity, it was not always easy to say. He talked sometimes of having played Jacob's part—cheated Esau (Mr. Allan's father) of his birthright; then he would say, 'A marriage between his boy and my girl will make reparation, especially if she turns out like her mother.' I have heard him say that a hundred times, always with the same smile—a smile that struck me

as sinister—repeating the last phrase again and again, and——"

"Spare me all humiliating details," Clare said, impatiently. She had ~~set~~ looking out on the sloping lawns, down which the sunshine seemed pouring to the river, quite still, but with an ever-deepening crimson on her fair face, and a threatening brightness flashing from her eyes.

"As the mutual attachment existing between you and Mr. Watermeyr is no secret——"

"A boy-and-girl affair, which either of us, or both of us, may now wish forgotten," interrupted Clare.

"I need not imagine that anything I have yet said need be classed in the category of unpleasant communications." Mr. Stanner had not heeded Clare's interruption, except to pause while she spoke, and then proceed as if she had not yet spoken. "It is the way which your father took to insure the fulfilment of his wishes, which, in accordance as it is with his low opinion of your sex, may naturally be somewhat distasteful to you, my dear young lady. Let me beg you to be wise and patient; let me assure you that no rash revolt can show so truly noble a spirit, so true a dignity, as a quiet disregard of——"

"Mr. Stanner, Mr. Stanner, *do* come to the point!" Clare broke in, with a tone of feverish impatience.

"When you are twenty-two, then, in one year from to-day, all that is now yours is to be Mr. Watermeyr's—only yours as his wife."

"I am to be dependent on marriage with him for a subsistence! I expected injustice, injury, insult, but nothing so intolerable!"

"Look at it from a right point of view, and it is not so bad, my dear. A wife is naturally dependent upon a husband: as I said before, your mutual attachment is no secret; if events take their natural course——"

"Spare me this twaddle—— Forgive me that uncourteous expression. Is there more to hear regarding my father's will?"

"Only this"—Mr. Stanner's face had flushed angrily—"if you marry any one but your cousin, you forfeit everything; if you choose to remain single, a small pittance and the West-End Cottage will be yours——"

a mean and miserable provision, of which, however, there is no fear that you will need to avail yourself."

"One question, Mr. Stanner; does Mr. Watermeyr know what you have told me?" Asking this, Clare challenged and met her guardian's glance.

"He does. He was extremely pained and indignant. If there is any way of evading the will—if it is possible to settle the property on you unconditionally—he is determined it shall be done. He entreated that at least you might remain in ignorance of your position. I would willingly have had it so; but I am not a free agent."

Clare was looking out again—down the sunny lawn to the river—all her color had faded now. Mr. Stanner rose. The girl's fair face looked so stony that he felt as if to address her would have been like addressing a statue. She did not move or speak, and he left her to her own thoughts—not sorry to escape from her near neighborhood, for the atmosphere around her seemed dangerous. It took Clare some time even to realize her position. She loved the old house; she loved every lawn, shrubbery, every field, tree, dell, and dingle of the manor; she loved it as the kingdom where she reigned supreme—where she had believed she should always reign. She loved it as the only home she had ever known—as the place where she had been born—where her mother had lived and died. If a selfish love, it was still a more passionate love than any other she had known. She believed that she had loved Allan, not perhaps with "the love of men and women when they love the best," but with a love that with her had passed for that love. In all her dreams regarding her future he played a part, a secondary part—a prince-consort's part, perhaps. She was the queen, the lady of the manor; he her first retainer, her serviceable and chivalrous knight—one whom she delighted to honor, whom she enriched with her favors—and now—

The sunshine had left the lawn, the twilight had faded from it before Clare moved; when she did, it was to shut herself into her own room, not to appear again that night. Mrs. Andrews could not gain admission: Clare, from within, would only say, "Not to-night, auntie; I cannot bear to be spoken to to-night."

CHAPTER III.

NEITHER to Mr. Stanner nor to Mrs. Andrews did Clare speak on the subject that of course engrossed her thoughts. She kept much apart; unwonted whiteness on her cheeks, and dark circles, that told of sleepless nights, surrounding her eyes.

A few days after her conversation with her guardian, she heard from her cousin. When she had read his brief note, she passed it to her companions. It was very brief—only this:—

"DEAREST CLARE,—I hope to follow this letter in a few hours. How much is contained in those poor words! With me I shall venture to bring my dear old friend, John Smith, trusting that, for his own sake, he may be welcome—for mine, not otherwise. Now, in this haste, I dare not allow myself to say more than that I am yours,

"ALLAN WATERMEYR."

Having read this note, Clare took no more heed of it, though she had been wont to keep and garner up carefully every line her cousin wrote to her. Mrs. Andrews replaced it in its cover, and laid it beside Clare's plate; but Clare left the breakfast-table without again looking at or touching it.

"Which rooms shall I give your cousin and his friend?" Mrs. Andrews asked, following Clare into the conservatory. This conservatory opened from the breakfast-room: through it you could reach Clare's special retreat, her favorite sitting-room, or could step out upon the terrace.

It was a pretty place; its many light and graceful pillars, garlanded with blossoming creepers, gave it a fairy-like look; it had been built at Clare's wish from a plan Allan had drawn for her. Filling up a recess in the south front of the house, it was doubtless an incongruous addition to the gray and grave solidity of the original architecture; yet very few people would have wished it away.

"I have no authority in this house. Give them what rooms you please," was Clare's sullen answer.

"That is foolish, my dear. For twelve months yet to come you are mistress here. It is foolish to say you have no authority."

"Do you think I will stay meekly till my term expires?—to be turned out at the end of it? Mr. Watermeyr may be master at

once—means to be master at once: without my permission he brings a friend; let him invite a dozen if he pleases, it will make no difference to me. I will find a home somewhere else. I will leave this place at once; I will not meet him."

Clare leant her head against one of the gay garlanded pillars, and burst into passionate tears; it was the first time that she had alluded to her new knowledge.

"Order everything as you think best," she said, when she could speak, and moved away. But brave little Mrs. Andrews followed her to her room, sat down before her, scolded her first, comforted her afterwards; laid thorough siege to her, would not be repelled or silenced. Clare's reserve yielded—the waters of bitterness gushed out; her grief and her indignation found words to which Mrs. Andrews listened with patient sympathy.

"I say again, my dear, that a wicked man (I must call things by their right names) has done wickedly and cruelly. You are placed in a painful position, no doubt, but it might have been much worse. I say again, there is but one course for you to take: put this knowledge aside, and act according to the instincts of your heart. Why should you revenge upon Mr. Watermeyr, the sincerity of whose love you have never doubted, and whom you loved before you knew of this, the wrong your father did you? Indeed, my poor Clare, you are too proud. A woman should delight to owe all to a man she loves. She gives him all he wants in giving him herself; between a husband and wife there should be no mine and thine. Indeed, of all women I have always pitied heiresses. I am half inclined to congratulate you instead of to condole with you, my dear."

"Suppose, however," said Clare, softly and shyly, "that I find I do not love Mr. Watermeyr. And then suppose he no longer loves me, but from pity, and from motives of generosity, feels bound to marry me. And suppose—oh, a thousand things may be true that would make my position intolerable. It is intolerable. It might not be to all women, but it is to me. Oh, it is no use talking, auntie, preaching meekness and patience—no use, no use."

Still auntie's preaching had been of some use; the outbreak had done Clare good. She did not submit, but she submitted to

wait—to meet her cousin, and mature her plans.

It was late in the day when the travellers arrived. Clare was the first to hear carriage-wheels upon the drive that swept up to the west wing of the house: she sat still, and gave no sign; but presently her guardian's duller ears were aware of this same sound. He rose and offered one arm to Clare, one to Mrs. Andrews, saying,—

"We shall be just in time to receive Mr. Watermeyr at the hall-door."

Clare had not meant to receive Mr. Watermeyr at the hall-door—had not meant to go one step to meet him; she had made up her mind to await him where she was. Mr. Stanner waited before her; she hesitated a moment, and then yielded.

Mr. Watermeyr was just springing up the steps. Mr. Stanner drew Clare forward to meet him, at the same time removing her hand from his own arm. Clare offered it to her cousin mechanically. Claspings it in both his, Mr. Watermeyr bent his head towards her.

Clare drew back haughtily. "We are not children now," she said.

As she saw the handsome and sensitive face, which had looked so happy, eager, and loving, cloud over, she felt a triumphant sense of power, and was almost generous enough to regret the having used it. Gentler words—words of an at least ordinarily kind welcome—were on her lips, when she met the glance of a pair of keen eyes—the eyes of Mr. Watermeyr's friend, who stood behind him (as Clare thought), like Mephistopheles behind a young and fair-faced Faust—fixed on her with an uncompromising, it seemed to her hostile, scrutiny. Mr. Stanner's cordial greeting made the coldness of Clare's more conspicuous. She felt this—felt herself in the wrong—assured herself it was that man's fault. Her manner, when Mr. Smith was presented to her, was certainly not conciliatory.

Clare went to her own room that night very thoroughly, very wholesomely, dissatisfied with herself. The cloud of pain had not cleared off her cousin's brow; she felt that she had rudely dashed all joyousness from his home-coming. She thought over their relation to each other in years gone by—how chivalrous his devotion had always been—how unvarying his gentle patience, even

when he was quite a boy. She repented of her harshness, resolved to try and atone for it, determined to meet him to-morrow in quite a different spirit. But on that day, as on the evening before, Allan's friend, consciously or unconsciously, acted as the evil genius of both Allan and Clare.

Clare avoided all chances of being alone with Mr. Watermeyr, and if, when they were together, she forgot the present position of affairs, and remembering only how things had been, spoke to him with anything of warmth in her tone, or looked at him with anything of softness in her eyes, she immediately became conscious of Mr. Smith's observance, and felt or fancied something sarcastic in the expression of his face as he watched her; something which, reminding her of all she had for a moment forgotten, froze her back into guarded formality.

CHAPTER IV.

ALLAN and his friend were alone in the breakfast-room one morning discussing plans for the day, after the rest of the party had left it. Allan was leaning against the wall close to the conservatory door, but with his back turned to the conservatory; his friend, pacing the room with a sharp, jerky step, betraying an excessive irritability either of mood or of temperament, stopped before him now and again.

"Miss Watermeyr refuses to go on the water with us?" he asked.

"She thinks it will be too hot."

"With such a breeze, and a cloudy sky! Stuff! I wonder a lady of her talent could not invent a more veritable seeming invincibility; but she did not care to trouble herself to do so, that is the insolence of it—the intolerable insolence of it." The last words were spoken too low to be heard by Allan, who was absorbed in his own thoughts.

Making one of his abrupt pauses before Allan, putting his tawny face close to his, and his hands on his shoulders, Mr. Smith said,—

"I am afraid, my poor boy, you do not speed in your wooing."

"If at all, with a very ill speed," Allan answered, looking up into the dark face with one of his peculiar smiles, womanishly tender and melancholy for so resolutely moulded a mouth.

"I have no experience of the malady from

which you suffer," John Smith said: "I love you, my boy, more than I have loved any woman—more than I could love any woman; still I am obliged to believe in the existence of that malady. Men were created a little lower than the angels; it is the temporary subjection to an inferior being (which seems for most men, thank Heaven, not for all, to be a phase nature ordains that they should pass through) which keeps them lower. I think I can give no stronger proof of my love for you than by waiting to see the issue of your malady, in spite of the hospitable reception—the most hospitable entertainment—of my gracious hostess."

"Clare's position is a most cruel one. If she has not been perfectly courteous to you, John, you certainly have not been conciliatory in manner to her; you started with a harsh pre-judgment."

"Founded only on my conviction that no woman lives worthy to be worshipped as you worship your cousin—that she being, by your own admission, proud, was specially unworthy. As to her manner towards me, that is nothing; I am too ineffably gifted with self-esteem to be troubled or ruffled by a girl's small insolences."

"If you can be lenient in your judgment of a woman, be so of Clare; or rather, do not judge her at all. There is no need you should, and you see her under the most unfavorable circumstances."

"Oh, I will be most lenient—pay her back courtesy for scorn. But if she is going to play the shrew to you, I shall be sorely tempted to play Petruchio to her."

"John!"—there was a dangerous light in Allan's eyes as he spoke—"if we are to continue friends, this must be a closed subject. I cannot bear it touched as you touch it."

"I understand; I can be silent and patient with my sick boy. But I must stand by and watch the game for you."

Mr. Smith's eyes at this moment wandered from Allan's face to the shrubs and flowers behind it. A mischievous gleam came into them as they lighted on something from which they were quickly averted. Speaking a little more loudly than he had spoken before, and with elaborate distinctness, he said,—

"I must just observe this before I let the subject drop. I have always thought that women have a wondrous power of tyrannous

insolence; but I do think that Miss Clare Watermeyr is in this way supremely gifted. I—but I know that I only harass you by my unarling and carping—I have no wish to do that; your fair cousin is a sufficient irritant. Come, let us go on the river. What is the matter, my dear fellow?"

At a slight noise behind him Allan had turned sharply round. The door at the other end of the conservatory shut softly as he did so; his eyes fell upon a garden-glove and a freshly gathered rose dropped midway between that door and the one opening on the terrace.

Allan turned upon Smith fiercely. "You raised your voice on purpose—you saw her there! Do you call that manly? It was cowardly to strike at a woman so; cowardly, I say, and cruel and treacherous."

Mr. Smith looked steadily into the young man's agitated face: there was a reddish glow in his eyes, otherwise his own face said little, his tongue nothing. His silence was well calculated. After a few moments—after a few turns up and down the room—Allan came up to him.

"Possibly," he said, "you believe that such words as those you have just spoken serve my interests. You mean well towards me, at least."

"I do believe so," Smith answered, "and therefore I am not penitent."

"I can only repeat," Allan rejoined, "that if we are to continue friends, this subject must be avoided, and such conduct as yours to-day not repeated."

"We are to continue friends," Mr. Smith said, evasively. "Now let us work off our wrath and vexation of spirit in the best possible way, by making that model of a boat of yours fly up to Willow Creek in no time."

"First I must have a few words with Mr. Stanner. If you like to stroll down to the river, I will follow you in five or ten minutes."

"Good!"

Before he went towards the river, Mr. Smith entered the conservatory, walked straight to where lay the glove and rose, and picked them up. He did not know exactly what he would do with them—whether he would send them to Miss Watermeyr by her maid, or return them to her himself, or replace them where he had found them. He stood meditating, with a sardonic smile

twitching the corners of his mouth as he looked at the small glove.

He was thinking, perhaps, how strange a state a man must be in when, he so loved and revered a woman, that anything she had touched or worn was for him dear and sacred. "To kiss a glove for instance," he said, "it must be a curious ceremony; let me rehearse it."

He had just raised her glove to his lips when Clare came into the conservatory. She had heard her cousin inquiring for Mr. Stanner, and expected that the breakfast-room was now empty; she wished to recover her glove before it should have been observed; her cousin had perhaps meant to possess himself of it when the cynic was out of the way.

"I believe this is what you look for, Miss Watermeyr—the glove you dropped a few minutes since. I was just acting as Allan's representative, and at the same time making an experiment on my own account as to how a man can feel when he practises such foolery as this."

Again he raised the glove to his lips; the action was performed with well-counterfeited fervor, with inimitable though mocking grace. After it, with the same air, he fastened the rose in his button-hole.

Clare turned pale—only with anger, she believed; but a curious thrill of fear passed through her, meeting the eyes fixed full on her as Mr. Smith offered her her glove. She would have liked to refuse it, desecrated, contaminated as it was, but she did not dare; so she took it, bowed without speaking, and returned to her room.

Very often, in the course of the morning, her fair brows knitted themselves involuntarily as she recalled that little scene. She had been mocked and baffled, and had been quite passive. For this and other injuries Clare desired revenge.

"Who is this Mr. Smith, auntie? I know he has been Allan's friend for a long time; but where did Allan pick him up at first?" she asked Mrs. Andrews, the first time she was alone with her.

"Indeed, my dear, I cannot tell much about him. There seems a very strong attachment between him and your cousin. Mr. Smith saved Allan's life once, when he would otherwise have been drowned, and he has been useful to Allan in many ways: he is poor, I

believe, and of no family—fills some situation at one of the foreign universities, you know, and is only in England during the vacation.”

CHAPTER V.

CLARE, desiring to avenge herself, began to observe and measure her adversary. If women give themselves to the pursuit of revenge, not being strong, they perhaps must needs be treacherous. Clare did desire revenge, and only one way of obtaining it seemed open to her. Of that way Prudence said, “It is dangerous;” Conscience, “It is wrong;” but Pride declared, “You are safe.”

Her resolve was taken one morning, as from the breakfast-room window she scrutinized her enemy. Mr. Smith was lounging on the terrace, hatless, in the full blaze of the morning sun. In his attitudes there was something of listless southern grace when he was in repose, as there was much of sudden southern fire when he was roused. His head, with its northern massiveness, looked somewhat too large for the slight and peculiarly flexible figure; his features, though small, had something of coarseness in their moulding—looked as if they had been worn down by constant friction, rather than at first delicately chiselled: the mouth would have been undeniably fine, almost grand, had it not worn a look of habitual compression. If for a moment this mouth took an unconscious and tender curve, if the lips uttered a noble or generous sentiment, and forgot for a moment to follow it by a sneer—if at the same time the shaggy brows for a moment raised themselves sufficiently to let sunshine from within or without illumine the eyes beneath—eyes resembling a Highland tarn in depth and color—then, for that moment, an ordinary woman would hardly have denied that Mr. Smith had a face, if not handsome or beautiful, attractive to an unusual degree. I say an ordinary woman, because at such times it was a face of the type most dangerous to such women as, of neither the highest nor the lowest order of moral or spiritual development, go to form the mass of womankind. In it there was a suggestion of possible lawlessness and tyranny, which, while it would have repelled a nature of the highest order, through being out of harmony with its knowledge and love of true beauty, would have inspired one of the lowest with unmitigated

fear, because such a nature could have no perception of the redeeming qualities which might render innocuous those it did perceive.

Clare, noticing for the first time that the uncared-for locks on which the blaze of sunlight fell were pretty freely sprinkled with gray, was wondering how this came about, what Mr. Smith's age could be, when suddenly he rose and came to the window at which she stood, the purpose and directness with which he did so showing that he had been quite aware of her observance. This annoyed Clare, and she felt at once placed her in the worse position.

“Good-morning, Miss Watermeyr—a beautiful morning. I have, as you have seen, been enjoying the warmth—sunning myself as your peacock is doing. I suppose, as we are at hostile powers, we are privileged the one to take the measure of the other. I have allowed you to exercise this privilege uninterruptedly for some time.” It was more the manner than the words themselves that were offensive to Clare, and something in the direct, unflinching glance that accompanied them, made her shrink from entering upon any engagement of looks or words.

She retreated a few paces from the window as she answered, “Are we hostile powers, Mr. Smith? I am unaware either that this is the case, or why it should be so.” Her tone was wonderfully gentle, yet it seemed to have no softening influence.

“You use a woman's privilege, Miss Watermeyr—you must ask me what privilege, or I dare not name it.”

“Consider the question asked,” Clare said, making an attempt to give a light, bantering tone to the conversation. But Mr. Smith chose to remain immovably grave, and to speak with harsh severity of tone.

“I consider that you consider (meaning not Miss Watermeyr in particular, of course, but women in general) that to lie is the privilege of your sex. Men and women always meet on unequal terms: from men is exacted the strictest truth and honor, while the law of long use allows to women the weapons of cunning and falsehood.” Clare felt that she flushed in an almost intolerable way, partly from anger, partly from a sense of detected guilt. Mr. Smith marked his advantage, and continued, “Then, again, a woman may with impunity treat a man with the most de-

liberate insolence, even under circumstances that make it doubly hard for him to endure it—when, for instance, their relations are those of hostess and guest; but any deviation from courtesy, ordinary and extraordinary, on the part of the man, is considered a crime against all the most sacred superstitions of man the individual, and of that curious compound of amalgamated man and known as society."

"You, at least, are free from such sacred superstitions!" cried Clare, in uncontrollable passion.

"True! I am at daggers-drawn with superstition, and wage war against these empty conventionalities."

"Sir! I do not think you will find it possible to carry on such a warfare under this roof."

"Madam! how am I to understand you?" Mr. Smith scowled at Clare formidably from under his brows as he asked the question.

"In any way you please, sir," she answered, too angry to be intimidated.

Mr. Smith bowed profoundly. Clare swept away.

Poor Clare! yet she deserved no pity.

Mr. Smith wrote a letter that day to a friend abroad. This is an extract from it:—

"You ask me how I mean to amuse myself. In a novel manner—in breaking in a woman, taming a shrew, not for my own use, but for my friend. I am the guest of this *schöne Teufelinn*. This morning she gave me notice to quit; before to-morrow at this time she shall have asked me to stay—nay, more, shall have asked my pardon. If I describe this fair shrew to you, you will fall in love with my description; so I forbear, only saying that though she had the most beautiful foot in the world, as you might incline to maintain, I could not tolerate seeing it set on a man's neck, that man my friend; though she had the most beautiful hand in the world, as white as a lily, as smooth as sculptured marble, as soft as a mole's skin (a new simile that!), I would not let it play with a man's heart-strings as with the strings of a harp—to make music or discord at its pleasure. It is well you are not in my place; you would fall a victim at once; you would rave of her wonderful eyes, her sunshine-spun hair, her teeth, lips, chin; her brow would dazzle you blind by its whiteness, and the changing rose of her cheek would — Are you not dying with longing and envy? I hope so."

Clare had a miserable day. From her window up-stairs, in her usual sitting-room, she did not feel safe from the observations of her audacious guest; she noted all the proceedings of her cousin and his friend. Again that morning they were upon the river. Mr. Smith appeared to have a passion for rowing. In the afternoon they rode over to the neighboring town. She was not asked to join them in either expedition.

As she dressed for dinner, she saw the two young men leaning against the balustrade of the terrace, partly in the shadow of the cedar, talking earnestly. It seemed to Clare that Allan was pleading or remonstrating with his companion, who presently turned sharply round—his face had been half averted—put both hands upon Allan's shoulders, and looked into his face with an expression which made Clare think, "If I loved that Mr. Smith, and Allan were a woman, this little scene would have killed me with jealousy." Then she laughed to herself, and looked in the glass: she had an exquisite taste in dress; to-day she had not been careless. As the light laugh rippled over her face, and chased the lines of gloom and sullenness before it, she was not ill-pleased with the result of her efforts. "What is the use, if I cannot keep my temper?" she said. "I will keep it."

When she went into the drawing-room, she found all the little party assembled there.

Mr. Stanner was saying, "Leave us so soon, Mr. Smith! indeed you must not. You have seen nothing, done nothing yet. We are very proud of the beauty of our neighborhood, and must show it to you, who can so well appreciate it."

"For many reasons I shall be sorry to leave so suddenly, but"—and he looked full at Clare—"unless a most improbable event happen, I shall be forced to do so. Under ordinary circumstances, it would have afforded me great pleasure to be longer Miss Watermeyr's guest; but the circumstances which decide me no longer to avail myself of her hospitality are not ordinary."

Clare pretended to be absorbed in Mrs. Andrews's embroidery. She commented upon her progress, stooping so as partially to hide her face; then dinner was announced.

Mr. Smith was grave and subdued in his manner all that evening; warmly affection-

ate towards Allan, he was also scrupulously, though icily, courteous to Clare—thus, as she felt, placing her still more in the worse position: if he had been angry and insolent, she would have been much more at her ease; of course he knew this.

Allan and Clare chancing to be alone on the terrace for a few minutes, Clare said,—

"You are very sorry that your friend leaves you so soon?"

"I confess I am very sorry."

"Why do you not persuade him to stay?"

"I cannot; I have tried."

"If you have failed, no one, I am sure, is likely to succeed."

"No one but yourself. He has determined to leave, because, for some reason he will not explain, he is sure that his presence here is (to use his own words) offensive to you, the 'mistress of the house'—and so, in that way, injurious to me."

"He leaves, then, after all, on your account—out of consideration to you," Clare said.

"His friendship for me is very strong, and very disinterested. I assure you that he has a heart as loving as it is noble, though you would not think so."

"I certainly should not think so, Allan. Well, I do not wish to scare away your friend: I have no right to do so. This morning, stung by some of his cynicisms, I lost my temper and offended Mr. Smith. Shall I apologize and ask him to remain? I will, if you wish it."

"Apologize! no, certainly. I should not choose you to apologize to any man," Allan answered, proudly.

Clare winced, but let the expression pass for once. She had spoken with an affectation of carelessness; of course, Allan could not guess her complex motives for this concession—a concession which delighted him, for his friend's sake and his own. It was too dusk outdoors now for him to see the expression of her face, or he might not have been so much delighted.

"But though I should not wish, or like, you to apologize to John, feeling sure that he must have been at least equally in fault"—Allan continued, after a pause—"I should be deeply gratified, dear Clare, by your expressing to him a wish that he should postpone his departure."

"I will do so, Allan—and you must take the consequences."

"They will be that he will remain: a word from you will be enough. Shall I bring him to you now?"

"No; I will choose my own time and place; there is no hurry. You said he meant to leave to-morrow night——"

One word more before you go in. Am I very selfish in allowing you to ask my friend to stay? Is his presence really disagreeable to you?"

"I can tolerate it," Clare answered, with a laugh Allen did not understand. "Now, don't keep me out any longer; it is quite cool."

"May I venture to thank you thus?" Allan touched Clare's hand with his lips. She withdrew her hand, not angrily or hastily—the truth being that, full of other thoughts, she hardly noticed the action.

They had approached near enough to the windows for the light from the room to fall upon them. Mr. Smith noticed all the points of this little by-play—Clare's air of abstraction, Allan's flushed and eager-eyed look of happiness. "What is up now?" thought the cynic. He further thought, as he presently looked at Clare's hand resting on the back of a crimson velvet chair, as she stood a few moments at the window, listening tolerantly to Allan's comments on the beauty of the scene—lawns, woods, river, and the distant hills—that, just for the sake of experience, he would not mind re-enacting the little comedy of the other morning, substituting the lady's hand for the lady's glove.

Presently the expression of Clare's face became more than tolerant—animated, interested. Mr. Smith stole from the near neighborhood of the cousins, but not before he had become aware, with a curious thrill, that Allan was talking of his student life, and of the varied and valuable services rendered him by his friend during that critical period.

"Poor dear Allan!" soliloquized Clare, when she was alone for the night. Perhaps even to herself she did not explain this sudden compassion.

"For all that, even if I believed it, I have been insulted, insolently treated, and must have my revenge." And her face flushed proudly, and she smiled into her own eyes shining upon her from the glass, dilated with

anticipation of triumph. The expression of her face changed as she continued: "Allan is wonderfully good, wonderfully guileless; he can be firm, too, even imperious, I expect. He would not *choose* me to apologize to any man!" She repeated that, dwelling on the word *choose*. "I hate myself for making him suffer, yet I take delight in it, too. If he were not so good, I should be more likely to love him, I think. He is too good for me!"

Then, in strong contrast to her cousin's frank, fair face, she saw the dark inscrutable countenance of Mr. Smith. Clare had strange dreams that night.

CHAPTER VI.

CLARE's first thought on waking was of what she had to do that day, and of how she would do it—whether lightly and jestingly, or in a way that should make a serious scene.

"After all, it is not much use deciding beforehand," she said to herself, as she went down-stairs—recognizing by these words that it was not her mood, but Mr. Smith's, that would give its tone to the interview. Mr. Smith was always up and out early. She put on her garden hat and gloves, and with basket and scissors went down the terrace-steps and passed the lawn to the sheltered rosary. She filled her basket: strolling slowly back, through a circuitous well-screened path, she, as she had anticipated, met Mr. Smith coming from the direction of the river. He was passing her with a bow, when she stopped him.

"Are you implacable, Mr. Smith—unforgivingly resentful? *Will* you leave us to-day?" she asked, with a winning smile.

"I should have done so yesterday, but that I hesitated to give Allan that pain."

"And you will go to-day?"

"Most certainly. Having ascertained this, have you any further commands?"

"I command you to remain," Clare said, laughing, but not, for all that, at ease.

Mr. Smith raised his brows, and gave no other sign.

"Shall I teach you the proper answer to make to a lady's command? 'To hear is to obey.'"

"I render no obedience where I owe no allegiance."

"Seriously, Mr. Smith"—Clare began.

"I am and have been quite serious, Miss Watermeyr."

"Well, I am now quite serious. Will you reconsider your determination? I promised my cousin that I would ask you not to go. Will you, for his sake, consent to remain?"

"We—Allan and I—hardly need a mediator. You have now, in compliance with your promise, asked me not to go. I will not disappoint you by complying with your request. We understand each other, I think, and things, of course, remain as they were."

"I ask you, then, as a personal favor to abandon your intention of leaving us so suddenly."

Clare looked conscious of having made an immense concession, but she saw no relenting in Mr. Smith's face, so she continued,—

"If I spoke angrily, unbecomingly, yesterday—if I forgot that you were my guest—I ask your pardon for having done so."

The ice so far broken, awayed by the impulse of the moment, she went on to say a good deal more than she had intended, or than was fitting.

"You made me angry. It seems just now as if everybody combined to insult and vex and perplex me. If you knew all—all I have to bear, all I expect to have to bear—I think you would not be quite so harsh. I have no one to advise me, there is no one to trust to. I have, I dare say, seemed cold and proud, unkind to Allan—insolent, as you rightly called me. But if you knew how miserable I am, how much I need help. You will say, 'There is Allan;' but he is the last person to whom I can go for help. But why should I speak of this to you, who choose to consider me as an enemy? Have I humbled myself enough, Mr. Smith? Will you stay with us for the present?"

"If Miss Watermeyr herself desires, and requests in her own name that I should continue to be her guest, this alters the whole position of affairs. I will gladly remain here longer."

He had watched her very keenly while she spoke. Though he had seen her color change and her eyes moisten, he did not believe in her.

"Thank you," said Clare. "And if we are to be enemies, may I know why we are to be so?—why we may not be friends?"

"I have your cousin's happiness more at

heart than anything else in the world, and you make him miserable. You received him on his arrival in a way that at once made me your enemy, because it made me feel that you were his. Since then have I not seen you torment him daily? How then, with such hostile aims—I wishing his happiness, you causing his misery—can we be otherwise than hostile powers?”

“Do you think that I suffer nothing?—that all the torment and misery are his? If you would but judge me a little less harshly. Will you try?”

Clare spoke with something of passion in her appeal, offering her hand as she did so.

Mr. Smith took the hand in his; it was not gloved—the sunshine glistened on its snow.

“If you would but make Allan happy,” he said. “Will you try?”

Clare blushed angrily. Again she felt herself mocked; but she felt more than that—something she did not understand: tears of pain and mortification rushed to her eyes.

“I cannot, savage and cynic as I am, accept your apologies, and make none. You had provocation—There! I cannot make pretty speeches. Consider all I should say said thus—”

He kissed her hand; he raised it to his lips with an air of careless condescension, as a prince might a pretty peasant-maiden’s; but the kiss could hardly pass for one of careless condescension, or of cold ceremony. A thrill of triumph passed through Clare’s heart, but when Mr. Smith’s face was raised again, those lips had such a queer smile upon them, that she knew not what to think, so she smiled coldly, saying, as she withdrew her hand,—

“An interesting scene, which a spectator would hardly interpret aright; so we will end it, if you please.” These words, and the manner of them, neutralized any softening influence of what had gone before.

“You mean that you withdraw the white flag of truce?” Mr. Smith said.

“Look upon this in that light,” she said, and offered him a white rose from her basket; but, as he accepted it, he said, “You have to teach me in another way than this, whether it is peace or war between us.”

They walked towards the house together, silently. Again poor Clare was baffled and perplexed. She felt that she had been

played upon, whereas she had meant to be the player, not the instrument.

When, at breakfast, something was said about Mr. Smith’s plans, he answered briefly,—

“The event to which I alluded as most improbable has taken place; therefore, for the present, I am quite at the service of the fair company here assembled. Miss Watermeyr, could not you persuade Mrs. Andrews to trust herself to our tender mercies on the river? We should be proud to show our skill to you ladies.”

“Are you going on the river, then, Clare?” Mrs. Andrews asked.

“If you will come too, auntie,” Clare answered, promptly, though she had not been asked before; though she did not much like the water, and had no inclination to go on it that morning. She wished for an interval of peace, and felt that her refusal would be regarded as a declaration of war.

“Auntie was always rather fond of the water,” Allan said; and the matter was settled, to the astonishment of two of the party at least—Allan and Clare.

The excursion proved a success. Clare was gentle, Allan in brilliant spirits; Mr. Smith bitter of course, but not at the expense of any member of the party, which made all the difference to his companions.

Mr. Smith added a postscript to his letter:—

“I was right; my superb young hostess has begged me to remain her guest—has asked my pardon for the words which gave me offence. Oh, I shall be able to tame this lioness, and lead her to her master’s feet. Tamed or untamed, he is obliged to take her—she is obliged to belong to him; so I do a good work if I can break her in for the ‘quiet uses of domestic life.’ I should be quite confident of quick success, only that I fancy the beautiful creature is treacherous as well as strong. I have a dim suspicion that she is playing a game with me, or trying to do so. I distrust her sudden gentleness, and shall keep well upon my guard.”

CHAPTER VII.

It was indeed playing with edged tools, the game in which Clare and Mr. Smith engaged.

Naturally the two antagonists occupied themselves much one with the other: a mutual study of character, and a mutual ob-

servance of conduct, were of course needful. Opportunities for this were not wanting; their intercourse was constant, if it was not intimate. Clare rode, walked, or went on the river with the two friends daily now. This change made Allan very happy; from it he drew all manner of good omens, as also from the fact that Clare did not, as she had done at first, avoid being alone with him. At such times she encouraged him to talk about his friend, and perhaps forgot to bear in mind that from Allan she was sure to hear of nothing that did not tell favorably for her adversary. Mr. Smith was more on his guard; he let Allan talk of Clare, but he made ample allowance for the blind partiality of a lover. Among the cottagers round he tried to hear of her pride and tyranny, but without much success; he heard her spoken of not certainly with the intimacy of love, but with gratitude and admiration.

"Of course they feel bound to—praise her," he inwardly commented.

"After all, if she could be brought to love Allan as Allan loves her, then, I say, Allan might do worse; but if she marries him, as she will do, because she is driven to it, because there is no alternative which her pride could tolerate—in this case Allan will enter not purgatory, but hell itself, when he enters the estate of 'holy matrimony;' and it were better for him to hang a millstone round his neck than such a wife. What is all this to me? Nothing! only Allan is the one being in the world whom I love, and I cannot have him made miserable. In one way or another I can prevent this marriage, if needful."

So Mr. Smith settled matters in his own mind: having done so, he did not perhaps reconsider either his resolutions or their motives: he strove with might and main to gain influence over Clare. More covertly and subtly than at first, and always on his guard before Allan, he contrived to harass and weary her, putting a sting into his words or his manner constantly, yet so cunning a sting, and so cunningly concealed, that often when she afterwards picked his words apart and analyzed his manner, she would wholly fail to discover what it was that had wounded her—where was what had wounded her. Nevertheless, wounded she was often, stung

to the very quick sometimes, irritated, bewildered; yet she still believed that she was playing a part, striving for the difficult and only possible revenge. And, of course, the more difficult the battle, the more she set her heart and soul on victory. She looked back to her former monotonous life with distaste; just now she was interested, excited; there was always something to look forward to; she could hardly tell whether there was more pain or pleasure in the excitement, but she would not, if she could, have changed it for the life that had preceded it. For the present she avoided looking to any future beyond that of the next encounter with Mr. Smith, the next day, or the next week; how things were to end between Allan and herself she would not consider, much less decide.

Even on wet days, or during the hours that were too hot to be passed outdoors, she seldom sought her own room or her own occupations now; she played chess with Allan, Mr. Smith looking on, losing no opportunity for a bitter witticism or pungent joke at her expense, if it could be indulged in in a way that should not attract Allan's notice; sometimes she accompanied Mr. Smith on the piano when he sang. He had, as Allan had assured her, a wonderfully rich and mellow voice—so much so, that it seemed as if all the sweetness that should have mellowed his nature had been concentrated in this organ. When she did this, she was generally subjected to some implied reproach for want of taste or of accuracy. Though she possessed, and knew that she possessed both, Mr. Smith could make her feel like a blundering schoolgirl in fear of a strict master. Sometimes Allan and Mr. Smith read aloud by turns, while Mrs. Andrews knitted and Clare idled over a piece of embroidery, in which she had lost all pleasure since Mr. Smith had condemned both its design and execution, but which she would not abandon.

One morning when they were so occupied, Mr. Stanner, who did not often form a member of the party, came into the room, the county paper in his hand, evidently under some excitement.

"Old fools certainly are worse fools than young fools," he said. "There is that old fool, Lord —," mentioning a neighboring nobleman, "has married a ballet-girl—a

pretty child of nineteen—he being eighty, if a day. Did you ever hear of anything more scandalous, more disgraceful?”

“Than her conduct? The little mercenary wretch! No, certainly!” answered Mr. Smith, promptly, before any one else could speak. Mr. Smith was peculiarly out of humor to-day; perhaps he had some secret cause for exasperation.

“Than his conduct, sir, I mean,” Mr. Stanner replied, almost fiercely. “Bringing disgrace, distress, contention into a noble family.”

“Rather selfish conduct, certainly, at his age; he might have got through his few remaining years without the new toy; but others have done likewise, others will do likewise; no use to make a noise about it. The girl was what the world calls virtuous, of course, or he would not have needed to marry her. But it is, I hold, the girl whose conduct is really to be condemned—selling her youth and her beauty to an old——”

“Perhaps, poor thing, she had great temptations,” said Mrs. Andrews—“to lift her family out of poverty, ennoble herself, and——”

Clare had not dared to speak.

“‘Ennoble herself!’” scoffed Mr. Smith; then seeing that gentle little Mrs. Andrews, to whom he was always comparatively gentle, looked frightened at his vehemence, and remembering that she was not his adversary, he said, “Forgive my savageness, but I think that any woman who gives herself away for anything but mere and absolute love, under any circumstances, degrades herself beyond hope of redemption—becomes about the meanest and most pitiful thing on God’s earth.”

Clare’s face blanched; the color fled even from her lips. Allan sprang up and was about to speak when Mr. Stanner interposed. “Gently, gently, Mr. Smith. Your language is rather too forcible for a gentleman to use in the presence of ladies.”

“Perhaps then, sir, I am ‘no gentleman.’” Mr. Smith’s smile, as he added, “Indeed I often think that, with all my brain-culture, I remain as much a boor at heart as was my father before me,” re-assured Mr. Stanner, who, at his first words, had a sudden and dreadful vision, in which figured seconds, and duelling-pistols, and his own corpse lying in a certain little glade of the near forest,

where, if tradition spoke true, other such sights had been seen before.

“When Lady ——, the *ci-devants* ballet-girl, is a widow, it will be shown that many gentlemen are not of Mr. Smith’s way of thinking—she will have many suitors,” Mr. Stanner remarked.

“Mean curs, whom it would give me the greatest satisfaction to horsewhip. By the by, Allan, in an article in that magazine you have in your hand, I saw an astounding statement. Give it me a moment, that I may read the passage. Here it is: ‘It might be rash to marry a woman for her beauty and accomplishments, if she and her intended husband were both entirely without means; but a man would indeed be a wretched cur who preferred an ugly and vulgar woman with £30,000, to an accomplished and beautiful woman who had but £5,000’ (so far so good, but observe this saving clause; evidently the writer felt alarmed at his own rash position, at his enthusiastic unworldliness), ‘supposing his own prospects to be reasonably good.’ I do think this the very sublime of bathos.”

“It certainly seems so much so that I should charitably suppose some misprint or misconception of the writer’s meaning,” said Allan. “The thing implied, of course, being that a man whose prospects are not ‘reasonably good’ is not to be condemned as a ‘wretched cur’ if he takes the ugly and vulgar possessor of £30,000 instead of the beautiful and accomplished, but poverty-stricken, woman who has only £5,000. Of course, if a man worships Mammon and worldly success, if the writer recognizes these as the true gods who are to be served, there is nothing so monstrous in this——”

“Any woman, I am sure, would agree with us, that such a man, whether his prospects are ‘reasonably good’ or not, is a ‘wretched cur.’ No doubt any woman would theoretically agree with me that a woman who gives herself away for anything but love, as necessarily degrades herself as a woman, be she who or what she may, who gives herself away for love—let the man be who or what he may, prince or ploughman—ennobles herself.”

“Dear me, dear me,” Mr. Stanner exclaimed, “your views are very extraordinary, Mr. Smith; rather dangerous, too. Would you have a peeress marry a peasant?”

Do you hold that she would ennoble herself by so doing?" Mr. Stanner smiled blandly, thinking those questions very neatly put, and quite unanswerable.

"If the peeress loved the peasant, certainly, yes. Why not? What is a peeress but a woman, a peasant but a man? and is not any man in some way superior to any woman? So I say, that if the peeress could love the peasant purely and truly, she would be ennobled by so loving. Love is a woman's only power and only glory. An unloving woman is an incomplete, most poor, and quite unharmonized creature—miserable in all senses."

Mr. Smith's eyes were on Clare's face as he finished—she felt them burning there; hers had been cast down; she had shrunk from speaking, feeling most unsafe even when silent, and as if a word might draw down upon her some intolerable avalanche. When he ended, she felt compelled to raise her eyes to his; he was startled at their expression. A new somewhat—a want, a despair—had awakened within her. It was dumb and blind. She was unconscious of it as yet; but it lent a new meaning to her face—gave it something of pathos he had not seen in it before.

Nobody answered Mr. Smith: Mr. Stanner contented himself with a shrug and a look across at Mrs. Andrews, meant to express his fear that the poor fellow was not quite sane.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE longer the warfare lasted, the weaker grew one of the combatants; till at last it was little but silence and meekness with which Clare met the attacks of her adversary, while towards others she became more and more irritable, daily capable of less self-control.

One morning she grieved Allan by a rebuff more than usually harsh, for which her heart reproached her as soon as she had given it; his crime having been that he had asked her to ride alone with him, Mr. Smith professing that business would keep him in the house. Allan was gone—Clare sat alone in the library, occupied by bitter thoughts, when Mr. Smith came into the room. Clare's heart sank when she saw him seat himself at the table by which she sat.

"You have letters to write, I heard you

say. You would like to write here; I will not disturb you."

She pushed the inkstand and blotting-book towards him and rose. Pushing them from him, he said,—

"I did not come here to write my letters; I came here because I wished to speak to you."

Clare was forced to remain; as she sat down again, she sighed involuntarily, as with a premonition of weariness to come.

"You already think me savage—brutal," Mr. Smith began. "I am going to be even more so than usual, if plain speaking implies those amiable qualities. I warn you, therefore, to gather together all your forces, Miss Watermeyr."

"Indeed, I have none this morning. I am tired from our long ride yesterday—not well; I have a headache."

"You are dropping the Amazon's and taking to the woman's weapons, I see. If you will be as plain in your answer as I in my question, I shall not trouble you many moments. How long do you mean to play with Allan as a cat plays with a mouse? When will you make an end of your sport and his misery?"

"What right——" poor Clare began, but words failed her. Lashing himself into fiercer indignation with each word, Mr. Smith delivered a tirade, mostly of abuse of womankind, and of praise, that knew no measure or stint, of Allan. It was better, he ended by saying, that a thousand women should weep their souls out—if, indeed, women had souls, which he was inclined to doubt—than that one tear should be wrung from such a heart as Allan's.

When he had finished, and looked at the beautiful woman before him—saw how she was moved and shaken—even Mr. Smith felt that perhaps he had said too much.

When Clare spoke, the words were the involuntary expression of thought.

"What is it in Allan that makes you love him so well?" Again that pathos of want and of despair looking out from Clare's face.

"I love him because——" The look he had met had somewhat disturbed Mr. Smith—he spoke less vehemently, at first almost with hesitation. "I love him because he is worthy of love—generous, just, gentle, firm—because I have tried him and found him true: I love him because I have served him,

and because, by being what he is, he has rendered me incalculable service."

"I wish I were dead and forgotten," said Clare. "If I were dead and forgotten, then this idol of yours might be happy. It is all bitterness and weariness—I wish I were dead and forgotten. For once you can wish as I wish. I could rest if I were dead and forgotten—if you had ceased to hate me and Allan to love me, I could rest. But," she added, after a pause, "if Allan is all you say, why cannot I love him?"

"Because you are not worthy of him—not worthy to love him. Allan's wife will not resemble you!"

She felt humbled to the dust by his contempt.

"What, then, am I?" she asked, with a sort of horror of the being who excited such scorn.

"The most pitiable thing in creation, perhaps, if it were not for the mischief of which your kind are capable,—a selfish, proud, heartless woman."

"You are cruel and unjust," Clare began, trembling like an aspen as she spoke, so that her words seemed rather shaken out than uttered. You know nothing of me, for from the first your eyes have been darkened by hateful prejudice. I am not heartless—I feel that I could love; and if I loved, I would rejoice to lose myself in what I loved—to have my pride trampled out of me. But how can I love Allan in this way—Allan, who is always at my feet, and has no will but mine? If I am a tyrant, he makes me one: if he were more manly, I could be more womanly."

"You could perhaps more easily (for instance) love me for hating you than Allan for loving you."

"Sir! this is too much! you go too far in injury and insult!" Clare spoke those few words after a wild struggle; then, hiding her face in her hands, burst into an irrepressible passion of tears.

Who was vanquished now?

Mr. Smith found himself in an embarrassing position—perhaps he had never caused a woman to cry before: he made a hasty movement towards Clare, then he turned away to the window. He was ready to apologize, to humble himself, to do anything to stop that passionate weeping; but while he looked out on the terrace, and pondered what he could say or do, he heard the

room door close: he looked round—Clare was gone.

Mr. Smith appeared to have a great deal to think about; as he thought, the expression of his face changed continually; once or twice a deep red flush crossed his brow. He certainly wrote no letters that morning, though he sat pen in hand and paper before him for some hours.

Clare was not visible again that day. The headache of the morning was much worse by dinner-time; she was suffering very acutely, Mrs. Andrews said, and seemed feverish. "If she is not better before night, I shall send for the doctor. It is a great drawback to living so far from a town that one is so far from good medical aid. Clare cannot endure our village practitioner."

"Is Miss Watermeyr subject to attacks similar to this?" Mr. Smith asked.

"She used to be; but they were generally brought on by agitation and excitement of a painful kind—such as, poor child," Mrs. Andrews added, turning to Allan, "she used to have far too much of in her father's lifetime."

CHAPTER IX.

CLARE was ill for a few days—not dangerously or seriously; but when she came downstairs again, everybody thought her wonderfully altered in so short a time—pale and thin, and altogether subdued in look and manner. During her illness, Allan did not find much consolation in Mr. Smith's society. Mr. Smith was moody and bitter beyond his wont—tormented by a perpetual restlessness, which drove him out night and day.

"Allan!" he broke forth one morning, "when are you going to end this?—to have your fate decided?"

"Under all the circumstances, it would be most ungenerous to press matters, though, of course, the suspense is hard to bear. I believe that a struggle is going on in poor Clare's mind, between her old affection for me and her natural rebellion against the cruel and injurious way in which her father tried to insure our marriage. I feel that this is enough to make her dislike me; but I trust to time and patience to bring back the old happy state of things."

"I am afraid you deceive yourself—beguile yourself with false hope and vain trust."

"Perhaps. Time will show."

"I begin to think that I had better be off."

"You will not leave us yet—not so suddenly—just as Clare is beginning to get over your ways—beginning, I do think, really to like you."

"Suppose I return the compliment, and begin 'really to like' Miss Watermeyr. What then?"

"My dear old fellow, I should be glad." Allan met his friend's look with such a clear brow, such a friendly eye, there was no possibility of doubting his sincerity.

"Allan, you are a noble fellow!—grand and guileless as a knight of old. But, my dear boy, idleness for long is intolerable and impossible to me. I must go back to work soon."

"Let it be an indefinite and receding soon, then." Had Mr. Smith satisfied his conscience by this light skirmish on the borders of confession? If so, it was easily satisfied.

It was on the afternoon of this same day that Mr. Smith came upon Clare unexpectedly, where she sat with a book on her knee, on one of the curiously contrived garden-seats, in the profound shade of the yew-tree walk: her face, as he saw it in profile against the dark background, looked very white and meek.

"Perhaps if I free my conscience by making an honorable apology, I shall be more at ease," thought Mr. Smith, as he approached Clare. Concluding that she was weak and nervous still, he begged her pardon for having startled her when he saw that she trembled.

"I am not on hostile but on penitential thoughts intent," he said. "Last time we spoke together I——"

"Say nothing about that, if you please. Do not let us refer to the past."

"You cannot forgive me then?"

"Oh, yes, if I have anything to forgive"—and she held out her hand.

"If you have anything to forgive!—you have not only forgiven, but forgotten, then," he said, with a grave smile that was almost sweet, as he clasped the offered hand.

"Forgotten!" she repeated, with a vivid blush. "I have had so much to think of—I am perplexed, driven about—I want counsel—I want help to do what is right. You could give it me if you would—will you?"

No one else can; they are all blinded by their preconceived ideas of what is for my good. May I ask your advice?"

She looked up at him; let her hand for a moment—white and light as a snow-flake—touch his sleeve.

"Do not try my endurance too far," he said, in a hoarse, hurried way.

"Oh, no. I am trying, like you, to think only of Allan's good and happiness."

He looked at her sharply; but in her face, agitated and intent, he could see no sign of irony; and, indeed, why should he have sought for any?

"People always think seriously when they are ill, I suppose, according to the old proverb,"—she smiled a twilight sort of smile. "I have been thinking seriously about my life—what the good of it is—how I can make it of any good to anybody. I feel now that I can never be happy, but I should like to make some one else happy. If I try with all my heart—give all my life to it—do you think I could make Allan happy?"

"Why does she feel she can never be happy?" mused Mr. Smith.

"By marrying and not loving him?" he asked, aloud.

"By marrying and relearning to love him. I did love him, dearly. Why should I not again? Will it be safe for him that I should try? Can I make him happy? You seemed to think I could not; but then you were angry with me, and not quite just. Do you say the same now?"

It is as hard to some men to speak the truth, when truth and self-interest have but one voice, as to others to speak truth when truth speaks with one voice, self-interest with another.

"Miss Watermeyr, some demon—your evil genius or mine—has led you to me for counsel. There is only one way in which I can answer you,—by showing you how fit an adviser you have chosen. I warned you not to try my endurance too far. I am not a man of iron or stone"—he possessed himself of her hand, and looked right into her eyes—his hand and his glance seemed to scorch her; she shrank from them inwardly, the more that he seemed to be in passionate earnest; not taunting and mocking her, as she could almost have believed sooner than believe that he loved her. "Do you not

feel that you are tempting me beyond what a man can endure? Do you not know that you are trying to deceive me and yourself? You cannot love Allan again—you know that you cannot. You know that you love me—yes, me! You do not dare deny it, Clare—you do not dare deny it. And I—traitor as I am—I love you with a love that has burnt up the unselfish love of which I made my boast—a love of which it is a shame for me to speak, and for you to hear: but I love you, Clare, I love you.” Having wrung her hands in his till she could have screamed with agony, he threw them from him and left her—left her literally stunned and breathless.

For a long time—she could not tell how long—she remained where he had left her; then, like one who has had a blow and got a great hurt—cold, sick, bewildered—she groped her way through the shade and the blinding sunshine till she gained her own room.

He loved her! Well! Was the consciousness—either for hate’s sake, as revenge—or for love’s sake, as satisfaction—sweet?

CHAPTER X.

ALLAN, meeting Mr. Smith just after his interview with Clare, could not help noticing the unusual excitement shown in his face and manner.

To Allan’s question as to what was the matter, Mr. Smith answered—“I have been tempted by the devil, and the devil had the better of me. Do not touch me, boy—let me go.”

But Allan, who did not know if this were earnest or some bitter jest, passed his arm through his friend’s, and held him fast.

“What has happened? Something, I am sure. Do not jest with me. Tell me what has happened?”

“A mere trifle—a most ordinary occurrence. A man who thought himself of stainless honor and disinterestedness, has proved himself a selfish traitor. A mere trifle. Quite a jesting matter.”

Mr. Smith laughed.

“We are long past the dog-days, or I should be alarmed for your sanity,” Allan said.

“I am not mad, most noble Allan.”

“John, my dear fellow, speak to me so-

berly. What has occurred? Have you had bad news? To whom did you—who is the traitor?”

“Listen and judge. But Mr. Smith paused a while, choking down some pang of bitterness, before he continued. “I am just come from your Cousin Clare. I found her in the yew walk, and left her there. I love her; I have told her so.” He looked in Allan’s face—it whitened to the lips, and the features sharpened.

“And Clare?” was all Allan said.

“Loves me. Beggar and blackguard as I am, she loves me.”

“She told you so?”

“Let me remember. No not in words.”

“But you do not doubt it?”

“I do not doubt it. Take your hand from my arm, boy; let me go.”

Allan paid no heed; arm in arm they walked on in silence; a low, sardonic, self-scorning laugh from Mr. Smith was the first sound that broke this silence.

“You have been amusing yourself at my expense in rather a sorry manner!” Allan said, as this sound roused him from the sort of nightmare in which he had been walking, and raised a sudden hope in his mind.

“Would to God it were so! It is not. Let me go—I say, let me go. I shall hate you now, Allan; now I have injured you. Let me go.” Mr. Smith spoke fiercely, and struggled to release his arm from Allan’s hold; but the clutch that held him, mechanical and almost involuntary as it was, was like the convulsive clutch of the dying; he could not escape from it.

“You shall not hate me!” Allan said, firmly. “I will let you go, for I want time to think—but not till you have promised to do nothing rash—to sleep under that roof at least one night longer.”

“I promise anything to get away from you.” Allan’s hold relaxed, and Mr. Smith was off towards the river. A few moments afterwards, a boat shot swiftly forth from the alder creek. Allan watched it fly down the river, disappearing, to appear again in one shining reach after another. Allan watched without knowing that he watched: the rhythm of the oars gave rhythm to his thoughts—if what went on within him, beating in his brain, hammering at his heart, could be called thought.

Of course there was pain, exceeding bitter pain, dominating all.

The river looked like a chain of pools reflecting the last light of day, while darkness had settled down upon the woods and plain, when the boat came back. Allan had seen it, a black speck upon the gleaming water, a long way off: he was at the landing-place when it came in.

"I am glad you are back at last—the river is not safe in this uncertain light." He helped to moor the boat, then led the way to the house. Mr. Smith staggered rather than walked. Allan was not sorry to see how thoroughly used up and tamed he was. When they entered the library, Mr. Smith threw himself into a chair, laid his folded arms on the table, and his head upon them: he had not spoken.

Leaving him so, Allan went to look for Clare. Till dusk she had been locked into her own room; by that time the storm had spent itself for the present; she had washed out the worst sting and stain, quenched the first burning sense of insult, and was comparatively calm. Allan found her in the unlighted drawing-room, to which she had come for space to move and breathe. Several of the many lattices were open wide, the stars looked in upon her, the summer wind whispered to her—without all was peaceful, with a holy peace. Clare had walked to and fro till she was tired; she was leaning in one of the windows, looking out, when Allan came in: he was close to her before she knew it. They could each see the other's face by the starlight, as they stood there close to the window; pale, resolute young faces were both.

"Sister Clare, my poor little sister Clare," Allan said, speaking to her, as he had never spoken before, as a gentle-hearted elder brother to a suffering sister.

With a low cry Clare leant towards him—he opened his arms—she rested her head against his breast; there he held her pressed against his heart, as he thought, for the last time.

Clare clung to him, and her tears fell again, but very softly; she was soothed and comforted—inexpressibly soothed and comforted; and yet something in Allan's tone, something in his face, seemed to penetrate to her heart's core, paining her with such aching, boding pain as one feels when a

loved voice says "Farewell," and we know that for us can be no well-faring when that voice is no longer heard.

"You need not speak one word. Trust all to me: I know all; you need not speak one word," Allan said.

Then Clare lifted her head, looked up into his face: he did not read her face aright; to her his seemed as the face of an angel.

"Come with me now," he whispered; she obeyed him unhesitatingly, with no thought of where he would take her, only feeling that she might follow him anywhere.

But when he opened the library door, and she saw the lamplight falling on Mr. Smith's bent head, she shrank back, clinging to Allan.

"Go to him, Clare—comfort him—you only can," Allan said. He led Clare forward with gentle violence, disengaged himself from her hold, disregarding her low-spoken entreaty, "Do not leave me,"—perhaps not hearing it, he went away.

Mr. Smith had looked up, when the door opened, vacantly, stupidly, at first, then he sprang up, exclaiming—"Allan, you are mad! what are you doing?" But passionate hope flamed up in his eyes as he spoke, and looked at Clare.

Clare stood motionless just where Allan had left her. In spite of eyes reddened by weeping, and cheeks tear-stained and bloodless, yet not whiter than her lips, she had perhaps never looked so beautiful. When she spoke, it was with the coldest gentleness.

"I did not know where my cousin was bringing me! I can only guess under what mistake he brought me here—perhaps it is as well as it is. You told him all that passed this afternoon?"

"I told him that I loved you, and had confessed it. I told him what, by your manner, I fancy you are going to deny now, that you love me—that you had not confessed it in words, but that I did not doubt it: nor, if you now deny it, shall I now doubt it: I shall only think that your pride, being too little, thinks the sacrifice too great." He was stung by her changed manner, which showed him his lost supremacy.

"Then my cousin renounces me—gives me up to you, believing that I love you."

"Believing that you love me, he leaves you free to marry me. Of this, that you

would marry me, I had never dreamt, wildly as I may have dreamt. I should have been far from here by this time, had not your cousin extracted from me a promise to remain one more night under this roof. In remaining I had no hope. Wildly as I have dreamt, I did not, I repeat, dare dream that you would marry John Smith—wellnigh a beggar!”

“Yet you dared tell me that I loved you! throwing the accusation at me in a way to make it most bitter insult.”

“When a man is maddened by self-reproach and the conflict of passions, he cannot stop to be choise of manner or of words. To tell you of your love and of mine was one thing; to ask you to marry me, knowing as I do the conditions on which——”

“You heap one insult after another upon me,—but perhaps I have merited them all.”

“I do not wish to be harsh—I have cause enough to be humble—but you cannot deny that you have loved me,” he demanded.

“I confess that for some time I half believed that I might come to care for you. I believed it till this afternoon. I must confess more, and what is far more to my shame, that before I believed it possible that I should care for you, I strove to win your admiration—to fascinate you, even to make you believe that I loved you—from motives of revenge. My revenge has recoiled on me—recoils on me doubly. I have wronged you, and you have done me service, taught me many lessons. I must ask your pardon; I do so very humbly—not as I could have done, had you acted differently; but still very sincerely and very humbly, I desire your forgiveness of any injury I may have done you.”

Imprecations were on Mr. Smith's lips, but there was something pure and noble in Clare's face that checked them. Refusals to believe the truth of what she said he could not bring himself to utter, for there was something calm and truthful in Clare's manner that, against his will, impressed him.

A few seconds Clare waited to see if he would speak; he did not—he could not; so she left him, going straight to her own room, to which she presently summoned Mrs. Andrews.

“I have been false, and I have been fooled,” was Mr. Smith's explanation to Allan—“fooled by a woman, and false to my friend. I am learning to know myself. It

was quite fair, your cousin's game. Tell her I said so—that she has my forgiveness, if she cares for it. Now if this were a comedy, I see an opening for a fine wind-up. It would turn out that I had been a most subtle and successful metaphysician, ‘whose skill was only exceeded by his benevolence’—that my only aim had been, by contrast, to win your lady's heart to you. Would to Heaven it were so! I began by trying to play Providence for your benefit certainly; but in real life circumstances are apt to sway the man more than the man circumstances. False to my friend, fooled by a woman; these two little facts from the history of the last few weeks—months, which is it?—I will lay to heart.”

Allan did and said all that was manly and Christian, striving to soothe the pangs of mortification and self-reproach, which he knew were indeed, to such a nature as his friend's, more bitter than death; but the present result of his efforts was to aggravate rather than assuage the fierceness of these pangs.

“You heap coals of fire on my head,” were Mr. Smith's parting words.

Having seen his friend off,—driven him to the nearest railway station,—Allan on his return was met by the news that Clare had left her home, with no intention to return to it.

Mrs. Andrews was her accomplice: she had gone, properly escorted and attended, to “some of Mrs. Andrews's friends in the north,” people in humble circumstances; with them she was to remain till she could meet with a suitable situation as governess.

Clare had left a letter for Allan, explaining why she acted thus, telling him that it would be useless for him to try to learn where she was—useless for him to try and change her resolution or frustrate her plans. “I am not worthy of you, Allan, or I should have loved you in spite of everything. I am not humbled enough yet, or—I will not say what I was going to say; but I know I am not worthy of you, and should not make you happy. When you have been married some years, and I am an ‘old maid,’ I may perhaps come and live in that little West-End Cottage which my father ordained should be my home in such case. Till then we will not meet.”

It was no use for Allan to storm or to entreat; Mrs. Andrews was a trustworthy ac-

complice ; for the present she would not reveal the secret of Clare's hiding-place.

Three months with those poor people in the north, to whom she was nothing but a governess out of place, some experience of the life of a governess, and then ?—a most lame and impotent conclusion—a humiliating surrender. Like a heroine, she battled with the growing certainty that she loved her Cousin Allan passing well, with "love of men and women when they love the best ;" that she revered him as nobler, wiser, better—far nobler, far wiser, far better than herself ; that to submit to him with absolute submission, to depend on him with absolute dependence, would be rest and happiness. She battled with herself—she mistrusted herself—she suffered greatly. When she had left home, she had begged Mrs. Andrews not to mention Allan's name when she wrote ; she began to think that she must recall this request—that she could no longer bear this silence.

One dreary winter night she sat alone in a large, bare schoolroom, writing to Mrs. Andrews, when a visitor was announced. She had given in ; she had just written Allan's name. "Where is he ? How is he ? Oh, tell me something about him !" she had written. The door opened ; she looked up ; there stood Allan.

Must not Clare's pride have become very weak, or her love grown very strong, if she yielded then ?—then, when the world might say that poverty and hardship and the hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt had brought her to her senses ? She knew the world would have a right to say this. She humbled herself to this humiliation—glad to find how light, for love's sake, it was to bear.

The beautiful Mrs. Watermeyr of the next summer could hardly have been other than Clare, yet the beauty was of a different type—softer, sweeter, more submissive.

In your *Living Age*, July 28, your correspondent, "I. M'C.," has very properly noticed "the common error" clearly sustained here by Lord Macaulay, that the great founder of Batavian liberty was a man "habitually taciturn, or deficient in the gift of eloquence." In corroboration of what your correspondent states, allow me to cite from Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." "The power of dealing with his fellow-men he manifested in the various ways in which it has been usually exhibited by statesmen. He possessed a ready eloquence,—sometimes impassioned, oftener argumentative, always rational. His influence over his audience was unexampled in the annals of that country or age ; yet he never condescended to flatter the people. He never followed the nation, but always led her in the path of duty and of honor, and was much more prone to rebuke the vices than to pander to the passions of his hearers. He never failed to administer ample chastisement to parsimony, to jealousy, to insubordination, to intolerance, to infidelity, wherever it was due, nor feared to confront the states or the people in their most angry hours, and to tell them the truth to their faces." Vol. 3, 620-21.

To save the house in which Goethe was born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine from further desecration, it has been purchased by Dr. Volger, an eminent geologist, for the sum of 56,000 florins ; and it is his intention to restore it to its original state, and then hand it over to the German

"Hochstift"—a flourishing society for arts and sciences, of which Dr. Volger is the founder. Animated by similar feelings of piety, a friend of the late Robert Brown, Dr. Booth, has placed over the chimney-piece of the back room of 17 Dean Street, Soho (now occupied by an upholsterer), a tablet bearing the following inscription : "This room, the library, and the adjoining one, the study, of the Right Honorable Sir Jos. Banks, Baronet, President of the Royal Society, and, after his death, of Robert Brown, Esq., F.R.S., Foreign Associate of the Academy of Sciences and the Institute of France, were for nearly seventy years the resort of the most distinguished men of science in the world, the last assemblage of whom was on the occasion of the funeral of Mr. Brown, who expired on the 10th of June, 1858, in the eighty-fifth year of his age."

M. ROBERT has communicated to the French Academy an account of the interesting discoveries recently made in the Rue d'Enfer, at Paris, during the process of lowering the street to the level of the Boulevard de Sébastopol. These consist of a great variety of articles, mostly of Celtic and Gallo-Roman origin, including several flint implements similar to those found at St.-Acheul, near Amiens. The articles were all found in undisturbed drift, and are supposed by M. Robert to belong to the same period as the objects discovered many years ago near Marly, Meudon, and Belleville.

From The Examiner.

Psychological Inquiries. The Second Part. Being a Series of Essays intended to illustrate some points in the Physical and Moral History of Man. By Sir Benjamin C. Brodie, Bart., D.C.L., F.R.S. Longman and Co.

WHEN we set aside, with a few other notable books too permanent in their interest to demand instant notice, this most thoughtful little volume, published in the early summer, none could know how soon we should be made to feel that the thinker is more transitory than his thought. At the age of fourscore Sir Benjamin Brodie, foremost and most liberal man of a most liberal profession, died last Tuesday week. Third son of a Wiltshire rector, who was magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of his county, Benjamin Collins Brodie was one of the men to be named to the credit of home teaching against those who are named as doing honor to the discipline of public schools. He was taught at home by his father until he went as a student of surgery to London, in the first year of the present century, and at a time when surgical anatomy was the most popular subject taught in the medical schools. His father the rector had been son of a thriving army linendraper of St. James's, Piccadilly. At the age of twenty-two Mr. Brodie became a demonstrator of anatomy at the Windmill Street Theatre, and continued in that office till, at the age of twenty-five, he was joint lecturer with his teacher, Mr. Wilson. At the same age, or when he was a year younger, Mr. Brodie, who had been for the last five years at St. George's Hospital the pupil of Sir Everard Home, also took office at that hospital as Assistant Surgeon under Sir Everard, who left to him the chief part of the hospital work. Thus Brodie, a teacher at the age when many but begin to learn, was in full work as surgeon at St. George's and as anatomist in Windmill Street. At St. George's not only was Sir Everard Home too busy to attend with much diligence, but another of the chief surgeons was away with the army in Spain, and the care of his patients also fell upon young Brodie. Here was work enough. He had been two years assistant surgeon at St. George's before he thought of private practice, and had a name plate screwed upon the door of his lodging in Sackville Street. That was in 1809, when

he was twenty-six years old, and had just passed from the office of demonstrator to that of joint lecturer in anatomy. Three years afterwards the Windmill Street Theatre was disposed of to Sir Charles Bell, who then superseded Wilson and Brodie as its teacher of anatomy. Young Brodie had professional connections able to advance his interests. The wife of Dr. Denman, the first accoucheur of the day, was one of the Rev. Mr. Brodie's sisters, and her two daughters were both married to men of high mark in the profession. But his chief aid was in the familiar confidence of Sir Everard Home, who employed him as his assistant upon all occasions, and thus put him forward as his natural successor. This distinction he owed wholly to his own abilities. Through Home, Brodie became acquainted with Sir Joseph Banks, Sir Humphrey Davy, and other leading men of science. It was when he was only twenty-eight years old, that he received from the Royal Society its highest honor in the Copley Medal for a Croonian Lecture, which began the series of his researches on the influence of the Brain upon the action of the Heart. This at once made his name known to the profession throughout Europe. The course of active physiological experiment thus commenced, was persevered in during the next fourteen years. As a surgeon Mr. Brodie was distinguished in medical literature by works "on the Pathology and Surgery of Diseases of the Joints," and "on certain local Nervous Affections," which have helped largely towards the extinction of old rash methods of practice that would sacrifice a limb to an obscure pain. In 1816—when he had been seven years in practice, was thirty-two or three years old, and was beginning to thrive as a private surgeon—Mr. Brodie married a daughter of Mr. Serjeant Sellon, who has not survived him. Of his two sons, one is now the Professor of Chemistry at Oxford. At St. George's Hospital Brodie remained for fourteen years assistant surgeon, but in 1822, when he was already in large private practice, he succeeded Mr. Griffiths as full surgeon, and retained that office until 1840, when he retired, after thirty-two years' connection with the hospital. About six years after his marriage his name was so well in fashion that the king privately preferred him to Sir Astley Cooper, and upon the retirement of Sir Astley Cooper

in 1828 Mr. Brodie was left indisputably the foremost of the London surgeons.

On the death of Sir Everard Home in 1832 Brodie succeeded him as Sergeant-Surgeon to William IV., and soon afterwards he was made a baronet. As a surgeon, though skilful in operations, he most valued success in avoiding the knife, and held the mechanical dexterity of the anatomist to be of less account than sound perception of the character of a disease. His aversion for operations was not lessened during the last months of his life by the failure of those to which he submitted, first in 1860, for the improvement of his vision. They left him only a dim sense of light. His last illness dates from April of this year, when he was attacked by lumbago and fever. At midsummer he began to complain of a pain in the right shoulder, which had been dislocated by a fall from a pony eight-and-twenty years before. The feverish pain increased. In September swelling began. The disease was malignant, and in six weeks it came to its end in death.

Since his retirement from the active work of his profession, Sir Benjamin Brodie has given to the public those two volumes of *Psychological Inquiries* of which the second, with the year of his death on its title-page, has appeared only within the last few months. They are in the form of dialogue, and the preface to the part last issued thus explains their purport:—

“I have on the present occasion, as I had formerly, two objects especially in view, one of these being to show that the solution of the complicated problem relating to the condition, character, and capabilities of man is not to be attained by a reference to only one department of knowledge; that for this purpose the observations of the physiologist must be combined with those of the moral philosopher, mutually helping and correcting each other, and that either of these alone would be insufficient.

“The other object to which I have alluded is, that I would claim for researches of this kind that they should be regarded not as merely curious speculations, but as being more or less of practical importance to every individual among us, enabling us to understand to how great an extent we may contribute to the improvement of the faculties with which we are endowed, and to our own well-being in life.”

After a preliminary conversation on the

study of the Physical and of the Moral Sciences, in which he distinguishes acutely between the attainable and the unattainable objects of inquiry, and upholds the pursuit of science for its own sake, the reasoner turns to the subject of Self-knowledge, and to the proposition with which he had closed his former dialogues,—that no one can properly perform the duties he owes to society, “who does not regard his own powers, his own disposition, and his peculiar moral temperament, influenced as it may be by his physical condition and his mode of life, as a fit object of study, as much as anything external to himself.” He then dwells first on the need of physical power for intellectual exertion. The mind works best in a healthy body.

“There is, however, no necessary connection between robust health and superior intelligence. How often do we see the former combined with stupidity and ignorance! Travellers report to us instances of tribes of savages who intellectually appear not to be many degrees superior to the lower animals. The same may be said of the poor deserted children who have been sometimes found leading a lonely life and maintaining a precarious existence in forests, apart from all human society. In his rude and uncultivated state, there is little in man either to respect or admire. That by which he is distinguished, and which elevates him above all other creatures on earth, is his capability of improvement. The observation applies to individuals not less than it does to societies of men. Of two individuals, with perhaps equal capacities of mind, but placed under different circumstances as to education and as to the class of persons with whom they associate in early life, one may be found, after a lapse of years, to be comparatively stupid, while the other, as to intelligence, far surpasses what had been anticipated of him in the beginning.”

The faculties of mind as of body are strengthened, almost seem to be created, by exercise. Thus

“Our senses admit of being improved by cultivation as much as those higher faculties to which they are subservient. The sailor distinguishes a ship in the horizon which is imperceptible to the landsman. The practised musician has a nicer perception of musical sounds, of harmonies and discords, than the inexperienced artist. The painter who has become a master of his art recognizes effects of shades and colors, and a mul-

titude of things besides, of which he took no cognizance at all when he first entered on his profession as a student. So also the water-drinking Hindoo finds a difference of taste in the waters of different springs, which are alike insipid to the drinkers of beer or wine; and the worker in jewelry and gold ornaments acquires a nicety of touch of which the blacksmith can form no conception. It is, however, in those cases in which a particular sense has never existed, or has been permanently destroyed, that we learn to how great an extent other senses may be improved so as to supply the deficiency. In the earlier part of my life I made acquaintance with a blind fiddler, who wandered about the country by himself attending village festivals; and I remember, among many other things which I have now forgotten, his having described to me how certain feelings, produced, as he supposed them to be, by the pressure of the air, made him understand that he was close to a large tree. Children who have been born blind, or who have become blind, learn to read with their fingers, by means of small embossed characters, in a shorter space of time than those who have their sight do by printed books. They become as familiar with the voices of their acquaintance as others are with their countenances; and it is really true that they not unfrequently wonder why, from being born blind, they should be held to be objects of commiseration.

"I remember seeing a little girl three or four years old, who had been totally deaf from the time of her birth, watching her mother as she was speaking. The intensely earnest and anxious expression of her countenance when she was thus occupied was almost painful to behold; but the result was, that by a close attention to the motion of the lips, and, as I presume, by observing those smaller movements of the features which are unnoticed by others, she was enabled to obtain a competent knowledge, not indeed of what her mother said, but of what she meant to say. Examples of this kind may be supplied without end. There are few professions, and few pursuits in life, which do not require that some one organ of sense should be in a state of greater perfection than the rest; and each individual accordingly trains and educates that of which he is most in need, though he himself is unconscious that he is doing so.

"The organs of sense are as much physical machines as the telescope, or the microscope, or the ear-trumpet; and in like manner, as the muscles become more developed, more vascular, and larger by being exercised, so it is not improbable some such actual changes take place in the organs of sense

also, rendering them more adapted to the purposes for which they are designed. But this does not explain the whole. Any one who enters on the study of minute anatomy, or what they are pleased to call *histology* (we are very fond in these times of inventing new names for old things), by means of the microscope, is at first very awkward in the use of the instrument. By degrees he understands it better, and is enabled to see what he could not see, or at any rate did not comprehend, in the beginning. So it is with regard to the organs of sense. We are clumsy in applying them to a new purpose, as we may be clumsy in our first attempts with an optical machine, but by diligence and attention we become more dexterous. What I am about to mention is no rare occurrence, and will serve to explain what I believe to be the correct view of the subject. A gentleman, who heard perfectly well with one ear, was thoroughly convinced that he had been entirely deaf with the other ear from the time of his being a child. By and by he became affected with a severe inflammation of the sound ear, and, when this had subsided, he discovered to his dismay that he had become quite deaf on this side also. After some time, however, on his being compelled to make a trial of what he called his deaf ear, he found that it was not really so useless as he had supposed it to be. By constant attention to the neglected organ, his capability of hearing with it gradually increased, and to such an extent that, with the help of an ear-trumpet, he could hear sufficiently well for the purposes of conversation."

From this the reasoning passes to the power of the will over the passions, to the power also of selecting those suggestions of the fancy upon which attention shall be fixed, and that are therefore to abide in memory.

"The power of continued attention differs very much in different individuals, according to the original construction of their respective minds. Thus in the case of two boys, apparently under similar circumstances, we may find one of them to have great difficulty in fixing his attention long enough to enable him to understand the simplest proposition in geometry, while the other accomplishes the same thing with no difficulty at all. But here also the defect under which the one labors may be in a great degree supplied by education and practice, while the advantage which the other naturally possesses may be lost by neglect. A young man who has not been trained to gain knowledge by reading, will complain that, after he has read a few pages, his mind becomes

bewildered, and he can read no longer; and I have known even those who have been well educated originally to make the same complaint, when, from being constantly engaged in the active pursuits of life, they have for many years neglected the habit of reading. On the other hand, the boy who is supposed to have *no head for mathematics* may by constant practice become a competent mathematician. It is the same in his case as in that of the imagination. The mind is kept fixed on one object, or succession of objects, by an effort of the will; and the more we are habituated to make the effort, the more easy it becomes to make it."

Some pleasant and practical discussion on memory includes a good illustration of the association of ideas upon which it so much depends, in this experience narrated by a clergyman:—

"When I was about fifteen years of age I went, with my father and mother and other friends, on a tour through Somersetshire; and having arrived at Wellington, where I had certainly never been before, we tarried an hour or two at the 'Squire' Inn for refreshments. On entering the room where the rest of the party were assembled, I found myself suddenly surprised and pursued by a pack of strange, shadowy, infantile images, too vague to be called recollections, too distinct and persevering to be dismissed as phantasms. Whichever way I turned my eyes, faint and imperfect pictures of persons once familiar to my childhood, and feeble outlines of events long passed away, came crowding around me and vanishing again in rapid and fitful succession. A wild reverie of early childhood, half illusion, half reality, seized me, for which I could not possibly account; and when I attempted to fix and examine any one of the images, it fled like a phantom from my grasp, and was immediately succeeded by another equally confused and volatile. I felt assured that all this was not a mere trick of the imagination. It seemed to me rather that enfeebled memory was, by some sudden impulse, set actively at work, endeavoring to recall the forms of past realities, long overlaid and almost lost behind the throng of subsequent events. My uneasiness was noticed by my mother; and when I had described my sensations, the whole mystery was speedily solved by the discovery that the pattern of the wall-paper in the room where we were seated was exactly similar to that of my nursery at Paddington, which I had never seen since I was between four and five years of age. I did not immediately remember the paper, but I was soon satisfied that it was indeed the

medium of association through which all those ill-defined, half-faded forms had travelled up to light; my nurse and nursery events associated with that paper pattern being, after all, but very faintly pictured on the field of my remembrance."

The discussion of memory tends, of course, to a practical application of what is said to self-improvement. The sort of memory to cultivate is well defined:—

"If it be really true that the Spanish theologian, Francis Suarez, knew all St. Augustine's works by heart, it does not appear that this was ever productive of any real good either to himself or to any one else. I did not myself know the individual; but I have been informed, on what I believe to be very good authority, of an instance of a young man who, after once or twice reading it, could repeat a rather long ballad, and yet, when he had done so, did not know the meaning of it. The memory which really leads to great results is that which is founded not on mere juxtaposition, but on the relations which objects and events have to each other: one suggesting another, so that they present themselves not as insulated facts, but as parts of a whole. It is this kind of memory which distinguishes the philosophical historian from the dry narrator of wars and treaties, and party politics; which opens to the view of the scientific inquirer those resemblances and analogies by means of which he is enabled, in the midst of apparent confusion and complexity, to trace simplicity and order, and to arrive at a knowledge of the general laws which govern the phenomena of the universe; and which leads those whose genius takes another course 'to find in poetry its own exceeding great reward,' or 'to look for the good and the beautiful in everything around them;' at the same time that they become the benefactors of mankind, by transmitting wise thoughts and noble sentiments to the generations which come after them."

Much is well written of the education of circumstances and of the variety among the aptitudes of men. But at the root of all is watchful work—divested of all hindrances of self-conceit:—

"The most retentive memory, the quickest perception, nay, even the soundest judgment, will of themselves lead to no grand results. For these not only is labor required, but it must be persevering labor, not diverted from one object to another by caprice or the love of novelty, but steadily pursuing its course amid failures and disap-

pointments. In fact, if there be anything which deserves the name of genius, those which you have rather incautiously designated as minor qualities are an essential part of it. Without them there would have been no advancement in Science, no improvement in Art; or, to express what I mean to say in a few words, there would have been nothing of what constitutes the higher form of civilization.

"There is one other quality not less essential than those of which I have just been speaking. For this I can find no other English name than that of humility; though that does not exactly express my meaning. It is that quality which leads a man to look into himself, to find out his own deficiencies and endeavor to correct them, to doubt his own observations until they are carefully verified, to doubt also his own conclusions until he has looked at them on every side, and considered all that has been urged, or that might be urged, in opposition to them. It is such habits as these which lead to the highest distinction, for they lead to a knowledge of the truth and to self-improvement. There is no other foundation for a just self-confidence. In this sense of the word the greatest men are humble. They may be proud—they are sometimes even vain; but they are never conceited."

The third dialogue opens with discussion of the power we have of counteracting by a voluntary effort any unwholesome influence of outward circumstances on the mind.

"No one, until he has been, as it were, compelled to make the necessary effort, can be aware to how great an extent the power of self-control is within our reach. It is not much to say that one whose state of health renders him fretful and peevish in his own family, may show no signs of his irritable temper when in the society of those with whom he is less intimately acquainted. On much greater occasions than this, the well-trained mind will come forth triumphant from a contest with the physical infirmities of our nature. A barrister of my acquaintance, who afterwards rose to the highest honors of his profession, was subject to a neuralgic disease, which so affected him that it often happened, when he had to advocate an important cause, that he entered the court in a state of most intense bodily suffering. But his sense of duty was greater than his sense of pain, and the latter was almost forgotten as long as the necessity for exertion lasted. The famous Cheselden, who at the same time that he was a man of science was also the most distinguished operating surgeon of the age in which he lived,

thus graphically describes the feelings with which he had to contend: 'If I have any reputation in this way, I have earned it dearly, for no one ever endured more anxiety and sickness before an operation; yet, from the time I began to operate, all uneasiness ceased. And if I have had better success than some others, I do not impute it to more knowledge, but to the happiness of a mind that was never ruffled or disconcerted, and a hand that never trembled during any operation.' The commander of a merchant-vessel labored under a frightful local disease, of which it is unnecessary for me to describe the particulars. On his voyage homeward he was overtaken by a storm, during which it required the utmost energy and skill to preserve his vessel and its crew. For two or three successive days and nights he was constantly on the deck, watching everything and directing everything, as if he had been in the most perfect health. Then the storm subsided; he was again conscious of the sufferings occasioned by his complaint, and he returned home to die. In one of our former conversations, I referred to an observation of Lord Chesterfield, that many a battle had been lost because the general had a fit of indigestion; and I presume that this may have been true as to such a Sybarite as Vendôme is represented to have been, but I cannot believe it to be at all applicable to great officers, such as Napoleon, Nelson, or Wellington."

Here we pause for the present, but we shall return to the book for a few more strains of its delightful wisdom.

We return to this book for a few more notes of the course of its argument for a man's studious inquiry into the extent of his own powers of self-management. The veriest trifle has a meaning in his emptiness, and the "used-up man" here re-appears: the *ennui* caused by a superabundance of leisure, and the absence of demand for the vigorous exercise of any faculty, being recognized as one of the real calamities of life.

No practical weight is allowed to the doctrine of a necessity that governs actions, and we are reminded of the late Baron Alderson's words in a charge to a jury, "The prisoner is said to have labored under an uncontrollable impulse to commit the crime. The answer to which is that the law has an equally uncontrollable impulse to punish him."

"In short, whatever our speculative opinions may be, practically we are all constrained to acknowledge that, however much our in-

tellectual and moral character may be influenced by external causes, more depends on ourselves than on anything besides. This great truth cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of younger persons by all those to whom the business of education is entrusted, whether it be parents, or tutors, or religious instructors. The wise man, having once learned this lesson, continues to educate himself during the whole period of his life."

Equally sound and practical is the refusal to assume that a man's intellectual faculties and his emotions and passions form two separate and independent systems. One is as necessary to the other as the heart to the liver, of which, if you take one away, there is an end of the entire system.

"The mind may be in different conditions, and is constantly passing from one of these conditions to another; but it is always one and the same mind, and, in whatever state it may exist at the time, subject to the same influences. Thus, to take a familiar instance to which I have adverted in one of our former conversations, in an aggravated case of gout, where there is an unusual accumulation of lithic acid in the blood, the temper is peevish and fretful; fits of anger are produced without any adequate provocation, at the same time that, the capability of continued attention being impaired, the reasoning faculty and the judgment are rendered imperfect. So, also, where, from the want of a due supply of food, there is an insufficient production of the nervous force, it is not in one respect, but in all respects, that the mind suffers. In the latter case the impoverished blood is deprived of those properties without which it is incapable of maintaining the functions of the nervous system; while in the former case it is not that anything is wanting, but that there is an undue proportion of one of the materials of which the blood is composed, and that to such an extent that it actually operates as a poison."

From this consideration follows a discussion of the power over the mind exercised by the state of the blood under the influence of wine or tobacco. Tobacco smoked in excess Sir Benjamin thought more deleterious than opium, and more productive of disease. We have not space to pursue much farther the train of reasoning by which one of the greatest of English surgeons, after many studies and the widest intercourse with men, summed up at fourscore, in the last year of his life, the wisdom he had acquired. He does not declare all vanity, but dwells upon the power each man holds over himself, in

showing how "the well-trained mind will come forth triumphant from a contest with the physical infirmities of our nature," and how it lies with ourselves to keep watch and ward over those common sources of happiness, mental and bodily health. The book is far too wise to be pedantic, and it touches upon fundamental truths with a simplicity that to the unthoughtful will sometimes make them seem commonplace. Of care of the bodily health, for example, Sir Benjamin wrote :—

"The subject has been treated of, in one way or another, by a multitude of medical writers, who tell you how to eat and drink and sleep, and everything else. But I do not much advise you to read their books, lest you might be perplexed by the discrepancy of the opinions which they contain. Thus I have in my mind at present three treatises on diet, in each of which there is a list of proscribed articles of food. But these lists are different, and if you were to adopt them all, you would find very little left to eat. Some very simple rules indeed are all that can be suggested, and each individual must apply them as well as he can to himself. A reasonable indulgence, without the abuse, of the animal instincts; a life spent in a wholesome atmosphere, and as much as possible in the open air; with a due amount of muscular exercise. Really there is little more to say."

The melancholy dependent on deficient nervous power, curable not by mental effort, but by rest and proper food, is associated with the depression following excess in wine, opium, or tobacco, that has too rapidly excited and exhausted nervous force. The deficient exercise of nervous force produces the depression of *œmus* in the unoccupied man, body and mind acting and reacting on each other.

The chapter on Education, forming the fifth dialogue, is full of soundest thought. At the root of training of the young, Sir Benjamin, like a true man and sound philosopher, placed this :—

"To begin at the beginning. It seems to me that the first thing is that a young person should be made to understand the value of truth, not only that he should never deviate from the rule of telling the truth, but that he should on all occasions desire to learn the truth, and do this to the best of his ability, not considering whether the result will be agreeable and convenient or otherwise. Not only is this the surest foundation of the moral

virtues, but without it the exercise of the intellect, on whatever it may be employed, can lead to no satisfactory result. This, you may say, is a matter so obvious that it scarcely deserves an especial notice; and yet it is to the want of a thorough conviction as to the value of truth, and the amount of labor and caution required for its attainment, that we may trace a large proportion of the disappointments to which we are liable in the ordinary concerns of life, as well as the many erroneous notions which have been from time to time propagated, and the fact that many things which at various times have passed for knowledge in the world have proved in the end no better than a sham and an imposture."

The next business of education is not so much to communicate facts dogmatically as to cultivate the powers of attention, industry, and perseverance. Care must be taken also, throughout, to cultivate the imagination as "the great, the transcendent faculty of the human mind."

"As the imagination is the essential part of the genius of the poet, presenting to him analogies and relations which are not perceived by ordinary minds, so it is the main instrument of discovery in science and of invention in the arts. To the philosopher who enters on a new field of inquiry, it furnishes those lights which illuminate his path and lead him onward in his journey,—fallacious lights indeed if he trusts implicitly to them, but far otherwise if he takes them for no more than they are worth, not supposing that they can in any degree supersede the necessity of strict observation and a hesitating and a cautious judgment. Such is the history of all the great achievements in the inductive sciences; nor is it otherwise even with those sciences in which we have to deal,

not with probabilities, but with absolute certainties. How many crude notions must have passed through Newton's mind before he completed the invention of fluxions! So it is with all other human pursuits, whether it be in the case of Marlborough or Wellington arranging the plan of a campaign, or of Columbus directing his course over the hitherto unexplored Atlantic Ocean, or of Watt engaged in the invention of the steam-engine. Wherever great things are accomplished, it is the imagination which begins the work, and the reason and judgment which complete it."

The book closes with two excellent dialogues, one on man's place in the world, which treats in a liberal and philosophical spirit of natural theology and recent theories; the other on the possible advances of civilization, and the hypothesis of the "indefinite perfectibility" of the human race. Here Brodie held firm to the teachings of experience, and his little book ends by giving a new turn to such speculation, in asking whether man be so perfect a crowning work that he may not, perhaps, be followed in possession of the earth by creatures standing higher in the system of the universe. But with this the mature and shrewd philosopher falls back upon the consideration from which he had set out, that it is for us to learn where our "inquiries should end, and not to bewilder our minds by the endeavor to penetrate into regions beyond the reach of the human intellect." So ends a book of which the treatment corresponds to a subject that is defined by one of the imaginary speakers in the dialogue as "not above the comprehension of the humblest capacity, nor beneath the notice of the loftiest intelligence."

PROFESSOR BACHE, connected with the United States' Coast Survey, in a recent article on the physiology of sea-sickness, advances the idea that this torment of ocean travellers is a disease of the brain, and not of the stomach. His view is that it is owing to the fact that the mind is not able to understand the varying motions of the vessel as rapidly as the senses feel them, thus causing a conflict of impressions, and a consequent affection of the brain, which in turn deranges the nervous system and produces nausea. As soon as the mind

can conceive the idea of such motion as soon as it is felt, sea-sickness ceases. The deck is consequently the best place for one suffering, as there the sight can be best educated to the movements of the vessel.

A LETTER to the Pope has been published at Turin bearing the signatures of 8,948 of the Italian clergy, praying his holiness to renounce the temporal power.

From The Spectator.

A GERMAN PRINCESS.

ONE of the most extraordinary women of the last generation, who for many years, and during the most eventful epochs of European history, exerted an influence greater than that of reigning monarchs, the Duchess of Sagan, born Princess of Courland, died on the 19th September, at the Castle of Sagan, in Prussian Silesia. Princess Dorothea, of Courland, born August 21, 1793, was the youngest of four daughters of Prince Peter, son of the celebrated Ernest John de Biron, whom Anna of Russia raised from the dust to the highest dignities in the empire, giving him the Duchy of Courland as but a slight token of her favor. Ernest John de Biron, with all his failings was not devoid of geniality; but his son Peter had little of him but his extreme physical beauty. By the will of his father Peter married in early life; but his most violent temper made his matrimonial state a very unhappy one, and he brought two wives to the grave before he was thirty years old. Then he made the acquaintance of Ann Charlotte of Medem, the daughter of a poor German nobleman, possessing a small property in Courland; and, attracted by her physical and mental charms, offered her his hand, which she accepted. The offspring of this union were four daughters, who for a long time were held to be the most perfect beauties in Europe. Uniting the charms of unusual intellectual capacity with the symmetry of corporal perfection, the fame of the four princesses of Courland spread through the whole of Europe, and poets came to sing their praises, while kings worshipped at their feet. All had numerous brilliant offers of marriage; but, by the advice of their mother, every one of the four princesses made a love match, or what was held to be such. The eldest married a Count of Schulenburg; the second the Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen; the third a Duke of Acrenza; and the youngest, Dorothea, the Count de Talleyrand-Perigord, nephew of the great Talleyrand, a general in the French army. It was this last-named lady who died but a few weeks ago as Duchess of Sagan, after as eventful a career as ever fell to the lot of duchess or princess.

The union of Dorothea of Courland with the Count de Talleyrand, afterwards Duke

de Dino, was not a happy one, though professedly a love match. The princess was only sixteen years old at the time of her marriage, which took place on the 22d April, 1809, and so full of radiant beauty, that after the first month of her arrival in Paris, crowds used to follow her carriage in the streets, wherever she went, and masses of people stood for hours under the burning sun, or in pouring rain, to get a glimpse of her sweet face. For awhile, the count's vanity was gratified by this adoration paid to his young wife; but, *blasé* in his inmost nature, he ended by getting tired of even this enjoyment, and before long treated the princess with utter neglect. The knowledge of this could not long be hidden from the gossippers of the salons, and had the consequence of bringing forward a host of open admirers and *amis*,—among them Prince Talleyrand. The great statesman was unable to hide his fervent admiration of his young niece, and, confiding in his relationship, offered her the protection of his name and position. Shrewd far beyond her age, the Princess Dorothea neither refused nor accepted this protection; but while treating Talleyrand invariably as a kind and loving uncle, managed to keep him for some time at a respectful distance. This naturally increased the ardor of the enamored diplomatist, who henceforth, and for the rest of his life, became one of the most faithful and sincere friends of the princess. Probably there was not a single being in the world to whom Talleyrand, in his later age, was so thoroughly and so steadfastly attached as to his young niece. Dazzled at first by her extreme beauty, he was completely captivated, after somewhat fuller acquaintance, by the geniality of her intellect; to such an extent that not unfrequently her advice ruled the most important of his undertakings. An immediate point of sympathy between the prince and his niece was established in the dislike of both to the person and court of the emperor. The refined manners of Princess Dorothea recoiled at the innate vulgarity of the generals and field-marshal, and their low-born spouses, who gave the *ton* at the Tuileries; and the often coarse behavior of the mighty Cæsar himself appeared to her anything but imperial or heroic. Being imprudent enough to give vent to these feelings in occasional speeches, the

princess soon came under the notice of Fouché's myrmidons, whose reports enraged Napoleon so much as to make him forget the respect due to a princely lady not his subject. Naturally, therefore, the dislike of Talleyrand's niece to the emperor soon grew into hate, fanned as the sentiment was by the cutting sarcasms of the arch-diplomatist, in which he freely indulged in her presence. Added to this was the singular influence which Talleyrand exercised over a number of ladies of the highest rank, and which, reacting on the young Princess of Courland, made her the devoted adherent of his vast political schemes. On the compulsory retreat of the prince to his magnificent castle of Valençay—but shortly before the prison of King Ferdinand VII. of Spain, and his brother, Don Carlos—Princess Dorothea followed him thither, determined to enter heart and soul into his plans, and to assist them with all the means in her power. The ex-minister being too closely watched by the spies of the Government to attempt even the slightest movement, it was left to her to organize a series of secret meetings of the enemies of imperialism, which were not without effect on the subsequent fate of Napoleon. The meetings were held alternately at the country-seat of the Prince of Turn-and-Taxis and at the mansion of the Princess of Vaudemont, at Suresne, and led to a connection with the Duke de Condé and the Bourbons. While the conspiracy thus formed was progressing, news arrived of the disastrous retreat of Napoleon from Russia, and the coalition of the great Continental Powers against the long-endured supremacy of the Corsican conqueror. After a short consultation with Talleyrand, Princess Dorothea hurried to Prague, in the neighborhood of which city her mother possessed considerable estates. Before she had been many days at her chateau in Bohemia, Czar Alexander arrived with the King of Prussia, closely followed by Prince Metternich. There were long nightly conferences, the upshot of which was the adherence of Austria to the declaration of war of the two northern sovereigns. Immediately after, Talleyrand's niece returned to Paris, accompanied by her mother and several new male servants, believed to be disguised noble emigrants. Not many months had elapsed before the victorious armies of the allied

sovereigns entered France, taking their road to the capital, where the great statesman was waiting their arrival in the privy-council of Marie Louise. In the middle of March, 1814, a well-known Swiss gentleman, Cæsar la Harpe, had a long interview with Princess Dorothea, which was followed by his departure for the invading army, and his meeting with an old pupil, no less a personage than Czar Alexander. On the 31st of the same month the Czar held his solemn entry into Paris, and went straight to the Hotel Talleyrand, where he took up his residence. A few hours after, there issued from the mansion of the great diplomatist a document by which the crown of France was transferred from the head of Napoleon I. to that of the Count of Provence, *alias* Louis XVIII. It was in the drawing-room of Princess Dorothea that the paper fatal to the Napoleonic dynasty was signed by Prince Schwarzenburg and the rulers of Russia and Prussia.

Princess Dorothea accompanied Talleyrand to the Congress of Vienna, and not a little contributed in that brilliant assemblage of princes and ambassadors, to the successes of the great diplomatist. Returned to France, she obtained a separation from her husband, and thenceforth devoted herself entirely to the duties devolving upon her as presiding genius of her uncle's household. Twenty years thus spent ended by giving her complete ascendancy over the mind of the prince, and a mastery over his will such as no one possessed before. When Talleyrand was lying on his death-bed, as full of repiticism as ever, she insisted that he should become reconciled to the holy Mother Church. He smiled in answer, "I have never been in a hurry, yet always arrived in time." But the princess would allow no more jests, and forthwith introduced Abbé Dupanloup, a zealous missionary of the Church, since then deservedly promoted to episcopal duties. Talleyrand, helpless like a child under the burning gaze of his niece, repeated every word dictated by the abbé, and on the morning of the 20th of May, 1838, with trembling hands, already in the agony of death, signed a paper by which he confessed himself a true Christian and faithful son of the Catholic Apostolic Church. When, a few days after, his last will and testament was opened, it was found that Talleyrand had left the great

bulk of his fortune, amounting to near twenty millions of francs, to his beloved niece, Princess Dorothea. "A man living in falsehood; yet not what you can call a false man," says Thomas Carlyle, summing up his character.

By a singular freak of nature and circumstances, Princess Dorothea, having devoted the morning of her life to diplomatic intrigue, was fated to give the evening to the passion of love. By the death of her elder sister, she became, in 1845, sovereign owner of the Duchy of Sagan, a mediatized principality of about a hundred square miles, with some fifty thousand inhabitants, situated in Lower Silesia. Thereupon, the princess left France, and settled at the old Schloss of Sagan, a magnificent palace, surrounded by vast gardens, built by Wallenstein, and fitted up with all the pomp and splendor of a royal residence. In the course of the due visits of congratulation paid by the feudal lords of the neighborhood, Prince Felix of Lichnowsky made his appearance: the head of an old noble family, possessing large landed estates in Austrian and Prussian Silesia, and celebrated for the geniality of its members for several generations. The father of Felix, Prince Edward, gained a well-merited literary fame as author of a voluminous "History of the House of Hapsburg;" his grandfather was the friend and protector of Beethoven; and several other predecessors distinguished themselves highly both in the field and the cabinet. Prince Felix, born April 5, 1814, ran through a most romantic career in early youth. After having been a short time in the Prussian service, he went to Spain and offered his sword to the Pretender, Don Carlos; fought two years as general in the ranks of the insurgents, and, badly wounded, retired to his estates to write "Reminiscences of the years 1837 to 1839"—by no means flattering to the cause of Don Carlos. He then offered his services to the Shah of Persia, and went half-way thither; but suddenly turned his head to Portugal in search of fame and adventures. The result was another volume of "Reminiscences," and a number of duels, out of all of which he came victoriously. He then retired again to his estates, deeply involved by this time by his extravagances, and here made the acquaintance of Princess Dorothea. A tall, fine,

and eminently handsome man, with a halo of romance around him, Felix of Lichnowsky made a deep impression on the princess. She invited him to stay at her Schloss, and before long she declared herself, without hesitation, deeply and madly in love with him. Notwithstanding the difference of age, the princess being fifty-three and Prince Felix but thirty-one, he professed to reciprocate her feelings, and agreed to take up his abode at Sagan. The union of hearts was soon drawn still closer by a union of budgets. Prince Felix directed all his creditors to apply at the Schloss of Sagan for payment, and the princess was too much in love not to take the hint thus given, and paid bills to the amount of very nearly the legacy left to her by her great uncle. Wishing to distinguish himself in a political career, Prince Felix entered the Prussian House of Lords in 1847, and achieved a considerable success as one of the leaders of the Conservative party. Unhappily, through the influence of the Duchess of Sagan, he was chosen the following year into the National Parliament at Frankfort, where, with his Prussian-lord feelings, still unaltered, he found himself in the ranks of the ultra-Conservatives. There was a local insurrection at Frankfort on September 18, 1848, in the progress of which Prince Felix, in company with a friend, took a ride through the suburbs. Near the village of Bornheim he was attacked by a furious mob, torn from his horse, and, while trying to escape, shot through the breast. When the fatal news reached the Schloss of Sagan, the princess locked herself up in her room, refusing all sustenance, and expressing her determination to follow her lover in death. However, the arrival of one of her sons shook her resolution, and time and change of scenery gradually lessened her immense sorrow, which she gently nursed by erecting numerous memorials of love within her parks and gardens. "*Felix-ruh*," "*Felix-bank*," and similar inscriptions throughout the splendid domain of Sagan, forever commemorate the remembrance of Felix of Lichnowsky.

Princess Dorothea, Duchess of Sagan, died, as already stated, a few weeks ago, on the 19th September last, at her royal residence. She retained her extreme beauty almost up to the day of her death, and was

derful stories are told of the arts she employed to preserve the perfection of graces with which nature had gifted her. Her intellect, too, was unimpaired to the last, and the closing years of her career were occupied in the compilation of memoirs, destined to see the light of day at the same period as the historical notes of Prince Talleyrand, ordered, by solemn injunction, to remain unopened for thirty years after the death of the writer. It is very likely, therefore, that the year 1868 may reveal much that is yet dark in the history of Europe during the Napoleonic period, showing how mighty events, produced by the armed struggle of millions, under the guidance of military genius, have been not unfrequently counteracted by the silent intrigues of a few bold and restless spirits. Even the Mephistopheles of the French Revolution, and arch-diplomatist of the nineteenth century, must needs appear in a new light when seen under the inspiration of the fair eyes of a German princess.

From The Economist.

Puissance Comparee des Divers Etats de l'Europe. By Maurice Block. (French Edition, with an Atlas.) Gotha: Justus Perthes.

A COMPARISON of the elements which constitute the power of the different countries of Europe is of great economic and political utility, and, though necessarily teeming with figures, is even not without interest for general readers, who regard books as instruments of amusement, not as supplying materials for thought. Not only does such a comparison determine the relative position of European States, but it is calculated to excite them to improvement in those respects in which they are backward,—and even the foremost among them are in some respects not equal to others of much less importance. The task of making the comparison has been rarely undertaken, owing to its extreme difficulty and aridity, arising from no two countries keeping their statistics in the same way,—from very few having the same weights, moneys, and measures,—and from differences between nations being almost always greater and more striking than the resemblances. And on the few occasions on which

the task has been entered into, it has not been well executed, on account of the exponents not having access to all the necessary information, and not possessing the necessary talents and experience. Perhaps of all “the eminent hands” who could have embarked in this labor, the most competent, all things considered, is M. Block. For being one of the heads of the Statistical Department of France, he has at his disposition the very best statistical data to be obtained in Europe, and he possesses a high reputation for his accuracy as a statistician, and his skill as a writer on economic subjects.

The publication which M. Block presents to us consists of a treatise and a series of tables on the national forces of the European nations, and of a set of colored maps exemplifying, and, so to speak, condensing, the results presented. In volume the publication is small indeed; but it contains a truly prodigious mass of information. Strictly speaking, the moral forces of a state are as important in the constitution of its power as the material; and they ought, therefore, to have figured in this work. But M. Block has thought fit to abstain from dealing with them, because he says “the means do not exist of weighing or measuring the moral relations between men and between societies, and because also the material forces of a country are an indication of its moral condition. On this point, we take the liberty of dissenting from our author. Undoubtedly the moral state of a nation cannot be measured with the same mathematical nicety as the material; but the degree of education and of crime can be ascertained with accuracy, and there are not wanting statistics relative to religion; and religious education and crime are the most important elements in a moral estimate.

Confined, however, as it is to material matters, the work of M. Block is of vast value. Not only does it fix the precise place which a European country occupies in the scale of material greatness,—that is in territory, population, military and naval power, finances, credit, agriculture, commerce, navigation, railways, manufactures, etc.,—but it makes known facts of which very few people have, we fancy, any idea. As an example of the latter let us take population: If the question were asked in what European country population increases the fastest, would not

nine persons out of ten be disposed to answer Great Britain and Ireland? Yet M. Block shows that it is in Greece, and that four other countries outstrip ours. In the last thirty or forty years the annual average increase of the population has been 2.16 per cent. in Greece, 1.57 in Prussia, 1.39 in Norway, 1.17 in Sweden, and 1.12 in Holland, whilst in Great Britain it has only been 1.0. Again, is it not the general conviction that the army in France in proportion to the population is greatly more numerous than ours? Yet M. Block shows that in 1861 we had 13.1 soldiers per 1,000 inhabitants, whilst France had only 12.6. As regards the relative positions of nations, ours on the whole has much to be proud of, but not perhaps so much as Englishmen fondly imagine. We beat all countries in the length of our railways, having 48.6 kilometres per 1,000 square kilometres; whilst Belgium, which comes next, has only 44.4; Holland next, 34.1; Switzerland, 20.5; and France only 16.9. Our credit is superior to that of all other nations, 100*frente* (£4 per annum) of our debt being worth 3,066*f* (£122 12*s*); whilst the same sum in that of Denmark, which comes next to us, is only worth 2,630*f*; Belgium the next, 2,600*f*; Holland the next, 2,500*f*; and France the next, 2,200*f*. Moreover, since 1847 we have actually reduced the annual outlay for our debt, whilst other countries have added enormously to theirs, France as much as 51.6 per cent.; Portugal, 89.6; Austria, 109; Prussia, 110.9; and Spain, 217.1. In the number of letters sent through the post-office, and which are an indication not only of the activity of the commerce but of the moral virtues of a people, we are far ahead, having on an average 1,907 per 1,000 inhabitants, whilst France has only 699, Prussia 669, Holland 492, and even little Switzerland, which comes immediately after us in the scale, only 1,630. In some other respects, also, we have reason to be satisfied with our national position. But on what may be called the dark side of our accounts there are various facts, and some of them are rather start-

ling. Thus our commercial navigation (tonnage of imports and exports) has increased 83.3 per cent. in ten years (coasting trade not included); but that of Austria has progressed 180 per cent., of Holland 180.1, of Spain 113, and even of France 88.5: and with regard to the number of vessels, whilst our increase in ten years has only been 26.5 per cent., that of France has been 39.6, of Austria 31.9, of Holland 34.6, of Germany 122.3, and of Denmark 307. With the exception of Holland we are the most heavily taxed people in Europe, our average per head being in French money 57*f* 12*c*, whilst in France the average is only 49*f* 75*c*, in Austria 21*f* 37*c*, and in Prussia 28*f* 60*c*. The expense of our army and navy is truly enormous, as it absorbs not less than 73.8 per cent. of what remains of the budget after the interest of the debt is paid. Even our formidable navy, on which we rely so confidently, is not so strong as is thought. It presents 24 guns for the protection of every 1,000 tons of merchant shipping, but Italy has 37.2 guns for every 1,000 tons, Greece 45, Portugal 39.7, Sweden and Norway 27.5, France 22.3.

We have not thought it necessary to verify these and other figures contained in M. Block's work, his well-known accuracy and conscientiousness being to us a full guarantee of their correctness. Our readers will see from them that the work contains a perfect mine of curious and valuable information on matters of general importance, and that it throws new light on many of them, or rather removes the veil by which, from a large portion of the public, they have hitherto been covered. Such readers as are not disposed to study figures, can by an inspection of the atlas obtain a correct idea of the principal results presented. In conclusion, we express the wish that an English edition of this remarkable work may be produced; and we add thereto the suggestion that each map, instead of representing different countries in tints of the same color, should have each country in a distinct color, in order to be plainer.

From The Economist, 15 Nov.

PROPOSED MEDIATION WITH AMERICA.

THE Emperor of the French has long been most anxious to take the earliest opportunity of endeavoring to persuade the American belligerents to come to terms, and has proposed to our Government and to that of Russia to join him in his conciliatory overtures. The despatch in which M. Drouyn de Lhuys has embodied the ideas and suggestions of his master is now before us. It is understood that the project has been somewhat coldly received by both governments and that the emperor is surprised and disappointed at such reception. Russia has not absolutely declined to join in the proposed measures, but neither has she accepted; and the feeling of the British Government is believed to be precisely similar. The reasons are obvious enough; and we are satisfied that a brief statement of them alone is needed to convince the country that Lord Palmerston is right. Our desire for the termination of the disastrous contest is at least as earnest as that of France,—our conviction of the hopelessness of the war is as strong, our readiness to seize any opportunity of acting as peace-makers to the full as great;—but we cannot see that the present moment is a favorable one for friendly interposition; still less can we see that the proposal of the emperor is one which we could either hopefully or even decorously endorse and support. A few moments' reflection will suffice to make this plain.

In the first place, the conjuncture is not very happily chosen. The Federals have just collected their new levies, and are preparing for a renewal of the contest with greater inveteracy, and on a larger scale than ever. Mr. Lincoln and his friends are menaced by the return of the Democratic ascendancy,—an ascendancy which might be fatal to their power if not penal to their persons, unless they can win some fresh victories, or display some encouraging and impressive vigor. We have not received the slightest hint that European mediation would be welcome at Washington, or would even be received without indignation. It is understood, on the contrary, that it is the one thing which the Cabinet are most especially anxious to preclude. If, indeed, the emperor had waited till next March, and if

the results of the State and Congressional elections should by that time have given a decided preponderance to the Opposition (as seems very probable), then a pacific and respectful representation from the great powers of Europe would have had some chance of being listened to, and might have turned the trembling scale. But just at the actual crisis there seems to be really no opening whatever for intervention.

In the second place, it is difficult to see how the proposition of the French Emperor can be regarded as having a friendly aspect. At first sight it sounds indisputably selfish, almost hostile to the North, and not far from insulting. At least we are much afraid that it will be so read out there. The suggestion is for an armistice by sea and land for the space of six months, which are to be employed in endeavoring to find terms of accommodation. The armies are to suspend all operations, and the naval squadron is to raise the blockade. Nearly every circumstance of such an armistice must, it is obvious, tend to the advantage of the South. It would play their game almost more effectually than the most successful campaign could play it. That it would play ours as well—that it would supply France and England with the cotton they so sorely want—that it would open to their merchants the market for their wines, their coffees, their hardware, their clothing, which they so greatly miss—is only certain to render it more distasteful to the Northerners. The first operation would be, of course, by the opening of the Southern ports to European trade, that the Confederates would be able to sell all their accumulated stock of cotton and tobacco at very high prices, and thus raise funds to meet the demands of the war if the war should be renewed. It would enable them to import all the military stores, guns, ammunition, and uniforms, which would render them more obstinate and more formidable foes than ever. It would at once fill their cities with all the commodities needed for daily comfort and consumption, the want of which has reduced them to such severe straits, and was relied upon by the North as one of the surest means of compelling them to submit. In a word, a six months' armistice and cessation of the blockade is *precisely the thing—is, indeed, almost the*

only thing—the Southerners want;—and it is for that very reason just the thing which we could not decently ask the Northerners to grant. Moreover, another effect most disastrous to the Federal cause, would probably result from the armistice proposed. A large part of the Federal army would melt away, and when once dispersed we apprehend it would be impossible to re-collect it for the purpose of renewing a desperate and weary strife. The new levies, no doubt, might turn the suspension of hostilities to good account by improving their discipline and drill; but what would become of those thousands who are utterly tired and disgusted with the prolonged and profitless decimation they have undergone,—whom, whether officers or privates, it is most difficult even now to keep steady to their colors,—who, in a word, are “skedaddling” day by day, in a fashion which makes it impossible even for the military authorities themselves to ascertain the numbers actually under their command and available for action? All who could possibly get leave and all who could slip away unperceived would return to their homes, and could never be enticed back into the ranks. All this is so undeniable and so clear that, if the proposition had emanated from this country, the universal voice of America would have been raised to denounce it as the most flagrant proof that could have been afforded of British partiality towards the Confederates and of British spite against the Union,—as the worst of the many affronts and unkindly acts to be resented when the day of vengeance should arrive. It remains to be seen how it will be regarded at Washington now that it emanates from that power which they have so long persisted in representing as their peculiar friend and ally.

Much as we should desire impartial mediation in this deplorable quarrel, in some form that would have a chance of proving acceptable, yet it is impossible to be blind to another and at present apparently an insuperable difficulty in the way. In order to propose terms of negotiation or of armistice, it seems indispensable to have distinct *parties* to treat with—visible governments with defined territories—as well as to have in our own minds something like a basis for accommodation to suggest. Now, though we know who is the head of the Confederate Government, and where the Confederate Congress sits, we do not know of what the Confederacy consists. “The South” has no boundary, no ascertained number of States within its limits. Is it to be held to embrace all the Slave States? or only those which originally signed

the Secession ordinance? or those which are now occupied by the Confederate forces? Are Tennessee, Kentucky, and Maryland included in the Northern or in the Southern Federation?—for both claim them. Must not our “mediation” under such circumstances have the character rather of proposals to two generals than of negotiations opened with two nations?

Again. What distinct ideas have we as to the basis of accommodation to be suggested? We, in this journal, have more than once sketched out a possible scheme, but is it one which either England as a nation, or France as a Government, would be willing to adopt? If separation were the fundamental assumption, the North would cry out. If reunion, on any terms, the South would repudiate the idea at once? Could we ask the North to surrender the Border States, the loss of which would reduce the “United States” to little more than a long narrow territory, lying in a somewhat inhospitable climate? Could we tell the South they ought to hand over to the tender mercies of the North their brethren in Kentucky, Tennessee, or Maryland, who hate the Federals as intensely as the Carolinians themselves? Are we to ask the Confederates to pay any portion of the enormous Federal debt which has been contracted in order to subdue them? Or, without going so far as this, how are the old debts and the old obligations to be adjusted between the North, which is the most populous and the most wealthy, and the South which has carried off the richest and the largest portion of the soil? Is the Mississippi to be the Western and the Ohio and the Potomac the Northern boundaries of slavery, and would Jefferson Davis consent to such an arrangement? If not, and if we are to advocate the claim of each State to say freely which Confederacy it will join, what prospects are there that Abolitionists in America or their sympathizers here will permit a negotiation based upon such a broadly democratic notion? Whichever way we view it, the difficulties are tremendous, and we scarcely see how we can hope to intervene as pacificators with much effect till both parties are weary of the contest, and ask Europe, as impartial spectators, to assist them in contriving a conclusion which both desire, or till the events of the war have more accurately defined the relative strength, position, and frontiers of the combatants than has yet been done.

Since this article was in type, the *Gazette* of to-night has published Lord Russell’s despatch, declining to act at present in the manner proposed by the Emperor of the French.

From The Economist, 15 Nov.

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We will then lay aside the arguments which appeal to the conscience, and, addressing ourselves directly to the material interests, those undisputed rulers of the world, will counsel those of our fellow-citizens who show themselves so eager to engage in a war with the United States, to ask themselves why England has hesitated, from the beginning of the contest, to adopt such a course: why, even to-day, with the temptation of a French alliance before its eyes, the *Morning Post* repeats that the English Government is resolved not to intervene. Who is more deeply interested than England in the destruction of the American Union? Who desires with greater ardor, and for so many good reasons the final defeat and irrevocable dismemberment of the United States? Whether England bethinks her of her present sufferings and contemplates her deserted factories, or ponders her future grandeur, and devours already with her eyes that vast southern territory, which, once separated from the United States, must fall so naturally and completely under her influence; or again, revels in anticipation in the humiliation of the American flag and annihilation of a maritime rival, whose growth has increased with every day. England cannot contain her hopes, and every morning, in the land of Wilberforce, the voice of a hundred journals ascends to Heaven to invoke the divine blessing upon the arms of slaveholders. The pro-slavery papers of Paris may do their best, they will never succeed in being more English than their London brethren on the American question.

But the passions of England are always tempered with prudence; and if, on the other side of the Channel the patriotic desire to see the United States conquered is universal, the idea of intervention is anything but popular. We cannot but be surprised that those of our papers which attach ordinarily so much importance to the opinions of Mr. Cobden, and quote him so often as an oracle on more than one subject on which his authority is doubtful, pay so little heed to his recent speech upon American affairs. Few Englishmen know the United States better than Mr. Cobden. He has travelled through them, lived there, kept up numerous relations with them. How does he treat the project of re-establishing peace there by a European intervention? He treats it as ridiculous; and I venture to affirm that he proves it to be so. He takes into account the distances to be traversed, the populations to be conquered upon their own soil; he recalls the fruitless struggle maintained by England against her own colonies, when their population did not exceed three millions

of souls; and he concludes that it would be safer and less costly to feed the workmen thrown out of employment in England, upon turtle soup, champagne, and venison, for ten years, than to carry on such an enterprise for six months. He adds, moreover, that if he were the actual President of the United States, and embarrassed by the internal discords of the North, he would see without regret a foreign intervention, which should put an end to all dissensions and fuse the wills of all its citizens in a common effort for the salvation of their country.

It may be indeed, that this supreme trial is needed by the United States. Despite the obstinate courage which that people has shown in the saddest days of this civil war, it seems as if two things had been wanting, up to the present moment, to enable them to strike a decisive blow, and put an end to it. Military talent has not revealed itself among their leaders; their Government, moreover, does not appear to be quite equal to the emergency. Philosophers who are in the habit of treating with severity or contempt genius in its application to the conduct of war, have here a grand lesson before their eyes. How much mourning would have been spared if the United States had had at hand some one general capable of shedding blood only when bloodshed was necessary, and of gaining one single victory, worthy of the name, in the place of a dozen indecisive battles. Military talent has been less wanting to the cause of the South; but it will only serve to delay defeat: whereas had it appeared on that side where is the strength as well as the right, it would have precipitated the war to its end. But time is needed to enable an industrial people, seeking fame and fortune in the arts of peace, to furnish their generals with an army really efficient and capable of serving as an instrument in the hands of genius—should a genius arise.

To these too peaceful habits, the growth of domestic quiet and liberty, must be attributed the comparative feebleness with which the Government of the United States may be charged in the prosecution of the civil war. It has hesitated too long to make use of the legitimate and formidable arms which the question of slavery has placed in its hands: it allowed itself to be lured too long by a hope that it could reconstruct the Union, without resorting to all the rights of war, without interfering, at least during the struggle, with the internal affairs of the States, without striking a blow at that institution, which after all is the only serious cause of so many disasters, and which has brought the republic within a hair's breadth of its ruin.

The Federal Government appears at last

enlightened as to the imminence of its peril, and also as to the full extent of its rights and duties; but perhaps it may be necessary, in order to stir the heart of the American people to its depth, to set in motion the population of the West and North, to throw the whole nation into the struggle, that the inevitable and tangible image of this peril be set before their eyes. Perhaps it may be necessary that the foreigner should set his foot upon their soil, to electrify them from one end of the country to the other. Perhaps, it may be, that a foreign flag must float before New Orleans by the side of the banner of slavery, for the farmer of the West to feel that the mouths of the great river form part of his magnificent inheritance, and that his country extends thus far. On that day, either the very rocks of America will tremble with wrath, or the American people will have deserved their fate, and have existed for an instant as a great nation, to show only how a great nation may fall.

But we should see without much uneasiness this supreme trial begin, and the hand of the foreigner stretched out against the United States, certain as we are that it will not be the hand of France, and that we shall be faithful, alike to the interests and traditions of our country, in offering our prayers for their victory.

(Signed) PREVOST PARADOL.

From The Saturday Review, Nov. 15.

THE FRENCH PROJECT OF MEDIATION.

POLITICAL rumors which end in nothing are generally mischievous; but the injury which arises from reports of intervention in America is almost unprecedentedly great. The starvation of Lancashire is caused, not by a deficiency of cotton in the world at large, but by an absence of sufficient commercial inducement for procuring it from the countries where it is grown. No merchant is bound to ruin himself by a speculative order for a commodity which may suddenly be thrown on his hands in an overstocked market. Lord Russell has sufficiently puzzled traders by publishing within a single fortnight two official estimates of the stock of Southern cotton, as consisting respectively of two million and of four million bales. It may, however, have been the duty of the Government to circulate as widely as possible all the information within its own reach, although it may be unreliable and contradictory. Manufacturers and merchants may still be induced to encourage Indian imports by the knowledge that the American stock,

whether large or small, is at present shut out of the European market by the blockade. But it is most unfortunate that their hazardous enterprise should be interrupted by announcements of diplomatic attempts to raise the blockade. It appears that the French Government has at last formally invited England and Russia to join in an application to the belligerents for an armistice, which might give an opportunity for negotiating a peace; and as governments are in the habit of feeling their way before they commit themselves by regular overtures, it may be assumed that the courts of London and St. Petersburg had previously received notice of the project, and that they have made up their minds on the answer to be returned. At all events, the policy of France is certainly consistent. The blockade would have been raised many months ago but for the steady persistence of England in the neutral system which American newspapers characteristically ascribe to national cowardice.

Unless the French Government had been either prepared to act alone, or assured of English co-operation, no plan of intervention would have been formally proposed. It is impossible to assert positively that the assent of England has been withheld, but, on the opposite supposition, some of the gravest members of the Cabinet must have been guilty of unaccountable indiscretion. Mr. Gladstone's Southern sympathies were only expressed in the theoretical proposition that Mr. Jefferson Davis had succeeded in making a nation. Since his Northern tour, Sir G. C. Lewis and the Duke of Somerset have publicly explained the cogent reasons of policy and of law which prohibit the immediate recognition of the Confederacy. It is certain that neither statesman can have anticipated the early concurrence of his government in a mediation which would practically assume the independence of the South; and as the campaign has since taken no decisive turn, it is difficult to understand what reason or excuse could be offered for a sudden change of policy. Every minister must be fully aware of the commercial disturbance which is caused by any prospect, however remote, of opening the Southern ports. The French Government is of course at liberty to interfere, either alone or in concert with Russia; but if England stands aloof, an offer of mediation will be nugatory, unless it is followed by a dangerous and doubtful employment of force. It is true that the advocates of the South assert that the Federalists desire intervention; but nothing in the conduct of the Washington Government, or in the language of its supporters, tends to confirm their statement. If Mr. Lincoln has really invited French mediation, he has utterly bewildered

his countrymen, and especially his partisans.

An armistice, attended by a suspension of the blockade, means the termination of the war and the independence of the Southern Confederacy. If the European Powers interfere for the purpose of re-opening the ports, they will never again allow them to be closed; for the renewal of a bloody and hopeless contest would be even more justly obnoxious to general feeling than a continuance of a struggle in which it may perhaps be difficult to pause. It is also evident that the Government of Washington would refuse to acquiesce in a truce, except in the confidence that it must expand into a definitive peace. The Northern preparations have been made at enormous expense, and the ranks of the army are for the moment full. The maintenance of half a million of soldiers for six months in utter idleness would be ruinously wasteful, and a promiscuous grant of furloughs would only lead to the final disappearance of recruits who have with difficulty been attracted by unprecedented bounties. A temporary peace would be almost as costly as war, and it would provide few additional resources. As the tariff would not be altered, there is no reason why commerce should revive, nor could the sea be more open than at present to Federal shipping. On the other hand, the South would profit by the interval to sell its cotton, and to buy whatever is required for the successful prosecution of the war. Arms, clothing, and ammunition would be reduced to a third or a fourth of the present prices, and almost the entire cost of the maintenance of the army would be saved to the Confederate Treasury. The volunteers of the South could, in any case, be trusted to rally round the flag which they have from the first defended under the influence of patriotic zeal; and, on the improbable supposition that the war could be renewed at the close of a limited armistice, it is not too much to say that the comparative chances of success would be fundamentally altered. The North would be as much poorer or weaker as the South would be better and stronger; nor could the most resolute fanatic refuse to see that the principle of independence had been virtually conceded. If any further argument were needed to show that the French proposal must be rejected by the Federal Government, it is sufficient to observe that the North can obtain an armistice at pleasure, apart from the interference of neutrals, and without concessions to the enemy. By abstaining from the invasion of the South, the Federals can suspend or discontinue active hostilities by land, while at the same time they maintain the blockade. It is not likely

that Mr. Lincoln will purchase at a heavy cost a doubtful benefit which may be secured at his own discretion.

The practical difficulties of the reported project multiply indefinitely as the matter is more fully considered. It must be supposed that, during the armistice, both Federations would maintain their own commercial systems, so that perfect free trade in the South would co-exist with the rigid protectionism of the North. As it could be scarcely worth while to establish a line of inland custom-houses for an interval of six months, there would be nothing to prevent an unlimited extension of the contraband trade which is already carried on in the midst of the war. Even if the Confederate Government provisionally adopted the Northern tariff, it could scarcely enforce on its citizens the corresponding excise duties which have been imposed by the Federal Congress. A mere suspension of arms might not be impracticable; but the withdrawal of the blockade would render arrangements necessary which would be impracticable unless they were permanent. In short, the mediation would be equivalent to a recognition of the South, and to a declaration of war with the North. The benevolent profession of putting a stop to useless bloodshed could scarcely be disconnected from the avowed intention of obtaining cotton for European looms. The suffering occasioned by the blockade may perhaps hereafter justify forcible intervention; but English opinion is almost unanimous in holding that the time has not yet arrived for overruling international law on the ground of political expediency.

The reception of Mr. Slidell at Compiègne seems to indicate that the Emperor Napoleon has already settled the terms of an impending alliance with the Confederate Government. It is difficult to reconcile his new policy with his usual sagacity and caution, especially if he has stipulated for aid or countenance in his wild Mexican enterprise. Although the Northern Republicans will undoubtedly denounce the neutrality of England as more culpable than the enmity of France, even American credulity and prejudice must yield to the evidence of an unfriendly and one-sided mediation. The unexpected issue of the French Circular explains the recent eagerness of the English Opposition for intervention on behalf of the South. Its most active leader has for some time cultivated a back-stair's connection with the French Government. In the last session Mr. Disraeli held a brief from the reactionary section of the Imperial Court, and he did full justice to his instructions by protesting against Lord Palmerston's vexatious resistance to the uncontrolled will of his august

ally. There is no reason why a similar understanding should not be established on American as well as on Italian questions. Although the Emperor Napoleon has hitherto shown perfect loyalty in concerting his policy with the English Government, he, or his ministers, may perhaps sometimes think it expedient to promote their own views by the indirect pressure of domestic opposition. It may have been thought, moreover, that the English Cabinet, notwithstanding its own distaste to interference, would be unwilling to hold back when all the other great powers were anxious to impose peace on the Americans. The report that Russia had adhered to the French proposal was evidently contrived for the purpose of deterring resistance. The actual isolation of France will be excused on the ground that Lord Palmerston's obstinate perversity has checked the benevolent intentions of governments which are less immediately interested in American affairs. Intrigues of this kind are intelligible, and generally trivial; but commercial confusion is more serious than the ordinary consequences of underground diplomacy. A penny in the pound in the price of cotton at present outweighs the importance of Mr. Disraeli's contingent accession to office by the aid of either an ecclesiastical or a foreign alliance.

From The Saturday Review, 22 Nov.

THE PROPOSED MEDIATION.

THE Emperor of the French is not in the habit of acting without reasons, or at least without motives. His proposal of a joint mediation must have been intended either to succeed or to produce some assignable effect after the refusal of Russia and England to concur. There can be little doubt that the actual result of the overture was foreseen, for Governments are ordinarily as unwilling as suitors to incur the annoyance of a deliberate and verbal rejection. An offer of alliance, like an offer of marriage, is merely the formal conclusion of a previous negotiation; and when an anticipated failure is intentionally provoked, it may be assumed that the usual practice has been abandoned for some definite purpose. When the French despatch was published in the *Moniteur* before the English Cabinet had decided on an answer, the Imperial Government must have been fully prepared for Lord Russell's prudently negative reply. There is reason to believe that the project was abruptly tendered at the Foreign Office without the preparation which smoothes the way for diplomatic movements of importance; and, be-

fore the offer was rejected, the reception of Mr. Slidell at Campiègne was officially announced to France and to America. The Emperor Napoleon wishes either to commence a fresh course of action, or to advertise his desire for peace, and his goodwill to the Southern Confederacy. It is perfectly natural that he should be anxious to prove to the distressed manufacturers of Rouen and Lyons his interest in their sufferings, and his energy in devising plans for their relief; and yet the publication of M. Drouyn de Lhuys's despatch can scarcely have been designed exclusively for domestic purposes. The express mention of the Confederate States by the title which they have selected for themselves virtually involves a recognition; and the proposal of an armistice by sea and land, including the suspension of the blockade, implies an opinion which may shortly be uttered in language more intelligible than words. It is probable that the terms of alliance with the Southern States are not yet arranged, nor is it easy to understand any practical advantage which can be exchanged for the powerful support of France beyond the renewed supply of cotton for the mills: but it is possible that schemes for the partition of Mexico, involving the acquisition of Sonora by France, may have been already discussed or projected.

The unanimity with which Lord Russell's answer has been approved in England is scarcely disturbed by the murmurs of the professional Opposition. Mr. Disraeli's foreign politics are peculiar to himself and to a comparatively small section of his supporters, while the better and larger portion of the party is unable to understand why a dead weight of gratuitous unpopularity should be perversely hung round its neck. The English nation is not so entirely of one mind in the American quarrel as in the Italian struggle for independence; but, on the whole, it has come to the conclusion that the South will have the best of the contest, and that it is not the business of foreigners to accelerate the impending catastrophe. The resentment which has been justly provoked by the silly malignity of the North is by no means strong enough to create a desire for a rupture; and the wrongdoers are executing poetical justice on themselves effectually enough to satisfy the most unfriendly aspirations. Whatever may have been the errors of former times, England is now a thoroughly peaceable nation; and where no point of honor is involved, a general conviction prevails that war is the most unprofitable of employments. As Mr. Cobden said, it would be cheaper to maintain Lancashire in luxury, or to incur any other extravagant outlay, than to indulge in a six months' campaign. The Federalists,

and especially the Republicans, will say, with the French journals, that the fear of a quarrel with the North is a proof of the basest cowardice; but if all other subjects of national vanity fail, the Englishman may proudly boast that he is the least thin-skinned of civilized mankind. The policy of the country is, happily, independent of the criticism and satire of foreigners. The Government wisely declined to take a part in mediation because the proposal would have been frivolous and undignified unless it were followed up by action. The Federal Government could have had no motive for accepting, without compulsion, a scheme which was exclusively favorable to their adversaries. The refusal would probably not have been expressed in courteous language, and further pressure might have led to the war which the nation is fully determined to avoid.

The form of Lord Russell's despatch is wholly unobjectionable; for politeness, though always meritorious, is never so appropriate as when it becomes necessary to utter a refusal. The admission that the participation of Russia was desirable was equivalent to a hint that Prince Gortschakoff's intended reply was, in its substance, as well known in London as in Paris. It would, indeed, have been strange if the Russian Government, which has no need of Southern cotton, had concurred in a plan for opening the blockade either by force or by diplomatic urgency. The Emperor Alexander was probably influenced rather by obvious reasons of policy than by the devoted admiration for his person and his form of government which is proclaimed by Mr. Clay, and other American friends of freedom. It has always been the habit of Russia to court the good-will of the United States, and the success of the attempt was proved during the Crimean war. As the Northern Federation retains the title of the former Republic, and as it especially cherishes the tradition of animosity to England, the court of St. Petersburg consistently abstains from an interference which would have been regarded as offensive. In replying more directly to the French Government, Lord Russell properly took occasion to acknowledge the friendly conduct of the Emperor Napoleon in the matter of the *Trent*; and in proceeding to explain the grounds of his refusal, he complied with the rules of diplomatic courtesy, although the motives of English policy might have been perfectly understood without elaborate exposition. It would have been superfluous and uncivil to add that, independently of the

system of neutrality, there were strong reasons against embarking in a joint enterprise of undefined nature and extent. Only a few months since, it became necessary to incur a risk of misconstruction by withdrawing at the last moment from the Mexican undertaking. It might have been more difficult to pause in the process of intervention in America, if an attempt to open the blockade had been followed by a declaration of war.

An ingenious commentator in the *Journal des Débats* remarks, with significant irony, that Albion can never help being a little perfidious. Lord Russell is accused of an attempt to conciliate America at the expense of France; and the French writer remarks that it is odd that the ministers of George III.'s descendant should become the champions of the United States against the countrymen of Lafayette and Rochambeau. The censure may be more patiently endured, because it is really directed against the Imperial Government, and not against England. The art of ironical and indirect satire has been cultivated to rare perfection under the system of official warnings to the press; and it is more convenient for a journalist to find an argument against his own Government in a foreign despatch than to utter it in his own person. Lord Russell thought little enough of Lafayette and George III., but there is no doubt that the party in France which favors the Northern Federation is chiefly influenced by the belief that the United States are natural rivals and enemies of England. When the Secession occurred, the feeling of regret was almost universal among Englishmen, not on account of any selfish interest in American unity, but because the interruption of a brilliant career of prosperity is in itself a melancholy spectacle. The French theory of the balance of power retains a more obstinate vitality. The Emperor Napoleon has been censured for allowing a great power to grow up on the frontiers of France, and he is now believed to have committed a mistake in recognizing the disruption of a great power which might have been formidable to England. He is perfectly right in seeing the truth of actual events, but it is possible that his policy may be adventurous and unquiet, although it is comparatively exempt from the influence of obsolete traditions. His projected conquest of Mexico is almost the only attempt at military aggression which has ever been unpopular in France. If he extends his designs to an alliance with the Southern Confederacy, he will incur large risks and liabilities.

From The Economist, 15 Nov.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE POPE.

"THE French Government," says M. Drouyn de Lhuys, "has at no period ever held out the hope, either to Piedmont or Italy, that it would sacrifice to them Rome and the Papacy." Consequently Italy must wait till France becomes heartily ashamed of her admirable protégé, and if we may judge by the signs of the times, Rome will very soon do far more to make the position of France disreputable and unpopular even with the Catholic world than any notes of General Durando's would ever succeed in effecting. We have often recommended patience and organization to the Italian Government as the true way both to Rome and Venice. We now propose to point out how many influences are at work in the *Papal camp itself* to aid the efforts of Italy, if the government of that country will only be true to its own cause and quietly permit the Papal See to be, as it seems bent on being, and by the law of its nature as a sovereign power it is almost bound to be,—false to itself.

In the first place, the clergy, who have hitherto been more or less allies of the temporal power, are every day deserting the Pope in greater and greater numbers in his struggle for temporal power. Of the eighty thousand priests and monks whom Italy contains, about ten thousand of the clergy have already deserted on patriotic grounds the Papal standard, and signed Father Passaglia's petition to the Pope to abandon his temporal power for the sake of both Church and State. That petition, which has just been presented, entreats Pio Nono in the most devout and affectionate language to let the two great Italian cries, "Long live the Pope" and "Long live Rome the capital of the new Kingdom," resound once more in perfect harmony and without distracting the dearest wishes of the nation. It may be said that ten thousand out of eighty thousand is but a small proportion, if seven priests and perhaps half as many nuns remain to plead the cause of the Papal Crown against each ecclesiastical deserter. But this would very ill represent the state of the case even at present. The ten thousand who have signed Father Passaglia's memorial are but the chosen few who have risked and ventured much for the sake of their

country. Among the craven acts of M. Rattazzi, few have been worse than that which withdrew the promise of indemnity which had, it is asserted, been given by Baron Ricasoli to all who, after signing Passaglia's petition, should find that they had suffered pecuniarily by it in consequence of the displeasure of their ecclesiastical superiors;—for the working clergy or rectors are entirely at the mercy of the bishops, and the bishops in Italy are almost all Papal. Baron Ricasoli had authorized Father Passaglia to send round a letter to the priests, conveying to them that if they were persecuted or should suffer temporal loss in consequence of their signature, the Government would take their loss upon itself. When M. Rattazzi came into power he withdrew this permission, and the letter was not sent. Consequently, the ten thousand signatures represent at present only those who were willing to risk much in the cause; and yet we find among the names already signed not only 76 episcopal vicars and 1,095 monsignors (i.e., canons of cathedrals or collegiate churches), but 783 archpriests, provosts, or parish rectors, 317 chaplains, 861 parish vicars or curates, 343 doctors, 167 reverend schoolmasters, 4,533 simple priests, and 767 monks or regular clergy—in all 8,942 (a number daily increased by accessions printed in Father Passaglia's journal, *Il Mediatore*, so that it will certainly pass 10,000). It is clear that one-eighth part of the Italian clergy are already not only opposed to the temporal power, but willing to incur a good deal of serious loss to get rid of it; and of course a very much larger number would soon appear to be friendly to the national movement if this shadow of doubt could be dispelled.

However, what we want to point out now is,—not the inherent force of the movement so much as the intrinsic certainty that the Papal Government will itself contribute much to aid and spur on that movement. The bishops,—who to the number of no less than two hundred and thirty-seven are, as we said, almost to a man on the side of the Papal Government,—will be obliged for their own sakes to show their zeal against the petitioners; and, following the Papal precedent, will, no doubt, institute very active proceedings against them. This course, which is certain in many cases to be followed, will only have

the effect of marking more distinctly and mischievously for the Papal See the distinction which is apparent between the pro-Papal and the *Passaglian* clergy. Already the Italian papers are calling attention to the contrast between the general repute and high standing of most of the subscribers, and the calibre of the *protestors*, who from Papal seal or worldly craft, are writing to the papers very ill-spelled and ill-composed letters to explain that they are not to be confounded with petitioners of the same name therein found. The more sharply the bishops mark this distinction by persecuting the petitioners, the better will it be for the Italian nation. It will soon become a popular distinction to be the object of episcopal dislike, and to be reckoned among the opponents of the temporal power. And when once this is so, we may be quite sure that the clergy will not long remain manageable instruments of the Pope, and either the bishops must give way, or the Church will risk the greatest of all dangers—a mighty schism at its very centre. Even now there is rumor of filling up the thirty-four vacant Italian sees, which include, we believe, the important sees of Turin and Milan, without the aid of the Pope, since he is not inclined to sanction any choice agreeable to the King of Italy. Of course this alone would be an act of schism, and yet sooner or later it must take place, if the Pope continues to hold out. When thirty-four out of two hundred and thirty-seven sees are already empty, it cannot be long before the populous episcopacy of Italy is mown down by Death. A few years must decide the feud between King and Pope favorably for the King, if it be only by the natural demise of the pro-Papal bishops. If the Pope had no longer any clerical partisans in Italy except in his own small State, France, even for her own interest, could hardly persist in strengthening the hands of an obstinate head of the Church against the whole clerical voice of Italy.

But it is not only by the paralysis of his ecclesiastical power that the Pope's secular sway will be rendered impossible. As a sovereign, his difficulties are daily and almost hourly multiplying. Every one knows his money difficulties. The Peter's Pence are a very limited source of income; the taxation of his circumscribed States is extremely limited also; and the borrowing power is be-

coming exhausted,—not that his credit is absolutely gone, but that the money market, foreseeing that his successor must probably accept his debts but will not accept them certainly on such exorbitant terms, tries to make hay while the sun shines, and to extort from the necessities of a tottering throne the most that it believes that throne is willing to offer. A striking illustration of the neediness of the Pope is said to have occurred the other day, in conjunction with an equally striking illustration of his political sagacity. The railway from Rome to Naples has now for some time been practically completed. The court of Rome had guaranteed five per cent. on the capital expended on the Roman line as soon as the line was really opened for work. Since this contract was made, however, the Pope has bethought himself that Garibaldi took Naples “by a railway ticket,” and that railways are naturally inimical to arbitrary sway. His holiness, therefore, is naturally unwilling to bring his subjects into too close connection with a seditious kingdom, especially when that intercourse will probably cost him at first a considerable sum. The consequence is that the Pope will not sanction the opening of the line. He picks holes in the legal case of the Railway Company,—complains that all sorts of petty conditions in the contract are still unsatisfied,—demands that certain levels shall be rectified, certain station-houses completed, and so forth, always discovering something fresh which renders it impossible for him to sanction the opening of the line. At the same time, it is said, that there was one condition which would have perfectly satisfied him. If the Railway Company could have lent him 20,000,000f (£800,000), all minor difficulties might have been smoothed over. The incident is exceedingly instructive as to the fate of the temporal power. The Pope, as a political ruler, feels an antecedent dislike to measures which promote the mere temporal prosperity of his kingdom, but he can get over that dislike—for a consideration. In other words, his subjects must buy off his prejudice against their welfare, if they are not willing to be seriously injured by it. It is the system of indulgences over again applied to political rule. For railway communication you must pay first the cost of construction, and then for the spiritual permission to make use of such a luxury. How can a

temporal rule so administered endure long? If the Italian Government will but be patient, and work out in the clearest way the antithesis between itself and its spiritual neighbor, the Papacy cannot long stand even on its artificial French foundation. As Tuscany, Naples, Umbria, and the Romagna make rapid strides towards industry and freedom, the charmed circle of Papal stag-

nation will necessarily become more and more intolerable. In twenty ways which it is hardly possible to define, the Papal Government will find its position becoming more and more untenable, — ways of all of which bankruptcy will probably be the natural outcome. Let but Italy work on eagerly, and possess her soul in patience, and the Roman Government will ere long collapse.

MUSIC OF PORT ROYAL NEGROES. — The editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music* publishes a letter from Miss Lucy McKim, of Philadelphia, accompanying a specimen of the songs in vogue among the negroes about Port Royal. Miss McKim accompanied her father thither on a recent visit and writes as follows:—

"It is difficult to express the entire character of these negro ballads by mere musical notes and signs. The odd turns made in the throat, and the curious rhythmic effect produced by single voices chiming in at different irregular intervals, seem almost as impossible to place on score as the singing of birds or the tones of the Æolian harp. The airs, however, can be reached. They are too decided not to be easily understood, and their striking originality would catch the ear of any musician. Besides this, they are valuable as an expression of the character and life of the race which is playing such a conspicuous part in our history. The wild, sad strains tell, as the sufferers themselves never could, of crushed hopes, keen sorrow, and a dull daily misery, which covered them as hopelessly as the fog from the rice swamps. On the other hand, the words breathe a trusting faith in rest in the future—in 'Canaan's fair and happy land,' to which their eyes seem constantly turned. A complaint might be made against these songs on the score of monotony. It is true there is a great deal of repetition of the music, but that is to accommodate the leader, who, if he be a good one, is always an improvisator. For instance, on one occasion, the name of each of our party who was present was dexterously introduced.

"As the same songs are sung at every sort of work, of course the *tempo* is not always alike. On the water, the oars dip 'Poor Rosy' to an even cadence; a stout boy and girl at the hominy mill will make the same 'Poor Rosy' fly, to keep up with the whirling stone; and in the evening, after the day's work is done, 'Heab'n shall a be my home' peals up slowly and mournfully from the distant quarters. One woman, a respectable house servant, who had lost all but one of her twenty-two children, said to me, 'Pshaw: don't har to dese yer chil'en, misse. Dey just rattle it off—dey don't know how for sing it. I likes 'Poor Rosy' better

dan all do songs, but it can't be sung without a ful heart and a troubled sperrit!'

"All the songs make good barcaroles. Whittier 'buildd better than he knew' when he wrote his 'Song of the Negro Boatman.' It seemed wonderfully applicable as we were being rowed across Hilton Head harbor among United States gunboats—the 'Wabash' and the 'Vermont' towering on either side. I thought the crew must strike up—

"And massa tink it day ob doom,
And we ob jubilee."

"Perhaps the grandest singing that we heard was at the Baptist Church on St. Helena Island, when a congregation of three hundred men and women joined in a hymn—

"Roll, Jordan, roll, Jordan!
Roll, Jordan, roll!"

It swelled forth like a triumphal anthem. That same hymn was sung by thousands of negroes on the Fourth of July last, when they marched in procession under the stars and stripes, cheering them for the first time as the 'flag of our country.' A friend writing from there says that the chorus was indescribably grand—that the whole woods and world seemed joining in that rolling sound."

On some of the more Important Diseases of the Army. By John Davy, M.D.

If science had never known the name of Humphrey Davy, it would have been deeply indebted to his brother John. Dr. Davy has not only acquired reputation as a practical physician, but he has made numerous contributions to physiological and natural-history science. He now places before the world his medical experience, and this volume will be found to embrace a large quantity of valuable pathological research. Dr. Davy's experience is more especially confined to the army, and his papers will be read with interest and improvement by the medical officers in our public services.—*Albion*

WAR SONGS FOR FREEMEN.

WE are pleased to hear that Professor Child of Cambridge has undertaken the preparation of a little book to be called "War Songs for Freeman," and it is already in such state of forwardness that its publication may be expected in the course of the present week. It will not contain more than twenty or thirty songs, but they are of the best. The words are mostly new, and many of the songs have been written by some of our most distinguished writers. The book will be sold for twenty-five cents, which is scarcely more than the cost. It is proposed to have a concert at Chickering's Rooms, at which some of the songs shall be sung; this will doubtless prove a most attractive entertainment.

We are gratified to be allowed to lay before our readers a few of the songs, in advance of the publication of the book. We are sure that they will be well received. Among them Mrs. Howe's which is a very beautiful poem, Mr. Leland's,—he is an admirable song-writer,—and Professor Holmes's, will attract especial attention.—*Daily Advertiser*.

HARVARD STUDENT'S SONG.

(*Denkst du daran.*)

Remember ye the fateful gun that sounded
To Sumter's walls from Charleston's treacherous shore?

Remember ye how hearts indignant bounded
When our first dead came back from Baltimore?

The banner fell that every breeze had fluttered,
The hum of thrift was hushed with sudden woe;

We raised anew the emblems shamed and shattered,
And turned a front resolved to meet the foe.

Remember ye how forth to battle faring
Our valiant ranks the fierce attack withstood,
In all the terrors of the tumult bearing
The people's heart of dauntless lionhood?
How many a hand forsook its wonted labor,
Forsook its gains as prizes fall'n in worth,
To wield with pain the warlike lance and sabre,
To conquer Peace with God, for all on earth?

Remember ye how, out of boyhood leaping,
Our gallant mates stood ready for the fray?
As now-dedged eaglets rise, with sudden sweeping,
And meet unscared the dazzling front of day.
Our classic toil became inglorious leisure,
We praised the calm Horatian ode no more;
But answered back with song the martial measure,
That held its throb above the cannon's roar.

Remember ye the pageants dim and solemn,
Where Love and Grief have borne the funeral pall?

The joyless marching of the mustered column,
With arms reversed to Him who conquers all?
Oh! give them back, thou bloody breast of Treason,

They were our own, the darlings of our hearts!
They come benumbed and frosted out of season,
With whom the summer of our youth departs.

Look back no more! our time has come, my brothers!

In Fate's high roll our names are written too;
We fill the mournful gaps left bare by others,
The ranks where Fear has never broken through!

Look, ancient walls, upon our stern election!
Keep, Echoes dear, remembrance of our breath!

And gentle eyes, and hearts of pure affection,
Light us, resolved to Victory or Death!

JULIA WARD HOWE.

SHALL FREEDOM DROOP AND DIE?

Shall Freedom droop and die,
And we stand idle by,
When countless millions yet unborn
Will ask the reason why?

If for her flag on high
You bravely fight and die,
Be sure that God on his great roll
Will mark the reason why.

But should ye basely fly,
Scared by the battle cry,
Then down through all eternity
You'll hear the reason why.
C. G. LELAND.

SOLDIER'S MORNING SONG.

(*Erhebt euch von der Erde.*)

Ye sleepers, hear the warning,
Lift up your drowsy heads!
Loud snort the steeds "Good-morning!"
Forsake your grassy beds!
The sunlit steel is gleaming,
Undimmed by battle's breath;
Of garlands men are dreaming,
And thinking, too, of death.

Thou gracious God! in kindness
Look down from thy blue tent:
We rushed not forth in blindness,
By thee to battle sent.
Oh, lift on high before us
Thy truth's all-conquering sign:
The flag of Christ floats o'er us,
The fight, O Lord, is thine;

There yet shall come a morning,
 A morning mild and bright:
 All good men bless its dawning,
 And angels hail the sight.
 Soon from her night of sadness
 This suffering land shall wake;
 Oh, break, thou day of gladness!
 Thou day of Freedom break!

Then peals from all the towers,
 And peals from every breast,
 And peace from stormy hours,
 And love and joy and rest!
 Then songs of triumph loudly
 Shall swell through all the air,
 And we'll remember proudly,
 We, too, brave blades, were there!
 Schenkendorf. C. T. BROOKS.

OLD FANEUIL HALL.

Jenny's Banbee.

Come, soldiers, join a Yankee song,
 And cheer us as we march along,
 With Yankee voices, full and strong,
 Join in chorus all;
 Our Yankee notions here we bring,
 Our Yankee choruses here we sing,
 So make the Dixie forest ring
 With "OLD FANEUIL HALL!"

When first our Fathers made us free,
 When old King George first taxed the tea,
 They swore they would not bend the knee,
 But armed them one and all!
 In days like those the chosen spot
 To keep the hissing water hot,
 To pour the tea-leaves in the pot,
 Was OLD FANEUIL HALL!

So when to steal our tea and toast,
 At Sumter first the rebel host
 Prepared to march along the coast,
 At Jeff Davis's call—
 He stood on Sumter's tattered flag,
 To cheer them with the game of brag,
 He bade them fly his rebel rag
 On OLD FANEUIL HALL.

But war's a game that two can play,
 They waked us up that very day,
 And bade the Yankees come away
 Down South—at Abram's call!
 And so I learned my facings right,
 And so I packed my knapsack tight,
 And then I spent the parting night
 In OLD FANEUIL HALL.

And on that day which draws so nigh,
 When rebel ranks our steel shall try—
 When sounds at last the closing cry
 "Charge bayonets—all!"
 The Yankee shout from far and near
 Which broken ranks in flying hear,
 Shall be a rousing Northern cheer
 From OLD FANEUIL HALL.

E. E. HALE.

TRUMPET SONG.

THE battle-drum's loud rattle is rending the air,
 The troopers all are mounted, their sabres are bare;
 The guns are unlimbered, the bayonets shine,
 Hark! hark! 'tis the trumpet-call! wheel into line!

Ta ra! ta ta ta!
 Trum trum, tra ra ra ra!
 Beat drums and blow trumpets!
 Hurrah, boys, hurrah!

March onward, soldiers, onward, the strife is begun,
 Loud bellowing rolls the boom of the black-throated gun;
 The rifles are cracking, the torn banners toss,
 The sabres are clashing, the bayonets cross,
 Ta ra, etc.

Down with the leaguering liars, the traitors to their trust;
 Who trampled the fair charter of Freedom in dust!
 They falter—they waver—they scatter—they run—
 The field is our own, and the battle is won!
 Ta ra, etc.

God save our mighty people and prosper our cause!
 We're fighting for our nation, our land, and our laws!
 Though tyrants may hate us, their threats we defy,
 And drum-beat and trumpet shall peal our reply!

Ta ra! ta ta ta!
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O. W. HOLMES.

THE LIVING AGE.

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SHORT ARTICLES.—Turkish Great Exhibition, 68.

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There yet shall come a morning,
 A morning mild and bright:
 All good men bless its dawning,
 And angels hail the sight.
 Soon from her night of sadness
 This suffering land shall wake;
 Oh, break, thou day of gladness!
 Thou day of Freedom break!

Then peals from all the towers,
 And peals from every breast,
 And peace from stormy hours,
 And love and joy and rest!
 Then songs of triumph loudly
 Shall swell through all the air,
 And we'll remember proudly,
 We, too, brave blades, were there!
 Schenkendorf. C. T. Brooks.

OLD FANEUIL HALL.

Jenny's Banee.

Come, soldiers, join a Yankee song,
 And cheer us as we march along,
 With Yankee voices, full and strong,
 Join in chorus all;
 Our Yankee notions here we bring,
 Our Yankee chorus here we sing,
 So make the Dixie forest ring
 With "OLD FANEUIL HALL!"

When first our Fathers made us free,
 When old King George first taxed the tea,
 They swore they would not bend the knee,
 But armed them one and all!
 In days like those the chosen spot
 To keep the hissing water hot,
 To pour the tea-leaves in the pot,
 Was OLD FANEUIL HALL!

So when to steal our tea and toast,
 At Sumter first the rebel host
 Prepared to march along the coast,
 At Jeff Davis's call—
 He stood on Sumter's tattered flag,
 To cheer them with the game of brag,
 He bade them fly his rebel rag
 On OLD FANEUIL HALL.

But war's a game that two can play,
 They waked us up that very day,
 And bade the Yankees come away
 Down South—at Abram's call!
 And so I learned my facings right,
 And so I packed my knapsack tight,
 And then I spent the parting night
 In OLD FANEUIL HALL.

And on that day which draws so nigh,
 When rebel ranks our steel shall try—
 When sounds at last the closing cry
 "Charge bayonets—all!"
 The Yankee shout from far and near
 Which broken ranks in flying hear,
 Shall be a rousing Northern cheer
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and disappeared after it, while Mrs. Vincent erected herself under the shadow of her veil. Mr. Tufton did his young brother no good. He was so sympathetic over the misfortunes that had befallen Vincent's family, that bitter tears came to the widow's eyes, and her hands once more tightened in a silent strain of self-support. While the old minister impressed upon his audience the duty of bearing with his dear young brother, and being indulgent to the faults of his youth, it was all the poor mother could do to keep silent, to stifle down the indignant sob in her heart, and keep steady in her seat. Perhaps it was some breath of anguish escaping from her unawares that drew towards her the restless gleaming eyes of another strange spectator there. That restless ghost of a woman!—all shrunken, gleaming, ghastly—her eyes looking all about in an obliquity of furtive glances, fearing yet daring everything. When she found Mrs. Vincent out, she fixed her suspicious, desperate gaze upon the crape veil which hid the widow's face. The deacons of Salem were to Mrs. Hilyard but so many wretched masquers playing a rude game among the dreadful wastes of life, of which these poor fools were ignorant. Sometimes she watched them with a reflection of her old amusement—oftener, pursued by her own tyrannical fancy and the wild restlessness which had brought her here, forgot altogether where she was. But Mrs. Vincent's sigh, which breathed unutterable things—the steady fixed composure of that little figure while the old minister maundered on with his condolences, his regrets, his self-glorification over the interest he had taken in his dear young brother, and the advice he had given him—could not miss the universal scrutiny of this strange woman's eyes. She divined, with a sudden awakening of the keen intelligence which was half crazed by this time, yet vivid as ever, the state of mind in which the widow was. With a half-audible cry the Back Grove Street needlewoman gazed at the minister's mother; in poignant trouble, anxiety, indignant distress—clasping her tender hands together yet again to control the impatience, the resentment, the aching mortification and injury with which she heard all this maudlin pity overflowing the name of her boy—yet, ah! what a world apart from the guilty and desperate spirit which sat there gazing like Dives at Lazarus. Mrs.

Hilyard slid out of her seat with a rapid, stealthy movement, and placed herself unseen by the widow's side. The miserable woman put forth her furtive hand and took hold of the black gown—the old black silk gown, so well worn and long preserved. Mrs. Vincent started a little, looked at her, gave her a slight half-spasmodic nod of recognition, and returned to her own absorbing interest. The interruption made her raise her head a little higher under the veil, that not even this stranger might imagine Arthur's mother to be affected by what was going on. For everything else, Mrs. Hilyard had disappeared out of the widow's memory. She was thinking only of her son.

As for the other minister's wife, Poor Mrs. Tufton's handkerchief dropped a great many times during her husband's speech. Oh, if these blundering men, who mismanage matters so, could but be made to hold their peace! Tears of vexation and distress came into the eyes of the good little woman. Mr. Tufton meant to do exactly what was right; she knew he did; but to sit still and hear him making such a muddle of it all! Such penalties have to be borne by dutiful wives. She had to smile feebly, when he concluded, to somebody who turned round to congratulate her upon the minister's beautiful speech. The beautiful speech had done poor Vincent a great deal more harm than Pigeon's oration. Salem folks, being appealed to on this side, found out that they had, after all, made great allowances for their minister, and that he had not on his part shown a due sense of their indulgence. Somebody else immediately after went on in the same strain: a little commotion began to rise in the quiet meeting. "Mr. Tufton's 'it it,'" said a malcontent near Mrs. Vincent; "we've been a deal too generous, that's what we've been; and he's turned on us." "He was always too high for *my* fancy," said another. "It aint the thing for a pastor to be high-minded; and them lectures and things was never nothing but vanity; and so I always said." Mrs. Vincent smiled a wan smile to herself under her veil. She refused to let the long breath escape from her breast in the form of a sigh. She sat fast, upright, holding her hands clasped. Things were going against Arthur. Unseen among all his foes, with an answer, and more than an answer, to everything they

said, burning in dumb restrained eloquence in her breast, his mother held up his banner. One at least was there who knew Arthur, and lifted up a dumb protest on his behalf to earth and heaven. She felt with an uneasy half-consciousness that some haunting shadow was by her side, and was even vaguely aware of the hold upon her dress, but had no leisure in her mind for anything but the progress of this contest, and the gradual overthrow, accomplishing before her eyes, of Arthur's cause.

It was at this moment that Tozer rose up to make that famous speech which has immortalized him in the connection, and for which the Homerton students, in their enthusiasm, voted a piece of plate to the worthy buttermilk. The face of the Salem firmament was cloudy when Tozer rose; suggestions of discontent were surging among the audience. Heads of families were stretching over the benches to confide to each other how long it was since they had seen the minister; how he had never visited as he ought; and how desirable "a change" might prove. Spiteful glances of triumph sought poor Phoebe and her mother upon their bench, where the two began to fail in their courage, and laughed no longer. A crisis was approaching. Mrs. Tufton picked up her handkerchief, and sat erect, with a frightened face; she, too, knew the symptoms of the coming storm.

Such were the circumstances under which Tozer rose in the pastor's defence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Tozer,— "and Mr. Chairman, as I ought to have said first, if this meeting had been constituted like most other meetings have been in Salem; but, my friends, we haven't met not in what I would call an honest and straightforward way, and consequently we aint in order, not as a free assembly should be, as has met to know its own mind, and not to be dictated to by nobody. There are them as are ready to dictate in every body of men. I don't name no names; I don't make no suggestions; what I'm a-stating of is a general truth as is well known to every one as has studied philosophy. I don't come here pretending as I'm a learned man, nor one as knows better nor my neighbors. I'm a plain man, as likes everything fair and above board, and is content when I'm well off. What I've got to say to you, ladies and

gentlemen, aint no grumbling nor reflecting upon them as is absent and can't defend themselves. I've got two things to say—first, as I think you haven't been called together not in an open way; and, second, that I think us Salem folks, as ought to know better, is a-quarrelling with our bread-and-butter, and don't know when we're well off!

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen! them's my sentiments! *we don't know when we're well off!* and if we don't mind, we'll find out how matters really is when we've been and disgusted the pastor, and drove him to throw it all up. Such a thing aint uncommon; many and many's the one in our connection as has come out for the ministry, meaning nothing but to stick to it, and has been drove by them as is to be found in every flock—them as is always ready to dictate—to throw it all up. My friends, the pastor as is the subject of this meeting"—here Tozer sank his voice, and looked round with a certain solemnity—"Mr. Vincent, ladies and gentlemen, as has doubled the seat-holders in Salem in six months' work, and, I make bold to say, brought one-half of you as is here to be regular at chapel, and take an interest in the connection—Mr. Vincent, I say, as you're all collected here to knock down in the dark, if so be as you are willing to be dictated to—the same, ladies and gentlemen, as we're a-discussing of to-night—told us all,—it aint so very long ago, in the crowdedest meeting as I ever see, in the biggest public hall in Carlingford—as we weren't keeping up to the standard of the old Nonconformists, nor showing, as we ought, what a voluntary church could do. It aint pleasant to hear of, for us as thinks a deal of ourselves; but that is what the pastor said, and there was not a man as could contradict it. Now, I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, what is the reason? It's all along of this as we're doing to-night. We've got a precious young man, as Mr. Tufton tells you, and a clever young man, as nobody tries for to deny; and there aint a single blessed reason on this earth why he shouldn't go on as he's been a-doing, till, Salem bein' crowded out to the doors (as it's been two Sundays back), we'd have had to build a new chapel, and took a place in our connection as we've never yet took in Carlingford!"

Mr. Tozer paused to wipe his heated fore-

head, and ease his excited bosom with a long breath; his audience paused with him, taking breath with the orator in a slight universal rustle, which is the most genuine applause. The worthy buttermilk resumed in a lowered and emphatic tone.

"But it aint to be," said Tozer, looking round him with a tragic frown, and shaking his head slowly. "Them as is always a-finding fault, and always a-setting up to dictate, has set their faces again' all that. It's the way of some folks in our connection, ladies and gentlemen; a minister aint to be allowed to go on building up a chapel, and making hisself useful in the world. He aint to be left alone to do his dooty as his best friends approve. He's to be took down out of his pulpit, and took to pieces behind his back, and made a talk and a scandal of to the whole connection! It's not his preaching as he's judged by, nor his dooty to the sick and dyin', nor any of them things as he was called to be pastor for; but it's if he's seen going to one house more nor another, or if he calls often enough on this one or t'other, and goes to all the tea-drinkings. My opinion is," said Tozer, suddenly breaking off into jocularly, "as a young man as maybe isn't a marrying man, and anyhow can't marry more nor one, aint in the safest place at Salem tea-drinkings; but that's neither here nor there. If the ladies haven't no pity, us men can't do nothing in that matter; but what I say is this," continued the buttermilk, once more becoming solemn; "to go for to judge the pastor of a flock, not by the dooty he does to his flock, but by the times he calls at one house or another, and the way he makes hisself agreeable at one place or another, aint a thing to be done by them as prides themselves on being Christians and Dissenters. It's not like Christians—and if it's like Dissenters the more's the pity. It's mean, that's what it is," cried Tozer, with fine scorn; "it's like a parcel of old women, if the ladies wont mind me saying so. It's beneath us as has liberty of conscience to fight for, and has to set an example before the Church folks as don't know no better. But it's what is done in our connection," added the good deacon with pathos, shaking his forefinger mournfully at the crowd. "When there's a young man as is clever and talented, and fills a chapel, and gives the connection a chance of standing up

in the world as it ought, here's some one as jumps up and says, 'The pastor don't come to see me,' says he—'the pastor don't do his dooty—he aint the man for Salem.' And them as is always in every flock ready to do a mischief, takes it up; and there's talk of a change, and meetings is called, and—here we are! Yes, ladies and gentlemen, here we are! We've called a meeting, all in the dark, and give him no chance of defending hisself; and them as is at the head of this movement is calling upon us to dismiss Mr. Vincent. But let me tell you," continued Tozer, lowering his voice with a dramatic intuition, and shaking his forefinger still more emphatically in the face of the startled audience, "that this aint no question of dismissing Mr. Vincent; it's a matter of disgusting Mr. Vincent, that's what it is—it's a matter of turning another promising young man away from the connection, and driving him to throw it all up. You mark what I say. It's what we're doing most places, us Dissenters; them as is talented and promising, and can get a better living working for the world than working for the chapel, and wont give in to be worried about calling here and calling there—we're a-driving of them out of the connection, that's what we're doing! I could reckon up as many as six or seven as has been drove off already; and I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, what's the good of subscribing and keeping up of colleges and so forth, if that's how your a-going to serve every clever young man as trusts hisself to be your pastor? I'm a man as don't feel no shame to say that the minister, being took up with his family affairs and his studies, has been for weeks as he hasn't crossed my door; but am I that poor-spirited as I would drive away a young man as is one of the best preachers in the connection, because he don't come, not every day, to see me? No, my friends! them as would ever suspect such a thing of me don't know who they're dealing with; and I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, as this is a question as must come home to every one of your bosoms. Them as is so set upon their own way that they can't hear reason—or them as is led away by folks as like to dictate—may give their voice again' the minister, if so be as they think fit; but as for me, and them as stands by me, I aint a-going to give in to no such tyranny! It shall never be said in our

connection as a clever young man was drove away from Carlingford, and I had a part in it. There's the credit o' the denomination to keep up among the Church folks—and there's the chapel to fill, as never had half the sittings let before—and there's Mr. Vincent, as is the cleverest young man I ever see in our pulpit, to be kep' in the connection; and there aint no man living as shall dictate to me or them as stands by me! Them as is content to lose the best preaching within a hundred miles, because the minister don't call on two or three families in Salem, not as often as they would like to see him," said Tozer, with trenchant sarcasm, "can put down their names again' Mr. Vincent; but for me, and them as stands by me, we aint a-going to give in to no such dictation: we aint a-going to set up ourselves against the spread of the Gospel, and the credit o' the connection, and toleration and freedom of conscience, as we're bound to fight for! If the pastor don't make hisself agreeable, I can put up with that—I can; but I aint a-going to see a clever young man drove away from Salem, and the sittings vacant, and the chapel falling to ruin, and the Church folks a-laughing and a-jeering at us, not for all the deacons in the connection, nor any man in Carlingford. And this I say for myself and for all as stands by me!"

The last sentence was lost in thunders of applause. The "Salem folks" stamped with their feet, knocked the floor with their umbrellas, clapped their hands in a *furor* of enthusiasm and sympathy. Their pride was appealed to; nobody could bear the imputation of being numbered among the two or three to whom the minister had not paid sufficient attention. All the adherents of the Pigeon party deserted that luckless family sitting prominent upon their bench, with old Mrs. Tufton at the corner joining as heartily as her overshoes would permit in the general commotion. There they sat, a pale line of faces, separated, by their looks of dismay and irresponsible silence, from the applauding crowd, cruelly identified as "them as is always ready to dictate." The occasion was indeed a grand one, had the leader of the opposition been equal to it; but Mrs. Pigeon only sat and stared at the new turn of affairs with a hysterical smile of spite and disappointment fixed on her face. Before the cheers died away, a young man—one of the young Men's Christian Association con-

nected with Salem—jumped up on a bench in the midst of the assembly, and clinched the speech of Tozer. He told the admiring meeting that he had been brought up in the connection, but had strayed away into carelessness and neglect—and when he went anywhere at all on Sundays, went to church like one of the common multitude, till Mr. Vincent's lecture on Church and State opened his eyes, and brought him to better knowledge. Then came another, and another. Mrs. Vincent, sitting on the back seat with her veil over her face, did not hear what they said. The heroic little soul had broken down, and was lost in silent tears, and utterances in her heart of thanksgiving, deeper than words. No comic aspect of the scene appeared to her; she was not moved by its vulgarity or oddity. It was deliverance and safety to the minister's mother. Her son's honor and his living were alike safe, and his people had stood by Arthur. She sat for some time longer, lost in that haze of comfort and relief, afraid to move lest perhaps something untoward might still occur to change this happy state of affairs—keen to detect any evil symptom, if such should occur, but unable to follow with any exactness the course of those addresses which still continued to be made in her hearing. She was not quite sure, indeed, whether anybody had spoken after Tozer, when, with a step much less firm than on her entrance, she went forth, wiping the tears that blinded her from under her veil, into the darkness and quiet of the street outside. But she knew that "resolutions" of support and sympathy had been carried by acclamation, and that somebody was deputed from the flock to assure the minister of its approval, and to offer him the new lease of popularity thus won for him in Salem. Mrs. Vincent waited to hear no more. She got up softly and went forth on noiseless, weary feet, which faltered, now that her anxiety was over, with fatigue and agitation. Thankful to the bottom of her heart, yet at the same time doubly worn out with that deliverance, confused with the lights, the noises, and the excitement of the scene, and beginning already to take up her other burden, and to wonder by times, waking up with sharp touches of renewed anguish, how she might find Susan, and whether "any change" had appeared in her other child.

It was thus that the great Salem congregational meeting, so renowned in the connection, ended for the minister's mother. She left them still making speeches when she emerged into Grove Street. The political effect of Tozer's address, or the influence which his new doctrine might have on the denomination, did not occur to Mrs. Vincent. She was thinking only of Arthur. Not even the darker human misery by her side had power to break through her pre-occupation. How the gentle little woman had shaken off that anxious hand which grasped her old black dress, she never knew herself, nor could any one tell; somehow she had done it: alone, as she entered, she went away again—secret, but not clandestine, under that veil of her widowhood. She put it up from her face when she got into the street, and wiped her tears off with a trembling, joyful hand. She could not see her way clearly for those tears of joy. When they were dried, and the crape shadow put back from her face, Mrs. Vincent looked up Grove Street, where her road lay in the darkness, broken by those flickering lamps. It was a windy night, and Dr. Rider's drag went up past her rapidly, carrying the doctor home from some late visit, and recalling her thoughts to her own patient whom she had left so long. She quickened her tremulous steps as Dr. Rider disappeared in the darkness; but almost before she had got beyond the last echoes of the Salem meeting, that shadow of darker woe and misery than any the poor mother wist of, was again by Mrs. Vincent's side.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"You are not able to walk so fast," said Mrs. Hilyard, coming up to the widow as she crossed over to the darker side of Grove Street, just where the house of the Misses Hemmings turned its lighted staircase-window to the street; "and it will not harm you to let me speak to you. Once you offered me your hand, and would have gone with me. It is a long, long time ago—ages since—but I remember it. I do not come after you for nothing. Let me speak. You said you were a—a minister's wife, and knew human nature," she continued, with a certain pause of reverence, and at the same time a gleam of amusement, varying for a moment the blank and breathless voice in

which she had spoken. "I want your advice."

Mrs. Vincent, who had paused with an uncomfortable sensation of being pursued, recovered herself a little during this address. The minister's mother had no heart to linger and talk to any one at that moment, after all the excitement of the evening, with her fatigued frame and occupied mind; but still she was the minister's mother, as ready and prepared as Arthur himself ought to have been, to hear anything that any of the flock might have to say to her, and to give all the benefit of her experience to anybody connected with Salem who might be in trouble. "I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Vincent; "my daughter is ill—that is why I was making so much haste; but I am sure, if I can be of any use to any member of—I mean to any of my son's friends"—she concluded, rather abruptly. She did not remember much about this woman, who was strangely unlike the other people in Salem. When was that time in which they had met before? The widow's mind had been so swept by the whirlwind of events and emotions, that she remembered only dimly how and where it was she had formerly seen her strange companion.

"Your daughter is ill?" said Mrs. Hilyard; "that is how trouble happens to you. You are a good woman; you don't interfere in God's business; and this is how your trouble comes. You can nurse her, and be about her bed; and when she wakes up, it is to see you and be grateful to you. But my child," she said, touching the widow's arm suddenly with her hand, and suppressing painfully a shrill tone of anguish in her voice which would break through, "does not know me. She opens her blue eyes—they are not even my eyes—they are Alice's eyes, who has no right to my child—and looks at me as if I were a stranger; and for all this time, since I parted with her, I have not heard—I do not know where she is. Hush, hush, hush! she went on, speaking to herself, "to think that this is me, and that I should break down so at last. A woman has not soul enough to subdue her nerves forever. But this is not what I wanted to say to you. I gave Miss Smith your son's address—"

Having said this, she paused, and looked

anxiously at the widow, who looked at her also in the windy gleams of lamplight with more and more perplexity. "Who is Miss Smith?" asked poor Mrs. Vincent. "Who are—you? Indeed, I am very sorry to seem rude; but my mind has been so much occupied. Arthur, of course, would know if he were here, but Susan's illness has taken up all my thoughts; and—I beg your pardon—she may want me even now," she continued, quickening her steps. Even the courtesy due to one of the flock had a limit; and the minister's mother knew it was necessary not to yield too completely to all the demands that her son's people might make upon her. Was this even one of her son's people? Such persons were unusual in the connection. Mrs. Vincent, all fatigued, excited, and anxious as she was, felt at her wits' end.

"Yes, your son would know if he were here; he has taken my parole and trusted me," said the strange woman; but a woman's parole should not be taken. I try to keep it; but unless they come or I have news—Who am I? I am a woman that was once young and had friends. They married me to a man, who was not a man, but a fine organization capable of pleasures and cruelties. Don't speak. You are very good; you are a minister's wife. You don't know what it is, when one is young and happy, to find out all at once that life means only so much torture and misery, and so many lies, either done by you or borne by you—what does it matter which? My baby came into the world with a haze on her sweet soul because of that discovery. If it had been but her body!" said Mrs. Vincent's strange companion, with bitterness. "A dwarfed creature or deformed, or—— But she was beautiful—she is beautiful, as pretty as Alice; and if she lives she will be rich. Hush, Hush! you don't know what my fears were," continued Mrs. Hilyard, with a strange humility, once more putting her hand on the widow's arm. "If he could have got possession of her, how could I tell what he might have done?—killed her—but that would have been dangerous; poisoned what little mind she had left—made her like her mother. I stole her away. Long ago, when I thought she might have been safe with you, I meant to have told you. I stole her out of his power. For a little while

she was with me, and he traced us—then I sent the child away. I have not seen her but in glimpses, lest he should find her. It has cost me all I had, and I have lived and worked with my hands," said the needle-woman of Back Grove Street, lifting her thin fingers to the light and looking at them, pathetic vouchers to the truth of her story. "When he drove me desperate," she went on, labouring in vain to conceal the panting, long-drawn breath which impeded her utterance, "you know? I don't talk of that. The child put her arms round that old woman after her mother had saved her. She had not a word, not a word for me, who had done—— But it was all for her sake. This is what I have had to suffer. She looked in my face and waved me away from her and said 'Susan, Susan!' Susan meant your daughter—a new friend, a creature whom she had not seen a week before—and no word, no look, no recognition for me.

"Oh, I am very sorry, very sorry!" said Mrs. Vincent, in her turn taking the poor thin hand with an instinct of consolation. Susan's name thus introduced, went to the mother's heart. She could have wept over the other mother thus complaining, moaning out her troubles in her compassionate ear.

"I left them in a safe place. I came home to fall into your son's hands. He might have been sure, had it come to *that*, that no one should have suffered for *me*," said Mrs. Hilyard, with again a tone of bitterness. "What was my life worth, could any man suppose? And since then I have not heard a word—not a word—whether the child is still where I left her, or whether some of *his* people have found her—or whether she is ill—or whether—I know nothing, nothing! Have a little pity upon me, you innocent woman! I never asked pity, never sought sympathy before; but a woman can never tell what she may be brought to. I am brought down to the lowest depths. I cannot stand upright any longer," she cried, with a wailing sigh. I want somebody—somebody at least to give me a little comfort. Comfort! I remember," she said, with one of those sudden changes of tone which bewildered Mrs. Vincent, "your son once spoke to me of getting comfort from those innocent young sermons of his. He knows a little better now; he does not sail over the surface now as he used to do in

triumph. Life has gone hard with him, as with me and all of us. Tell him, if I get no news I will break my parole. I cannot help myself—a woman's honor is not her word. I told him so. Say to your son——”

“My son? what have you to do with my son?” said Mrs. Vincent, with a sudden pang. The poor mother was but a woman too. She did not understand what this connection was. A worn creature not much younger than herself, what possible tie could bind her to Arthur? The widow, like other women, could believe in any “infatuation” of men; but could not understand any other bond subsisting between these two. The thought went to her heart. Young men had been known before now to be mysteriously attracted by women old, unbeautiful, unlike themselves. Could this be Arthur's fate? Perhaps it was a danger more dismal than that which he had just escaped in Salem. Mrs. Vincent grew sick at heart. She repeated, with an asperity of which her soft voice might have been thought incapable, “What have you to do with my son?”

Mrs. Hilyard made no answer—perhaps she did not hear the question. Her eyes, always restlessly turning from one object to another, had found out, in the lighted street to which they had now come, a belated postman delivering his last letters. She followed him with devouring looks; he went to Vincent's door as they approached, delivered something, and passed on into the darkness with a careless whistle. While Mrs. Vincent watched her companion with doubtful and suspicious looks through the veil which, once more among the lights of Grange Street, the minister's mother had drawn over her face, the unconscious object of her suspicion grasped her arm, and turned to her with beseeching eyes. “It may be news of my child?” she said, with a supplication beyond words. She drew the widow on with the desperation of her anxiety. The little maid had still the letter in her hand when she opened the door. It was not even for Mr. Vincent. It was for the mistress of the house, who had not yet returned from the meeting at Salem. Mrs. Vincent paused upon the threshold, compassionate but determined. She looked at the unhappy woman who stood upon the steps in the light of the lamp, gazing eagerly in at the door, and resolved that she should penetrate no

farther; but even in the height of her determination the widow's heart smote her when she looked at that face, so haggard and worn with passion and anxiety, with its furtive gleaming eyes, and all the dark lines of endurance which were so apparent now, when the tide of emotion had grown too strong to be concealed. “Have you—no—friends in Carlingford?” said the widow with hesitation and involuntary pity. She could not ask her to enter where, perhaps, her presence might be baleful to Arthur; but the little woman's tender heart ached, even in the midst of her severity, for the suffering in that face.

“Nowhere!” said Mrs. Hilyard; then with a gleam out of her eyes which took the place of a smile, “Do not be sorry for me; I want no friends—nobody could share my burden with me, I am going back—home—to Alice. Tell Mr. Vincent; I think something must happen to-night,” she added with a slight shiver; “it grows intolerable, beyond bearing. Perhaps by the telegraph—or perhaps— And Miss Smith has this address. I told you my story,” she went on, drawing closer, and taking the widow's hand, “that you might have pity on me, and understand—no, not understand; how could she?—but if you were like me, do you think you could sit still in one place, with so much upon your heart? You never could be like me—but if you had lost your child——”

“I did,” said Mrs. Vincent, drawing a painful breath at the recollection, and drawn unwittingly by the sight of the terrible anxiety before her into a reciprocation of confidence, “my child who had been in my arms all her life—God gave her back again; and now, while I am speaking, he may be taking her away,” said the mother, with a sudden return of all her anxiety. “I cannot do you any good, and Susan may want me: good-night—good-night.”

“It was not God who gave her back to you,” said Mrs. Hilyard, grasping the widow's hand closer, “it was I—remember it was I. When you think hardly of me, recollect—I did it. She might have been—but I freed her—remember; and if you hear anything, if it were but a whisper, of my child, think of it and have pity on me. You will?—you understand what I say?”

The widow drew away her hand with a

pang of fear. She retreated hurriedly, yet with what dignity she could, calling the little maid to shut the door. When that strange face, all gleaming, haggard, and anxious, was shut out into the night, Mrs. Vincent went up-stairs very hastily, scarcely able to give her alarmed withdrawal the aspect of an orderly retreat. Was this woman mad to whom she had been speaking so calmly? In her agitation she forgot all the precautions with which she had intended to soften to her son the fact of her attendance at that meeting of which he had not even informed her. Pursued by the recollection of that face, she hastened to Arthur, still in her bonnet and veil. He was seated at the table writing as when she left him; but all the minister's self-control could not conceal a certain expectancy and excitement in the eyes which he raised with a flash of eager curiosity to see who it was that thus invaded his solitude. "Mother! where have you been?" he asked, with irritation, when he perceived her. His impatience and anxiety, and the great effort he had made to subdue both, betrayed him into a momentary outburst of annoyance and vexation. "Where have you been?" he repeated, throwing down his pen. "Surely not to this meeting, to compromise me, as if I had not trouble enough already!" This rude accost put her immediate subject out of Mrs. Vincent's mind: she went up to her son with deprecating looks, and put her hand fondly on his head. The tears came into her eyes, not because his words offended or grieved her, but for joy of the good news she had to tell; for the minister's mother was experienced in the ways of man, and knew how many things a woman does for love which she gets no thanks for doing. Her boy's anger did not make her angry, but it drove other matters, less important, out of her head.

"O Arthur, no one saw me," she said: "I had my veil down all the time. How could I help going when I knew of it? I did not tell you—I did not mean you to know; but it was impossible to stay away," cried the widow, perceiving her son's impatience while she explained herself, and growing confused in consequence, "when I heard what was going on. O Arthur, dear, don't look so disturbed; they know better than you imagine—they appreciate you, though they have not the way of showing it. I have

seen things happen so differently, that I know the value of such friends as you have in the flock. O my dear boy, don't look so strange! It has been a great triumph, Arthur. There is a deputation coming to offer you their support and sympathy. All this dreadful business has not harmed you. Thank God for that! I think I shall be able to bear anything now."

The minister got up hastily from his chair, and took refuge on the hearth-rug. He changed color; grew red and grew pale; and by way of escaping from the complication of feelings that moved him, once more broke out into impatient exclamations. "Why did you go? Why did not you tell me you were going?" he said. "Why did you leave Susan, who wanted you? Mother, you will never understand that a man's affairs must not be meddled with!" cried the Nonconformist, with an instinctive effort to conceal the agitation into which this unexpected news threw him. Then he began to pace about the room, exclaiming against the impatience of women, who can never wait for a result. The young man was too proud to acknowledge the state of feverish suspense in which he had been, or the wonderful tumult suddenly produced in his mind. He seized upon this ready safety-valve of irritation, which was half real and half fictitious. It gave him time to collect his troubled thoughts.

"Arthur, dear, hush! no one saw me at the meeting. I had my veil down, and spoke to nobody," said the widow; "and oh! don't you think it was only natural that your mother should be there? No one in the world is so much interested in what concerns you. I spoke to no one—except," said Mrs. Vincent, with a little effort, "that strange woman, Arthur, whom you have had so much to do with. Who is she? O my dear boy, I hope you have not formed any connections that you will repent? She said something about a promise, and having given her word. I don't know why you should have her word, or what she has to do with you. She came here to the door with me to-night."

"Mrs. Hilyard!" cried the minister, suddenly roused. "Mrs. — no matter what her name is. Where is she? Do you mean that she came here? They keep no watch over her. To-night of all nights in the world! If you had but stayed at home, I

should not have known of her wanderings at least," he said, with vexation. "Now I shall have to go and look after her—she must be sent back again—she must not be allowed to escape."

"Is she mad?" said Mrs. Vincent, alarmed, yet relieved. "Don't go away, Arthur; she is not here. She said I was to tell you that she had gone back—to Alice. Who is Alice?—who is this woman? What have you to do with her? O my dear boy, you are a minister, and the world is so ready to make remarks. She said you had her word. O Arthur, I hope it does not mean anything you will live to repent?" cried the anxious mother, fixing her jealous eyes on her son's face. "She is not like you. I cannot tell what you can have to do with such a woman—you who might—" Mrs. Vincent's fright and anxiety exhausted both her language and her breath.

"It does not matter much after all," said the Nonconformist, who had been busy with his own thoughts, and had only half heard his mother's adjurations. "Like me?—what has that to do with the matter? But I dare say she will go back, as she said; and now that he is out of danger, and has not accused her, things must take their chance. Mad? It would not be wonderful if she were mad. I can sympathize with people when they are driven out of their wits. Who is this next? Another messenger from the meeting, or perhaps your deputation? I think I shall go mad after awhile if I get no rest."

But as the minister stood in ill-concealed excitement by the fire, not without expectation that it might be somebody with an official report from Salem, Mr. Vincent's landlady, still in her bonnet and shawl, just returned from the meeting, came in to tell the widow of the approach of the doctor. "He's a-coming directly, ma'am: he's gone in for a minute to Smith's, next door, where they've got the hooping-cough. And O Mr. Vincent," cried the woman, who had made this a pretence to express her sentiments on the more important subject, "if there hasn't a-been a sweet meeting! I'd have giv' a half-year's rent, ma'am, the pastor had been there. All as unanimous and as friendly!—all but them Pigeons, as are the poison of the place; and sweet Miss Phæbe Tozer a-crying of her pretty eyes out; but there

aint no occasion for crying now," said the triumphant landlady, who had a real stake in the matter. At this touch the minister regained his composure. He went back to his seat at the table, and took up the pen he had thrown down. A bishop could not have looked more grandly indifferent than did the Nonconformist as he turned his back upon his anxious partisan. "Tell the doctor to let me know how Susan is, mother, for I am busy to-night," said the young man. "I cannot leave my work just now even for Dr. Rider." He began again to write in the excitement of his mind, and produced a sentence which was not one of the least successful of his sentences, while the two women with a certain awe stood silent behind his chair.

"I will not disturb you any longer, my dear boy. Good-night," said Mrs. Vincent. She went away, followed by the discomfited landlady, who was overwhelmed, and did not know what to make of it. The widow could not but improve such an opportunity. "The minister must not be disturbed in his studies," she said, with importance, and in a whisper as she closed the door. "When he is engaged with a subject, it does not answer to go in upon him and disturb his attention. Neither meetings nor anything else, however important, should interrupt a pastor when he is engaged in composition," said the little woman, grandly. But while the mistress of the house departed to her own quarter much overawed, the minister's mother went to the sick-room with no such composure as she assumed. Something she did not understand was in Arthur's mind. The Salem meeting did not appear to her so conclusive as it had done an hour ago. He was young and high-spirited and proud, and had not that dutiful subjection to the opinions of the flock which became a minister of Salem. What if that visionary horror with which she had frightened Tozer might turn out a real danger? Though she had made such skilful use of it, the possibility she had herself invented had not really alarmed her; but the thought thrilled through her now with a fear which had some remorse in it. She had invoked the ghost, not much believing in any such supernatural climax; but if the apparition really made itself visible, the widow recognized at once her entire want of any power to lay it. She took off her

shawl and bonnet with little comfort in her mind on that subject to support her under the returning pangs of anxiety about Susan, which overwhelmed her again as she opened the door of the sick-room. The two troubles united in her heart and aggravated each other, as with a sick throb of expectation she went in to Susan's bedside. Perhaps there might be "a change"—for better or for worse, something might have happened. The doctor might find something more conclusive to-night in that languid, pallid face. The noiseless room struck her with a chill of misery as she went to her usual place, carrying the active life of pain and a troubled heart into that melancholy atmosphere from which life seemed to have fled. With a faltering voice she spoke to Susan, who showed no signs of hearing her except by a feeble, half-lifting of her heavy eyelids and restless motion of her frame. No change! Never any change! or at least, as the nurse imagined, until— The widow's heart heaved with a silent sob of anguish—anguish sharp and acute as it is when our misery breaks suddenly upon us out of a veil of other thoughts, and we feel it intolerable. This sudden pang convulsed Mrs. Vincent's much-tried heart as she wiped the bitter tears out of her eyes and looked at her child, thus gliding, in a hopeless apathy and unconsciousness, out of the arms that strained themselves in vain to hold her. After so much as she had borne in her troubled life, God knows, it was hard. She did not rebel, but her heart lifted up a bitter cry to the Father in heaven.

It was just then, while her anxious ear caught the step of the doctor on the stair, that Mrs. Vincent was aware also of a carriage driving rapidly up to the door. Pre-occupied as she was, the sound startled her. A passing wonder who it could be, and the vague expectation which influences the mind at the great crises of life, when one feels that anything may happen, moved her dimly as she rose to receive the doctor. Dr. Rider came in with his noiseless step and anxious face; they shook hands with each other mechanically, she gazing at him to see what his opinion was before it could be formed—he looking with solicitous serious eyes on the sick-bed. The light was dim, and Dr. Rider held it up to see his patient. There she lay, moving now and then with the restlessness of weakness, the pale large eyelids half closed,

the pale lips dropping apart,—a solemn, speechless creature, abstracted already out of this world and all its influences. The light that streamed over her for the moment made no difference to Susan. There was nothing here powerful enough to rouse the soul which horror and passion had driven into one terrible corner of memory, obliterating all the rest of her life. Dr. Rider looked at her with eyes in which the impatience of powerless strength overcame even his professional reserve. He wrung the widow's hand, which she laid on his arm in a trembling appeal to him to tell her the worst. "The worst is that she is dying before our eyes, and that she might be saved," he said, leading the poor mother to the other end of the room. "All her heart and soul are concentrated upon that time when she was away from you: unless we can rouse her by something that will recall that time, she will never know you more. Think! is there nothing that would wake her up even to remember the misery she endured? Where is your servant who was with her?—but she has seen her lately, and nothing has come of that. If you have the courage and strength," said the doctor, once more grasping Mrs. Vincent's hand tight, "to talk of that man under the name she knew him by—to talk of him so as perhaps she might hear; to discuss the matter; anything that will recall her mind. Hush! what is that noise downstairs?"

Even while listening to the doctor's dreadful suggestion, Mrs. Vincent had been aware of the opening of the door down-stairs, and of a sound of voices. She was trembling so that she could scarcely stand, principally, no doubt, on account of this strange demand which he made upon her strength, but with a nervous expectation besides which she could not explain even to herself. But when, out of that confused commotion below, there rose faint but audible the sound of a voice calling "Susan! Susan!" the two anxious people started apart, and turned a wondering momentary gaze upon each other, involuntarily asking what was that? what did it mean? Then the doctor rushed to the door, where the widow followed him as well as her trembling limbs would permit. She saw him dash down-stairs, and herself stood grasping the railing, waiting for what was about to happen, with her

heart so beating and fluttering in her breast that she could scarcely breathe for it. She could make nothing of the rapid interrogation that went on down-stairs. She heard the voice of the doctor in hasty questions, and the slow, agitated, somewhat confused utterance of a strange voice, which appeared to answer him; and once or twice through these sounds, came the strange cry, "Susan! Susan!" which went to the widow's heart. Who could this be that called upon Susan with so pathetic a repetition? It seemed a very long interval to Mrs. Vincent before the doctor re-appeared, and yet so short was the time, that the door by which the new-comers, whoever they were, had entered, was still open, admitting some strange familiar sounds from the street into the bewildering maze of wonder and expectation. Mrs. Vincent held fast by the rails to support herself, when she saw the doctor returning up the stair, leading by the hand a girl whom he grasped fast, and carried along with him by a kind of gentle but strong compulsion. It was she who was calling Susan, gazing round her with large dilated blue eyes, looking everywhere for something she had not yet found. A beautiful girl, more beautiful than anything mortal to the widow's surprised and wondering eyes. Who was she? The face was very young, sadly simple, framed by long curling locks of fair hair, and the broad circle of a large flapping Leghorn hat and blue veil. A bewildered half-recognition came to Mrs. Vincent's mind as this blue veil waved in her face in the wind from the open door; but excitement and anxiety had deprived her of speech: she could ask no questions. "Here is the physician," said Dr. Rider, with a kindred excitement in his voice. He went into the room before her, leading the girl, behind whom there followed slowly a confused and disturbed woman, whose face Mrs. Vincent felt she had seen before. The mother, half jealous in her wonder, pressed in after the doctor to guard her Susan even from experiments of healing. "Doctor, doctor, who is it?" she said. But Dr. Rider held up his hand imperatively to silence her. The room was imperfectly lighted with candles burning dimly, and a faint glow of fire-light. "Susan!" cried the eager child's voice, with a weary echo of longing and disappointment. "Susan!—take me to Su-

san; she is not hers." Then Dr. Rider led her round to the bedside, closely followed by the widow, and, lifting a candle, threw its light fully upon the stranger. "Is it Susan?" said the girl. "Will she not speak to me?—is she dead? Susan, O Susan, Susan!" It was an outcry of childish impatience and despair, rising louder than any voice had risen in that room for many a day. Then she burst forth into tears and sobs. "Susan!—she will not speak to me, she will not look at me!" cried the stranger, drawing her arm out of the doctor's hold, and clasping her hands together. There was a slight movement in the bed: not the restless tossing with which her nurse was familiar, but a trembling shiver came over that dying frame. The sound had reached to the dull ears of the patient. She lifted her heavy eyelids, and looked round with half-awakened eyes. "Call her again, again!" said the doctor, in an intense whisper, which seemed to thrill through the room. The girl, who was engaged with a much more engrossing interest of her own, took no notice of the doctor. She knew nothing about Susan's danger—she was bent on gaining succor for herself. "Susan!—tell her to look at me—at me! Susan! I care for nobody but you!"—said the lovely, helpless creature, with strange, half-articulate cries, pressing closer to the bed. "You are to take care of me." Mrs. Vincent pressed forward with pangs of anxiety, of terror, of hope, and of a mother's tender jealousy, through all, as these strange entreaties filled the room. She, too, cried aloud, as she perceived the awakening in that pallid face, the faint movement as if to raise herself up, which indicated a conscious effort on the part of Susan. The clouds were breaking on that obscured and hopeless firmament. The light which trembled in the doctor's hand, caught a gleam of understanding and life in Susan's eyes, as her mother flew to raise her up, obeying the suggestion of that un hoped-for movement. "Susan! you said you would take care of me!" cried the young stranger, throwing herself upon the bedside and grasping at the weak arm which once had protected her. The touch of her hands awoke the slumbering soul. Slowly the light grew in Susan's eyes. She who had not moved for days except in the restless tossings of languor, lifted those white feeble

arms to put them round the appealing child. Then Susan struggled up, faint, yet inspired, unconscious of her mother's help that enabled her to do so, and confronted the strange people in her room, whom she had seen for weeks past, but did not know with living eyes. "Nobody shall touch her—we will protect each other," said the voice that had grown strange even to her mother's ears. Mrs. Vincent could hardly be restrained from breaking in with a thousand caresses and outcries of joy and thankfulness. But Dr. Rider quieted the poor mother with a touch of his hand. "Let them alone," he said, with that authority which no one in a sick-room can resist. Mrs. Vincent kept back with unspeakable pangs in her heart, and watched the waking up of that paralyzed life which, alike in its loss and its recovery, had been swept apart from her into another world. Without any help from her mother, without even recognizing her mother or distinguishing her from the strangers round, Susan's soul awoke. She raised herself more and more among those pillows where a little while ago she lay so passively—she opened her eyes fully and looked round upon the man by her bedside, and the other indistinct figures in the room, with a look of resistance and conscious strength. "We will protect each other," said Susan, slowly: "nobody shall harm her—we will keep each other safe." Then, after another interval, other instincts awoke in the reviving soul. She cast a wistful look from one to another, always drawing her faint white arm round the girl who clung to her, and found security in her clasp. "Hush, hush! there are women here," she said in a whisper, and with a tone of strange confusion, light breaking through the darkness. Then there followed a long pause. Dr. Rider stood by the bedside holding up his candle, attracting the wandering, wistful glances of his patient, who ceased to look at him with defiance as her eyes again and again returned to the face, of which, often as it had bent over her, she had no knowledge. All over the unknown room wandered those strange looks, interrogating everything with a wistfulness beyond words. What was this strange, unfamiliar world into which, after her trance of suffering, Susan had awakened? She did not know where she was, nor who the people were who surrounded

her. But the recollection of deadly peril was not more distinct upon her confused mind than was the sentiment of safety, of love, and watchfulness which somehow abode in this strange, dim room, in the little undecipherable circle of faces which surrounded her bed. "Hush!" said Susan again, holding the stranger close. "Here are women—women! nobody will harm us;" then, with a sudden flush over all her face, and cry of joy as the doctor suddenly threw the light full upon Mrs. Vincent, who was bending over her, her mind struggled into possession of itself, "Here is my mother! she has come to take us home!"

Mrs. Vincent remembered nothing more; she did not faint, for her child wanted her—she sat all the night through on the bed, with Susan leaning against her shoulder, clinging to her, holding her fast—starting again and again to make sure that all was safe, and that it was indeed her mother's arms that held her. Her soul was recalled out of that trance of death. They laid the beautiful child upon the sofa in her young guardian's sight, to keep up that happy influence; and when the night was about half spent, the widow, throbbing all over her wearied frame with exhaustion, pain, and joy, perceived that her Susan had fallen deep and sweet asleep, clasping close, as if never again to lose hold of them, her mother's tender hands.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE after-events of the evening naturally lessened, in the minister's family at least, the all-absorbing interest of the meeting at Salem. Even Mr. Vincent's landlady, in her wondering narrative of the scene in the sick-room—which, all Mrs. Vincent's usual decors being thrust aside by that unexpected occurrence, she had witnessed—forgot the other public event which was of equally great importance. The house was in a state of agitation as great as on Susan's return; and when the exulting doctor, whose experiment had been so rarely successful, turned all supernumerary persons out of the sick-room, it fell to Vincent's part to take charge of the perplexed governess, Miss Smith, who stood outside, anxious to offer explanations, a fatigued and harassed, but perfectly virtuous and exemplary woman. Vincent, who had not realized his sister's extreme peril, and

who was rather disconcerted by this fresh invasion of his house, opened the door of his sitting-room for her with more annoyance than hospitality. His own affairs were urgent in his mind. He could not keep his thoughts from dwelling upon Salem and what had occurred there, though no one else thought of it. Had he known the danger in which his sister lay, his heart might have rejected every secondary matter. But the minister did not know that Susan had been sinking into the last apathy when this sudden arrival saved her. He gave Miss Smith the easy-chair by the fire, and listened with an appearance of attention, but with little real understanding, to her lengthy and perplexed story. She was all in a flutter, the good governess said: everything was so mysterious and out of the way, she did not know what to think. Little Alice's mamma, Miss Russell that was, Mrs. Mildmay she meant, had brought the child back to her after that dreadful business at Dover. What was the rights of that business, could Mr. Vincent tell her? Colonel Mildmay was getting better, she knew, and it was not a murder; and she was heart-broken when she heard the trouble poor dear Miss Vincent had got into about it. Well, Alice's mamma brought back the child, and they started with her at once to France. They went up beyond Lyons to the hills, an out-of-the-way little place, but Mrs. Mildmay was always so nervous. "And then she left us, Mr. Vincent," said the afflicted governess, as the minister, in grievous impatience, kept pacing up and down the room thus occupied and taken possession of—"left us without a soul to speak to or a church within reach; and if there is one thing I have more horror of than another for its effect upon the youthful mind, it is Popery, which is so seductive to the imagination. Alice did not take to her mamma, Mr. Vincent. It was natural enough, but it was hard upon Mrs. Mildmay: she never had a good way with children; and from the moment we started till now, it has been impossible to get your sister out of the child's mind. She took a fancy to her the moment she saw her. Girls of that age, if you will not think it strange of me to say so, very often fall in love with a girl older than themselves—quite fall in love, though it is a strange thing to say. Alice would not rest—she gave me no peace.

I wrote to say so, but I think Mrs. Mildmay could not have got my letter. The child would have run away by herself if I had not brought her. Besides," said Miss Smith, apologetically, "the doctors have assured me that, if she ever became much interested in any one, or attached to anybody in particular, she was not to be crossed. It was the best chance for her mind, the doctors said. What could I do? What do you think I could do, Mr. Vincent? I brought her home, for I could not help myself—otherwise she would have run away. She has a very strong will, though she looks so gentle. I hope you will help me to explain the circumstances to Mrs. Mildmay, and how it was I came back without her authority. Don't you think they ought to call in the friends on both sides and come to some arrangement, Mr. Vincent?" said the excellent woman, anxiously. "I know she trusts you very much, and it was she herself who gave me your address."

To this speech Vincent listened with an impatience and restlessness which he found it impossible to conceal. He paced about the darker end of his room, on the other side of that table, where the lamp shone vacantly upon his open desk and scattered papers, answering now and then with a monosyllable of reluctant courtesy, irritated and disturbed beyond expression by the perfectly serious and proper figure seated by the fire. Somebody might come from that assembly which had met to discuss him, and he could not be alone to receive them. In the annoyance of the moment the minister almost chafed at his sister and her concerns. His life was invaded by these women, with their mysteries and agonies. He listened to the steps outside, thinking every moment to hear the steady tramp of the deputation from Salem, or at least Tozer, whom it would have been balm to his mind, in the height of the good man's triumph, to cut short and annihilate. But how do that, or anything else, with this woman seated by his fire explaining her unintelligible affairs? Such was Vincent's state of mind while his mother, in an agony of joy, was hearing from Susan's lips, for the first time, broken explanations of those few days of her life which outbalanced in terrible importance all its preceding years. The minister did not know that his sister's very existence, as well as her reason,

hung upon that un hoped-for opening of her mouth and heart.

Matters were not much mended when Dr. Rider came in, beaming and radiant, full of congratulations. Susan was saved. It was the most curious psychological puzzle, the doctor said; all her life had got concentrated into the few days between her departure from Lonsdale and her arrival at Carlingford. Neither her old existence, nor the objects that surrounded her at the moment, had any significance for Susan; only something that belonged to that wonderful interval in which she had been driven desperate, could win back consciousness to her mind. It was the most singular case he had ever met with; but he knew this was the only way of treating it, and so it had proved. He recognized the girl with the blue veil the moment he saw her—he knew it could be no other. Who was she? Where had she sprung from at that critical moment? where had she been? what was to be done with her? Dr. Rider poured forth his questions like a stream. He was full of professional triumph, not to say natural satisfaction. He could not understand how his patient's brother, at that wonderful crisis, could have a mind pre-occupied or engaged with other things. The doctor turned with lively sympathy and curiosity from the anxious Non-conformist to Miss Smith, who was but too willing to begin all her explanations over again. Dr. Rider, accustomed to hear many personal narratives, collected this story a great deal more clearly than Vincent, who was so much more interested in it, had, with all his opportunities, been able to do. How long the poor minister might have suffered under this conversation, it is impossible to tell. But Mrs. Vincent, in all the agitation of her daughter's deliverance, could not forget the griefs of others. She sent a little message to her son, begging that he would send word of this arrival to "the poor lady." "To let her know—but she must not come here to-night," was the widow's message, who was just then having the room darkened, and everything arranged for the night, if perhaps her child might sleep. This message delivered the minister; it recalled Miss Smith to her duty. She it was who must go and explain everything to her patroness. Dr. Rider, whose much-excited wonder was still further stimulated by hearing that the

child's mother was at Lady Western's, that she was Mrs. Mildmay, and that the Non-conformist was in her confidence, cheerfully undertook to carry the governess in his drag to Grange Lane, not without hopes of further information; and it was now getting late. Miss Smith made Vincent a tremulous courtesy, and held out her hand to him to say good-night. "The doctor will perhaps explain to Mrs. Mildmay why I have left little Alice," said the troubled woman. "I have never left her before since she was intrusted to me—never but when her papa stole her away; and you are a minister, Mr. Vincent—and oh, I hope I am doing quite right, and as Alice's mamma will approve! But if she disapproves I must come back and——"

"They must not be disturbed to-night," said Dr. Rider, promptly; "I will see Mrs. Mildmay." He was not reluctant to see Mrs. Mildmay. The doctor, though he was not a gossip, was not inaccessible to the pleasure of knowing more than anybody else of the complications of this strange business, which still afforded matter of talk to Carlingford. He hurried her away while still the good governess was all in a flutter, and for the first time the minister was left alone. It was with a troubled mind that the young man resumed his seat at his desk. He began to get utterly weary of this business, and all about it. If he could only have swept away in a whirlwind, with his mother and sister, where the name of Mildmay had never been heard of, and where he could forever get rid of that haunting woman with her gleaming eyes, who had pursued even his gentle mother to the door! but this new complication seemed to involve him deeper than ever in those strange bonds. It was with a certain disgust that the minister thought it all over as he sat leaning his head on his hands. His way was dark before him, yet it must speedily be decided. Everything was at a crisis in his excited mind and troubled life—even that strange, lovely child's face, which had roused Susan from her apathy, had its share in the excitement of her brother's thoughts; for it was but another version, with differences, of the face of that other Alice, who all unwittingly had procured for Vincent the sweetest and the hardest hours he had spent in Carlingford. Were they all to pass like a dream—her

smiles, her sweet looks, her kind words, even that magical touch upon his arm, which had once charmed him out of all his troubles? A groan came out of the young man's heart, not loud, but deep, as that thought moved him. The very despair of this love-dream had been more exquisite than any pleasure of his life. Was it all to pass away and be no longer? Life and thought, the actual and the visionary, had both come to a climax, and seemed to stand still, waiting the decision which must be come to that night.

From these musings the entrance of Tozer roused the minister. The excellent buttermilk came in all flushed and glowing from his success. To him, the meeting, which already the Nonconformist had half lost sight of under the superstructure of subsequent events, had newly concluded, and was the one occurrence of the time. The cheers which had hailed him master of the field were still ringing in Tozer's ears. "I don't deny as I am intoxicated-like," said the excellent deacon; "them cheers was enough to carry any man off his legs, sir, if you'll believe me. We've scattered the enemy, that's what we've been and done, Mr. Vincent. There aint one of them as will dare show face in Salem. We was unanimous, sir—unanimous, that's what we was! I never see such a triumph in our connection. Hurrah! If it warn't miss as is ill, I could give it you all over again, cheers and all."

"I am glad you were pleased," said Vincent, with an effort; "but I will not ask you for such a report of the proceedings."

"Pleased! I'll tell you one thing as I was sorry for, sir," said Tozer, somewhat subdued in his exultation by the pastor's calmness—"I did it for the best; but seeing as things have turned out so well, I am as sorry as I can be—and that is, that you wasn't there. It was from expecting some unpleasantness as I asked you not to come; but things turning out as they did, it would have done your heart good to see 'em, Mr. Vincent. Salem folks has a deal of sense when you put things before them effective. And then you'd only have had to say three words to them on the spur of the moment, and all was settled and done with, and everything put straight; which would have let them settle down steady, sir, at once, and not kept no excitement, as it were, hanging about."

"Yes," said the minister, who was moving about his papers, and did not look up. The buttermilk began to be alarmed; he grew more and more enthusiastic the less response he met with.

"It's a meeting as will tell in the connection," said Tozer, with unconscious foresight; "a candid mind in a congregation aint so general as you and me would like to see, Mr. Vincent, and it takes a bit of a trial like this, sir, and opposition, to bring out the real attachment as is between a pastor and a flock."

"Yes," said Vincent again. The deacon did not know what to make of the minister. Had he been piqued and angry, Tozer thought he might have known how to manage him, but this coldness was an alarming and mysterious symptom which he was unequal to. In his embarrassment and anxiety the good buttermilk stumbled upon the very subject from which, had he known the true state of affairs, he would have kept aloof.

"And the meeting as was to be to-morrow night?" said Tozer; "there aint no need for explanations now—a word or two out of the pulpit is all as is wanted, just to say as it's all over, and you're grateful for their attachment, and so forth; you know a deal better, sir, how to do it nor me. And about the meeting as was called for to-morrow night?—me and the missis were thinking, though it's sudden, as it might be turned into a tea-meeting, if you was agreeable, just to make things pleasant; or if that aint according to your fancy, as I'm aware you're not one as likes tea-meetings, we might send round, Mr. Vincent, to all the seat-holders to say as it's given up; I'd do one or the other, if you'd be advised by me."

"Thank you—but I can't do either one or the other," said the Nonconformist. "I would not have asked the people to meet me if I had not had something to say to them—and this night's business, you understand," said Vincent, with a little pride, "has made no difference in me."

"No, sir, no—to be sure not," said the perplexed buttermilk, much bewildered; "but two meetings on two nights consecutive is running the flock hard, it is. I'd give up to-morrow, Mr. Vincent, if I was you."

To this insinuating address the minister made no answer—he only shook his head. Poor Tozer, out of his exultation, fell again

into the depths. The blow was so unlooked for that it overwhelmed him.

"You'll not go and make no reflections, sir?" said the troubled deacon; "bygones is bygones. You'll not bring it up against them, as they didn't show that sympathy they might have done? You'll not make no reference to nobody in particular, Mr. Vincent? When a flock is conscious as they've done their dooty and stood by their pastor, it aint a safe thing, sir, not to turn upon them, and rake up things as is past. If you'll take my advice, sir, as wishes you well, and hasn't no motive but your good, I'd not hold that meeting, Mr. Vincent; or, if you're bent upon it, say the word, and we'll set to work and give 'em a tea-meeting, and make all things comfortable. But if you was prudent, sir, and would go by my advice, one or the other of them two is what I would do."

"Thank you, Tozer, all the same," said Vincent, who, notwithstanding his pre-occupation, saw the good butterman's anxiety, and appreciated it. "I know very well that all that is pleasant to-night is owing to you. Don't suppose I don't understand how you've fought for me; but now the business is mine, and I can take no more advice. Think no more of it; you have done all that you could do."

"I have done my humble endeavour, sir, as is my dooty, to keep things straight," said the deacon, doubtfully; and if you'd tell what was in your mind, Mr. Vincent——"

But the young Nonconformist gathered up his papers, closed his desk, and held out his hand to the kind-hearted butterman. "My sister has come back almost from the grave to-night," said Vincent; "and we are all, for anything I can see, at the turning-point of our lives. You have done all you can do, and I thank you heartily; but now the business is in my hands."

This was all the satisfaction Tozer got from the minister. He went home much discouraged, not knowing what to make of it, but did not confide his fears even to his wife, hoping that reflection would change the pastor's mind, and resolved to make another effort to-morrow. And so the night fell over the troubled house. In the sick-room a joyful agitation had taken the place of the dark and hopeless calm. Susan, roused to life, lay leaning against her mother, looking

at the child asleep on the sofa by her, unconscious of the long and terrible interval between the danger which that child had shared, and the delicious security to which her mind had all at once awakened. To Susan's consciousness, it appeared as if her mother had suddenly risen out of the mists, and delivered the two helpless creatures who had suffered together. She could not press close enough to this guardian of her life. She held her arms round her, and laid her cheek against the widow's with the dependence of a child upon her mother's bosom. Mrs. Vincent sat upon the bed supporting her, herself supported in her weariness by love and joy, two divine attendants who go but seldom together. The two talked in whispers,—Susan because of her feebleness, the mother in the instinct of caressing tenderness. The poor girl told her story in broken syllables—broken by the widow's kisses and murmurs of sympathy, of wonder and love. Healing breathed upon the stricken mind and feeble frame as the two clung together in the silent night, always with an unspoken reference to the beautiful, forlorn creature on the sofa—that visible symbol of all the terrors and troubles past. "I told her my mother would come to save us," said poor Susan. When she dropped to sleep at last, the mother leant her aching frame upon some pillows, afraid to move, and slept too, supreme protector, in her tender weakness, of these two young lives. As she woke from time to time to see her child sleeping by her side, thoughts of her son's deliverance stole across Mrs. Vincent's mind to sweeten her repose. The watch-light burned dimly in the room, and threw a gigantic shadow of her little figure, half erect on the side of the bed, still in her black gown and the close white cap, which could not be less than dainty in its neatness, even in that vigil, upon the further wall. The widow slept only in snatches, waking often and keeping awake, as people do when they grow old; her thoughts, ever alive and active, varying between her projects for the future, to save Susan from all painful knowledge of her own story, and the thankful recollection of Arthur's rescue from his troubles. From echoes of Tozer's speech, and of the cheers of the flock, her imagination wandered off into calculations of how she could find another place of hab-

itation as pleasant, perhaps, as Lonsdale, and even to the details of her removal from thence, what portions of her furniture she would sell, and which take with her. "For now that Arthur has got out of his troubles, we must not stay to get him into fresh difficulties with his flock," she said to herself, with a momentary ache in her thankful heart; and so dropped asleep for another half-hour, to wake again presently, and enter anew into the whole question. Such was the way in which Mrs. Vincent passed that agitated but joyful night.

In the adjoining room Arthur sat up late over his papers. He was not writing, or doing any work; for hours together he sat leaning his head on his hand, gazing intently at the lamp, which his mother had adjusted, until his eyes were dazzled, and the gloom of the room around became spotted with discs of shade. Was he to permit the natural gratification into which Tozer's success had reluctantly moved him, to alter his resolve? Was he to drop into his old harness and try again? or was he to carry out his purpose in the face of all entreaties and inducements? The natural inclination to adopt the easiest course—and the equally natural, impetuous, youthful impulse to take the leap to which he had made up his mind, and dash forth in the face of his difficulties—gave him abundant occupation for his thoughts as they contended against each other. He sat arguing the question within himself long after his fire had sunk into ashes. When the penetrating cold of the night drove him at last to bed, the question was still dubious. Even in his sleep the uneasy perplexity pursued him;—a matter momentous enough, though nobody but

Tozer—who was as restless as the minister, and disturbed his wife by groans and murmurs, of which, when indignantly woke up to render an account, he could give no explanation—knew or suspected anything. Whether to take up his anchors altogether and launch out upon that sea of life, of which, much as he had discussed it in his sermons, the young Nonconformist knew next to nothing. The widow would not have mused so quietly with her wakeful eyes in the dim room next to him, had she known what discussions were going on in Arthur's mind. As for the congregation of Salem, they slept soundly, with an exhilarating sensation of generosity and goodness,—all except the Pigeons, who were plotting schism, and had already in their eye a vacant Temperance Hall, where a new preaching station might be organized under the auspices of somebody who would rival Vincent. The triumphant majority, however, laughed at the poulterer, and anticipated, with a pleasurable expectation, the meeting of next night, and the relief and delight of the pastor, who would find he had no explanations to make, but only his thanks to render to his generous flock. The good people concluded that they would all stop to shake hands with him after the business was over. "For it's as good as receiving of him again, and giving him the right hand of fellowship," said Mrs. Brown at the Dairy, who was entirely won over to the minister's side. Only Tozer, groaning in his midnight visions, and disturbing the virtuous repose of his wedded partner, suspected the new cloud that hung over Salem. For before morning the minister's mind was finally made up.

A TURKISH GREAT EXHIBITION.—The example of the International Exhibition seems not to have been lost on the Porte. A grand show of native produce and industry has been decided on, and will be held in Stamboul during the coming Ramazan. To secure the successful realization of this idea, special local delegates are to be at once appointed in all the principal districts of the empire, for the collection and classification of samples. These last will be forwarded to the capital free of all custom or other dues, and at the Government expense. As in London, sales of the articles exhibited will be

allowed, and, in the event of their not being so disposed of, the Government will engage to buy all the smaller parcels. Prizes, in money or medals, will also be given to the successful exhibitors. Wholly new though this idea is in the history of Turkish industry, and obviously suggested also by the London enterprise, if intelligently and energetically carried out, it can hardly fail to have the best effect as a stimulant to the agriculturists and manufacturers of the country. The initiative in the matter is, we believe, wholly due to the Grand Vizier.—*Levant Herald*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
JOHN WILSON.*

THERE are some men who receive their fame warm from the hearts of their contemporaries, and some to whom it is tardily meted out by the hands of posterity, that slow but certain arbiter of human greatness. It is rarely that the present and the future come to an immediate agreement in such cases; and the greatest of reputations generally suffer a momentary eclipse before their full magnitude is understood and acknowledged. After the personal fascination dies away, it is time to set forth in veritable lines of fact and history the character to which we are inclined to do but scanty justice, because our sires have glorified it so much; and it is perhaps only after the verdict of his contemporaries has been confirmed by their successors, that any man can be considered to have fully achieved his fame.

This final and conclusive decision is now demanded from us in respect to the remarkable man whose name heads this page. John Wilson received the liberal applauses of his generation, during his own lifetime, to an extent rarely equalled. It remains for us now to confirm or to cancel that contemporary fame. What his exact place may come to be when this age, like all that have gone before it, shall have "orbed into its perfect star," we shall not venture to determine; but we are fully assured that his permanent reputation, when he is judged by his works, will not be less than it was when his living influence fascinated all around him. It is unnecessary for any one (and above all for us) to tell the world who and what he was. Perhaps no man of purely literary character ever so thoroughly pervaded his generation. Sir Walter Scott gave to our fathers and the universe the most remarkable and brilliant series of works known to modern times; Wordsworth and his brotherhood gave them a renewed and freshened stream of poetry; but Christopher North gave them their opinions, breathed the breath of life into their private estimate of the national literature, and threw the light of his genius with a lavish hand upon all things, worthy and unworthy, of the passing

day. The veriest tyro in literature has some conception, however slight, of the exuberant, brilliant, irregular, and splendid critic, who threw such a fervor of life and spontaneity into his criticism as to carry that secondary and subordinate craft into the rank of an art. The very fact of this universal knowledge made it harder to write him down in calm portraiture, and disentangle his actual figure from the maze of shining mists in which it was wrapt. But the task has been tenderly and successfully accomplished in the volumes now before us. Mrs. Gordon seems to have spared no pains to make the story of her father's life as complete and perfect as it was in her power to make it. She has investigated the early years in which his genius dawned and his troubles began, and has traced with a touch of love, which is better than art, his progress through all the struggles and honors of his maturer life. The gleam of extravagance which, in the popular imagination, mingled with all the wisdom and the wit of the author of the *Noctes* fades off from the real man as represented in this affectionate biography; where his virtuous and honorable domestic life sets the visionary dissipations of Ambrose's in their true light, and helps the reader to reconcile the tender poetic musings of the "Lights and Shadows" with the wild force and Berserkerrage of the great critic. And we can add no higher applause of a book which records the most stirring doings of a time when men were unscrupulous in speech and dauntless in invective, and of a writer unsurpassed in his powers of slaughter, than to say that no old wounds will sting nor new rancors be awakened, by means of a memoir so temperately and judiciously compiled.

John Wilson was born on the 18th May, 1785, in Paisley, one of the least lovely and least attractive of Scotch towns, yet the birthplace of a sufficient number of notable men to give it a name more enduring than that conferred by its shawls and muslins. He was the son of a man wealthy but undistinguished—born of the fresh soil and vigorous native stock, as men of such exuberant life and mighty frame usually are; and had a mother of the ancient Scotch type, handsome, witty, and imperative, as became the mother of a man of genius. He was the eldest son, and seems to have early become the hero of the family, his childish adven-

* "Christopher North: A Memoir of John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. By his Daughter, Mrs. Gordon. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

tures, drolleries, and wisdoms being laid up among the traditions of the house. At three he ran away from his nurse's custody to fish with a pin in the nearest burn; at five he preached quaint sermons on the duties of parents to the delighted audience in the nursery;—and while he was still of very tender years, was despatched to school at the Manse of the Mearns, an adjacent parish, "wild, pastoral, moorland, and sylvan," where, amid the best and most genial influences, he entered into all the delights of that rural life which he was afterwards to illustrate with so many noble pictures, and from which he was to draw so much inspiration. What he saw and heard among these woods and wastes, his snatches of delight and storms of terror, his fights, his frights, his weapons, and his playfellows—perhaps the most beautiful picture of a schoolboy's experience ever attempted in words—the reader will find recorded in the papers entitled, *Christopher in his Sporting Jacket*.* Nothing could be more exquisite than the landscape and the child, the one completing and elevating the other, which appear in these wonderful sketches, where the student of opinion and public sentiment may trace the first germ of that enthusiasm for athletic sport and open air which has since become a kind of popular gospel, and which the founders of the modern school of Muscular Christianity claim to have first suggested. Mr. Kingsley himself, however, may consent to yield the palm, at once of landscape-painting and life, to the Paisley boy, just escaped from the close enclosure of the little town, whose heart is intoxicated with the very air, and whose long-hoarded recollections rise up with all the radiance of first love, illuminating every tuft of heather on the moor and every stretch of country in the sunshine. Many a deluding line of imaginary autobiography came from the same hand to mystify the public; but there is no mystification possible about the records of that brightest childhood, in which everything is so fresh, so new, so lavish in light and color and happiness.

Vivid, however, as these impressions are, he was only twelve when, with the usual premature transition of Scotch training, he was transferred to Glasgow College—the death of his father forming a point of separation

* "Recreations of Christopher North."

between the childhood so joyously spent and the youth so precociously begun. In Glasgow he lived with Professor Jardine, the Professor of Logic, where he seems to have early progressed into society, but where he also appears, through the medium of old memorandum-books, in all the virtue and propriety of an exemplary schoolboy, noting down his juvenile expenses and balancing his innocent sixpences with the most laudable exactness. Here his country training and growing strength disclose themselves in records of races and pedestrian feats of various kinds, in boxing matches, and other such vigorous diversions. He fell in love too, as was natural, as he grew older; and wrote and dedicated a volume of poems in manuscript to the Margaret of his thoughts. Of the progress of his studies there is no great evidence, but a token of budding genius, much more characteristic of his future career than any number of verses, appears in the shape of a letter to Wordsworth, written when the young student was but seventeen. It was shortly after the publication of the "*Lyrical Ballads*," over which so great a storm arose; and, though full of enthusiasm for the poet and his work, reveals the future critic with a most interesting and significant distinctness. Here the Scotch lad addresses, like a young monarch, the great singer, whom he feels himself able to estimate and deliver judgment upon. He is not abashed as he enters the poet's presence, although the name of poet is almost the highest of earthly titles to his youthful eyes; but he is reverent, modest, serious, as becomes one who is profoundly aware of the greatness he approaches, and aware also of his own birthright, which makes his approach natural. Fervent as the praise is, it is not in the mock-heroical strain of ordinary enthusiasm, nor is the young critic afraid to deliver his full opinion. It is thus that he addresses, with youthful composure, the poet over whom all the reviewers of the day were fighting, and who aimed at nothing less than establishing a new poetical creed in the agitated world:—

"But, sir, in my opinion," he says, after various commendations of the loftiest description, "the manner in which you have executed this plan (of the '*Idiot Boy*') has frustrated the end you intended to produce by it; the affection of Betty Foy has noth-

ing in it to excite interest. The excessive fondness of the mother disgusts us and prevents us from sympathizing with her. . . . This much I know, that among all the people ever I knew to have read the poem, I never met one who did not rise rather displeased from the perusal of it; and the only cause I could assign for it was the one now mentioned. This inability to receive pleasure from descriptions such as that of the 'Idiot Boy' is, I am convinced, founded upon established feelings of human nature, and the principle of it constitutes, as I dare say you recollect, the leading feature of Smith's 'Theory of Moral Sentiments.' I therefore think that in the choice of this subject you have committed an error. You never deviate from nature; in you that would be impossible; but in this case you have delineated feelings which, though natural, do not please, but which create an intense degree of disgust and contempt. With regard to the manner in which you have executed your plan, I think too great praise cannot be bestowed on your talents. You have most admirably delineated the idiotism of the boy's mind, and the situations in which you place him are perfectly calculated to display it. The various thoughts that pass through the mother's mind are highly descriptive of her foolish fondness, her extravagant fears, and her ardent hopes. The manner in which you show how bodily sufferings are frequently removed by mental anxieties or pleasures, in the description of the case of Betty Foy's female friend, is excessively well managed, and serves to establish a very curious and important truth. In short, everything you proposed to execute has been executed in a most masterly manner. . . . In reading the 'Idiot Boy,' all persons who allow themselves to think must admire your talents, but they regret that they have been so employed, and while they esteem the author, they cannot help being displeased by his performance."

It is pleasant to find that Wordsworth answered this letter fully and in detail, not scrupling to defend himself from the strictures of the young critic, who thus, by a provision of his natural craft, took up prophetically, for a moment, the mace of literary judgment. But no thoughts of work or needful exertion overshadowed the bright future of the lad, who thus paused, amid all his enjoyments, his leaps, his wrestlings, and his love-makings, to let loose his young opinion. He was heir to "an unencumbered fortune of £50,000;" and had, it is apparent, no very stringent restraint exercised

over him in money matters, or any other. At eighteen, having finished his education at Glasgow, he went to Oxford, and entered at Magdalen College as a gentleman-commoner, in 1803. Unlike the ordinary type of Scotch scholars, bent upon struggling, if possible, to the head of the prize-list in toil and self-denial, he began his career in Oxford with full time and means to perfect his education as he pleased, without any ghost of a profession hanging over his head, and with qualities, both of body and mind—and of body not less than mind—exactly such as were most likely to win applause and a triumphant reception on the banks of the Isis. Very soon thereafter Wilson of Maudlin was known not only to tutors and proctors, but in various other less reputable circles. The young Scotchman conducted himself at the University very much as a Muscular Christian of a high development would be made to do at the present day in the pages of a manly novel. The dauntless lad held the crown of the causeway against all comers. He was "either Wilson or the devil," that oft-used alternative, to the amazed pugilist who found more than his match under the tufted cap which he scorned. That tuft was conspicuous in all the frolics of the time. From the convivialities of the college rooms, where his wit, his eloquence, his learning, and his *imperturbable good-humor*, are chronicled by his ancient companions, to the less dignified supper-tables of the "Angel,"—through all which dissipations his strong head and magnificent healthfulness carried him unharmed,—he was the leader and inspiring influence. He was "the best far leaper of his day in England," as he himself tells us in an after account of one of his great achievements, and was equally distinguished for his pedestrian powers. With all this he seems to have blended an amount of work which carried him brilliantly through his examinations. But this triumphant career was not without its troubles. Things were not going prosperously with the love, of which his biographer has made rather more than seems necessary, by way of giving interest to the scant records of those early years. Various shadows had risen between the lovers, and everything was going wrong as the young man approached the crisis of his university life. Letters of exuberant youthful despair, from those rooms in Maudlin which

must have echoed with so many bursts of mirth, carried thrills of youthful sympathy to his fellow-students of Glasgow, to whom he unfolded the unsmoothness of his course of true love. In such a state of despondency, indeed, was he, we are told, that he walked from his college to the schools on the morning of his examination in "the full conviction that he was to be plucked." "The terror of this examination," writes one of those ministering brethren who had gone to be with him at that grand crisis, "preyed so on his mind, that for ten days before I saw him, he had scarcely slept any night more than an hour or two." The examination turned out, however, "as might naturally be expected," says the same admiring spectator, "the most illustrious within the memory of man. Sotheby was there, and declared it was worth coming from London to hear him translate a Greek chorus. I was exceedingly pleased with Shepherd, his examiner, who seemed highly delighted at having got hold of him, and took much pains to show him off. . . . The mere riddance of that burden which had sat so long on his thoughts was enough to make him dance; but he was also elated with success and applause, and was in very high spirits after it."

Thus the young man, who did not know what moderation meant, veered from utter despondency to the heights of triumph, and putting, as was natural, the darker emotions of his superlative youthfulness on record, has left materials out of which the somewhat embarrassing and indistinct story of prodigious love and incalculable despair, on which Mrs. Gordon lingers with evident pleasure, has been compiled. It could not, however, be a very killing passion which left him free to embellish his life with so many recreations. What with his work, his amusements, and his dissipations, it is safe to believe that the despair of the young hero was more extravagant in words than in reality—especially as there seems no real reason why he might not have had his way had his heart been much set upon it. The entire story, indeed, is so perfectly inconclusive, and without apparent influence upon his life, that it is difficult to account for its introduction at all. Youthful affairs of the heart which come to nothing, are not so uncommon in the experience of ordinary men as to call for mysterious and solemn mention in the life of a man of gen-

ius; and, probably, the best of us have quite as much to answer for in this respect as Wilson, who must have been blameless indeed had but this one episode of sentiment interposed between his boyhood and his marriage. The little romance, however it ended, had come to a conclusion apparently about the time he left Oxford. He was now twenty-two, master of himself and his fortune, evidently freed from all control of guardians, and taking the full benefit of his freedom. When he left the university, he carried his fresh laurels, not to his native country, but to the Lakes, where, doubtless, he was led by a mingling of many motives—the attractions of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Windermere—finding efficient seconds in the athletic qualities and customs of the stout Dalesmen, and the fishing and boats of the lakes. There he bought a cottage on the banks of Windermere, and established himself as a resident at Elleray in a manner most characteristic, but strange enough for so young and adventurous a soul. At the present day such a man would rush abroad to kill lions in Africa, or explore unknown continents; or, at least, if he chose the poetic side of life, would find a cot at Posilippo instead of Windermere. But the Continent was closed to pilgrims in those stormy days, and the deserts had not yet come into fashion. The young master of Elleray was of a nature so varied and full that we feel tempted to describe him not as one but two men. On one side a poet full of the most delicate sentiment, almost too much etherealized to retain the necessary hold upon flesh and blood—a dreamer, a visionary, prone to cast the doubtful lights of a fanciful over-refinement upon everything he saw; on the other, a stormy, tempestuous, rejoicing, all-real man, ready to follow the frolic of the moment wherever it might lead him—full of passion, enthusiasm, wild liberality, and license, and much of the despotism natural to so intense a force of life and physical power. Thus he came to Elleray, of all the notable men in these parts one of the most notable, and subsided, to all appearance quietly, in all his mingled maze of thought and action, tender yet violent, visionary yet practical, into the embowered cottage on its tranquil hillside looking over Windermere. Here altogether he lived for about eight years, during which time he matured into

full manhood, married, and made his first publication. This life at Elleray seems the summer of his existence. He was the arbiter of half the wrestling matches in the Dales, the prize-bestower, and, if not a competitor for the same, at least an amateur artist well known and dreaded. He was the most daring and devoted of lake-sailors, maintaining a little fleet on Windermere, sometimes striking forth on a December night upon the stormy water, to lose himself in the storm and fog amid cold so intense that icicles a finger-length hung from his hair and beard. Sports of a still ruder and less excusable description come in to fill up the picture. Nothing, in short, seems to have come amiss to the exuberant life which had so much energy to spare; and when the abounding day and all its occupations were over, the singular duality of the man, who in the sunshine was so riotous and overflowing in action, sent him forth to muse by night in solitary walks, to commune with the hills and stars, and to pour forth his soul in verse, not without a certain gentle beauty, but a thousand times less forcible and individual than the man. At Elleray, with his singular group of neighbors,—"Wordsworth at Rydal, Southey and Coleridge at Keswick, Charles Lloyd at Brathay, Bishop Watson at Calgarth,"—and with so continuous and persistent a manufacture of poetry going on all around, it was impossible that any young man with the Oxford bays still fresh on his brow could resist the temptation of verse-making. The society of poets, no doubt, is a very fine thing and a great privilege, but an alarmed and awe-stricken spectator at this distance may be pardoned for looking back with some horror upon that constant interchange of poetries, which made it unsafe to enter any adjacent house without the chance of having a sonnet levelled at your unsuspecting head, or a volley of blank verse poured down upon you from these ever-charged and double-loaded guns. "The Friend was going on at that time—Coleridge living at Wordsworth's—Wordsworth making, and reading to us as he made them, the 'Sonnets to the Tyrolese.'" Neither Wilson nor any man could resist the infection. In a society where every man was a poet, it was inevitable that the first essay of the undeveloped but conscious genius among them should be in the same direction; and, ac-

cordingly, a new voice broke the silence of the hills, and another candidate of the "Lake School" appeared before the public. "*The Isle of Palms*" came forth from the seclusion of the cottage at Elleray while the young writer was still a bridegroom in the first year of his marriage—an adventure put forth with high hopes and with all the self-confidence natural to a follower of Wordsworth—yet still the work of an amateur, happily quite independent of its success or failure. Literature at that time was nothing but the highest and noblest of arts to the happy possessor of Elleray, who, with all his energy and love of sport, does not seem ever to have exceeded the prudent bounds of expenditure. He was independent of everything but that desire of fame which is the prevailing infirmity of noble minds, and, doubtless, apprehended nothing but a higher climax of the happiness he already possessed when he put forth his first literary venture, and gave his name and his productions to the criticism of the public. The public was not unfavorable to the fortunate author, who entered with the fresh eagerness and zest natural to him into this new occupation, impressing his publisher with the necessity of advertising the book, and making all the impatient suggestions of a novice, in order to hasten and secure its success. The success was sufficiently encouraging to prompt him to future exertions; and this new beginning inspired him, apparently still further, with intentions of activity, as he is said to have "come to the resolution of joining the Scottish bar;" but he was still at Elleray when misfortune first fell upon his prosperous life.

Up to this time all had gone well with Wilson. "He seemed to have an intense enjoyment of life," says De Quincey, in a description of him at this period. "Indeed, being young, rich, healthy, and full of intellectual activity, it could not be very wonderful that he should feel happy and pleased with himself and others." "He was a fine, gay, grit-hearted fellow," says a humbler critic, "as strong as a lion, and as lish as a trout, and he had sic antics as niver man had." The rural life he was leading, full of jovial adventure, sport, and exercise on one hand, and the loftiest of poetic communings on the other, was the life of his choice, and gave full scope to all his powers; and he was now married, with the happiness and

comfort of wife and children dependent on his own. In such circumstances, all at once, without any apparent premonition, ruin fell upon this unsuspecting prosperity. The bulk of his fortune had been left in a commercial undertaking, and by some sudden failure or misfortune of the person to whom it was intrusted, the household of Elleray was thrown at a stroke from wealth to comparative poverty. The blow was overwhelming; and nobody could have wondered had a nature so joyous, undisciplined, and self-willed—up to this time a spoilt child of fortune—given way under it. Such a test few of us, however self-controlled and under rule, could sustain. But the touch of trial, so sharp and sudden, developed at once, in the brave and stout-hearted young man, a strain of profound courage and cheerfulness not often to be found anywhere, and most rare in conjunction with a temper so fiery and sunny. He seems to have received the blow in absolute silence, without a word of complaint or repining—to have accepted and made the best of it at once, as he had hitherto with thankfulness accepted all his good things. No cry breaks from him, even in verse, over the unexpected overthrow—his astonishment, his dismay, his pangs of injury and downfall, if he felt them, never came to any record. He was then about thirty—at an age and in circumstances when it is specially hard to accept humiliation and relinquish pleasure; and it is with amazement, as well as admiration, that we look on and see how this demonstrative, outspoken, immoderate soul, all flushed and radiant with happiness, and unprepared for evil, accepts and endures, with an unexpected nobleness, the novel touch of calamity. It is the first grand point—perhaps, throughout all its varied chapters, the grandest point—in the life of Wilson. He does not even seem to be aware of his own magnanimity, or to see any need for forgiving Providence and mankind in general for the wrong inflicted upon him. Not a word comes from his manful lips—he takes his young wife and his children from the dear Elleray to Edinburgh, to his mother's house, which, doubtless, was very different from that beloved cottage. It is ended and done with forever, that bright and glorious summer life. Henceforward work has to be looked for, has to be attained, not without attendant circumstances, certificates and recommendations, not very

palatable to the pride of a man who has spent the first thirty years of his life in happy independence. But the valiant soul says not a word. He accepts his lot with a cheerful steadfastness, which might seem almost impious to any one bent on improving the occasion. Rich in life and love and genius, the incredible young man raises no wail over the departure of his wealth. That happiness is lost, but not all happiness, or the best—he does not even lay up a grudge in his heart, to be disclosed when he finds utterance. Next time we hear of him, his life is all changed from that of Elleray. No longer the head and master of his own house, he is now under his mother's roof, and comparatively in a secondary position. He has no longer his fleet of boats, his mountains and meres over which to expatiate in glory and in joy, but only the Parliament House, where a rare brief, when he gets one, embarrasses him beyond everything;—all the circumstances of life, it is but too evident, have changed; but no change is apparent in the gallant young man, who confronts his troubles and losses with a smile, and is not afraid to be happy even in the face of poverty. It was but a quiescent and unproductive period, in which he did nothing, notwithstanding necessity, but there is no more admirable chapter in his life.

In the summer after this downfall, he and his wife took a pedestrian tour together through the Highlands—an idyllic journey, wandering by the lochs and hills according to the caprice of the day, resting in Highland cottages—a romantic progress which amazed the Edinburgh world. The briefless young barrister came back in “the highest health and spirits;” and, still idle and happy, though no longer rich, continued to wander and devise wanderings to his heart's content. Already he had formed friendships with some men whose names throw a shadow of coming events upon his careless and joyful path. John Gibson Lockhart had entered the bar shortly after him, and was sometimes his companion in those merry but aimless promenades in the Parliament House; and Hogg, whom he had evidently already begun to *quizz* and play with,—begging him, for example, to recommend to Murray the “City of the Plague,” “a bold eulogy” of which from the Shepherd would, as the laughing letter-

writer solemnly pretends, "be of service to me,"—was now among his correspondents. Shortly afterwards he published another volume of poems, which seem, like the first, to have been moderately successful, and which were reviewed favorably by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*. Thus the years ran on, spent, it is evident, as much as possible, in truant adventures by flood and fell, fishing excursions, productive of much pleasure and destructive of hosts of trout, but totally without any balance of work to justify the wandering. Letters from Loch Awe, from the dear cottage of Elleray, from every Highland village he passes on his way, convey the tenderest love and the most careful domestic injunctions to his young wife, who doubtless, with her children in her lap, could not always accompany the erratic progresses of her mate, to whom the streams and lochs were clearly much more congenial than the Parliament House, time and the hour having not yet unfolded the vocation which awaited that dauntless and joyous spirit.

But in the beginning of the year 1817 occurred a memorable event, which is not to be spoken of in these pages without respect and a certain degree of solemnity. In the noble Princes Street of Edinburgh, the main artery of the town, Mr. William Blackwood, the originator of this magazine, a man of rare administrative power and sound judgment, clear-sighted and prescient of the necessities of the time, had established himself as a publisher. The *Edinburgh Review* was then in all its early force, undiminished by time, a triumphant periodical, the beginning of a new era: and the *Quarterly* had also come into existence, a less forcible, but sufficiently promising opponent. Thoughts of a publication akin, yet different, were slowly forming in the mind of our publisher, when he concluded an agreement with two literary gentlemen of moderate contemporary fame, to begin a magazine, of which they should be the joint editors. The experiment was begun in March, 1817, and the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, mildly literary, gently local, amiably free of all personality, entered, like a lamb, the field in which it was shortly to appear as a lion. Sad though it is to confess as much, anything more utterly tame and respectable than the first six numbers of our

venerated and beloved *MAGA* were never put in print. One of the editors was Thomas Pringle, African Pringle, a name not unknown to fame; the other a Mr. Cleghorn, of whom we know nothing. These excellent men pottered through their six months' issue, doubtless much to the impatience of the practical and sagacious intelligence, which saw further than they did, and perceived what might be made of this undeveloped organ which the editors called "our humble miscellany." Mr. Blackwood himself was young, strongly political, and as ready to defy the world and set everybody right, as were the unemployed young wits of the Parliament House, now idling the summer days at Loch Awe, or yawning in Edinburgh over briefs which they could not tell "what the devil they were to do with." The publisher chafed in his office over the dulness of the new periodical, the capabilities of which were so manifest to his mind, but did not scorn to get his hand into practice, and master the details of the new undertaking, to which, in the dearth of other modes of communication between writers and readers, various valuable "Contributors," not unremarked by the wise and clear eyes which bided their time behind, began gradually to drop in. Of these Hogg was one of the first; and the brilliant young advocate, already well known to Edinburgh society, the author of the *Isle of Palms*, the Highland tourist, angler, sportsman, and generally incomprehensible personage, had also made a mild approach to the veiled prophetic, in papers and poems bearing the signature of *Eremonus*. Such was the state of affairs until six months had elapsed from the first founding of the new periodical. By that time, happily, the editors and publisher had become mutually disgusted with each other. With a quaint ebullition of literary jealousy, which is amusing enough when we consider the after history of this magazine, "they formally wrote to Mr. Blackwood, letting him know that his interference with their editorial functions could no longer be endured." The consequence was, that the two worthy *litterateurs* were bought off, and relieved of those functions, in which the clear eye of the publisher perceived by intuition a fit field for his own energies; and that in October, 1817, *MAGA* made a new beginning, dashing

wildly, with shouts of savage glee and frolic, into the astonished world of literature, and celebrating her own new birth and freedom in a furious Bacchic dance of headstrong youthfulness. After the calm respectability of her previous appearance, it is not astonishing that the public should behold, with amaze, consternation, and excitement, the sudden bound upon the stage of this wild and fearless champion. No thought of the consequences troubled the minds of the young writers, all delighted to get utterance for themselves, and a mode in which to deliver their dauntless assault upon the world in general; nor of the young publisher, who stood responsible for any mischief, but who had his full share of the ardor and pugnacity which distinguished the band. They seem to have leaped together by instinct in the immense crisis; and certainly it would be difficult to find any two parties who had more need of each other than had the young, ambitious, enterprising, and practical administrator of literary affairs in Princes Street, who was not himself, in the first instance, an author, though his judgment in literary matters was notably swift, clear, and almost unerring; and the little party of wits then afloat and aimless upon Edinburgh society, who abounded in the necessary power of utterance, but were wasting themselves in Parliament-House jokes and convivial meetings, unaware what use to make of their talents. Great was the fervor of the onslaught with which, when called together suddenly to support the falling banner, the young men rushed into the breach, and throwing prudence to the winds, charged forth in a wild sally upon the spectators, who, doubtless, had come to assist at the burial of the feeble periodical, whose recognized conductors had forsaken it. The sally was wild, furious, and sudden, almost beyond precedent, but it was irresistible. The banner that had been drooping was set up again with shouts, and the public became aware of a new, individual, and remarkable organ of opinion, about the sayings and sentiments of which it was impossible to be indifferent. The whole history of this singular literary phenomenon is interesting. The best account of it, perhaps, is to be gathered from the famous *Chaldee Manuscript*, which appeared in the first number under the new management, and which

set Edinburgh at once by the ears. Through the dim and much-evaporated fun of this notable fable we discern darkly the publisher left with his magazine, courageous but deserted, aiming to make of it a rival to the great neighboring review, which was then triumphant in the world of literature, but provided as yet with no material for his purpose save his own indomitable determination. Then, through the mist of unknown names and persons whom he calls to his aid, appears the Leopard "from the valley of the palm-trees, whose going forth was comely as the greyhound, and his eyes like the lightning of fiery flame," and the "Scorpion which delighteth to sting the faces of men"—emblematical portraits, each drawn, no doubt, by the hand of the other, of the two brilliant young intelligences, Wilson and Lockhart, to whom the call of the forlorn and daring editor opened up a new world. Both of the young men seem to have started to the summons with a perception, if not that their own future lay in it, yet of its wonderful capabilities, and the matchless frolic and delight of such an undertaking. They met together in joyous conclave when the first sound of the call to arms came to their ears; and, assembled in a room in Queen Street in the house of Wilson's mother, read over the first part of this *Chaldee Manuscript*, which had been written by Hogg, and composed the remainder of the same in intermittent bursts of fun and laughter. The ladies in the drawing-room above, Mrs. Gordon tells us, hearing the echoes of merriment below, sent to inquire into the joke, doubtless without getting much satisfaction. So thoroughly did the young writers enjoy their own wit, that—the same authority informs us—Sir William Hamilton, the future philosopher, who had the privilege of adding a strophe to this joyous performance, was so amused that he fell from his chair in a fit of laughter. The fun which was to convulse Edinburgh, convulsed with mirth, in the first place, its own perpetrators, who bore no man any malice, but were bent, with the natural instinct of youthful wits, upon a universal *skrimmage* with the world. Thus inspired, they rushed to the rescue. Number VII. of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* blazed upon the firmament as that of BLACKWOOD; and startled Edinburgh fell into such a buzz of

mingled rage, laughter, and interest, that the languid publication was quickened into immediate vigor, and the new era began.

It was thus that Wilson discovered his true vocation in literature, and indeed in the world. He had amused himself up to this period to the top of his bent, and played out his holiday in wealth and poverty with the heartiest enjoyment of the same; but he had not yet found out what he was good for, or how he was to provide for his family and the necessities of life. Doubtless no such idea was in his mind when he rushed into the service of the new periodical. Its pay at first was doubtful, its very existence precarious—nobody knew what was to come of it. Instead of being the prop and pillar of his future life, and the means of his fame, the young poet of the *Isle of Palms* entered upon it in the spirit of a frolic, for present enjoyment more than eventual profit. It is easy enough to conceive how charming to the imagination of the two young, briefless barristers must have been this medium of revenging with lightning touches of ridicule and laughter their youthful wrongs upon the careless and indifferent world. But the new *Blackwood* was built on profounder purposes; and if the young writers were prescient at first of little but fun, a more serious hope moved their director, who stood behind in the quietness of his non-literary but governing character—a man who had in the mean time to bear all the brunt without the sweetness of the fame, and, steadfast in his own project, to go through the ordeal of all sorts of threats, with an energy and resolution of which none of his collaborateurs, however gifted, could have been capable. It was all sport to the gay young genius, who did not fear what he said, secure under the shadow of that “man in plain apparel, whose name was as it had been the color of ebony,” and who betrayed no secrets, nor ever dreamt of shifting the responsibility from his own shoulders and purse to those of the real culprit; but it was a more serious matter for the responsible person himself, who had not only to supply all the necessary means for the campaign, but to keep in due order and restraint the fiery Pegasus which he had yoked into his war-chariot, taking heed, with wise discretion, that its extravagance and high blood went only so far as was necessary to give the required impetus, and not

far enough to dash both vehicle and riders into swift destruction. Nowhere more fitly than in discussing the character and history of John Wilson in the pages of this magazine, which William Blackwood founded and wisely guided to the end of his career, could the tribute of justice be paid to the memory of that able and remarkable man. It was he who saw over the heads of his more brilliant associates, and, through all the commotion of their wit, philosophy, and fun, the serious capabilities of a great permanent organ of literary and political opinion such as this which he aimed at establishing: it was he who, through all the caprices of wit and inconstancies of genius, tried by many a harassment and vexation, worried by irregular exertions and intermittent support even on the part of men to whom the public gave much of his share of the praise, still held steadily on—had patience, and waited for the results on which he had calculated. The threats of prosecution and remonstrances of those who thought themselves aggrieved, were a small matter in comparison with the perpetual care and oversight demanded by the ever-recurring monthly publication, which had to be kept up and kept equal at all hazards—a doubly difficult task when the contributors were so few in number, and so utterly daring in style. Mr. Blackwood had the wisdom to see how far it was safe to go in that dashing career, and the weight of character and skill of management which enabled him to tighten his reins and draw up his panting steeds when that delicate point had been reached. The brilliant genius of Wilson would doubtless have found some expression for itself, some time or other in his life, more characteristic than volumes of verse, even if it had never attained the medium of the magazine—though nowhere else could it have gained such free, full, and congenial utterance. But it was not to his splendid and impatient hands that *Maga* owed either her origin or her steady progress. Among many mystifications, the favorite idea of a veiled editor—mysterious, unaccountable personage—pleased the fancy of the public, and perhaps soothed the ruffled feelings now and then of a man of letters, slow to yield to the sceptre of a mere layman and unprofessional person, however potential or wise were the hands that swayed it. But Christopher North himself did not

fail to acknowledge the necessity of this restraint exercised by the real manager of affairs—an admission which we have some pride in making, as a proof that the children of Apollo have still discrimination enough to recognize the administrative and governing faculty wherever it appears, and as ourselves subject, within the bounds of reasonable loyalty, to a similar sway.

It was thus that *Blackwood's Magazine*, of the influence and importance of which from that time to this it does not become us to speak, began its career; and thus, also, the youthful life of John Wilson, so long a merely ornamental romance and sport of existence, quickened into use and service. In a moment, with the rapidity of magic, the idle young advocates, who had been used to lounge out their days together without much notice from the world, found themselves in the novel and delightful position of successful revolutionists who had shaken that same world to its very foundations. Whiggism, which had been paramount in Edinburgh under the autocratic influence of the *Edinburgh Review* sustained a shock which was all the more severe because unexpected, the palm of literary pre-eminence having hitherto, without any controversy, been left in the hands of Jeffrey and his brethren. It is said that, after the publication of that astounding No. VII., which is forever immortal in our records, the streets of Edinburgh bore lively impress of the fray, and that an intelligent observer might have read in the countenances of the passengers the individual politics of each—dismay and vexation being written on all Whiggish features, while an unusual gleam of satisfaction beamed from the visages of the faithful. The young publication went on dauntlessly after this brilliant beginning. "There was hardly a number for many months which did not contain an attack upon somebody," says Mrs. Gordon, with not uncomplacent candor; yet the abuse was but the seasoning which gave piquancy to the more serious mass of brilliant criticism and lively commentary upon books and things. In this early and prehistoric age of *Maga*, it is difficult to distinguish among the mists the two figures which flit around her cradle, or to identify their distinct productions, united as they both were, not only in labor, but in those wild, almost boyish, pranks of mysti-

fication with which they were intent upon bewildering the public, and making their own work feel as much like play as possible. Sometimes it is Wilson, sometimes it is Lockhart, who gleams across the darkened stage in half-recognizable personality; but anon we are lost in a host of imaginary contributors—German doctors and barons, Irish soldiers, English scholars, every kind of disguise which could be lightly glided off and on by the joyous masquers who took so thorough a delight in their work. Nor were those mischievous plotters content with raising up fictitious personages upon whom to lay the burden of their own exuberant tide of composition. A still more wicked wile remained. They signed respectable names of dull but well-known men to their own wild effusions, and conferred a sudden literary reputation upon worthy persons in Glasgow and elsewhere, to whom a pen was an incomprehensible weapon. Never was work treating of serious matters, and founded on substantial ground of payment and reward, conducted so much like a frolic; and the principal actors in this strange maze of wit and confusion found, as their work proceeded, a new interest and zest in life.

The history of John Wilson had now reached to that moment of "tide in the affairs of men" which was decisive of his entire life. The gay marauder on Highland stream and Westmoreland hillside, had at last, like others, settled to that inevitable toil which is the lot of most men, but which he had hitherto eluded with wonderful ingenuity. The brilliant apprenticeship of the magazine, bringing its immediate reward, as periodical writing has the advantage of doing, was as easy and pleasant an entrance into the active labors of life as any man could desire; and, full as it was of exciting and exhilarating circumstances, wooed the young advocate by degrees into habits of work, and that consciousness of the necessities of ordinary existence which hitherto does not seem to have moved him very deeply. Two years have not elapsed before we find him making a distinct independent movement into his own house, and erecting again the household gods which, since the days of Ellera, had sunk into secondary deities in his mother's overflowing household. This new beginning was made in Anne Street, a quiet little suburban street, where, as Mrs.

Gordon informs us, her father found "a pleasant little community that made residence there far from distasteful." The family had increased and multiplied, and there were now five children to fill the little house. In the poet's "ledger," where he put down stray verses and all kinds of literary memoranda, there is "a page taken up with an estimate of the cost of furniture for dining-room, sitting-room, nursery, servants' room, and kitchen; making up a total of £195, with the triumphant query at the end, in a bold hand, 'Could it be less?'" Thus once more established under his own roof, with due occupation for his talents and an agreeable society round him, Wilson seems to have composed his life into habits of a more domestic and less roving kind. He no longer wanders abroad in search of adventure over flood and fell, but is visible for a year or two in his own place, finding apparently excitement enough in the warfare and knight-errantry of his new profession. He never appears to have entertained any real intention of seeking his fortune at the bar; but having lightly fallen upon a trade, like a child of fortune as he was, which lured him on, by mingled pleasure and praise, into paths of severer duty and harder labor, soon came to think of a more steady and permanent occupation, when the chance of such opened before him. This was in the beginning of 1820, rather more than two years after his triumphant entry into literature, when the Chair of Moral Philosophy became vacant in the University of Edinburgh. Though his reputation hitherto had been that of a professor of the lighter arts of poetry and criticism, the attractions of divine philosophy seem always to have exercised a great power over Wilson, and he lost no time in announcing himself as a candidate for this chair. His principal opponent was Sir William Hamilton, one of his own intimate friends and close associates, and upon the surface a more likely pretender to such an office than the brilliant writer whose occupations had been so discursive and varied, and whose claims upon that very society in Edinburgh, which he had now to canvass for its favor and patronage, were those of a satirist and reviewer, rather than of a philosopher. The appointment was in the hands of the Town Council, and its members had to be individually approached and concili-

ated. Difficult enough, however, as it might have been under any circumstances for these excellent functionaries to decide between the rival claims of two candidates so distinguished, yet so different, the prevailing spirit of the time at once complicated and simplified the conflict, by importing into this, as into every other question, the ceaseless clamor of politics. Hamilton was a Whig, Wilson a Tory of the Tories, a fore-rank man in his party, and of no unknown might in the din of battle. All the ancient strength of the Whiggish capital gathered to the combat, while on the other side "Mr. Wilson was assured of all the support that Government could give," and had at his back all the forces of his political allies. To the present generation, which knows the author of the *Isle of Palms* chiefly under his long-established title as Professor Wilson, it is strange to look back upon that furious contest, and see how the shafts hurtle through the darkening atmosphere, and how the dust of the battle eddies about that peaceable Philosophy Chair, in which, when we first learned to know his name, he had been seated, as one could have imagined, for a lifetime. No election for a borough was ever more furiously contested, nor popular parliamentary candidate assailed more lustily. His testimonials and recommendations might indeed be all that could be desired, and nobody might be able to deny his genius; but more important matters lay behind, and the liberal and enlightened Whig party of 1820 could be puritanic when that served their purpose, and were not slow of retaliating upon the critic, who had not certainly spared them. Such a blessed opportunity of administering the *Tu quoque* was not to be lost. The supporters of his rival—whose private friendship with Wilson was undisturbed, it is pleasant to know, by all this hubbub—threw back in the teeth of the censor of *Blackwood* the dire accusation of infidel and libertine. Judging by the recriminations of the period, one is driven to believe that the highest ambition of a good political partisan in those days must have been to prove, not his adversary's position false, but his adversary's character vile, and his life a heap of depravity. Though nothing was to be said against the unquestionable powers of the young philosopher, an effective diversion was yet possible in the

shape of an assault on his morality. The *Scotsman*, then, as now, one of the ablest and most influential of Scotch newspapers, made a solemn and affecting appeal to its dear bailies in a voice which trembled with the conscious pathos of its own fine adjurations. "We call upon those members of Council who are fathers of families; who respect the oaths they have taken; who have some regard for religion, morals, and decency," says this high-toned and virtuous journal; "we put it to them how they can justify it to their conscience, their country, and their God, to select him as the man to fill the Chair of Moral Philosophy, and to confide to him the taste, the morals, and the characters of the rising generation." Such an appeal could not be without a certain effect upon the tremulous municipal mind—and the result in the first place was, that Wilson naturally indignant at the false accusations thus brought against him, was driven to the strange and painful necessity of writing to his private friends to ask their testimony in respect to his character, and to request from them such an estimate of his household virtues as might be sufficient to place that perfectly unexceptionable aspect of his life in its true light. He wrote to the clergyman at Windermere who had officiated at his marriage, and to such a half-domestic, half-public authority as Mrs. Grant of Laggan, then one of the centres of society in Edinburgh, asking them to tell his assailants what they, a priest and a woman, thought of the husband of that "elegant and delicate young Englishwoman," who had not feared to wander over hill and dale with him who was now accused of neglecting and wronging her and her children. Of all points, indeed, at which he could have been assailed, this seems to have been the least vulnerable. Hard and mortifying as it must have been to his high and impatient spirit to ask for such commendations, he was now sufficiently bent upon attaining his end to submit to the necessity; his friends bore their testimony with effusive and indignant affectionateness; and having at last failed even to prove the favorite stigma of the time, that their brilliant opponent was an infidel, the Whig opposition succumbed, and Wilson won the day.

The vexatious and ungenerous strife did not end with the election. A certain Dea-

con Paterson raised a protest against it at the next meeting of the Town Council, where he is said to have made his appearance with "a bag full of charges," but was summarily put down by the assembled dignitaries, who had elected the Tory candidate by a majority of twelve votes. Another still more shabby and paltry attempt to disturb the new professor followed, when he delivered his first lecture. "There was a furious bitterness of feeling against him," says an eye-witness, quoted by Mrs. Gordon, "among the classes, of which probably most of his pupils would consist; and although I had no prospect of being among them, I went to his first lecture, prepared to join in a cabal which, I understood, was formed to put him down. The lecture-room was crowded to the ceiling. The professor entered with a bold step amid profound silence. Every one expected some deprecatory or propitiatory introduction of himself and his subject, upon which the mass was to divide against him, reason or no reason; but he began in a voice of thunder right *into the matter* of the lecture, kept up unflinchingly and unhesitatingly without a pause. Not a word, not a murmur escaped his captivated, I ought to say his conquered, audience, and at the end they gave him a right-down unanimous burst of applause." When the legitimate hour which belonged to the new professor was exhausted, Anatomical Monro, austere and abstract, with no human sympathy in him for the first lecture and the special circumstances, stalked into the room, in which he himself was to succeed the present occupant, and, ruthlessly breaking in upon the address, pointed to his watch to show that his own hour had arrived. "My students are at the door, and you must conclude," said the inhuman anatomist; but was immediately silenced by the renewed applause of the students, amid which the new orator made a triumphant conclusion. It was thus that Wilson made his first entry into the chair which he was to fill so long, and in which he was to hold so genial a sway over generations of eager and enthusiastic hearts.

His success, however, was immediate and unquestionable, to the conviction of both friends and foes; and even his newspaper assailants, Mrs. Gordon says, condescended to admit that, if he continued to do well, his

past delinquencies might be forgiven him. It is an interesting period of the new professor's history: Wilson seems to have taken the tempest with manful composure and steadiness, standing to his arms with an amount of calm amid all the stinging shower of projectiles that flew around him, which could scarcely have been expected of his fiery nature. And when the smoke of the conflict clears off, the many-sided man gleams upon us in a new aspect, shutting himself up, apart from all the recreations and delights in which his life had hitherto abounded, in a room "literally filled" with books, devoting himself, with a closeness of application of which up to this time he had shown few symptoms, to the new work on which he had entered. The dreaming poet has had his day, and may have it again; so has the open-air Dalesman, with all his mighty muscles still in their grandest development; and so even has the critic, absolute and dauntless, without a scruple or compunction; but here, in the mean time, is a philosopher—grave, conscientious, anxious—taking counsel with books and friends, without apparently a thought in his mind but how to fulfil this new duty, and hold his post with honesty and honor. To turn away from all those vulgar contentions, the slanders of enemies and formal testimonials of friends, the vexations and vicissitudes of the contest, and the agitated and unreasonable crowd which has fought over this question without any knowledge worth mentioning of the real point at issue—and, subsiding into the quiet little house in Anne Street, among the early summer trees, to look over his great shoulder and find the new professor pouring forth his anxious soul to his dearest old friend, Dr. Blair, and recommending to the consideration of the helper upon whose judgment he has so much reliance, the plan he has formed for his untried work, and the system which suggests itself to his own intent and concentrated thoughts—is a contrast as remarkable and interesting as can be imagined. Of all the letters printed in these volumes, there are perhaps none which reveal the writer in an aspect so noble as those letters to Dr. Blair. Here it is a man, already known to fame, the victor of a hard contest, the winner of many laurels, who comes, with an earnestness much too real to admit of any attitudinizing, to the oracle which he has

elected for himself in the person of his friend, a man totally unknown to the world: and, entering into all his plans and thoughts in detail, craves advice, guidance, instruction, with utter simplicity and confidence. It is thus that Mrs. Gordon describes one of the letters of this remarkable correspondence:—

"Of all the friends to whom he applied for counsel in this time of anxiety, there was none on whom he so implicitly relied, or who was so able to assist him, as Alexander Blair. To him he unbosomed himself in all the confidence of friendship, and in several long and elaborate letters—too long to be given entire—entered minutely into his plans for the course, asking for advice and suggestions with the eagerness and humility of a pupil to his master. He gives a list of the books he has got, and asks his friend to tell him what others he should have—what he thinks of this and that theory—how many lectures there should be on this topic and on that. He sketches his own plan—how he is to commence with some attractive and eloquent introductory lectures, 'of a popular though philosophical kind,' so as to make a good impression at first on his students, and also on the public. Then he proposes to give eight or ten lectures on the moral systems of ancient Greece, which Sir Walter Scott approves, and which he hopes Blair will also approve of. Then will commence his own course in right earnest: six or more lectures on the physical nature of man—then twelve more, 'though for no cause known,' on the intellectual powers. On this he wishes to have Blair's opinion, for at present he sees nothing for it but to tread in the steps of Reid and Stewart—which to avoid would be of great importance.' . . . Then might come some lectures on taste and genius before coming to the moral being. Let Blair consider the subject. That brings us up to forty lectures. Then comes the moral nature—the affections and conscience, or 'whatever name that faculty may be called.' Here seems fine ground for descriptions of the operations of the passions and affections, and all concerned with them. . . . Then comes the will and all its problems, requiring at least six lectures. 'But here I am also in the dark.' The rest of the course will embrace fifty lectures respecting the duties of the human being. 'I would fain hope that something very different from the common metaphysical lectures will produce itself out of this plan.' He will read on and 'attend most religiously to the suggestions' of his friend. Let his friend meantime consider everything, and remember how short the time is. . . . The letter ends that day with a 'God bless you!'"

It is this variety of character, always unfolding new aspects and opening up unthought-of powers, which is the great charm of Wilson's mind. Whatever he may happen to be for the moment, he is so entirely, that, a superficial observer is tempted to believe that only must be his chief inspiration. But in the twinkling of an eye the scene changes, and the same picturesque and noble figure gleams round, like a many-lighted lantern, in a new colour and altered radiance. So quick is the transition that the spectator is puzzled, and hesitates what to make of the brilliant improvisatore who extemporizes not only a new language but a new being at every turn. From poetry to prose, from sentiment to satire, from the most joyous of all idle lives to sudden Hercules-efforts of toil, he flashes upon us in revolving circles, ever brighter and more vivid than before, as though under his own belt he carried a hundred men. A greater difference could scarcely be conceived than between that jovial wanderer, ever ready for sport or frolic, who comes into the little Highland inn all laden with silvery spoils from loch and river, and this serious scholar among his books, working out with brilliant and rapid genius, but with steady labour as well, his first course of lectures. Instead of finding comparisons for him among the men of his time, it is only with himself that we can compare and contrast this manifold and multifarious soul. The life and force, the endless tide of vital energy and superb human strength which courses through his great veins, flow over upon everything he touches. All Edinburgh gleams alight with him as he goes about the streets; and where he stands, in the Chair of the Professor, in the Sanctum of Princes Street, and, still more, in the Ambrosian parlor, is about to become a luminous spot over half the world. The light is but at the dawning when he sits thus in his suburban retirement, making out his lectures, anxious yet for the position which he has won after so hard a fight. His whole career lies unrevealed before him in that green seclusion of Anne Street, where he works among his books, unaware as yet that not the noble firth, gleaming almost before his eyes, nor the lion-hill behind, will one day be more identified with Edinburgh than his own grand person and familiar fame. It is the beginning of his public life, and he stands on the eve of all his triumphs. Behind him lies as happy, yet as hard, a probation as often falls to the lot of man; years of sunshine dazzling and effulgent, barred with sudden breaks of shadow. Already, in the early play of his powers, reputation and influence have come to him, more in sport and by chance than from purpose or toil. Now he stands on the height of the arch of his life, and, breathing hard after the stings of that last sharp stretch of ascent, surveys the campaign before him, most likely as little aware of what was in it as any other mortal. He is not thinking of literature, he is thinking of his lectures. The young professor, in whom only half of his encircling world believes, has that burden on his mind, in the first place to make sure provision for the wants of his post; and, thereafter, what pleases Providence. For Christopher North has not been revealed yet out of the mirthful skies; summer days only, and gay hours of the youthful twilight, but as yet no *Noctes* have educes their bright impressions out of that glowing, impetuous, and sunshiny soul. His fame and his work lie still before him, casting uncertain shadows upon the sanguine firmament. Space and time forbid us here to enter into the brilliant perspective. Let us leave him for the moment at this natural period. For the first time, and with a novel sound, his name has become dignified into that of Professor Wilson. And there he sits, with his piled-up books, noting down the rapid suggestions of his genius for calm examination and arrangement, and inviting his friend to enter into those open and candid chambers of his thoughts to supervise and regulate the process. We could not pause upon a picture more full of truth and meaning. When we open the record again it will be upon a fuller light and a more animated foreground. Let us leave our hero in the mean time in his study, consulting with anxious simplicity, and trusting with the confidence of a child in the final judgment of his early companion. It was thus that the new professor began the serious business of his life.

From The Spectator, 6 Dec.

THE FAILURES OF FRENCH DIPLOMACY.

THE Ides of March have passed, and the Cæsar is still alive. It is said that the Emperor of the French, moved by one of those currents of superstition which affect men who have gone through strange careers, regarded this 2d of December, the tenth anniversary of the *coup d'état*, with a peculiar dread. The thought was a somewhat strange one, for the 2d of December has hitherto brought him fortune; and even he, with all his superb self-confidence, can scarcely believe that the day of his death will be one of his lucky days! Still it was entertained, and was, in part, perhaps, justified by the new activity perceptible in all ranks of the opposition, and the rapid increase of the always numerous conspiracies with which, to employ a bold figure, his throne is honey-combed. Patient observers, as indifferent as Arthur Young when he predicted the fall of the Bourbons, do not doubt that the discontent of France has, within the last few months, spread wider and deeper, and extended to classes usually as careless of politics as they are hostile to Red opinions. There is dissatisfaction among the *bourgeoisie*, hitherto willing to pardon all things to the "saviour of society," and low murmurs among the army which serves as the real, though well-concealed basis of the imperial power. Neither of these probably ever heard of the Ides of March, or have the faintest belief in anything save money and steel; yet the fear of an approaching catastrophe, of some tremendous event which should shake society, was so widely diffused as to extort from the *Times* a strange article, announcing, with a plainness surely unnecessary, that England would greatly disapprove the emperor's assassination!

There are reasons for this agitation other than the predictions of Mr. Home. French society is disturbed because the reward to secure which it endures a despotic *régime* seems to be eluding its grasp. For the last hundred years the people of France, amidst never-ending mutations of opinion, have demanded of their rulers one of two things, progress at home, or a grand *prestige* abroad. Louis the Sixteenth fell because he was unable to secure either. Napoleon gave his people the second without measure or stint, and till his eagles faltered was absolute master of France, and, defeated, left behind him a memory which again raised his dynasty to the throne; Charles the Tenth refused both, and fell; Louis Philippe stole away liberty, restricted progress, allowed external influence to slip completely out of his grasp, and slunk away out of France. The republic promised no glory, and gave no assurance of progress, and when Louis Napoleon seized

the throne, he, understanding alike his epoch and his people, pledged himself to save society, i.e., *bourgeois* prosperity, and sweep away the treaties of 1815. Hitherto he has kept his word. Amid much oppression and an almost total extinction of the freedom of speech and debate, the French have been enriched with the wealth which springs of order, and gratified with the *prestige* which follows successful power. The treaties of 1815 have been torn up at the point of the sword. The Frenchmen who mourned over the torpor of the press and the catalepsy of the tribune still found consolation in the idea that France was, abroad, the accepted leader of Europe. She had humbled Russia; she had enfranchised Italy; she had avenged Europe in China; she had gone forth to revive the dying civilization of Mexico. Everywhere she appeared as the armed champion of progress and nationality, without whose initiative the world held back in fear, and without whose consent no first-class experiment could be tried. Whatever the squalor at home the *role* before the footlights was grand, and France, essentially theatrical, forgave the unwashed chemise to which she was condemned indoors, for the sake of the queenly robe in which out of them all her parts were played.

A cold fear chills, for the moment, the pleasant warmth of habitual vanity. What if the part played by France were not really so great as she had been led to suppose—if her detested rival, though stripped of all spangles and forbidden a train, were acting the character on which genius had expended its strength? The empire is as strong as ever, but it has met, of late, some exceedingly rude rebuffs. There is Italy, for whose sake the emperor has expended so many lives not his own, and so much treasure of which he was only the elected custodian—is France all-powerful there? Italy, say French politicians, almost sullenly, it would seem reverences England more than France; consults Sir James Hudson when M. Benedetti is civilly put aside, upholds English ideas of parliamentary government and order, thanks Earl Russell with statuary for his cordial support, and finally overthrows the special French nominee. French opinion, always somewhat diseased upon that point, regards the struggle at Turin—a struggle which is entirely one between the people and the king's favorite—as mainly a contest between the friends of England and France. The helpless fall of Rattazzi, known to be devoted to France, strikes Frenchmen as a proof that Napoleonic diplomacy, with all its material power, still weakens French hold over nations. If Italy, in her wise national selfishness, should deem the unbought friendship of England as valuable as the purchased

"ideas" of France, then must the Italian policy of three years be pronounced a patent and costly failure. Then there is the frontier of the Rhine. Napoleon has helped, no doubt, to place the Prussian king in antagonism with his people; but the new premier, though absolutist, is still intensely German; and as for the monarch, he wanted part of the refused budget to expend on a complete repair of the fortifications of Magdeburg. Again, the greatest event of the last ten years is the civil war, which for eighteen months has threatened the dismemberment of the United States. France in that, as in every other quarrel, must assume the leading position, and the emperor consequently recommended England and Russia to join him in a project of menacing mediation. English statesmen, well aware that mediation means intervention, that intervention is costly, and that the English working-class, enlightened by emigrants' letters, is very strongly Northern in sympathy, declined the specious proposal. The French Government therefore remains, in American politics, alone, with no alliance to offer to the South, except at the cost of a war, and with their old and natural alliance with the North embarrassed or broken up. France seems in America also not to be the first power in the world. Scarcely has this negotiation been commenced, when a revolution breaks out in Greece. The Greek throne becomes vacant, and once more French diplomacy has a magnificent field. The French people is really interested in the so-called Eastern question, for that question involves the possession of Syria, and the sentiment which evoked the Crusades—dead everywhere else—exists in France as a living power. The people care about Jerusalem more than they do about Rome. To seat a French nominee on the throne of Greece would almost secure Syria, and by rare good fortune the chosen French nominee was also the favorite at St. Petersburg. The Greeks could never resist at once both Russia and France, and the election of the Duc de Leuchtenberg was regarded as almost certain, when again French diplomacy failed. The whole Greek nation, unmoved by English intrigues, unsolicited by English ministers, has pronounced emphatically that the next King of the Greeks shall be an English prince. The failure is the more humiliating, because, in spite of angry remarks, its causes are thoroughly understood. The French, more than any other people on earth, appreciate the power of ideas, know how powerless intrigues become when addressed to men governed by a great thought; and they feel that it is English ideas, not English bayonets, which have secured their defeat. The country which

strives for peace, yet is ready for war, which above all upholds unflinchingly the true popular creed, the right of every people to govern itself—this is the country which Greece, as well as Italy, thinks it worth while to imitate and to secure. The reflection is galling to men who feel that, but for Napoleon, France might again take her natural post as the leader of continental ideas; and who, to do them justice, believe that distinction one of the few which are nobler than the lead in diplomacy or victory on the field. France, it would seem, in Greece also, is not the first power in the world.

Lastly, throughout these events, running alongside them all, is the history of the Mexican expedition. Frenchmen never approved that dreamy project, for the conquest of vast deserts ravaged by the *vomito* never seemed to them worth the risk of a conflict with North America. Still the expedition sailed, and in a few weeks broke down. The deserts were worse than expected, the Mexicans more hostile than was anticipated. Nobody but an intrigant and a bandit joined France, and a French army was reduced to fortify itself on a plain in order to avoid a surrender. Defeat is impossible to Napoleon, and the army, at huge expense, was increased tenfold; and after a delay very fatal to the French notion of glory,—which, like an Englishman's passion for wealth, includes speedy possession—the new host arrived, only to march on the capital at the rate of a league a day. Nobody except the emperor knows precisely what has gone wrong in Mexico, but the fact is sufficiently patent that after eight months of effort an Indian, backed by a half-disciplined army of half-castes, succeeds in setting a general of France and a French *corps d'armée* at open defiance. The hearts of Frenchmen grow sore as they reflect on these things, and like Italians when it refuses to rain, they are ready to turn on the idol who has received so many offerings and yet refuses the price.

Do we, therefore, consider the empire in serious danger? Not so. It might be with an inferior man on the throne, or the same man grown old; but Napoleon the Third, indolent, self-confident, and wearied as he may be, is still the most astute and energetic of living rulers. He will detect, if he has not already detected, the cause of the dissatisfaction of France, and the brain which has never failed him yet will aid him once again. It is not an *émeute* we fear for France, but the proved necessity for achieving some new and striking success. The emperor must do something, and the something must impose on the world. He cannot well undo Italy, for Orsini is not forgotten; and, unless hopelessly embarrassed, he will scarcely select the one power which can

face him on equal terms. Events are not ripe for a German campaign, lesser expeditions promise no glory, and the dream of reorganizing Spanish America does not attract his people. He must discover an object great enough to flatter France, yet in which England has no interest to interfere, and in which the absence of his army in Mexico will not be an embarrassment, and the only quarter in which such an object is visible is the American Civil War. An armed mediation would enable him to release the cotton his people need and the tobacco necessary to his revenue, would afford him the pretext required for retreating from Mexico, perhaps over a golden bridge constructed both by Juarez and the South, and enable him once more to stand forward before the French nation in the only position which makes him safe—the arbiter of a continent.

From The Economist, 6 Dec.

THE DEFECT OF AMERICA.

PRESIDENTIAL AND MINISTERIAL GOVERNMENTS COMPARED.

THE American Revolution has been considered excessively in various aspects, but there is one aspect in which it has not been sufficiently considered. The South have adopted from the North the vital principle of the constitution of what *was* the Union, and it is not too much to say that this principle contains an essential defect which has much contributed to the successful rupture of the Union.

Free Governments are of necessity divided into two classes, which may be called the Ministerial and the Presidential. Minor differences may be for this purpose disregarded, since minute ramifications will of necessity arise in the various circumstances of different countries, but the essential contrast remains. In Ministerial Governments the supreme Executive is appointed by the Legislative Assembly; in Presidential Governments the Executive claims directly under the people, as it alleges and boasts, and is specially elected by the nation at large. The type of Ministerial Government is the English: the type of Presidential Government is the American. With the aid of recent events, a little consideration will show that the latter method is radically inferior to the former,—although, being, in appearance at least, free to choose, the Southern Confederacy have selected it in preference to the former. There are three most effective causes of inferiority.

First. The choosers under a Ministerial system are much better than in the Presidential. A Legislative Chamber is always a select body, even under the worst system of election, far excelling the electing body from which it emanated. On the average it has

always better education, higher social position, more first-hand conversancy with public affairs. The latter especially it has always. A Legislative Chamber close to the scene of action is necessarily more conscious of the exact nature of public business, is more alive to the evident issue of proximate national decisions than the country at large can be. A Parliament, when it selects its ruler, does so with a full cognisance of the real importance of what it is doing. A nation rarely can do so. When very great principles are at stake,—when the best national mind is thoroughly roused,—the selection may be good. The Americans chose General Washington in preference to George the Third, and they chose well. But when the public mind is unexcited,—when there is no great event to stimulate it,—when political transactions are not so large as to awaken diffused feeling and diffused imagination,—the nation *en masse* is indifferent. It is not so much a bad judge as no judge. It has simply no opinion on the matter in hand. In consequence it judges at random; or rather, like a large constituency in parliamentary counties, like the borough of Finsbury or Lambeth, it is apt to fall into the hands of electioneering associations. It is too large to be canvassed, or managed, or personally solicited by the candidate. And as some elective apparatus, some choosing machinery, some mode of saying *who* shall vote for *whom* is necessarily requisite, a perpetual one is created, which chooses, not for patriotic reasons, but for corrupt reasons. The popular mind is at sea; it cannot elect for itself; and it falls into the guidance of professional electors (President-makers is the American word), who choose, not for the best reasons, but for the worst,—not for what the elected man will do, but for what they themselves will get. The vast unorganized popular constituency follows these licensed managers like sheep, as on a much smaller and more manageable scale one of the best of our metropolitan constituencies obeyed the *fiat* of its managers in the choice of Mr. Roupell.

And, secondly, even if the electors under the two forms of Government were equally competent,—even if a skilled assembly at the centre of politics were on a level in inherent capabilities with a scattered unskilful people,—it would not be less true that in accidental opportunities the assembly is far superior to the people. The House of Commons sees Lord Palmerston every day; the American people never saw Mr. Lincoln at all. The choice of a Parliament is made necessarily and naturally from its marked leaders, its authoritative heads of parties, its most prominent and business-like members. The prime minister under a Parliamentary Government must, it has been said, have those qualities.

"A Prime Minister under a Parliamentary constitution must have a very great number of great qualities. He must be a man of business long trained in great affairs; he must be, if not a great orator, a great explainer; he must be able to expound with perspicuity to a mixed assembly complicated measures and involved transactions; he must be a great party leader, and have the knowledge of men, the easy use of men, and the miscellaneous sagacity, which such eminence necessarily implies; he must be a ready man, a managing man, and an intelligible man." But an elective President chosen by the nation *en masse* need not have any of these excellencies. The electors have no means of testing daily and accurately whether he has them or not. An election by the people is a choice by distant people who are unskilled in business, and who have no close opportunities of investigating the respective merits of competing statesmen. The choice of a Parliament is the choice of comparatively skilled men that have the best opportunities of judging of those statesmen who strive as gladiators in the arena before them.

Thirdly. A Parliament can choose for an unfixed time; a people must choose for a fixed one. This follows naturally from the very nature of the two constituencies. A Parliament can act, judge, and decide whenever it happens to be sitting. It is a deliberative assembly, whose forms are contrived to promote due consideration and to expedite careful decision. If new circumstances arise, it can judge of them when they happen; if there is no change, they need come to no new or formal decision. They have a perpetual and latent power of ready choice which is always in reserve. If Lord Palmerston should be unequal to a sudden exigency, we can seek elsewhere; we can in that exigency find, by the choice and intervention of Parliament, a new ruler more precisely fit for it. But a large nation, such as only we need consider in modern times, cannot be continually choosing its rulers, and cannot change them at a sudden emergency. A presidential election at uncertain intervals would be an impossibility. The mass of the people are occupied in their own affairs, busy with their own trade, their profession, or their idleness, and they cannot be *without warning*, called to choose a sovereign. And this contrast between nations and Parliament has two consequences, both favorable to the Ministerial form of Government, and both unfavorable to the Presidential. The President, as we see in the case of Mr. Lincoln, when chosen at the stated day, must be retained till the next stated day of presidential election, however unfit, incompetent, and ignorant he may be: though chosen for quiet times, he must be continued through

unquiet times; though selected for a calm, he must be trusted as principal pilot through a storm. An irremovable ruler is as bad or worse than an unalterable law. Four years is as short a period as can elapse between one national choice of a sovereign and the next. If the interval were much less, the election would be chronic and perpetual, and there never would be a firm sovereign at all. But in four years the whole political world may change. A Crimean War or an Indian mutiny may introduce on a sudden, elements of incalculable force which no one could anticipate beforehand. The worst defect of a Presidential Government is, that it *leaves* for a stated term the supremacy to a single man, without the possibility of knowing beforehand whether he will be fit to control and master the unforeseen (and perhaps perilous) conjunctures which must happen during that term.

Again. It is a minor but still considerable defect of a Presidential Government, that not only does it compel the nation to wait during a certain interval before it makes a new choice of a supreme ruler, but also that it enforces a choice at the end of that interval. In a Parliamentary Government there is no stated day at which Lord Palmerston must be rechosen prime minister. He is removable at pleasure, but he is not under notice to quit; his power does not of itself cease and determine at a particular time. The country, therefore, is not bewildered, nor is its policy deranged, by the proximate probability that upon a certain 4th of March the entire machinery of Government may be changed—that everything which is may cease to be, and everything which is not as yet may begin to be.

In a Presidential Government, therefore, the Executive administrator is chosen by unskilled persons, whereas in a Ministerial Government he is chosen by comparatively skilled persons; he is chosen by persons who have few opportunities of judging, whereas a Parliament has many and good opportunities; he must be chosen at a fixed time, whereas in a Ministerial Constitution the country is never convulsed without necessity, and the same Cabinet may last twenty years; he is chosen for a fixed time, and during that period he must remain, however incompetent he may be to new events and changing circumstances, and though by his gross unfitness he may be palpably ruining the country. Even these several points of superiority are not all which a Parliamentary Government possess, but they are enough to show that we need not grudge our transatlantic relatives that form of Government which the *disunited* States, both North and South, from habit, blindness, and ignorance of what is better, seem both of them disposed to retain.

From The N. Y. Evening Post.
THE ANCIENT WAYS.

TESTIMONIES OF THE FATHERS OF THE
REPUBLIC.

WHO HAVE CHANGED?

WE noticed some days ago the publication of Mr. Livermore's valuable volume,* and promised to give in our columns at another time some extracts from the documents which, with singular industry and good fortune, he has been able to collect, bearing upon the general question: in what light was the negro regarded by those patriots and lovers of liberty whose wisdom and courage founded this Republic? This promise we now proceed to fulfil.

Mr. Livermore begins his volume with extracts from a message of Mr. Jefferson Davis, from speeches of Alexander Stephens, and from the infamous "Dred Scott Decision" of Judge Taney. To these he adds the replies of Judges McLean and Curtis to Taney, and extracts from Mr. George Bancroft's truly eloquent comments on the "Dred Scott Decision," in the 22d of February address before the Common Council of this city; and from Mr. Everett's New York address, July 4th, 1861.

He then proceeds to show, from numerous documents, what was the expressed sentiment of the people of the colonies, and of their leaders, in regard to the natural right of negroes; what was the real place of the blacks in society in the different colonies; how human slavery—negro slavery—was regarded by the leaders of opinion on this continent; what was thought of using negroes as soldiers during the Revolutionary struggle.

In a time like this, when the Republic is threatened with destruction by men who profess to be the only Americans faithful to the traditions of its founders, it is necessary to go back carefully to the opinions of those noble men. "The Union as it was" is a taking party cry, because Americans, while they continue to reverence the wisdom and purity of the framers of our Constitution and Government, are too often blind to the change which the supporters of a terrible wrong

have subtly infused into the spirit of our institutions. "The Union as it was" under Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, is the aspiration of every loyal American, of every faithful lover of liberty. But "the Union as it was" under the administration of Buchanan, as it had been made under the influence of the Davises, the Floyds, the Wigfalls, the Pryors, the Keitts, the Hunters, the Slidells—this Union, in which free speech was forbidden in half our bounds and threatened in the remaining half; in which the name and strength of liberty were prostituted to maintain and extend human bondage; in which a few slave-breeders and slave-drivers, grown defiant and reckless by the too long tolerance of free men, fiercely trampled upon every law guarding liberty, and sought to impose upon the whole nation the duty of guarding their slaves—this Union was not that of Washington. Its spirit was widely different from that which made us a nation powerful and glorious.

It is not slavery, but liberty, which made us great. It was not in the spirit of partial, but of *universal* liberty that our forefathers fought and legislated; and it is in the Free States, amid free speech, with the help of a free press, and in the hearts of free laboring men, that the just and humane spirit of the founders of the Republic has been preserved; while in the Slave States has come about a literal fulfilment of the prophetic words of Jefferson in his Notes on Virginia:—

"The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions; the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submissions on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. The parent storms; the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose rein to the worst of passions; and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances. And with what execration should the statesman be loaded who, permitting one-half the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots, and these into enemies; destroys the morals of the one part, and the *amor patriæ* of the other."

* An Historical Research, respecting the opinions of the Founders of the Republic, on Negroes, as Slaves, as Citizens, and as Soldiers, read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, August 14, 1862, by George Livermore. Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE FATHERS.

To maintain that the founders of the Government created it to perpetuate liberty and not slavery, seems like maintaining the most abject of truisms. Yet in these sad times, brought upon us by the too careless tolerance of a powerful wrong, even this must be proved; and liberty is arraigned upon the very soil which has been called her true home. What, then, did the fathers think and say on this subject?

The first article in our national creed is the key-note to all their thoughts:—

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

It has been truly said by Mr. Bancroft: "The heart of Jefferson in writing the Declaration, and of Congress in adopting it, beat for all humanity: the assertion of right was made for all mankind and all coming generations, without any exception whatever; for the proposition which admits of exceptions can never be self-evident."

Jefferson's opinions of slavery are well-known; but it should be remembered that, strong as they were, and constantly published, they excited no opposition. He was merely expressing the public sentiment of Virginia when he wrote, on August 1, 1774, the instruction for the first delegation of Virginia to the Congress. In this, published afterwards in pamphlet form with the title, "A Summary view of the Rights of British America," this is one of the grievances presented:—

"The abolition of domestic slavery is the great object of desire in these colonies, where it was, unhappily, introduced in their infant state. But, previous to the enfranchisement of the slaves we have, it is necessary to exclude all further importations from Africa. Yet our repeated attempts to effect this by prohibitions, and by imposing duties which might amount to a prohibition, have been hitherto defeated by his majesty's negative."

In accordance with this spirit, the second article of the "Continental Association," adopted and signed by all the members of the Congress October 20th of the same year (1774), reads thus:—

"That we will neither import nor purchase any slave imported after the first day of December next; after which we will wholly discontinue the slave trade, and will neither be concerned in it ourselves, nor will we hire our vessels nor sell our commodities or manufactures to those who are concerned in it."

This was done as the beginning of the abolition of slavery; and it was adopted by all the colonies in their separate Congresses, as well as by their delegates to the General Congress. Nor was the agreement a dead letter, as Mr. Livermore shows, by an address "To the Freemen of Virginia," by the committee of the town of Norfolk, exposing to universal contempt, "as the enemy of American liberty," one "John Brown, merchant of Norfolk," who in the following March was detected in smuggling slaves into Virginia from Jamaica.

It is an odd circumstance that the name of this persistent man-stealer should be the same as his who, eighty-four years afterwards, threw all the South into a ferment by his bold dash at slavery.

Washington all his life condemned slavery, and at his death set free his slaves. One of the last acts of Franklin's life was to sign "an Address to the Public from the Pennsylvania Society for the Abolition of Slavery." John Adams wrote, a few years before his death:—

"I have, through my whole life, held the practice of slavery in such abhorrence that I have never owned a negro or any other slave."

Jefferson intended, as he wrote to M. de Meusnier, to introduce in the Virginia Assembly, had he not been called to France, "an amendatory clause for the gradual abolition of slavery;" and he adds in the same note, in allusion to the matter having been put off, as inexpedient at that time:—

"But we must await with patience the workings of an overruling Providence, and hope that that is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full; when their groans shall have involved heaven itself in darkness—doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and, by diffusing light and liberality among their oppressors, or, at length, by his exterminating thunder, manifest his attention to the things of

this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of a blind fatality."

Christopher Gadsden and Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, have left their testimony in opposition to slavery in no ambiguous terms. Mr. Laurens wrote from Charleston in August, 1776, a letter quoted by Mr. Livermore, setting out with the words: "You know, my dear son, I abhor slavery." He proclaims to the son his intention to set free his slaves, and asks for his "concurrence and approbation, advice and assistance."

In the Constitutional Convention, Mr. Madison "thought it *wrong* to admit in the Constitution the idea of property in men," and this was the prevailing opinion in the convention: Southern as well as Northern men agreeing in the expressed opinion of Mr. Pinckney, of South Carolina, that "if the Southern States are let alone, they will probably of themselves stop importations; he would himself, as a citizen of South Carolina, vote for it,"—and of Mr. Ellsworth, that "slavery, in time, will not be a speck in our country."

Gouverneur Morris, of Pennsylvania, to whom was finally committed the Constitution, to give finish to the style and arrangement of that instrument, said, in 1787, "he never would concur in upholding domestic slavery. It was a nefarious institution. It was the curse of Heaven on the States where it prevailed."

Luther Martin, of Maryland, held that the continued importation of slaves was "inconsistent with the principles of the Revolution, and dishonorable to the American character."

Colonel Mason, of Virginia, said that,—

"Slavery discourages arts and manufactures. The poor despise labor when performed by slaves. They prevent the emigration of whites, who really enrich and strengthen a country. They produce the most pernicious effect on manners. Every master of slaves is born a petty tyrant. They bring the judgment of Heaven on a country. As nations cannot be rewarded or punished in the next world, they must be in this. By an inevitable chain of causes and effects, Providence punishes national sins by national calamities. He held it essential, in every point of view, that the General Government should have the power to prevent the increase of slavery."

James Wilson, appointed by Washington

Judge of the Supreme Court, said of the constitutional power given to Congress to prohibit the importation of slaves:—

"I consider this as laying the foundation for banishing slavery out of this country; and though the period is more distant than I could wish, yet it will produce the same kind, gradual change which was pursued in Pennsylvania."

"I am sorry that it could be extended no farther; but, so far as it operates, it presents us with the pleasing prospect, that the rights of mankind will be acknowledged and established throughout the Union."

"If there was no other lovely feature in the Constitution but this one, it would diffuse a beauty over its whole countenance. Yet the lapse of a few years, and Congress will have power to exterminate slavery from within our borders."

In 1796 Mr. St. George Tucker, law-professor in William and Mary College, in Virginia, published a treatise entitled "A Dissertation on Slavery, with a Proposal for the Gradual Abolition of it in the State of Virginia." In his preface to the essay he speaks of the "abolition of slavery in this State as an object of the first importance, not only to our moral character and domestic peace, but even to our political salvation." In 1797, Mr. Pinckney, in the legislature of Maryland, maintained that, "by the eternal principles of justice, no man in the State has a right to hold his slave a single hour."

CITIZENSHIP OF FREE BLACKS.

Thus much as to the faith of the founders of the Republic on the subject of human slavery.

The fourth of the Articles of Confederation declared the citizenship of free negroes in these words: "The free inhabitants of each of these States—paupers, vagabonds, and fugitives from justice excepted—shall be entitled to all the immunities of free citizens in the several States." Mr. Livermore remarks:—

"It was not by accident or oversight that negroes were included in the phrase 'free inhabitants;' for, when this article was under consideration, the delegates from South Carolina moved to amend by inserting between the words 'free' and 'inhabitants' the word 'white.' The proposed amendment was lost; only two States voting in the affirmative. In the ninth article,

providing for forces for the common defence, the word 'white' was retained. The State of New Jersey, although a slaveholding State, objected to this, and made a representation to Congress on the subject."

Judge Curtis said truly, as to the citizenship of black men in our early days:—

"At the time of the ratification of the Articles of Confederation all free native-born inhabitants of the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and South Carolina, though descended from African slaves, were not only citizens of those States, but such of them as had the other necessary qualifications possessed the franchise of elections, on equal terms with other citizens."

He quotes a decision of Judge Gaston, of North Carolina, in "*The State agt. Manuel*," where the judge says:—

"Foreigners, until made members of the State, remained aliens. Slaves, manumitted here, became freemen; and, therefore, if born within North Carolina, are citizens of North Carolina; and all free persons born within the State are born citizens of the State. The Constitution extended the elective franchise to every freeman who had arrived at the age of twenty-one and paid a public tax; and it is a matter of universal notoriety that, under it, free persons without regard to color, claimed and exercised the franchise, until it was taken from free men of color a few years since by an amended constitution."

BLACK SOLDIERS.

In relation to the question of using negroes as soldiers, Mr. Livermore has collected a most important mass of evidence, all going to show that the wisest and foremost men of the Revolutionary struggle were favorable to the employment of negro soldiers; and that, in fact, black men were in the Revolutionary armies in considerable numbers, and fought bravely—often desperately—for the cause of liberty, theirs as much as any one's.

Crispus Attucks was a mulatto slave, advertised as a runaway, for whose return ten pounds would be paid, in 1750. Twenty years afterwards, on March 5th, 1770, he rallied a wavering crowd of citizens, led them against the soldiers, and himself fell by their fire, the first martyr in the Boston Massacre, of which Daniel Webster said: "From that moment we may date the severance of the British empire."

Attucks was buried with public honors and the stone placed over the four victims of the massacre had this inscription:—

"Long as in Freedom's cause the wise contend,
Dear to your country shall your fame extend,
While to the world the lettered stone shall tell
Where Caldwell, Attucks, Gray, and Maverick fell."

At the battle of Bunker Hill, on the memorable 17th of June, 1775, negro soldiers stood side by side, and fought bravely, with their white brethren; and Peter Salem, a negro soldier, once a slave, fired the shot which killed Major Pitcairn, of the British marines who led the assault. Colonel Trumbull, in his celebrated historic picture of this battle introduces conspicuously the colored patriot Peter served faithfully as a soldier, during the war, in Colonel Nixon's regiment.

Concerning Salem Poor, another negro soldier who served in the same battle, Mr. Livermore prints a petition to the Massachusetts General Court, for a reward, sent in by officers of his regiment, as being due him for behaving "like an experienced officer as well as an excellent soldier."

Samuel Lawrence, of Groton, "at one time commanded a company whose rank and file were all negroes, of whose courage, military discipline, and fidelity, he always spoke with respect. On one occasion, being out reconnoitring with this company, he got so far in advance of his command that he was surrounded, and on the point of being made prisoner by the enemy. The men, soon discovering his peril, rushed to his rescue, and fought with the most determined bravery till that rescue was effectually secured. He never forgot this circumstance, and ever after took especial pains to show kindness and hospitality to any individual of the colored race who came near his dwelling."

ENLISTMENT OF NEGROES IN THE STATES.

At the commencement of the war, says Mr. Livermore, it appears to have been customary for the free negroes to be enrolled with white citizens in the militia. In many instances slaves also stood in the ranks with freemen, but shortly it was ordered that only freemen should be admitted to the army, and by various regulations of most of the States it became the rule that a man who had served the country against the enemy was by that act made free.

South Carolina, in 1775, authorized the enrolment of slaves as "pioneers and laborers," but the selfish slaveholders afterwards revoked this permission, though the best patriots in the State urged that negroes should be employed not only as pioneers but as soldiers. Mr. Livermore remarks :—

"Although slavery existed throughout the country, it is a significant fact that the principal opposition to negro soldiers came from the States where there was the least hearty and efficient support of the principles of Republican Government, and the least ability or disposition to furnish an equal or fair quota of white soldiers."

It would seem that in this respect at least South Carolina has not changed.

"South Carolina and Georgia contained so many Tories, at one time, that it was supposed the British officers, who elsewhere would, by proclamation, free all negroes joining the royal army, might hesitate to meddle with them in these colonies, lest 'the king's friends' should suffer thereby."

Congress, at the motion of Southern members, determined, in 1775, that negroes be rejected from the army; but they were there already, and, as would seem, in considerable numbers. General Washington wrote, remonstrating, in December, 1775; and Mr. Sparks says :—

"The resolve was not adhered to. . . . Many black soldiers were in the service during all stages of the war."

General Thomas wrote of negroes in the army in 1775 :—

"We have some negroes, but I look upon them in general equally serviceable with other men for fatigue; and in action many of them have proved themselves brave."

As to another class in the army he has not so good a report :—

"I would avoid all reflection, or anything that may tend to give umbrage; but there is in this army from the southward a number called riflemen, who are as indifferent men as I ever served with. These privates are mutinous, and often deserting to the enemy; unwilling for duty of any kind; exceedingly vicious; and, I think, the army here would be as well without as with them."

THE BRITISH GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION.

Governor Dunmore issued a proclamation of emancipation in Virginia, early in the war,

which created great consternation. But he was a narrow-minded and selfish man; he offered freedom only to such as came to his banners—the able-bodied men, that is—and gave himself no concern about the women and children. The negroes quickly saw that he cared nothing for them, but only for his own ends; and his selfishness found its reward in the loss of their confidence; so that, though the slaveholders were alarmed, the proclamation had little other effect. Yet all through the Revolution the threat of freeing the slaves was a terror to the Southern people. The Virginia planters took care to point out to their slaves that Dunmore promised freedom only to the able-bodied. Mr. Livermore quotes a paper printed in Williamsburg, Virginia, in which this point is made. On the other hand this hope is held out to the slaves as the reward for faithfulness :—

"Can it, then, be supposed that the negroes will be better used by the English, who have always encouraged and upheld this slavery, than by their present masters, who pity their condition; who wish, in general, to make it as easy and comfortable as possible; and who would, were it in their power, or were they permitted, not only prevent any more negroes from losing their freedom, but restore it to such as have already unhappily lost it!"

In 1776 General Greene reports to Washington that "eight hundred negroes were then collected on Staten Island to be formed into a regiment. On the 23d October, 1777, a Hessian officer, who was with Burgoyne at the time of his surrender, wrote in his journal, of our army :—

"The negro can take the field, instead of his master; and therefore no regiment is to be seen in which there are not negroes in abundance; among them there are able-bodied, strong, and brave fellows."

The capture of the British General Prescott, near Newport in 1777, which was hailed with joy through the country, was performed by Colonel Barton; a negro named Prince, who was part of his force, butting in with his head the door of the general's chamber.

Negroes were enlisted as "substitutes" in the army in Connecticut, to the number of some hundreds. The Rhode Island Assembly, in 1778, authorized the enlistment of slaves, who were to be freed on enlisting,

and receive the same pay, etc., as white soldiers. The masters were paid for the slaves. And here is a sample of these Rhode Island freedmen's quality :—

"When Colonel Greene was surprised and murdered, near Points Bridge, New York, on the 14th of May, 1781, his colored soldiers heroically defended him till they were cut to peices, and the enemy reached him over the dead bodies of his faithful negroes."

In 1778 the General Court of Massachusetts sanctioned the enrolment of negroes, but not in a special corps. In Maryland, John Cadwallader wrote from Annapolis, in 1781 :—

"We have resolved to raise immediately seven hundred and fifty negroes, to be incorporated with the other troops ; and a bill is now almost completed."

In New York, in the same year, the Legislature offered a piece of land to the master for every slave he placed in the army, and freed the slave, if he served faithfully.

In South Carolina Henry Laurens and his son Colonel John Laurens strongly urged the enlistment of blacks. Henry wrote in 1779 to Washington :—

"Had we arms for three thousand such black men as I could select in Carolina, I should have no doubt of success in driving the British out of Georgia and subduing East Florida, before the end of July."

John Laurens received from Congress a commission as lieutenant-colonel, on the day when a report was made to raise negro troops in South Carolina. He wished to command a negro corps. Sir Henry Clinton was already using negroes as soldiers, and it is instructive to read in the report to Congress the representations of the South Carolina authorities, that they were

"Unable to make any effectual efforts with militia, *by reason of the great proportion of citizens necessary to remain at home to prevent insurrections among the negroes,*

and to prevent the desertion of them to the enemy."

Will not the President's Proclamation once more subject South Carolina to this disability ? And if so, is it not an excellent and most advisable war measure ?

As for the conduct of slaveholders, where they lost their slaves by the act of war, let the example and the words of Jefferson be their model. He wrote of a visit of Lord Cornwallis to his plantation :—

"He carried off also about thirty slaves. *Had this been to give them freedom, he would have done right ;* but it was to consign them to inevitable death from the small-pox and putrid fever, then raging in his camp. This I knew afterwards to be the fate of twenty-seven of them."

General Lincoln repeatedly and earnestly implored that the army in the South might be strengthened by enlisting negroes. Mr. Madison thought it advisable to enlist blacks. Colonel Laurens made continual efforts in this direction, and General Washington wrote these severe words to Laurens, when the latter announced the opposition which had been made in South Carolina and Georgia to the enlistment of blacks. Mr. Livermore says truly that Washington seldom wrote anything so severe :—

"I must confess that I am not at all astonished at the failure of your plan. That spirit of freedom, which, at the commencement of this contest, would have gladly sacrificed everything to the attainment of its object, has long since subsided, and every selfish passion has taken its place. It is not the public but private interest which influences the generality of mankind ; nor can the Americans any longer boast an exception. Under these circumstances, it would rather have been surprising if you had succeeded ; nor will you, I fear, have better success in Georgia."

Let us ponder these lessons from our own history.

From The N. Y. Evening Post.

Diary from March, 1857, to December, 1862.

By Adam Gurowski. Boston: Lee and Shepard, 1862.

THIS work is a crabbed specimen of authorship. It says many things that could only have been learned by a betrayal of confidence, and many things founded upon the idlest rumor. It prejudices both men and things. The humor of it is sometimes that of Thersites, when his thorny tongue lashed the heroes of the camp, and sometimes that of Caliban when he cursed the arts of his superiors. No one, we think, can much admire its manner, very few will accept its matter—and yet it is a book to be carefully read. Under the rough and prickly burr there is a nutritive nut. It contains truths which the American people, and above all the leaders of the American people, ought to ponder.

Count Gurowski, the author, is a Polish exile, who had taken part in the wars of his native country for human freedom, and who sought refuge in this land of freedom from the storms of adverse fortune. He is a scholar of some pretensions, a keen observer, a trained thinker, and a writer of considerable force. His works on the Russian Empire and on America are the products of a reflective and philosophic mind. He has studied society thoroughly, and politics with no little discernment and insight. A Radical by conviction and sympathy, he has learned to distrust and despise the acknowledged and revered authorities of the world. His habitual tone has become that of the grumbler and cynic: and this tone has been deepened and soured by personal disappointments. A fugitive from the abuses and miseries of the old world, he has not always found the consolation and solace which his imagination led him to expect in the new. Thus, without youth or hope, his illusions and ideals dissolved, and his future cheerless, he has none of the elevation, the confidence, and the kindness which belong to youth and hope. His judgments are acrid: his outlooks gloomy; and he tries our young and inexperienced men by standards created as much by an overweening self-estimate, as by the sense of truth and justice.

We have said, however, that in spite of this superficial repulsiveness, there is truth under the skin, and we will state what we

take it to be. Count Gurowski discerns, in the first place, the lamentable mistakes of the actual Administration. He sees that a gigantic and infamous war against the noblest principles of human government and the most benignant institutions—a war begun by slavery, upheld by slavery, and which has no meaning or end except slavery—has not been managed with any adequate perception of its nature or malignity. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward not only long failed to see the inherent and inseparable connection of slavery with the war, but they quailed before its power, debilitated as it has been even in the Border States. They approached it always shivering, and hit it, when they did hit it, like schoolboys striking a vicious ox, with side blows from which they immediately ran away. On this point Mr. Seward's diplomatic correspondence is good testimony.

Again: in the military management of our affairs the author before us sees an incapacity that no sensible man now denies. The Administration kept at the head of its principal armies a captain of engineers who had had no experience to recommend him, who was an utter novice in war, who was singularly unenterprising and slow, and whose delays and failures became so monstrous in their effects that the whole civil community cried out against him; and yet, in spite of disastrous delays, immense battles lost, calamitous retreats—(puerile and bombastic despatches, notorious injustice to worthy subordinate generals, an utter want of sympathy in the objects of the war, we will not speak of)—persistent disobedience of orders, and the remonstrances of nearly every sincere friend of the Administration, he was sedulously retained in the place he was so incompetent to fill. And when at last he was removed, the grand opportunity for ending the campaign of Maryland and perhaps of the war, was frustrated and lost by his determined do-nothingism. Under such circumstances, it is not strange that an earnest, impulsive observer, whose soul was absorbed in the success of the war, should break out into maledictions of the authors of the result.

But while it was only natural that he should thus have revolted at the too patent signs of a want of discernment, decision, and firmness in the Administration, it was at the

same time unjust not to allow for the peculiar circumstances in the political opinion of the country which may have produced its hesitation. It was more particularly unjust not to acknowledge that at length the Administration discovered its mistake and reformed its policy. By the proclamation of September 22, the President has shown that he now comprehends the full measure of his duties, and Mr. Seward, in his later correspondence with Messrs. Adams, Dayton, and Perry, has given a full and able approval of its principles. In witness of the same change, by the removal of McClellan, their military errors are in a fair way of being corrected, and the prosecution of the war rendered more vigorous than it ever yet has been. That extraordinary mistakes may have been made, we are, then, ready to admit; but we regard it as only ill-natured and splenetic to dwell upon those mistakes after every effort has been essayed to return to the right path. Our Administration is, for the time being, our government, and when that government is assailed by traitors, however much we may deplore its errors, we are yet bound to rally to its support.

In spite of his bitter oburgations against our leading statesmen and military men, against Lincoln, Seward, Halleck, McClellan, Fremont and innumerable others—for the unhappy writer is by no means limited or partial in the range of his indignation—he sees that there are, nevertheless, some men of civic virtue among our statesmen, and some generals of comprehension and skill among our military chieftains. He finds in Stanton, Wade, Welles, Chandler, and many others, an honest devotion to great civic and national ends; and in Banks, Sigel, Grant, McDowell, and our entire naval service, the most noble and gallant examples of patriotic efficiency.

But the feature of the work which redeems its defects in other respects, and even commends it to admiration, is the stern, unmoved, enthusiastic confidence with which the writer relies upon the energies and purity of the American people. In spite of constitutional cynicism, in spite of his disappointments, in spite of his disgust at the politicians, and his contempt for leaders, he retains his convictions of the essential superiority of the principles of self-government, and his ardent reliance on the popular mass-

es. He is moved to perpetual exclamations of delight by the sublime enthusiasm, energy, and devotion of the American people, and it is the fact that a people so confiding, disinterested, and good should be in any way betrayed or unworthily guided, which adds poignancy to his sorrow and bitterness to his criticisms.

THE DARK SIDE: THE BRIGHT SIDE: THE PRACTICABLE SIDE.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:

WE are discovering at last that the South are a dangerous people. Warlike, audacious, needy, unscrupulous, individually disinclined and disqualified for industrial pursuits, but both inclined and qualified for war, rapine, and conquest, their separate existence is incompatible with the peace of the world. Such men in former times inaugurated the dark ages, and now control the miserable destinies of Spanish America. There is no safety for civilization, liberty, or human progress, but in their absolute suppression.

This suppression can be effected by a united North, and a war of moderate continuance, such as those to which other nations have been accustomed to submit. History tells of wars of ten years' and of thirty years' duration, but our war has not yet lasted two years. The tremendous struggle of England against France, beginning in 1793, and lasting (with the brief exception of the peace of Amiens) till the battle of Waterloo in 1815, occupied more than twenty-one years. And this was a war of fluctuating fortunes, of fruitless and ruinous expenditures, of disheartening failures and defeats,—nevertheless manfully carried on under different and adverse administrations, with the unwelcome accompaniments of the press-gang and the tax-gatherer, of grinding imposts and unfathomable debt, until England came out of it at last, perhaps the most wealthy and powerful nation of the globe.

We have yet to learn, what every nation in Europe has had to learn, that war, if not the normal state of mankind, is nevertheless an endurable state. It can be indefinitely borne by a nation conscious of its own power, the justice of its cause, and the slow but sure decline of its adversary. The South began this contest with abundance of food

and clothing, with ships and trade, with flourishing commercial cities and a great staple which was indispensable to the civilized world. How many of these things, have they left to enjoy or to use at the present time? Certainly, if the progressive impoverishment of the next year shall bear its due proportion to that of the last,—if there is anything reliable in the bodings of their own newspapers,—if the supporting of an immense army is ruinous to a cramped and exhausted country,—if drawn battles, or even victories, shall leave them worse off than before, then the end of their career must be only a question of time.

Meanwhile the North is relatively rich, progressive, and prosperous. The cities are busy, the crops abundant, the markets prompt and remunerative, the wages of labor high, the inducements for immigration great, manufactures, commerce, and agriculture all actively and profitably pursued, the taxation by no means excessive when compared with that of other nations, and the national debt, if it becomes large enough to reach posterity, sure to constitute a firm, cementing bond of the Union.

The importance of the South has been overrated. If the Southern States were swallowed up by an earthquake, the world would be again supplied with cotton in two years. Cotton is an annual plant requiring for its production only seed, soil, and necessity. The seed is always to be had,—the soil constitutes a zone round the earth of some seventy degrees,—the necessity is furnished by starving Europe, and by the high price of cotton, which now makes it by far the most profitable crop that can be anywhere raised.

Two years more of vigorous war and blockade will cause the world to supply itself with cotton, without an earthquake. The hundred new places which are now struggling to raise cotton, will be five hundred next year. And when the production

shall have once more overtaken the demand, cotton will become a drug; and if it shall ever happen that the pacified South shall be able to return to the cultivation of cotton, it will only be to render it still more a drug, exceeding in that character all other kinds of property except negro property, which will then not pay for keeping.

It now seems probable that the future acts in the drama of this war will be better adapted to our own character and power, as well as to those of the enemy, than they have hitherto been. We shall make it a question of relative endurance, rather than of enormous invasion and illimitable bloodshed. There is no doubt that a Napoleon or a Pellissier might take Richmond by the sacrifice of a hundred thousand men; but the prize would not be worth a hundredth part of the cost. On the other hand, how long can the devastated fields and exhausted granaries of Virginia hold out in supporting the army of locusts which now, in the character of defenders, infests and devours them? Yet such an army must be kept up in every Southern State to protect its vulnerable points from the inroads which are made at comparatively little expense, on every coast and river.

The Fabian policy, which under Washington carried us through the Revolution, will again carry us through this war. The hot blood of the South may at times prove more than a match for us in the onset of the battle-field, but it poorly bears the weary and consuming influence of passive warfare,—of labor wasted on trenches instead of crops,—of starving families deserted by drafted men, and left to the doubtful fidelity of slaves,—of idle and marauding soldiers driven by hunger to plunder friends and foes,—of factious and desperate parties, and the deferred hope of a military empire founded on the wretchedness of the many for the benefit of the few.

B.

THE UNION, AS IT SHALL BE.

On the rocks we read the story
Of the revolutions grand,
Which in ages past and hoary
Swept o'er mountain, sea, and land;
There we trace the mighty stages
Of the world's historic time;
And we mark the buried ages
By their monuments sublime;
And the lesson old earth teaches,
By her grand symbolic forms,
Is, that she all beauty reaches,
Through upheavals, fires, and storms.

History points with solemn finger
To her records dim and old,
And, as thoughtfully we linger,
Still the lesson there is told;
Through the struggles and the burnings,
Through the stern and frantic strife,
Through the nations' fierce upturnings,
Put they on a fresher life;
Then they pass to higher stages
Both of beauty and renown;
In the conflict of the ages
Greatness doth the nations crown.

Lo! we feel the wild upheaval
Of a nation's hidden fires;
Right is battling with the Evil,
And the smoke to heaven aspires;
War, tumultuous and red-lighted,
Sweepeth with sirocco blast,
And our green young land is blighted,
As the tempest whirlleth past:
Not the death-throe of the nation
Is this wild and awful hour,
'Tis its painful transformation
To a nobler life of power.

As the fossils huge were buried
In the massy folds of rock,
So our Saurian crime is hurried
To its death-throe in the shock;
'Neath the Union's broad foundations
Shall the monster Slavery lie,
While the coming generations
Ponder o'er the mystery:
Through long periods of beauty,
From its dark transition time,
In its march of power and duty,
Shall the Union live sublime.

Nobler, freer, and more glorious,
Shall the future Union be;
O'er the despot's rod victorious,
All the lands its strength shall see;
North and South in one dominion,
One in freedom evermore.
O'er one land on loving pinion
Shall the lordly eagle soar;
Northern lake, and Southern harbor,
Cotton field, and prairie wide,
Seaside slope, and greenwood arbor,
All shall boast the Union's pride.

On, through all the stormy trial,
God shall bring us on our way,
Let us meet the stern denial,
Let us watch and wait and pray;
Up from all this tribulation
We shall rise a nobler land,
And in peerless exaltation
'Mid the nations envied stand:
Welcome storm and fire and peril!
Fields elysian yet shall rise,
O'er our war-worn wastes and sterile,
Wrought by freemen's sacrifice.

D. WILLIAMS.

Oxford, N. Y.

—*Anti-Slavery Standard*

VICTORIA REGINA.

PERCHANCE 'tis well thou wear'st a crown;
It serves to signalize
That woman's worth and fair renown
Are brightest verities—
Are not eclipsed by earthly glow
To dullest eyes.

Thou reignest by a twofold right—
The ancient right of kings
Hath placed upon thy brow a might
To rule o'er many things
Whose glory, saith the Sacred Word,
Swift taketh wings.

Thou reignest by a larger right—
The right of womanhood
Hath placed within thine heart a might
To sway men's souls to good—
Winning for thee in every land
Some holy rood.

So speak we that we know full well,
And what our land hath seen,
To testify with utter truth
The Woman crowns the Queen,
And royal is the robe, whose folds
Catch heavenly sheen.

For when, with inward-bleeding wound,
Smitten most grievously,
Our country learned, with eyes astound,
How false a friend might be;
Thine influence tempered bitter winds
That blew o'er sea.

So thou subduest wide domain
Beyond the reach of sword—
What force of arms could never gain
We yield with one accord,
And own the Right of Kings divine,
When in the Lord.

H.

—*Daily Advertiser.*

THE LIVING AGE.

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NEW BOOKS.

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THE REBELLION RECORD: a Diary of American Events. Edited by Frank Moore. Part 25. Containing Portraits of Brig. Gen. Wadsworth, Gen. Bragg, C. A. New York: G. P. Putnam. [Preparing for publication, by Little, Son & Co.: Little Flags, the Alms-House Foundling.

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ENTIRE SUBMISSION

God's ways are not as our ways, his thoughts
are not as ours,
He wounds us sore with cruel thorns where we
have stooped for flowers;
But oh! 'tis from the oft-pierced heart those
precious drops distil,
That many a life, else all unblest, with healing
balm shall fill;
Then give, oh, give the flower to those who pray
it so may be,
But I would choose to have the thorns with thee,
dear Lord, with thee.

Man judgeth man in ignorance, he seeth but in
part,
Our trust is in our Maker, God, who searcheth
every heart;
And every wrong and every woe, when put be-
neath our feet,
As stepping-stones may help us on to his high
mercy-seat;
Then teach us still to smile, O Lord, though
sharp the stones may be,
Remembering that they bring us near to thee,
dear Lord, to thee.

Mist-veiled and rough the path we tread, e'er
haunted as we go,
With piteous sights of wretchedness and piteous
sounds of woe;
And eagerly for happiness we look on either
side,
To find all pleasures Time can give leave us un-
satisfied;
Oh, make me of those blessed ones, from earth's
vain troubles free,
Whose constant souls rest every hope in thee,
dear Lord, in thee.

So bitter 'is the cup of life we fain would drink
no more,
"Oh, let this cup but pass from me!" in anguish
we implore;
But days and months and years roll on, and lo!
'tis asked at length,
When was it that our souls put on new majesty
and strength?
All is revealed. The Marah-draught no longer
we would flee,
'Tis held in wisdom to our lips by thee, dear
Lord, by thee.

Our nearest and our dearest go—go from us
one by one;
Where now are those who walked with us, 'neath
youth's unclouded sun?
Sadder than separation, sadder than death came
change,
And our once blooming Paradise is now a des-
ert strange,
Yet in this desolation I ask but faith to see
That nothing can divide us now from thee, dear
Lord, from thee.

—Transcript.

Fort Schuyler, Dec. 5th, 1862.

PICTURE OF THE MILLENNIUM IN THE
NURSEERY.

THE Prophet's eye was opened
The golden time to see,
When wolf and lamb together
Shall dwell in unity;

When calf and royal lion
Are led by tiny hand,
And none shall hurt or injure
Within God's peaceful land.

Upon thy little table,
Thy childish play to me
Presents the golden era,
Earth's blessed jubilee.

When from thy ark thou takest
Beasts tame as well as wild,
And sheep and wolves together
Receive thy welcome mild.

The lamb, whose leg was broken,
Thou playfully dost chide,
And givest to the tiger,
That he may be its guide.

Thou feedest dove and martin
With crumbs of bread and cake;
The hungry bear and lion,
The same repast do take.

A cosy bed thou makest
The hen and heavy bear;
The timid hare and leopard,
How soundly they sleep there!

Thus on thy little table
Thy play reveals to me
The sacred, golden future;
Peace be, dear child, with thee!
FROM THE GERMAN.

—Good Words.

AUTUMNAL SONNET.

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the
woods,
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,
And night by night the monitory blast
Wails in the keyhole, telling how it passed
O'er empty fields, or upland solitudes,
Or grim wide wave; and now the power is felt
Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods
Than any joy indulgent Summer dealt.
Dear friends, together in the glimmering eve,
Pensive and glad, with tones that recognise
The soft, invisible dew on each one's eyes,
It may be somewhat thus we shall have leave
To walk with memory, when distant lies
Poor earth, where we were wont to live and
grieve.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

From Fraser's Magazine.
"SIPPURIM."

It would not perhaps be easy to find a spot more calculated to excite a profound and melancholy interest than the old burial-ground of the Jews at Prague. After threading the narrow streets and alleys of the Ghetto, the stranger finds himself suddenly standing at the entrance of a spacious but gloomy yard, in which are heaped up the ashes of the countless dead. The air of desolation, the strange unknown characters on the decaying gravestones, the tangled undergrowth of weeds, combine to create an impression most sad and solemn. As we stand lost in dreamy reverie, memory slips back to days long past and gone. Imagination peoples the space with dim phantoms of a vanished race. Visions of gray-bearded Rabbis, of Jewish youths and maidens, of Rachels weeping for their children, arise in swift succession, and

"The air is full of farewells for the dying."

For the dust of centuries lies here. The Jews, indeed, have now for many years been compelled to seek elsewhere a resting-place for their dead. It had become impossible any longer to find vacant room within the crowded, overflowing precincts of the old cemetery. But if we would recall the day when the fresh sod was turned, when the first occupant of this holy ground was carried forth to burial, we must look back for almost a thousand years.

The early history of the Bohemian Jews is enveloped in profound obscurity. The most learned antiquaries differ as to the exact time when they first settled in the country, and all the ancient records have perished in the various conflagrations with which the Jews' town has from time to time been visited. Passing over an old tradition, which would refer the foundation of the colony to a still more remote antiquity, we find it stated upon the authority of an old manuscript, formerly in the library at Oppenheim, that Lybyssa, who built the city of Prague in the year 760, and was herself accounted a prophetess, called her son to her upon her death-bed, and thus addressed him, "I go home to my forefathers, and before my departure would reveal the future to you. When thy posterity are ruling over my people, an alien, fugitive, oppressed race, which prays to one

God alone, will seek a refuge in our forests. I would that they may be hospitably received, that thy posterity may vouchsafe them protection, for they will bring a blessing on the fields of this country." She died, but the memory of her prophecy survived; and more than a century after her death, when Hostiwit was on the throne, she appeared to him in a dream, and said, "The time has arrived when my prophecy shall be fulfilled. A people, few in numbers, and oppressed, which prays to one God alone, will appear before the steps of thy throne imploring succor. Receive them hospitably, and graciously accord them refuge and protection."

In the year 850, when a horde of Wends poured over Lithuania and Muscovy, chasing away the original inhabitants and establishing themselves in their place, a Jewish community was expelled with the rest. For ten years these unfortunates wandered, houseless and homeless, over the land, and at length arrived in Bohemia. Weary and worn out, they implored an audience of Hostiwit. Their request was granted, and they were ordered to send two of their old men as their representatives. The duke received them graciously, and asked, "Who are you? What do you desire?" The ambassadors fell on their knees and said, "Mighty duke! We come of a race few in numbers, and call ourselves after the founder of our tribe, Abraham, Hebrews. We are, with our women and children, but one hundred and fifty souls. We were living peacefully in Muscovy when a potent enemy invaded us, conquered the land, and expelled its inhabitants. We have been wandering without rest over the wide world. The cold heath was our bed, the hard rock our pillow, the blue sky our covering. We are a peaceful people, few in numbers, weak in strength. We follow the law of Moses. We believe in one God alone, who is omniscient, almighty, all-just, and all-merciful, whose glory filleth the whole earth. We make our humble supplication before thee, O duke, that it may please thee to allow us to settle here, and to build ourselves houses to dwell in. Your land is broad enough, and your subjects seem faithful and honest. Accord us thy mighty protection, O duke, and we will be faithful to thee, and will pray our God to grant glory and victory to thy people." When they had made an end, the duke perceived that this was the

people whose arrival had been foretold. He bade them tarry for two days, when he would give them an answer.

After consultation with his nobles and advisers, the duke determined to grant the petition of the Jews, and assigned them a district on the left bank of the Moldau. The Jews faithfully observed their promise; and the most ancient Bohemian chronicler, Cosmos, relates that the Jews of Prague so powerfully assisted Hostiwit when at war with the Germans, with money and forage, that he succeeded in driving them out of Bohemia.

Thus it would seem that the Jews were established in Bohemia even in heathen times. Under Boriwoj, who was baptized in the year 900 (or, according to Palacky, in the year 871), their numbers had multiplied so exceedingly that the space originally allotted to them had become too small. They petitioned, therefore, for another quarter, and the duke conceded to them that district on the right bank of the Moldau which is occupied by the Jews' town even to this day. The building of the city was commenced in the year 907. Later on, a large adjoining field was added as a burial-ground.

Innumerable traditions, as we can well believe, have grown up and gathered round the sacred soil. Every stone in the graveyard would furnish matter for some tale of thrilling horror. No history, indeed, is so tragical and romantic as was that of the Jews, whether considered collectively or individually, during many centuries. Tragical: for they were after all but strangers and sojourners in lands that they might never really call their own. They were despised, persecuted, exposed to every lawless caprice of princes or people. They were cut off from all equal intercourse with their fellow-men, confined within the narrow boundaries of a quarter set apart for them, as though they were so many noisome beasts. Romantic—for in proportion to the total want of other interests, to their entire sequestration from all active share in the affairs of the State or community within which they dwelt, was the intensity of the affection, the passion with which they clung to their own brethren, their own law,—to the hopes of a future triumphant restoration of their race. Sublime indeed was the confidence with which, through all the vicissitudes of fortune, they

clung to this hope. Generation after generation might pass away, might drop unheeded into the grave, but the promises would surely never fail; and trust in their fulfilment was as oil and balm in the wounds of many a poor broken-hearted Jew;—a confidence that as God had promised, he would surely perform, gilded his last moments with a ray of hope, as he breathed out his soul under the tortures of some ruthless Christian baron, or the flames of a Holy Inquisition. Take the following short history as an illustration of one of those sudden persecutions to which the Jews were at any moment exposed, and of the heroic courage with which they were encountered. The massacre alluded to was perpetrated within the walls of the Old-new (Alt-neu) synagogue at Prague:—

"It happened in the days of Wenceslaus the *Slothful*, that a knight was inflamed with lust for a Jewish maiden. She repelled his shameful proposals with virtuous indignation. The arts of seduction were foiled by the maiden's steadfast determination. The knight therefore resolved to attain his purpose by violence. The day of the Feast of the Atonement seemed to him the best suited for the accomplishment of his plan. He knew that Judith—so the maiden was named—would on that day be staying at home with her blind mother, while all the other members of the family were detained by prayer and pious exercises in the house of God. On the evening of that day Judith was softly praying by the bedside of her slumbering mother. The door of her chamber opened, and her detested persecutor entered with sparkling eyes. Unmoved by her prayers, or tears, he already held Judith fast embraced in his powerful arms, when a lucky chance brought her brother home to inquire after the health of his mother and sister. The terrible unutterable wrath that took possession of him gave the man, naturally powerful, the strength of a giant. He wrenched the sword out of the villain's hand, who had only the women to thank that he did not pay for the attempted infamy with the forfeit of his life. With kicks and grim mockery the outraged brother drove the dissolute fellow from the house. The knight, exposed to the scorn of the people, who had assembled in considerable numbers, swore a bloody, deadly revenge against the Jews. He kept his word.

"Long ago expelled from the ranks of the nobility on account of his worthless behavior, the knight had cultivated a connection with some discontented idle burghers of the city,

and these he hoped to make the ministers of his cruel vengeance. Some short time afterwards he put himself at the head of a mob, wrought up by frivolous pretexts to a frenzy of fanaticism, to murder the Jews, and plunder their town. The first who, frightened out of their peaceful dwellings, went to meet the robbers, were cut down. Determined as they were, the rest were overwhelmed by a superior force, and being unarmed were compelled, after a heroic struggle, to take refuge in the synagogue, which was already crowded with old men, women, and children. Mighty blows sounded heavily on the closed doors of the synagogue. 'Open, and give yourselves up!' yelled the knight from outside. After a short pause of consultation answer was made, that the Jews would deliver over their property to the mutineers, would draw up a deed of gift of it, and only reserve for themselves absolute necessities. They also promised to make no complaint to king or states, in exchange for which the honor of their wives and daughters was to be preserved, and no one compelled to change his religion.

"'It is not your business,' a voice from outside again resounded; 'it is ours to dictate conditions. If you desire life and not a wretched death, open at once, and abjure your faith. I grant but short delay for reflection: let the time of grace pass by, and you are one and all given over to destruction.'

"No answer followed. Further resistance could not be thought of; and a hope that the king would at length put a stop to this unheard-of, unparalleled iniquity, grew every moment less. The battle in the street—if the desperate resistance of a few unarmed men against an armed superior force could be called by that name—had lasted long enough to have enabled King Wenceslaus to send to their assistance. As no help came, the Jews were at length constrained to admit that he did not trouble himself about their fate. A silence as of death reigned in the synagogue. Only here and there a suppressed sobbing, only here and there an infant at the breast that reminded its mother of her sweetest duty, was heard. Once more the voice of the knight thundered, rough and wild, 'I demand of you for the last time, which do you choose, the new faith or death?' There was a momentary silence. Then a cry of thousands, 'Death!' broke with a dull sound against the roof of the house that was consecrated to God. The rioters now began to demolish the doors with axes and hatchets. But the besieged in their deadly agony, lifted up their voice in wonderful accord, and sang in solemn chorus the glorious verse of the Psalmist:—

"'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will not fear the crafty wiliness of the evil-doer;
For Thou art with me! Thou art in all my ways;
The firm staff of faith is my confidence!'

"The aged rabbi had sunk upon his knees in prayer upon the steps that led up to the tabernacle. 'Lord!' he implored, 'I suffer infinite sorrow. Yet, oh, that we might fall into the hands of the Lord, for his mercy is boundless—only not into the hand of man—Ah! we know not what to do: to Thee alone we look for succor. Call to remembrance Thy mercy and gracious favor which has been ever of old. In anger be mindful of compassion; let Thy goodness be showed unto us, as we do put our trust in Thee.'

"But God at this season did not succor his children; in his unsearchable counsels it was otherwise ordained. The first door was burst open; the mob pressed into the vestibule of God's house. A single frail barrier separated oppressed and oppressors. 'Lord,' cried the rabbi, in accents of deepest despair, 'Lord, grant that the walls of this house, in which we and our fathers with songs of praise have glorified and blessed thy name, that the walls of this thy temple may fall together, and that we may find a grave under its ruins! But let us not fall alive into the hands of the barbarians, let not our wives and maidens become a living prey to the wicked.' 'No,' now exclaimed a powerful voice, 'that shall they not, rabbi. Wives and maidens, do you prefer death at the hands of your fathers, husbands, brothers, death at your own hands, to shame and dishonor? Would you appear pure and innocent before the throne of the Almighty, instead of falling living victims into the hands of these bloodthirsty, inhuman men outside, would you? Speak: time presses.' And again resounded from a hundred women's lips, 'Rather death than dishonor.'

"His lovely blooming wife pressed up close to the side of the man who had thus spoken, her baby at her breast. 'Let me be the first; let me receive my death at thy loved hands,' she murmured, softly. With the deepest emotion of which a human soul is capable, he clasped her to his breast. 'It must be done quickly,' he said, with hollow, trembling voice. 'The separation must be speedy. I never thought to part from you thus. Lord, most merciful, forgive us; we do it for thy holy name's sake alone. Art thou ready?'

"'I am,' she said; 'let me only once more, but once more, for the last time, kiss my sweet, my innocent child. God bless thee, poor orphan; God suffer thee to find com-

passion in the eyes of our murderers. . . . God help thee! We, dear friend, we part but for a short time; thou wilt follow me soon, thou true-hearted.' With the most infinite sorrow that can thrill a man's heart, the husband pressed a fervent parting kiss, a last touch of the hand upon the loved infant, that absolutely refused to leave its mother, and her bared and heaving breast. One stroke of the knife, and a jet of blood sprinkled the child's face, and spouted up against the walls of God's house. The woman sank with a cry of 'Hear, O Israel, the Everlasting, our God is God alone!' and fell lifeless to the ground.

"All the other women, including Judith, followed the brave and gallant example. Many died by their own hands, many received their death-strokes from their husbands, fathers, brothers; but all of them without a murmur, silent and resigned to God's will. They had to tear away tender children, who, weeping and wringing their hands, climbed on to their fathers' knees, and piteously implored them not to hurt their mothers. It was a scene horrible and heart-rending; a scene than which the history of the Jews, the history of mankind, knows none more agonizing. It was accomplished: no woman might fall alive into the hands of the persecutors. The last death sigh was breathed, and the few stout men, who had desired to defend the inner door only till then, stepped backward. A fearful blow, and the door, the last bulwark, fell in, sending clouds of dust whirling over it. The knight, brandished battle-axe in hand, stood on the steps that led up into the house of prayer. His countenance was disfigured by fury. Behind him crowded an immeasurable mass of people, armed with spits and clubs and iron flails. 'Yield your women and children!' he shouted, in a voice of thunder, at length betraying his real intention, 'and abjure your faith.'

"Look at these blood-dripping, steaming corpses,' said a man who stood nearest to the door; 'they are women and maidens: they have all preferred death to dishonor. . . . Do you think that we men fear death at thy hands and the hands of thy murderous associates? Murder me, monster, and be accursed here and hereafter, in this world and the next, forever and ever!' A moment afterwards, the bold speaker lay on the ground weltering in his blood. At sight of the countless corpses of the women, the beastly rage of the populace, that saw itself thus cheated of the best part of its booty, mounted to absolute madness. Hyænas drunk with blood would have behaved with greater humanity. Not a life was spared; and even infants were slaughtered over the

bodies of their mothers. Blood flowed in streams. One boy alone was later on dragged still living from under the heaps of dead. As they approached the tabernacle, in order to inflict the death-stroke on the rabbi, who was kneeling on the steps before it, they found him lifeless, his head turned upwards in the direction of the East, a soft smile upon his deathlike features. Death had anticipated them. His pure soul had passed away in fervent prayer.

"The mob surveyed the work that had been accomplished; and now that the thirst for blood was stilled, shrunk in terror before the crime that had been perpetrated. The tabernacle remained untouched, the house of God unplundered. Discharging oaths and curses on the knight, their ringleader, the wild troop dispersed in apprehensive awe of the divine and human judge."

Environed by perils, holding his possessions, whether small or great, by the most frail and precarious of tenures, the momentary good-will or sufferance of the ruler, devoted to the cultivation of all domestic virtues, to the study of the Talmud, to trading with, perchance to spoiling, the Egyptians—such was very commonly the life of a Jew during the Middle Ages. Brighter times for them and all of us have since arisen. Intolerance, when it seeks to realize itself by cruelty and persecution, is no longer endured. But a modern Jew no doubt looks back upon the long, dark periods of protracted persecution with the same bitter feelings as a Christian does to the shorter early persecutions of the Church, and studies his *Acta Judæorum* with the same reverence that we might feel towards the *Acta Sanctorum* or *Acta Martyrum*.

A very curious collection of what we may thus be justified in denominating the *Acta Judæorum*, has recently been published in Germany, under the title of *Sippurim*, by Dr. Wolf Pascheles, himself a learned Jew of Prague. To this work we are indebted for the eloquent narrative which we have already given, and for most of the facts relating to the advent of the Jews in Bohemia. It contains a large and varied store of popular traditions, mythic legends, chronicles, memorials, and biographies of the renowned Jews who have flourished in ancient times, but especially of those who dwelt at Prague during the Middle Ages. The stories are of very various merit and interest; but, taken together, afford considerable insight

into the history, life, feelings, and customs of the Jewish people. In time, they range from Solomon to Napoleon; in character, from the most fantastic Arabian-Night fiction to the gravest chronicle; in style, from the wildest expression of passionate eloquence to the simplicity of the humblest narrative; and make up as a whole one of the most entertaining story-books that it has ever been our good fortune to fall in with. It is difficult by any example to give a fair idea of the attractive and varied nature of the work. The most striking story, "Gabriel," from which the preceding account of the massacre is taken, is too long for insertion, and too intricate to be comprehensible in any abridged form. The following specimens may, however, perhaps serve as some, if not the best, proof of the wonderful picturesqueness and vigor of the language in which these tales are told, while they will at the same time afford a further illustration of that precarious condition of the Jewish societies in the Middle Ages to which we have alluded, and will show how, in seasons apparently most prosperous and peaceful, the Jews were always liable to the most calamitous vicissitudes of fortune. The events which we are about to relate are believed to have occurred in the reign of the Emperor Ferdinand I., and the narrative of them will be found in this compilation, under the title of "Der Retter, the Preserver."

It was the eve of the first day of the Passover, in the year 1559. Afternoon service was just over, and large crowds of people streamed out of the synagogues in the Jews' town at Prague, and hurried home to perform the other religious offices prescribed for that night. Gradually the streets became empty, but from the windows came a friendly light and the loud voices of worshippers who were singing devout hymns of praise, or saying their prayers. One house was especially conspicuous for the blinding beams of light that shone from its windows, and fell upon the street. It was the house of Reb. Mordechai Cohen Zemach. Mordechai was the only son of Reb. Gerson, a wealthy goldsmith, and had in his earliest youth evinced signs of extraordinary talent. His father had given him an excellent education, and had sown upon a fruitful soil. Till far on in his child-

hood, the life of Mordechai had been calm and prosperous. Suddenly, however, circumstances changed. Reb. Gerson, by a rapid succession of unmerited misfortunes, lost the whole of his property, and found himself unable to meet the liabilities which he had incurred. Sorrow at the loss of his good name stretched the honest man on a sick-bed, from which he never rose again. At the age of seventeen, Mordechai was left an orphan. He was alone in the world, for his mother he had lost when a child. His first resolution, when the first stupor of grief had passed, was to restore the honored name of his departed father. He took to business, and pursued it with unwearied assiduity; so that scarce five years had elapsed before he had paid off all his father's creditors. In the mean time, he had fallen in love with a maiden, the daughter of his neighbor; but he had nothing to offer her. He was poor; he had sacrificed the rewards of his industry to the sacred memory of his father. Suddenly, however, she too became an orphan, and as a royal edict soon afterwards expelled the Jews from Bohemia, and the poor girl did not know whither to turn her steps, Mordechai proposed to her to become the partner of his fate. Bela followed him, after they had been married, to Poland, where most of the exiles found a refuge. Eight years afterwards, in the year 1551, King Ferdinand I. recalled the Jews home. Among those who pined for the land of their birth and returned to Prague were Reb. Mordechai and his wife. He again established himself in Prague. His vast knowledge won him the highest esteem and regard; his noble heart the love of his neighbors. By industry and economy, too, during his residence in Poland, he had succeeded in acquiring a property by no means inconsiderable for that age. About a year after his return from Poland, Reb. Mordechai, with a full and clear consciousness of what he was doing, had sacrificed all this wealth for the preservation of a person entirely unknown to him, of whose very name he was ignorant. For the occasion of this sacrifice, we must refer to the beautiful description in the text. For our present purpose, it will suffice to say, that the person in whose favor it had been made, and who had been saved by it from shame and dishonor, had now become the private

secretary of the emperor, who placed in him the most unbounded confidence. We return to the night of the Passover. Reb. Mordechai and his assembled family were celebrating the festival. The evening meal was just over, and all were uniting in one great hymn of praise, when a sudden knock was heard at the door, and a stranger craved an instant interview with the master of the house. As soon as the stranger was alone with Reb. Mordechai, he flung off his hat and cloak, and threw himself into his arms. It was the young man whose honor and life he had once saved. The young man came to warn Reb. Mordechai of a calamity which impended over the Jews, and to point out the only way in which it might be averted. The emperor had vowed in a dream that he would expel the Jews from Bohemia, and was resolved to perform what he had sworn. Except his secretary, none, not even his most confidential ministers, as yet knew anything of the imperial resolution. It was necessary, therefore, that the most inviolable secrecy should be preserved as to the means by which the information had been obtained, and as to the mode in which an attempt was to be made to countermine the intended cruelty. After an interview of many hours, the secretary took leave. Mordechai accompanied him to the gate of the Jews' town, which was opened. The two men pressed each other's hand in sign of leave-taking, and after a few last words of whispered counsel, the secretary stepped through the gate, and walked on to the hostelry.

"Mordechai lifted his glowing face to the heavens. 'Lord of the world,' he cried, 'thou art all-merciful, all-knowing, almighty. Why, then, should we despair? Can it be thy pleasure that thy children should be driven into adversity? They wish to banish, expel us. Why? By what right? They say that we are strangers in this land, in this beautiful Bohemia. Has not God made the whole world, and are not we too his children? We are strangers, and yet the graves of our fathers lie in this land. We are strangers, and yet we have already for centuries suffered and endured in this country. We are strangers, yet we dwell as long in the land as its other inhabitants. We are strangers; where, then, is our fatherland? Can men exist without a fatherland? No, no; and yet the Jew has nothing, nothing on this vast, spacious earth that he can call his

own—not the clod on which he rests his head, weary of this life. He cannot bequeath his grave to his son, for he does not even know whether the weeping orphan will be driven from his grave, as himself had been chased away from the grave of his father.' Mordechai might have remained standing still longer in the street, lost in these thoughts. But the atmosphere was suddenly agitated by a sharp gust of wind. Then a warm breeze of spring came gently whispering through the air. The fragrant breath of the wind which fanned Mordechai's hot face roused him from his dreams. It seemed to him as though it were a morning salutation from the Father of all men to his sons, which proclaimed 'Peace, peace to far and near—to all my children, peace!'"

Mordechai then proceeded to the house of the chief rabbi, and imparted to him the secret which he had learnt that night, and also his resolution instantly at break of day to set off for Vienna, that he might there endeavor to prevent the impending calamity in the manner which had been suggested to him by the secretary. The chief rabbi approved the plan, and Reb. Mordechai returned home in order to get ready for the journey and to bid his family farewell. As morning dawned on the first day of the Passover, Mordechai passed through the Wischerhuder gate, vaulted upon a horse that stood ready saddled outside, pressed his spurs into its flanks, and fled swift as lightning on the road leading to Vienna.

After morning service on the same day, the chief rabbi invited the leading members of the community to a secret meeting, and informed them of what had taken place—namely, that Mordechai had the night before received from a sure source the unexpected intelligence that the emperor intended to banish all the Jews from Prague and Bohemia, and had hurried off to Vienna to pursue the course pointed out by his secret informant as the only one which might possibly effect a change in the emperor's sentiments. The rabbi impressed upon the meeting that Reb. Mordechai, who, by his rare intellectual powers, his learning, and especially by the fact that he must be favored by some high personage, since he had before any one else been put in possession of so important a secret, was without doubt the fittest representative of their community; at any rate, that it would be best quietly to await the end of the affair, and on no account to allow the

inauspicious tidings to be too soon noised abroad among the people.

It was not, therefore, till about midway between Easter and Pentecost that dark rumors began to spread abroad in the Jewish community of Prague about some terrible news which the chief rabbi had communicated to the leading persons of the society on the first day of the Passover. The narrow circle, indeed, who had heard it from the rabbi's own mouth preserved the profoundest silence; but several Jews, who carried their wares from house to house in other quarters of the city, were recommended to sell at a moderate price, as they were soon to be sent into banishment, and would then be unable to sell anything. At first the poor Jews paid no attention to what they heard, and looked upon it as mere mockery, to be patiently endured; but by degrees they were satisfied that it was no joke, and that in very truth tidings had arrived from Vienna that, in pursuance of an imperial decree, all the Jews were to leave Bohemia. Presently nothing was talked about but this impending calamity. The absence of Reb. Mordechai Cohen had already been observed, but it was not yet known that his journey had been undertaken for the common weal. Now, however, the chief rabbi and authorities assured every one that they had long been informed of the circumstance, that they would make every effort in their power, and that Reb. Mordechai had gone to Vienna as their advocate. This knowledge had at first a soothing effect. But their hopes, alas, soon became clouded. No letter had arrived from Mordechai. Information at length was received, and they learnt that Mordechai had left Vienna. Whither he had since betaken himself, what had been the result of his representations — of all this the community was absolutely ignorant. At a full meeting it was proposed that a deputation should be sent to Vienna in order to lay their righteous cause at the foot of the throne. The majority voted with the proposer, but the chief rabbi opposed the measure. "If salvation," he said, "is possible—if any human being is able to induce the emperor's majesty to recede from a resolution that he has formed — it is Reb. Mordechai Cohen. I was, moreover," he added, "perfectly satisfied by Reb. Mordechai that there was but

one way of salvation, and that he will try. If he fails, all is irreparably lost."

"The chief rabbi at Prague had ever exercised the greatest influence over his community. The assembly besides perceived that he had deeper insight into the matter than themselves. Nothing, therefore, remained for them but to confide in his wisdom and experience, to let him have his way, and to await the end in sorrow. It was a painful situation. In order to appreciate its full significance, a little more light must be thrown upon it. The idea of banishment has in recent times, owing to the large number of German emigrants who send themselves, so to say, into voluntary exile, lost so much of its original horror that we are very likely to be misled in our conception of it. Yet how different was the situation of a banished Jew in the Middle Ages from that of an emigrant in these days! The latter *voluntarily* forsakes his home after he has realized his immovable property. He is protected by the government, and hopes to better his condition. He has found a new country, where he is hospitably received. And if he feels a longing for his fatherland, if he is grown rich and prosperous in the distant country, and would return back again, if he would die at home, be buried in the grave of his forefathers; then the ship carries him back, he is again welcomed home, again becomes his country's child; he has two homes. The Jew, on the contrary, was compelled to tear himself with bleeding heart from the spot which he had perhaps for centuries called home. The Jew was cast forth poor and wretched, for even the wealthiest was impoverished by exile. His houses became worthless; for who would purchase a property that was from the necessity of the case to become shortly without an owner? The stored-up wares also which could not be carried with them in their wanderings in their search for a place of refuge, became valueless to the proprietors, especially as so large a number of Jewish merchants could not dispose of their effects at one and the same time. The debts due to them in the country could not be levied. The banished Jew of the Middle Ages was without protection, for the home government refused him its protection, its sanction. The banished Jew of the Middle Ages could not but fear that his gray-haired parents, his wife, his tender children, would perish under the unwonted fatigues of the journey; for how could he tell how long it might not be? The banished Jew of the Middle Ages was constrained to tear himself from the arms of his weeping betrothed when their roads separated, and knew not whether he should ever

see her again in this life. The banished Jew of the Middle Ages might die in a remote foreign land of longing for the graves of his loved ones, might die, but not return.

"The Jews were soon, however, to be relieved from this tormenting state of uncertainty, but only to obtain the most entire assurance of their misfortune. Some days after Pentecost, the imperial edict reached Prague, and was proclaimed on the same day in the Jews' town by the royal governor. Thus it ran: 'The Jews must leave Prague in eight days, the country in four weeks.'

"At dawn on the day fixed, morning service was celebrated in all the synagogues. In the synagogue the chief rabbi officiated. As soon as the sun's first ray pierced through the narrow windows of the synagogue the service was commenced. The temple was overflowing with worshippers. Many of the pious devotees had sunk on their knees, and lifted their clasped hands to heaven. The profound touching agony to be obliged to quit the holy spot forever had mastered the whole assembly, and had driven for a short time all care for the future out of their hearts. The prayers abounded in wonderfully striking passages, and soon nothing was heard in the entire building but the heart-rending sobs of the congregation. The service came to an end. The chief rabbi stood before the holy tabernacle to take leave of that consecrated place, which he had so often trodden, to take leave of his beloved congregation, and to strengthen and refresh them with the words of Holy Scripture for the dark, uncertain future which was approaching. 'Friends and brethren,' he began. The words died away on his trembling lips—a boundless emotion took possession of him. In vain he endeavored to recover himself, his quivering lips refused to utter a word. A pause of profoundest silence for some minutes ensued. The rabbi kissed the veil of the holy tabernacle, opened the sacred ark of the covenant, and took a roll of the law out of it. The head overseers and the warders of the synagogue followed him unbidden. Then came the principal Talmudists, until all the rolls of the law had been removed. The rabbi muttered a few more words of prayer in a low voice; then all left the synagogue in tears. The chief rabbi was the last but one; the head overseer of the community the last to retire from it. As the latter came out of the synagogue he locked the gates, and handed the keys to the rabbi. Both of them desired to speak, as might be seen from the nervous twitching of their lips; but both were silent. The last priest cannot have quitted the temple on Zion's Hill with a heart more penetrated by grief. Once

more, as though he could not tear himself away, the rabbi kissed the lintels of the temple; then the procession betook itself to his residence, there to deposit the rolls of the law till the moment of departure arrived. After that, the rabbi went to the burial-ground. The whole community, impelled by one and the same noble feeling, had here assembled to take leave of those who had gone to their long home before them, of the graves of their dead. No sound of sorrow disturbed the sacred quiet of the spot. Naught could be seen but a kneeling multitude, pale faces, and graves bedewed with tears. Bela, among the rest, Mordechai's wife, was kneeling on the grave of her father, while hot tears trickled down her face. A twofold grief divided her heart. Where was Mordechai, her husband, the prop of her life?

"Gradually the vast burial-ground was deserted. Each one had still preparation to make for the long, weary journey. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon a gate of the Jews' town was thrown open through which they were all to defile. On the square facing the Jews' town two regiments of infantry and some troops of cavalry were drawn up. A vast multitude had assembled to assist at the strange spectacle. The viceroy had commissioned a superior officer to see to the execution of the decree. Each family on its departure was ordered to give satisfactory proof that it had satisfied all claims of the royal treasury, and to declare by which gate of the city it wished to leave. The confused stir in the Jews' town offered a melancholy sight. Before many doors stood a small cart, drawn by a lean hack. They were intended to convey out of the country the old and sick who could not travel on foot. A group was standing before every door. Men with a wanderer's staff in their hands, a bundle which contained all their transportable wealth on their backs. Women with children at their breasts. At half-past eleven the officer in command ordered a trumpeter to ride through the streets and proclaim that they had only half an hour more, and that every one must make ready to depart. Friends and relatives now bade one another farewell in open street. A warm pressure of the hand, a brotherly kiss, and then they would set out. The chief rabbi had stationed himself at the gate of exit to comfort and bless the departing. At length the word of command rung out. Swords clashed as they were drawn from the sheath. The infantry ranged itself in line. The clock in the old Rathaus began to strike twelve. The rabbi whispered words of encouragement and resignation into the ears of those who were to be the first to leave

the Jews' town. Not a breath was audible; a funeral silence prevailed. The clock struck one, two, three, four, five, up to twelve.

"At the last stroke the sound of horses' hoofs was heard, all eyes were turned in the direction of the Jesuits' College. A horseman was flying towards the Jews' town; the smoking steed was covered with foam and blood, the rider's face was convulsed and pale. He waved a roll of parchment in his hand, and cried,—

"Grace . . . in the emperor's name."

"In front of the commandant he drew rein, and as he handed him the parchment, sunk swooning to the ground. The horse reeled, staggered, and fell at his side.

"At the same moment, an imperial officer, accompanied by a mounted trumpeter, galloped up at full speed. He waved a white flag, and cried, 'I confirm it, in the name of his Apostolic Majesty! Grace!'

"When the commanding officer perceived the imperial signet, he uncovered his head and read the revocation of the edict. This was all the work of a minute. At the same instant a loud scream was heard, 'Mordechai! . . . Father!' . . . and Bela, with her children, forced her way through the crowd up to her husband, their father. The multitude assembled before the Jews' town had taken the warmest interest in the events of the morning. The unexpectedly fortunate issue excited the most joyful sympathy, and amidst the flourish of trumpets a thundering shout was raised, 'Long live the emperor! Long live Ferdinand the First!'

"What passed in the hearts of men delivered from so great a peril cannot be described, cannot be conceived, can only be sympathized with by one who, threatened by the same danger, has obtained the same deliverance. Every one now pressed round the unconscious Mordechai. Those nearest to him kissed the hem of his raiment. He was borne in triumphal procession to his house. Arrived there, the chief rabbi said, 'We will now leave Reb. Mordechai to the care of his family; but before we ourselves do anything else, let us go into the synagogue and render thanks to the Lord for this unexpected salvation.' 'Yes, to the syna-

gogue! to the synagogue!' all joyously shouted, and the whole multitude followed the rabbi to God's temple with hearts overflowing with gratitude."

For the mode in which this salvation was wrought, for the details of Mordechai's swift journey to Vienna, to Rome, where he obtained letters from the Pope absolving the emperor from the rash vow made in his dreams, we can but refer to the story. Mordechai Cohen has long been gathered to his fathers, his tomb is overgrown by luxuriant moss, but his memory still survives in the grateful recollection of his people.

Attracted by the strange interest that still cleaves to the old burial-ground at Prague, we have directed our attention mainly to such stories as relate to the history of the Bohemian Jews. But there is scarcely a country in Europe which is not the scene of some curious history or adventure contained in this collection. We might have stood in the streets of Frankfort and watched the furious march of the Flagellants, who atoned, as they believed, for their sins against God by plundering and murdering the Israelites. We might have placed ourselves in the Mahometan city of Cordova, and read the wild traditions which group themselves round the name of Maimonides—the second Moses, as he was called, and most learned of mediæval Jews. Or, forsaking historic ground, we might have plunged into the regions of absolute fiction, and studied the miraculous powers which were imparted by the possession of the wonder-working seal of King Solomon. Whatever portion of this work, however, may be selected for more particular consideration, whether that which deals with history, myth, or legend, much curious information may undoubtedly be gleaned respecting Jewish customs, manners, and opinions; and with this view, independently of any interest that attaches to it as a mere story-book, *Sippurim* will well repay an attentive perusal.

From The Athenæum.

Lady Morgan's Memoirs: Autobiography, Diaries, and Correspondence. 2 vols. Allen & Co.

"ONCE upon a time" is the date of Sydney Owenson's birth, the day however, being Christmas-Day. Her grandmother was an Irish beauty of the Crofton family, who was won by a handsome young farmer, Walter MacOwen, and suffered disparagement in consequence. Of this marriage came Richard MacOwen, or Owenson, who had the ill luck to possess an agreeable voice and to begin life under the auspices of a patron. But for these, perhaps, Mr. Owenson would not have been driven to the stage. Be this as it may, the poor player contrived to win favor in the sight of Miss Hill, a young lady of Shropshire and of Calvinistic principles; of whom were born two daughters, Sydney and Olivia—"once upon a time."

The Irish home, with a rollicking Irish actor and wine-merchant as father, and a seriously thinking English mother at the head of it, was full of light and shade,—the latter abounding, increasing, and ultimately becoming permanent. As soon as the present truths and future prospects of that life made themselves apparent to Sydney Owenson, her abiding characteristic took at once a rapid development. That characteristic was independence,—a readiness, or rather a resolution, to eat no bread she did not earn, and to rise above difficulties by her own spirit, labor, and perseverance. Self-reliance was almost invariably her rule. Other and higher reliance she may have had, being the daughter of a sincerely religious mother; but ill-health, despondency and disappointment weakened the poor lady's energies. On the other hand, Sydney was not likely to take very serious impressions from her father's visitors, albeit the Rev. Charles Macklin a nephew of the actor of that name, was among them. This reverend gentleman was a jolly fellow in jolly days, and was deprived of his vocation, for playing his congregation out on the bagpipes, fingered and blown by himself as he stood in his pulpit.

There was a scrambling sort of education; but in that, or in any other scramble, Sydney, more resolute than her gentle sister Olivia, was sure to get her share. Quick, intelligent, greedy after knowledge, idle only by caprice, and eager, not merely to equal,

but to surpass others, Sydney Owenson made rapid progress. The shadows about her home hardly affected that determined and ambitious spirit—till, indeed, illness afflicted her mother. The condition of the latter gave no cause for immediate alarm. There was but an invalid lady up-stairs, and a sorrowing but hopeful father and daughters in an adjacent room, at the threshold of which there suddenly appeared one day the faithful Irish maid, bearing in her hand the lady's wedding-ring—an intimation, as she silently held it out to the husband, that he was a widower and his daughters motherless.

Thereupon, there was a shipwreck of home. The father, more helpless and luckless than ever, struggled feebly with misfortune, and grew daily weaker in the conflict. Of all lives he led the most terrible—that of an embarrassed man who contemplates his embarrassments with despair, feints rather than fights with them, and yet whose stroke, unlike that of Job, is less than his cry of anguish under it. There was now and then some sunshine with the shade, but there was no real improvement in the condition of the family. This proud girl Sydney calmly looked circumstances in the face. She had held fellowship and friendship, young as she was, with the best society Dublin then afforded; she was determined to turn that advantage and her own accomplishments to good account; and being proud, as we have said, and not in spite of her pride, as it may have seemed to some, she "went out" as a governess. Her sister subsequently adopted the same honorable, but not always agreeable, course, from which she was rescued by a gallant and worthy husband, who offered a home to Sydney as well as to the father, to lighten whose encumbrances she had taken service. This offer was characteristically and gayly declined; Sydney would only eat the bread she fairly earned.

For the most part, it was funnily and frolicsomenely earned, though the office was seriously undertaken and conscientiously exercised. It was first exercised in the family of the Featherstones of Brucklin. On the night of her departure thither by the mail, she was detained so long at a little "*bal d'adieu*" that she had to perform the journey in "a muslin frock and pink silk stockings

and shoes," in which at an early hour of the next morning she presented herself to the astonished family, looking very much like a ballet-girl, and without her luggage, which had been forgotten in the confusion. She was clever enough under these adverse auspices, to create a good impression by a well-delivered account of her misadventure, which excited the hilarity of all but the serious master of the family, who was about to entrust his daughters to this gleesome, wild, Irish girl; but even he melted into admiration of the strange and bright little creature, in the evening, when she assailed him with the witchcraft of a pure and tuneful Irish song. She perplexed the good man, however, considerably. What *was* he to think of a governess who rode out of a morning with the water-cask boy, seated on the hoga-head, and who returned to breakfast with her skirts as moist as a mermaid's? "Mr. Featherstone declared his intention of 'writing to my father;' dear Mrs. Featherstone championed me to the utmost, and an Irish song, with 'Barbara Allen,' in the evening, settled the account, and the next day I was taken back to favor on the promise to be more circumspect for the future."

Her father's "Irish pride," she remarks, rose in revolt against her position in Mrs. Featherstone's family. "He wrote me word that he hoped soon to place me under the protection of some of my Irish cousins; but," she adds, characteristically, "I hated the idea of Connaught cousins, and my pride revolted from idle dependence." This was no mere affectation. Independence, honest labor and much of it, with some eccentricities of genius, and a resolution never to let anything in the world ruffle her temper, gave her happiness and self-respect, and secured for her the permanent friendship of all who were worthy to be called her friends. She was already, if not a poetess, a writer of rhymes, and before she had bidden adieu to the Featherstones a Dublin bookseller had published her first novel, "St. Claire," with violations of French which must have sensibly touched her heart-strings, but which were left uncorrected in the reprint in England. All she obtained for it consisted in four copies of the work and the fame awarded to her by a German translation, the biographical notice prefixed to which announced that the young authoress had "strangled herself with a cambric

pocket-handkerchief, in a fit of despair and disappointed love."

Between her first and second engagements as a governess, Sydney seems to have lived impatiently at home, and was only fairly happy when with the Crawfords in the North of Ireland, with leisure enough to enable her to write "The Novice of St. Dominic" and "The Wild Irish Girl," the latter of which works first made her "famous." With the manuscript of "The Novice" she made the journey from Dublin to London alone; no pleasant enterprise in 1805, when the Conway and the Menai Straits were yet unbridged, and the road by Penmaenmawr was as wild and difficult as in Dr. Johnson's days. When the coach drove into the "Swan with Two Necks," in Lad Lane, she had not a notion where to go or what to do next, and sat down upon her small trunk in the yard, to wait until the bustle of arrival should have a little subsided. Overcome with fatigue and anxiety, she fell fast asleep. Such was the first appearance in London of Sydney, Lady Morgan; and artists are not likely to forget a circumstance so picturesque.

Then began her struggle with, and her conquest over, publishers; or we might rather say, then publishers began to struggle for her, while she stood laughing by, and adopted the victor. She was unmoved either by their flattery, cajolery, impudence, or statistics. She soon learned to know her value, and had sense and firmness enough not to allow it to be depreciated; the odds were against her, for she had astute, business-like men to deal with, and she had to rely only on herself. In her very first difficulty she stood alone. An old Irish manager, indeed, had given her a letter of introduction to Mrs. Inchbald at Turnham Green; but that lady declined to receive her. Mrs. Inchbald had once been hospitable to another authoress, Anne Plumtree; the unfortunate Anne had disappointed her expectations, and Mrs. Inchbald thenceforward renounced authoresses and all their works.

The young Irishwoman was not a person who required any one's aid to climb to a niche in the Temple of Fame. She still relied on herself, worked at novels, and perhaps too loquacious heroines, till she had achieved independence, and *then* friends offered themselves to her in crowds. Not that she had previously lacked good, true, and few

friends,—not one of whom she ever lost, and the children's children of whom seemed drawn towards her in willing allegiance to the scriptural injunction — “Thine own friend and thy father's friend forget not.” To a genius so impulsive, some of these friends were of the utmost value,—women who discerned Sydney's weaknesses as well as her excellence, and who warned her in an eloquent, a loving, and a truthful spirit. Among these, the wise, brilliant, and good Lady Charleville stands supreme.

It was just when Sydney had triumphed over the difficulties which had beset her path that she was invited to become a permanent guest in the family of the Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn,—proud, estimable people, full of eccentricities and kind as well as troublesome intentions, and with the fashionable mania about them of possessing as their own some clever or scientific or facetious personage. We speak of fifty years ago; but the fashion has long since gone out. To Sydney, or to “Glorvina,” as she was now called from the popularity of her “Wild Irish Girl,” this seemed dependence; but she saw in it an acknowledgment of her worth, and an opportunity to rise higher in the scale on which originally her position had been one of so humble a degree. Lady Abercorn loved geniuses as other ladies loved monkeys, and parted with them as easily as she had sought them eagerly. My lord was a man who thought of the common people as St. Simon did of the *canaille* below the peerage. Fumigation of his room followed the presence there of a liveried servant, “and the chambermaids were not allowed to touch his bed except in white kid gloves. He always dressed himself *en grande tenue*, and never sat down at a table except in his blue ribbon, with star and garter.” The fact is, that these eccentricities were in the very blood of the Hamiltons. The marquis's uncle and predecessor (whose wife Walpole described as a “most frightful gentlewoman”) travelled over Europe, sitting bolt upright in a carriage, without ever touching the back of it. It was he who received Queen Charlotte at his house in Essex, on her arrival in England; and who when the king at a subsequent levee, courteously hoped the queen's presence had not put him to much inconvenience, calmly replied that it had very much inconvenienced him indeed. Robertson,

the historian, thought once to flatter him by remarking, as they walked together through his lordship's garden, that the shrubs had grown since his last visit. “They've nothing else to do,” said my lord; in whom, be it said, eccentricity often took a generous common-sense turn. His brother, a clergyman, asked him to procure government preferment for him, whereupon Lord Abercorn settled on him £1,000 a-year, and hoped to hear no more of such nonsense. His nephew and heir succeeded to his estates and eccentricities,—welcomed Sydney Owenson, yawned over the reading of her manuscripts, and made lazy love to her in his lazy and supercilious way. He was not the first.

From her early girlhood her path had been beset by lovers of every quality and degree. First amongst these was that wayward boy of promise, the vain and selfish poet, Thomas Dermody. “Who,” writes this young minstrel to Miss Owenson's father in 1801, “who is the Mr. Moore Sydney mentions? He is nobody here, I assure you, of eminence.” Later in the year, to the young lady herself, he writes, respecting his poems about to be published, “The sonnet to you is to be published with a note, and another long and not despicable poem, called ‘An Epistle to a Young Lady, after many Years' Absence.’ I did not think it might be agreeable or prudent to affix your name. I will also confess, that in writing the verses to Athenæ (a Greek name of my own, signifying flowery, and, in a figurative sense, amiable), you were not entirely absent from my imagination.” Sydney seems to have reproached him for the small account he made of Moore; for in the same letter, he writes, “You are mistaken if you imagine I have not the highest respect for your friend Moore. I have written the review of his poems in a strain of panegyric to which I am not frequently accustomed.”

Lovers of a different quality were the two captains, Benson and Earle, whom Olivia once found sitting with her sister in the parlor at Kilkenny, “talking high sentiment, and all the three shedding tears.” On one captain, Sydney had soon to write an elegy; and on the back of a letter from the other, Captain Benson, she made the record, that “this elegant and highly gifted young man drowned himself near York, a few months after I received this letter.” Subsequently

appeared honest, hearty, single-minded Frank Crossley, a squire who made himself the slave of his mistress, copied her illegible manuscripts for the press, sat at her feet for a smile, was happy when he received it, and was as embarrassed as he was happy. Sydney played with Frank as Titania may have done with the Weaver, and passed on fancy free to encounter the homage of John Wilson Croker, the most bitter enemy she ever possessed in after-life. But Croker was one who could ticket his imaginary causes of offence, and lay them by till they were wanted: the best illustration of which savage whim was the production of a boyish letter from Moore, which he had carefully retained for above half a century, and which he published after the poet was in his grave, in order to convict the friend of his youth of having violated the truth. That Croker should have admired Sydney Owenson was, perhaps, as natural as that he should afterwards be the savage reviewer of her works, written in support of popular liberty and emancipation of Roman Catholics. The fact is, she was irresistible; and when Mr. Everard, in 1806, called upon her to induce her not to listen to the addresses of his son, who was an idle young fellow, he was so charmed with her pleasant ways and sound judgment that he made her an offer himself!

She loved such homage, and, in the spring-time of her beauty and her genius, it was lavished upon her with a profuseness which was not beyond her appetite or enjoyment. "At times," we are told, "she may have listened to the charmer more than wise in a young girl—at least, her elders thought and said so. Not that she went wrong, even by implication or in appearance; she had too much sense for that; but she found herself in a circle where every woman paid her compliments, and where every man, as the mode in Ireland was, made love to her. She undoubtedly played with the fire; but she was too busy with her literary projects to do more than play—a weaker woman might have been consumed." Such fate was not likely to be Sydney Owenson's; she was quite as wide awake as Chénier's Nais, whose veil, when dropped, Daphnis dared not crumple, and who, when wooed to recline at noontide on a shady bank, remarked, as less considerate nymphs of Arcadia would not have done—

"Volis ! cet humide gazon
Va souiller ma tunique !"

Besides, it is manifest that the homage of intellectual men alone was acceptable to her. Capricious enough this spoiled child of her day may have been, now Wisdom wooing her to the saint, and anon, Sense winning her to the shrine; but the handsomest fool had no chance with her, and one of the most charming and the prettiest told of her flirtations, was that which she dexterously maintained with Sir Charles Ormsby, a man much older than the lady, and "the ugliest fellow and the most accomplished man in Dublin." There is stuff for a sparkling comedy in these love-passages, which, after all, ended in nothing, except saving a man from being hanged. The culprit in peril was a clerk named Fitzpatrick, condemned for stealing a bank-note out of a letter. There were circumstances which made Sydney Owenson resolved to save at least his life. Among other persons, she addressed Sir Charles, long after the flirtation was over, and in her most characteristic way: "Seriously, and without sentiment, my dear friend, rally your *deceased feelings* in my favor. I depend on you for ONCE—*forget yourself* and remember *me*." The impertinence is charming; and it helped to save the man which was all she cared for.

But Sydney's "army of martyrs" was ever being recruited; their name was legion, and the list is worthily closed, before the triumphant swain appeared, in the person of Archdeacon King, rector of Mourne Abbey, who, however, sued in vain to be permitted to "contribute to her felicity, and to complete his happiness." When the bewildered dignitary knew the worst, he still connected his name and fame with hers. "The unfortunate rector of Mourne Abbey," he writes, "cherishes the hope that if he cannot be blest with the *hand*, he will be *immortalized* by the pen of the elegant and interesting Glorvina." The archdeacon passed on, and though occasionally we come on a "sly undertone of love-making," there was nothing more of serious importance in this pleasant episode of life, till Mr. Charles Morgan came to reside with the Abercorns as their family physician. Then for her had come "the hour and the man."

It was an auspicious hour, for it brought an honest and accomplished man. "Dr.

said, 'He has a club-foot, and bites his nails.' I said, 'If he was ugly as Æsop I must know him.' I was one night at Lady Westmoreland's; the women were all throwing their heads at him. Lady Westmoreland led me up to him. I looked earnestly at him, and turned on my heel. My opinion in my journal was, 'mad—bad—and dangerous to know.' A day or two passed; I was sitting with Lord and Lady Holland, when he was announced. Lady Holland said, 'I must present Lord Byron to you.' Lord Byron said, 'That offer was made to you before; may I ask why you rejected it?' He begged permission to come and see me. He did so the next day. Rogers and Moore were standing by me; I was on the sofa. I had just come in from riding. I was filthy and heated. When Lord Byron was announced, I flew out of the room to wash myself. When I returned, Rogers said, 'Lord Byron, you are a happy man. Lady Caroline has been sitting here in all her dirt with us, but when you were announced, she flew to beautify herself.' Lord Byron wished to come and see me at eight o'clock, when I was alone; that was my dinner hour. I said he might. From that moment, for more than nine months, he almost lived at Melbourne House. It was then the centre of all gayety, at least in appearance. My Cousin Hartington wanted to have waltzes and quadrilles; and at Devonshire House it would not be allowed, so we had them in the great drawing-room of Melbourne House. All the *bon ton* of London assembled here every day. There was nothing so fashionable. Byron contrived to sweep them all away. My mother grew miserable, and did everything in her power to break off the connection. She at last brought me to consent to go to Ireland with her and papa. Byron wrote me that letter which I have shown you. While in Ireland, I received letters constantly,—the most tender and the most amusing. We had got to Dublin, on our way home, where my mother brought me a letter. There was a coronet on the seal. The initials under the coronet were Lady Oxford's. It was that cruel letter I have published in *Glenarvon*: it destroyed me; I lost my brain. I was bled, leeches; kept for a week in the filthy Dolphin Inn at Rock. On my return, I was in great prostration of mind and spirit. Then came my *fracas* with the page, which made such noise. He was a little *espègle*, and would throw detonating balls into the fire. Lord Melbourne always scolded me for this; and I, the boy. One day I was playing ball with him. He threw a squib into the fire, and I threw the ball at his head. It hit him on the temple, and he bled. He cried out. 'O my lady, you have

killed me!' Out of my senses, I flew into the hall, and screamed, 'O God, I have murdered the page!' The servants and people in the streets caught the sound, and it was soon spread about. William Lamb would live with me no longer. All his family united in insisting on our separation. Whilst this was going on, and instruments drawing out—that is, *one month*—I wrote and sent *Glenarvon* to the press. I wrote it, unknown to all,—save a governess, Miss Welsh,—in the middle of the night. It was necessary to have it copied out. I had heard of a famous copier, an old Mr. Woodhead. I sent to beg he would come to see Lady Caroline Lamb, at Melbourne House. I placed Miss Welsh, elegantly dressed, at my harp, and myself at a writing-table, dressed in the page's clothes, looking a boy of fourteen. He addressed Miss Welsh as Lady Caroline. She showed him the author. He would not believe that this schoolboy could write such a thing. He came to me again in a few days, and he found me in my own clothes. I told him William Ormond, the young author, was dead. When the work was printed, I sent it to William Lamb. He was delighted with it; and we became united, just as the world thought we were parted forever. The scene at Brompton Hall (in the novel of *Glenarvon*) was true. Lord Byron's death—the ghost appearing to her—her distraction at his death. Medwin's talk completed her distress."

The cruel-kind letter, warm, as it were, with the bad Byron blood, full of devilish insinuation, yet so transparently absurd that it could have deceived, or cheered, or maddened, none but a woman whose feelings were uncontrolled and uncontrollable by her judgment, will be read "with universal interest:—"

"MY DEAREST CAROLINE,—If tears which you saw and know I am not apt to shed,—if the agitation in which I parted from you,—agitation which you must have perceived through the whole of this most nervous affair, did not commence until the moment of leaving you approached,—if all I have said and done, and am still but too ready to say and do have not sufficiently proved what my real feelings are, and must ever be, towards you, my love, I have no other proof to offer. God knows, I wish you happy, and when I quit you, or rather you, from a sense of duty to your husband and mother, quit me, you shall acknowledge the truth of what I again promise and vow, that no other in word or deed shall ever hold the place in my affections, which is, and shall be, most sacred to

"Tout le monde se réjouit
De voir 'Le Médecin malgré lui.'
Mais d'abord je me plains, ma foi !
De voir le médecin, malgré moi !"

Of romance, in the second volume of these "Memoirs," there is no lack; but it refers rather to the friends of the autobiographer than to the writer herself,—and that truth is even more romantic than fiction is once more excellently illustrated in the chapters referring to Byron and Lady Caroline Lamb, in which we meet with passages in the lives of that impulsive and irregularly principled pair, with which the world has been hitherto in ignorance. Here is a wild snatch of autobiography,—that of Lady Caroline, which in a few lines tells of a sad life:—

"My history, if you ever care and like to read it, is this: My mother, having boys, wished ardently for a girl; and I, who evidently ought to have been a soldier, was found a naughty girl—forward, talking like Richard the Third. I was a trouble, not a pleasure, all my childhood, for which reason, after my return from Italy, where I was from the age of four until nine, I was ordered by the late Dr. Warre neither to learn anything nor see any one, for fear the violent passions and strange whims they found in me should lead to madness; of which, however, he assured every one there were no symptoms. I differ, but the end was, that until fifteen I learned nothing. My instinct—for we all have instincts—was for music—in it I delighted; I cried when it was pathetic, and did all that Dryden's ode made Alexander do—of course I was not allowed to follow it up. My angel mother's ill-health prevented my living at home; my kind Aunt Devonshire took me; the present duke loved me better than himself, and every one paid me those compliments shown to children who are precious to their parents, or delicate and likely to die. I wrote not, spelt not; but I made verses, which they all thought beautiful—for myself, I preferred washing a dog, or polishing a piece of Derbyshire spar, or breaking in a horse, to any accomplishment in the world. Drawing-room—shall I say withdrawing-room, as they now say?—looking-glasses, finery, or dress-company forever were my abhorrence. I was, I am, religious; I was loving (?), but I was and am unkind. I fell in love when only twelve years old, with a friend of Charles Fox—a friend of liberty, whose poems I had read, whose self I had never seen, and when I did see him, at thirteen, could I change? No, I was more attached than ever. William Lamb

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. 971.

was beautiful, and far the cleverest person then about, and the most daring in his opinions, in his love of liberty and independence. He thought of me but as a child, yet he liked me much; afterwards he offered to marry me, and I refused him because of my temper, which was too violent; he, however, asked twice, and was not refused the second time, and the reason was that I adored him. I had three children; two died; my only child is afflicted; it is the will of God. I have wandered from right, and been punished. I have suffered what you can hardly believe; I have lost my mother, whose gentleness and good sense guided me. I have received more kindness than I can ever repay. I have suffered, also, but I deserved it. My power of mind and of body are gone; I am like the shade of what I was; to write was once my resource and pleasure; but since the only eyes that ever admired my most poor and humble productions are closed, wherefore should I indulge the propensity? God bless you; I write from my heart. You are one like me, who, perhaps, have not taken the right road. I am on my death-bed; say I might have died by a diamond, I die now by a brickbat; but remember, the only noble fellow I ever met with is William Lamb; he is to me what Shore was to Jane Shore. I saw it once; I am as grateful, but as unhappy. Pray excuse the sorrows this sad, strange letter will cause you; could you be in time I would be glad to see you—to you alone would I give up Byron's letters—much else, but all like the note you have. Pray excuse this being not written as clearly as you can write. I speak, as I hope you do, from the heart.—C. L."

In another page this most unhappy lady says of her husband: "He cared nothing for my morals. I might flirt and go about with what men I pleased. He was privy to my affair with Lord Byron, and laughed at it. His indolence rendered him insensible to everything. When I ride, play, and amuse him, he loves me. In sickness and suffering he deserts me. His violence is as bad as my own." Then follows this double sketch of Byron and herself:—

"Lady Westmoreland knew him in Italy. She took on her to present him. The women suffocated him. I heard nothing of him, till one day Rogers (for he, Moore, and Spencer were all my lovers, and wrote me up to the skies—I was in the clouds)—Rogers said, 'You should know the new poet,' and he offered me the MS. of 'Childe Harold' to read. I read it, and that was enough. Rogers

said, 'He has a club-foot, and bites his nails.' I said, 'If he was ugly as Æsop I must know him.' I was one night at Lady Westmoreland's; the women were all throwing their heads at him. Lady Westmoreland led me up to him. I looked earnestly at him, and turned on my heel. My opinion in my journal was, 'mad—bad—and dangerous to know.' A day or two passed; I was sitting with Lord and Lady Holland, when he was announced. Lady Holland said, 'I must present Lord Byron to you.' Lord Byron said, 'That offer was made to you before; may I ask why you rejected it?' He begged permission to come and see me. He did so the next day. Rogers and Moore were standing by me; I was on the sofa. I had just come in from riding. I was filthy and heated. When Lord Byron was announced, I flew out of the room to wash myself. When I returned, Rogers said, 'Lord Byron, you are a happy man. Lady Caroline has been sitting here in all her dirt with us, but when you were announced, she flew to beautify herself.' Lord Byron wished to come and see me at eight o'clock, when I was alone; that was my dinner hour. I said he might. From that moment, for more than nine months, he almost lived at Melbourne House. It was then the centre of all gayety, at least in appearance. My Cousin Hartington wanted to have waltzes and quadrilles; and at Devonshire House it would not be allowed, so we had them in the great drawing-room of Melbourne House. All the *bon ton* of London assembled here every day. There was nothing so fashionable. Byron contrived to sweep them all away. My mother grew miserable, and did everything in her power to break off the connection. She at last brought me to consent to go to Ireland with her and papa. Byron wrote me that letter which I have shown you. While in Ireland, I received letters constantly,—the most tender and the most amusing. We had got to Dublin, on our way home, where my mother brought me a letter. There was a coronet on the seal. The initials under the coronet were Lady Oxford's. It was that cruel letter I have published in *Glenarvon*: it destroyed me; I lost my brain. I was bled, leeches; kept for a week in the filthy Dolphin Inn at Rock. On my return, I was in great prostration of mind and spirit. Then came my *fracas* with the page, which made such noise. He was a little *capitgle*, and would throw detonating balls into the fire. Lord Melbourne always scolded me for this; and I, the boy. One day I was playing ball with him. He threw a squib into the fire, and I threw the ball at his head. It hit him on the temple, and he bled. He cried out. 'O my lady, you have

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you, till I am nothing. I never knew till that moment the madness of my dearest and most beloved friend; I cannot express myself; this is no time for words, but I shall have a pride, a melancholy pleasure, in suffering what you yourself can scarcely conceive, for you do not know me. I am about to go out with a heavy heart, because my appearing this evening will stop any absurd story which the spite of the day might give rise to. Do you think *now* I am cold and stern and wilful? will ever others think so? will your mother ever—that mother to whom we must indeed sacrifice much more, much more on my part than she shall ever know or *can* imagine? ‘Promise not to love you,’ ah, Caroline, it is past promising. But I shall attribute all concessions to the proper motive, and never cease to feel all that you have already witnessed, and more than can ever be known but to my own heart,—perhaps to yours. May God protect, forgive, and bless you ever and ever, more than ever.

“Your most attached BYRON.

“P.S.—These taunts which have driven you to this, my dearest Caroline, were it not for your mother and the kindness of your connections, is there anything in earth or heaven that would have made me so happy as to have made you mine long ago? and not less *now* than *then*, but more than ever at *this time*. You know I would with pleasure give up all here and beyond the grave for you, and in refraining from this, must my motive be misunderstood? I care not who knows this, what use is made of it,—it is to you and to *you* only that they are, *yourself*. I was and am yours freely and entirely to obey, to honor, love and fly with you when, where, and how yourself *might* and *may* determine.”

When the heart and brain of the poor impulsive woman was crushed, her husband estranged, their home broken up and their hearth made desolate, Byron coolly wrote of his victim in reference to her husband and himself, as “Thou false to him, thou fiend to me.” Lady Caroline, on the other hand, speaks of her tempter and betrayer, in a letter to Lady Morgan, as “Lord Byron, that dear, that angel, that misguided and misguiding Byron, whom I adore, although he left that dreadful legacy on me,—my memory.” There is something of the distraught Ophelia in the way poor, mad Lady Caroline regulates the scale of her adoration, in which she assigns the first place to the husband, from whom she had separated, and the third to “Faustus:”—

“I hope he and William will find better friends; as to myself, I never can love anything better than what I thus tell you: William Lamb, first; my mother, second; Byron, third; my boy, fourth; my brother William, fifth; my father and godmother, sixth; my uncle and aunt, my cousin Devonshire, my brother Fred. (myself,) my cousins next, and last my *petit* friend, young Russell, because he is my aunt’s godson; because when he was but three I nursed him; because he has a hard-to-win, free, and kind heart; but chiefly because he stood by me when no one else did.”

Of romance of a less sad quality, Lady Morgan narrates some details which illustrate some and correct other passages in the life of Mrs. Fitzherbert. There is a gallery of heroines in these volumes, and to Mrs. Fitzherbert appropriately succeeds the unwed wife of a more worthless prince than he whom the former lady had for husband, for a time. Mrs. Patterson Buonaparte, whom the Romish Church still recognizes as the legitimate wife of Jerome, and in not knowing whom Napoleon was supremely unlucky, renders many a page of these *Memoirs* brilliant, by her letters, which are always *piquant*es and invariably as frank and tender as any sentiment ever uttered or agreed to by dear Mrs. Candour. The American princess thus flatters Lady Morgan, tomahawks her own acquaintances, and scalps a countrywoman:—

“How happy you must be at filling the world with your name as you do! Madame de Staël and Madame de Genlis are forgotten; and if the love of fame be of any weight with you, your excursion to Paris was attended with brilliant success. I assure you, and you know I am sincere, that you are more spoken of than any other person of the present day. Mr. Moore seldom sees me,—I did not take with him at all. He called to show me the article of your letter which mentions the report of the Duke of Wellington’s *loves*. I am not the Mrs. — the great man gives as a successor to Grassini. You would be surprised if you knew how great a fool she is, at the power she exercises over the duke; but I believe that he has no taste *pour les femmes d’esprit*; which is, however, no reason for going into extremes, as in this case. He gave her an introduction to the Prince Regent, and to every one of consequence in London and Paris. She had, however, no success in France, where her not speaking the language of the country was a considerable

advantage to her, since it prevented her nonsense from being heard. Do not tell what I have written to you of this affair, since I should pass for malicious and unfriendly towards my compatriot and relation. She writes, too, all the paragraphs you may have seen in the newspapers; and might revenge herself by saying some spiteful things of me through that channel."

Here are two or three more friends, spitted like larks:—

"My health obliged me to spend some weeks in the country, and Madame D'Houchin, you know, wakes when other persons sleep, which renders it impossible to enjoy her society without paying the price of a night's repose, and this to me is very difficult since I have lost my health. Your old friend and admirer, M. Suard, is dead of old age. I met him two weeks previous, at a party, where he enjoyed himself as much as any of us. His widow gave a dinner the day week after, because she was afraid of being *triste*, she said. Since then she receives as usual, and takes promenades on the Boulevards, because 'bon ami m'a dit qu'il fallait vivre.' Her friends are encouraged to flatter themselves that her great sensibility will not kill her; at the same time that it induces her to give them parties and attend their *réunions*. She grieves in the most agreeable way to all those who find her house convenient or her society desirable. . . . Madame de Staël died regretting a life, which she had contrived to render very agreeable in every way. Her marriage with Mr. Rocca is thought very superfluous. The liberal system she pursued through life forbids us to attribute other motives to her last matrimonial experiment,—unless that of tranquillizing the conscience of her young lover may be added. All her most intimate friends were ignorant that a marriage existed, and unless her Will had substantiated the fact, would have treated her marriage ceremony as a calumny. Marrying a man twenty years younger than herself, without fortune or name, is a ridicule in France, *pire qu'un crime*. Her son, by him, is called one of her posthumous works. What think you of the *Manuscript of St. Helena* being attributed to her and Benjamin Constant? Is it possible to carry absurdity and the desire of rendering her inconsistent further? I have heard persons gravely assert that she wrote it."

The glimpses of Moore, few and far between, are always interesting. There is a little tone of patronage, at first, or of condescension towards the grocer's son; but the aristocracy of talent makes all choice equal in

the republic of letters, and the tone improves as the pair approximate to the line of equal celebrity. Here are the two who loyally made their way through the world, brought together in Dublin, in 1831:—

"February 15th. Sitting all alone to-day; just before dinner enter T. Moore! *pardi!* I could not believe my eyes. 'Why, what on earth brings you here? is it to dine with me to-day?' 'No, I'll dine with you to-morrow.' 'My mother was dying, I was sent for, she has seen me, and has revived.' Morgan came in. Moore sat all the time; I never before saw him sit for ten minutes together; he was cordial and pleasant and confidential. He told us many strange things. Poor fellow, he has never been able to get out of debt. He told us Rogers had expended £3,000 on the publication of his dandy book. Oh, these amateur authors who write for fashion, while we write for fame or famine! Moore says he thinks Murray would like to publish for me. February 17th. I had a little dinner got up in a hurry for Moore, yesterday; it was got up thus: I threw up my windows, and asked the inmates of the cabs and carriages of my friends as they passed the windows, and sent out some penny porters, and lighted up my rooms. Moore was absolutely astounded when he saw my party! He sang some of his most beautiful songs in his most delightful manner, without stopping; some of them twice over, and all of them as if every word was applicable to the people around him. Many of his old friends were around him; I said, 'If you stay a day or two longer, I'll do better than this.' 'No, no,' he said, 'never again can such a thing be done. This is one of the few happy incidents which occur but rarely; besides, I don't want to efface the impression even by something better.' I never saw him more natural or agreeable. He praised Murray to the skies, and said he was princely in his conduct to authors. Moore disliked me in my youth; he told me at Florence that he thought Byron did not wish to know me, and *did* wish to know Morgan."

In such and in more important *traits* of society these volumes are especially rich, and of "good stories" there is a sufficiency to set up professional diners-out for a whole season. They are all new and true, and we cite one or two as memory serves us, without regarding chronology. How characteristic is the remark of Charles Lamb, who, sitting opposite the exceedingly unwashed Hazlitt, at whist, complacently observed,

"Hazlitt, if dirt was trumps, what a capital hand you would have!" Excellent in its way, too, for its boldness, truth, and humor, is the incident which occurred when Lady Morgan was present at the opening of Parliament by the young queen. "When the House of Commons rushed in, with all their rude, rough, schoolboy boisterousness, Philip Courtenay and some of my Irish members," writes Lady Morgan, "were so close to me that I could not help turning to them, and muttering, 'My faithful Commons, *why* are you so vulgar?'" Another characteristic remark made in a royal palace was that of Pat Grant, her ladyship's footman (the Denis Fagan of the novel of "The Princess"). Grant had followed his master and mistress within the royal palace at Brussels, where they were to be the guests of King Leopold. Lady Morgan said to him as she gave him her cloak, "This is a noble palace, Grant;" he answered, with a look full of reproach and contempt, "Well then I wonder to hear your ladyship say that, you that has been at the Castle at Dublin?" Indeed, the servants, in these volumes, are as good company as their betters. When Lady Morgan

called to inquire after the health of Mrs. Maturin and her baby, the servant returned with the message, "Plaze, my lady, the master says, 'My angel is better, but my cherub has flown!'"—under the circumstances, "a piece of good luck for the cherub!"

We must close. It is the record of a "life" which commenced amid the singing of friends one Christmas Eve some score of years ago, and which began to die away to, her own singing, on St. Patrick's Night of 1859. It began and ended characteristically, for lightness of spirit was part of the fortune of the lady. In the earliest stages of that life, labor was undertaken cheerfully; it was never long laid down for holiday, and when life was fast fading away, the worker of old was contemplating a work on Moore Park, the Temple, Swift and Stella. The labor of Lady Morgan was, after her early run as light novelist, all directed to solid purpose. When to advocate Catholic Emancipation was to draw down upon the advocate a species of ostracism, Lady Morgan supported the good cause. When it was won, Rome forbade the reading of her books, and she felt the force of the compliment.

THE CANAL OF SUZ.—"It is no longer possible," says the *Moniteur*, "to dispute the practicability of this canal, now that the part between Port Saïd and Timsel has been executed. That part is the only one that has never before been constructed; it is the only one, therefore, about which there could have been a doubt, and regarding which difficulties and unfavorable anticipations might have been suggested. As we have often remarked before, the canal from Timsel to Suez has been digged and in actual use in former times, at four different periods. We may, therefore, without any hesitation, assert that the problem has been substantially and satisfactorily solved, as maritime communication is now open as far as Timsel. Beyond that point there is nothing to be done which the ancients have not already achieved, with resources greatly inferior to those of modern science." And our contemporary proceeds to say, "Thus the operation of 1861-62 will end with the important fact of a commencement being made at El-Guizir; and those of 1862-3, which, as we hope, will unite the two seas, have begun even before the first of November, the period marked out for them. Our letters inform us that in the latter part of October twelve thousand workmen were to have been engaged on different parts of the canal in the direction of Suez, from where it branches off at Nefche to the Serapeum. We

trust that with so large a number of workmen we shall soon be in a position to inform our readers of the completion of what, simultaneously with the maritime portion, will be carried on as far as the quarries of Gebel-Geneffe, which are so necessary for the construction of Port Saïd, and afterwards to Suez."

We understand that Mr. Maurice specially referred to the announcement that had recently been made that he was about to resign his preferment in the Church of England, and stated that he had withdrawn his resignation because he had found that he was quite mistaken in supposing that he should promote the object which he intended to effect by that resignation. He is said to have avowed his firm faith in the Church of England, as set forth in her Formularies, and, in the Holy Scriptures as the foundation of that faith. He had thought that by resigning his emoluments and offices in the Church, his testimony in her favor would be thereby stronger, in the opinion of those who were impugning her faith and teaching; but he had found that his resignation would be interpreted the other way, and therefore he had withdrawn it. Throughout he had simply a public principle, and not a private feeling, to satisfy and vindicate.—*English Churchman*.

From The Saturday Review.

BISHOP COLENZO ON THE PENTATEUCH.*

THE remarkably grotesque attitude in which Dr. Colenso presents himself before the public in his recent brochure has caught every eye; and even those who were most disposed to look seriously, whether in sympathy or alarm, upon it, have with difficulty refrained from relaxing their features to the universal smile. We all know how naturally an absurd incident, intervening in the midst of a great solemnity, moves to mirth the most incongruous to the occasion; and the spectacle of a bishop rushing, in hot haste, across six thousand miles of ocean to proclaim his spiritual overthrow by the first barbarian he encountered in his savage diocese, has produced a mixture of feelings in which gravity does not generally predominate. At least, it is said, he should have brought the Zulu chieftain with him, to assure us from his own mouth that his doubts were genuine and original, and not first insinuated into his mind by his wavering and bewildered teacher. But for the sake of the bishop himself, who suffers in personal feeling as well as in reputation, no less than for the large class of persons to whom his discomfiture will bring agitation and dismay, we curb any such emotions in ourselves. Our feelings towards Dr. Colenso would certainly be one of sorrow rather than of ridicule—more, perhaps, of vexation, not unmixed with pity, than either. And this, we hasten to say, not on account of his views themselves, for which, as being manifestly the result of candid and manly inquiry, we are bound at all events to express our respect. Nothing can be further from our thoughts than to deprecate unfettered freedom of investigation on the highest subjects of human speculation; though, before a bishop of our Church publishes speculations calculated to unsettle the minds of others, those speculations ought to be well and thoroughly considered. What we regret is the personal weakness, the lightness, the fickleness, the utter heedlessness which Dr. Colenso has betrayed in putting himself into the position from which alone his opinions have become matter of alarm, or even of notice. The book before us has been the

talk of all circles during the last few weeks; and Dr. Colenso has not even hesitated to add to the unfortunate excitement it has created, by corresponding with the penny press about it. There can be no occasion to explain now particularly what are the notions it promulgates. It is sufficient to say that the writer questions the historical, as distinguished from the doctrinal, authority of the earlier books of the Old Testament, and at present grounds his distrust mainly on certain numerical statements in them, which he supposes to contravene the first principles of arithmetic. He tells us, however, that he has other and perhaps weightier objections behind, and promises to produce further arguments in support of his position in a future publication. He requires us to believe that these difficulties have now, for the first time, occurred to him with any force—that he now, for the first time, finds himself obliged to discover a theory to reconcile them with his general belief in a divine revelation; and being now, for the first time, assured that “the Bible can no longer be regarded as infallibly true in matters of common history,” he exhorts us “not to look for the inspiration of the Holy One, which breathes through its pages, in respect of any such matters as these, which the writers wrote as men, with the same liability to errors from any cause as other men, and where they must be judged as men, as all other writers would be, by the just laws of criticism.”

Whatever may be thought of this solution of the difficulties indicated, there are few men of intelligence to whom it presents any novelty. Most strange it must appear, to any one who has had his eyes and ears open for the last quarter of a century, that a man of fifty years or thereabouts, who has been for several years a resident Fellow in a conspicuous college at Cambridge, who has achieved high academical distinctions, and has since filled posts of responsibility in the clerical profession, should have only just now begun to feel these difficulties, and have hardly yet become aware how much they have long occupied the thoughts of religious inquirers. Still more strange is it that a man who has enjoyed, and allowed himself to miss, such opportunities of better information should have ventured to plunge into the spiritual trials and perils of a missionary bishop with such want of precaution or prep-

* *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined.* Part I. *The Pentateuch Examined as an Historical Narrative.* By the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, Bishop of Natal. Longman: 1862.

aration, in such ignorance of the theological questions of the day, with such an entire misapprehension of his own ignorance about them, and knowing, we suppose, still less of the Zulus whom he was to convert than of the instrument by which, and the creed to which, he was to convert them. And, we will add, strangest of all is it that, having voluntarily placed himself in such a position, and contracted such special obligations to his congregations, to the public generally, to his clergy and fellow-laborers, and to the Church of which he had made himself the organ, he should rush so lightly into print, and cause a flutter in many simple and pious breasts which his voice from college, or from his country-living, would hardly have reached, and, comparatively, little moved.

With respect to the particular objections to the Bible narrative which are here brought forward, we have little to say. Some of them are undoubtedly hypocritical, some frivolous and almost puerile; while others (as, for instance, that regarding the alleged want of preparation for the Passover) seem to rest upon misconception, or even careless oversight; and it must be added that, so lax and reckless is the character of the objector's mind, in several places he even copies incorrectly the very passages on which he founds his arguments. This is plainly shown in the pamphlet now before us of Mr. Marsh, and affords him an easy, though not, in the particular cases, an important triumph. The question, however, arises, what must be the character of the translation which the bishop professes to have executed, of nearly every book of Scripture into the Zulu language? We are justified in apprehending, not only that blunders from ignorance and inattention abound in it—we totally distrust his capacity to resist his perhaps unconscious bias in favor of his own opinions and fancies. Our missionary translations of the Bible have given rise to scandals before now, and if there is any gentleman of critical ability acquainted with Zulu, it is much to be wished that he should be encouraged to review the version put forth with authority in the diocese of Natal.

A very slight consideration of the peculiar class of objections here brought before us would suffice to assure us that they deserve no special notice apart from the position and circumstance of the writer, and still more

from the really grave difficulties, geological and ethnographical, which, as is well known, lie behind them. Dr. Colenso prefaces his book with a letter, in which, as he tells us, he sought counsel, on the first budding of his doubts and scruples, of a nameless professor in an English university. This reference has excited, we believe, some jealousy; but as the letter, after all, was not sent, in the impatience of the writer to work out his own conclusions, we need not speculate further as to the person for whom it was intended. And yet it appears to us that, if the choice of an adviser were well made, and if the inquirer could have exercised sufficient self-control, to wait for a reply, and heedfully to ponder it, he might have been reassured, not only as regards some of his particular objections, but as to the broader principles of criticism by which he has been led to them. We should have had no wish ourselves to receive his confession, nor would he consent, perhaps, to be shriven by us; and it is to the readers of his volume who have been interested, and possibly harassed, by the views it promulgates, rather than to himself, that we would address some further remarks upon the general subject.

The human mind has clung, at all periods, with invincible conviction, to the belief in some outward manifestation of a higher mind and power. We have all remarked how, in the days of the decline of positive creeds among the Pagans of old, the passion for astrology, magic, and thaumaturgy of every kind grew more vehement and engrossing than ever. Many of us have been personal witnesses to the curious fact that, at this present era of spiritual doubts and conflicts, the same men who have most unreservedly abandoned the profession of a Christian faith have been generally the most wildly excited by the supernatural pretensions of the so-called Spiritualists. Old-fashioned believers have beheld, with a smile or a sigh, this effeminate exchange of a reasonable and affecting faith for a grovelling and aimless superstition—the same which has re-appeared from age to age under certain predisposing causes, and vanished again and again amidst the contempt or indignation of mankind. But whatever be the causes which are found thus to dispose certain minds to the supernatural, to those who, in our times, have been trained in the hopes and aspirations of Christianity,

the faith in some divine revelation or other has become generally a moral necessity. That such a revelation has been accompanied by some outward signs—by some supernatural movements of the Deity upon the face of his creation—is accepted by them almost as an axiom. They find, in the narratives of the Gospel, external testimony to the fact of such a revelation. They have good reason to believe that the direct historical evidence for that narrative—at least, in its foundation and outline, with its astonishing apparatus of signs and wonders—is stronger than that which exists for any combination of events recorded in contemporary history; that the evidence for the genuineness of St. John's or St. Paul's writings, for instance, is actually stronger than for those of Cæsar or Tacitus. It is very fitting and necessary that it should be so. The foundation must be strong indeed that has to bear such a superstructure as that of the Christian revelation. But they know, further, that this external evidence is very amply supplemented and confirmed by cumulative testimony of various kinds; and, especially, by the force of internal probability, as witnessed by the heart and conscience, and highest reason of a reasonable being. Planted upon this foundation, they regard the antecedent history of the older dispensation in its analogy to the newer. Certainly, they do not find the same force of external evidence for this; but neither do they require it. They are free to exercise their critical faculty in weighing scrupulously its amount; and if they feel a difficulty in regard to special facts or circumstances referred to it, they throw themselves back on the analogy of the dispensation which is more fully confirmed, or allow their minds to remain in suspense about them. Or, lastly, they may admit that, in using human instruments and vehicles for making known his revelations, the Deity has possibly permitted even the record of his providence to be mingled partially with human traditions, and subjected, more or less, to the laws of human infirmity.

In granting a moral revelation of his nature and will to men, it seems to stand to reason that the Deity has imparted a genuine statement of his doctrines. It would be a contradiction in terms to suppose a revelation of error in regard to the very object for which it was given. But it is a mere as-

sumption, to which Scripture itself, fairly interpreted, affords no countenance, to suppose that the narrative of purely historical facts along with which that doctrine is conveyed, is specially guarded by unerring truth, or dictated by special illumination. The early history of most nations is found, on critical examination, to be more or less mixed up with legend or tradition; and we give to it more or less credence according as we find its traditionary elements to correspond with the actual phenomena of its laws and institutions. The mythical legends of Greece may be mostly, or, as Mr. Grote would say, wholly, inventions, unconscious or perhaps half unconscious; for we can trace little or no connection between them and the historical politics of the land they sprang from. But those of Rome, as even Sir George Lewis would acknowledge, stand on a different foundation; for they correspond frequently and closely with what genuine history has preserved of the customs and institutions of a later date. The patriarchal history of the Jews, even if it be compiled, as secular criticism at the present day pretends, from national recollections and traditions, the origin of which is lost in the night of ages, claims, nevertheless, our belief in its main outline, and in its principal details, as purely secular criticism itself must allow, from the manner in which it is incorporated in the whole body of Jewish law, and lives and breathes in the ideas of the Jewish people. It becomes the necessary antecedent to the later history, for assault and battery. As the extra-legal appeal to force gradually dies out, the equally extra-legal appeal to opinion takes its place. And so it is with nations also. In the first place, every appeal to international law is really an appeal to opinion. International law is certainly not law in the same sense as common, civil, or canon law, because there is no common superior peaceably to enforce it. An appeal to the law of nations is much more like an appeal to the laws of honor than it is like a suit at the Assizes or in the County Court. If one party contumaciously refuses obedience to either law, the aggrieved party must either submit in silence or appeal to force. But, besides all this, there seem to be signs afloat of bringing the direct power of opinion to bear upon international affairs. There is a state of things in which you neither fight your enemy nor go to law with

him, but simply cut him dead. It is not so very long since we saw an example of a nation being cut in like manner. England had no ground of war against Ferdinand of Naples; but his Government was thought too disreputable to associate with, and so we cut him. Perhaps, to be perfectly consistent, we ought to have cut one or two other Governments at the same time. But neither nations nor individuals are always perfectly consistent. Men have, before now, been known to tolerate conduct in a duke for which they would certainly have cut a neighbor of their own rank. Still, this is a case of bringing direct social opinion to bear on national affairs. The King of Naples was given to understand that he was not fit company for other kings, and he was treated accordingly.

That appeal to physical force which always lies in the background in all national affairs supplies another reason why nations are more strict and litigious than individuals in asserting their rights, and why they are praised for being so when individuals would be blamed. The trustee feeling above mentioned has a good deal to do with it, but it is not all. It is manifest that, in a state of things where force is the final arbiter, a nation which shows that it cannot be safely trifled with is in a much better position than one with which liberties may be taken without fear of punishment. It seems to follow, then, that the law of morality for nations and for individuals is not exactly the same. The cardinal obligation of justice is always exactly the same, whether for a single man, for a corporation, or for a whole people. A nation, not less than an individual, must do right and keep its word. But some of what we may call the ornamental virtues are allowed much less space in international than in personal dealings. A nation may often be generous; but nothing but the strictest obligations of justice can call it to be self-sacrificing or self-denying. There is no room for works of supererogation; it is enough if it keeps in good faith to the letter of the law. It must never be unjust or unfaithful, but it may well be more guided by a view to its own advantage, less considerate of others, more suspicious, selfish, exacting, and obstinate than a perfectly virtuous man will be. A nation, in short, is seldom called upon to play the part of a hero, or to exer-

cise any high decree of cosmopolitan patriotism. It is commonly enough if it recognizes the just claims of others, and does not put forth false claims of its own. In short, the morality of nations is much the same as the often-maligned morality of corporations. It is the fact that the whole world is mapped out among nations, while only a small part of any country is mapped out among corporations, which makes the main difference between them.

The following letter to the (*London Record*), will more fully explain the Bishop's difficulty to many readers of the *Living Age* :—

"SIR: You will observe, in a recent article, that the public is becoming accustomed to the strange vagaries on the Bible, which men of learning and high position in the Church seem so constantly falling into.

"I should be glad to express, through the medium of your columns, what appears to me the secret of all this: and I the rather desire to do so, because I am myself a monument of the delivering power and mercy of God in this very matter.

"It is very observable that almost all the men who have thus notoriously erred from the way of the truth, are men of some kind of eminence in natural ability. Of Mr. Maurice, I cannot say I think that even in natural things he excels in distinctness of the ideas, or of the power of clearly discerning nice differences. But the errors of such men as Heath, and especially Bishop Colenso, cannot be attributable to any confusion of mind as to things which differ—their eminent honors at Cambridge forbid our taking that view. Besides I know from past experience in the same gloomy school, that the possession of very considerable natural acumen does not, in the least degree, aid a man whose mind is perplexed about the foundations of Bible truth.

"As to the objections urged by the above gentlemen to the generally received views of Scripture, and the doctrines which flow so immediately from its simple and spiritual acceptance as the Word of God, they know as well as we do that they are hackneyed and as old as our fallen nature, but then that does not remove them; they cannot receive the simple accounts of Scripture, because they have not Divine faith. I remember when I first began to read the Bible (and I thought I was sincerely seeking the truth), I was miserable because I could not believe it; I dared not reject any statement I found there; but I could not fully believe it was

true. The Bishop of Natal just expresses what I felt; and the fact that we took exactly the same university honors (in different years, of course), makes me sympathize with him peculiarly. My own history was just this: I had read and studied deeply in mathematics; had mastered every fresh subject I entered upon with ease and delight; had become accustomed (as every exact mathematician must do) to investigate and discover fundamental differences between things which seem to the uninitiated one and the same; had seen my way into physical astronomy and the higher parts of Newton's immortal 'Principia,' and been frequently lost in admiration of his genius till St. Mary's clock warned me that midnight was past three hours ago. I had, in fact (as we say), made myself master of dynastics, and become gradually more and more a believer in the unlimited capacity of my own mind! This self-conceited idea was only flattered and fostered by eminent success in the Senate House, and by subsequently obtaining a Fellowship at Trinity, and enjoying very considerable popularity as a mathematical lecturer.

"It would have spared me many an hour of misery in after days had I really felt what I so often said, viz., that the deeper a man went in science, the humbler he ought to be; and the more cautious in pronouncing an independent opinion on a subject he had not investigated, or could not thoroughly sift. But, though all this was true, I had yet to learn that this humility in spiritual things is never found in a natural man.

"I took orders and began to preach, and then, like the bishop among the Zulus, I found out the grand deficit in my theology. I had not the Spirit's teaching myself, and how could I without it speak 'in demonstration of the Spirit and of power'?

"In vain did I read Chalmers, Paley, Butler, Gaussen, etc., and determined that, as I had mastered all the other subjects I had grappled with, so I would the Bible, and that I would make myself a believer. I found a poor, ignorant old woman in my parish more than a match for me in Divine things. I was distressed to find that she was often happy in the evident mercy of the Lord to her, and that she found prayer answered, and that all this was proved sincere by her blameless and harmless walk amongst the neighbors; whilst I, with all my science and investigation, was barren and unprofitable and miserable—an unbeliever in heart, and yet not daring to avow it, partly from the fear of man, but more from a certain inward conviction that all my sceptical difficulties would be crushed and leaped over by the experience of the most illiterate Christian.

"I was perfectly ashamed to feel in my mind like Voltaire, Volney, or Tom Paine. I could claim no originality in my views; and I found they were no comfort, but a constant source of misery to me.

"May we not compare this kind of state to that which God speaks of in Jeremiah xlix: 'Thy terriblest hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart!' And observe what follows: 'Hear the counsel of the Lord. Surely the least of the flock shall draw them out.'

"It may now be asked, how I came ever to view Divine truth differently. I desire to ascribe all praise to him to whom power belongeth; I desire to put my own mouth to the dust, and be ashamed, and never open my mouth any more, because of my former unbelief. I cannot describe all I passed through, but I desire with humility and gratitude to say, I was made willing in a day of Christ's power. He sweetly melted down my proud heart with his love; he shut my mouth forever from cavilling at any difficulties in the written Word; and one of the first things in which the great change appeared was, that whereas before-time preaching had been misery, now it became my delight to be able to say, without a host of sceptical or infidel doubts rushing into my mind: 'Thus saith the Lord.' Oh, I am quite certain no natural man can see the things of God; and I am equally certain he cannot make himself do so. 'It was the Lord that exalted Moses and Aaron,' said Samuel; and 'By the grace of God I am what I am,' said St. Paul; and so, in a modified and humble sense, I can truly say.

"It used to be a terrible stumbling-block to me to find so many learned men, so many acute men, so many scientific men, infidels. It is not so now; I see that God has said, 'Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble;' I see as plainly as it is possible for me to see anything, that no natural man can receive the things of the Spirit of God. Hence I expect to find men of this stamp of intellect coming out boldly with their avowal of unbelief in the written Word of God. The only answer I can give to them is, 'God has in mercy taught me better;' and never do I sing those beautiful words in the well-known hymn but I feel my eyes filling with tears of gratitude to the God of all compassion:—

"'Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God.'

"So it was with me; so it must be with any one of them if ever they are to know the truth in its power, or to receive the love of the truth that they may be saved.

"I feel very much for the young of this

generation, remembering the conflicts I passed through in consequence of the errors of men of ability. I hope the Lord will graciously impress on many hearts the serious truth of these words, 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit;' and 'The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.' My own way of explaining it to myself and others, when required to do so, is by saying, 'It is not the mind, but the affections, which receive true religion.' 'Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.'

"Apologizing for occupying much room, I remain, my dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

A FORMER FEL. OF TRIN. COL., CAMB.
Wymswold Vic., Loughborough, Oct. 15, 1862.

From The Athenæum.

Something of Italy. By W. Chambers.
Chambers.

THE charm of these notes of a brief tour through Turin, Genoa, Florence, Rome, Naples, Lombardy, and Venetia, is their simplicity. Attempting to record "*something*, not much, about Italy—just those glances at the country, its people, and usages, which were casually obtained during a three months' excursion in the spring and summer of 1862," they will be acceptable to the thousands of intelligent persons who, unable themselves to travel, wish at the present crisis, to see the outside of Italian life through the eyes of an observant and educated tourist. As he walked through the broad, handsome, regular, and bustling streets of Turin, Mr. Chambers was "quite struck with the demonstrations of activity. On all sides the people seemed to be eager in their conversations and discussions, as if conscious of their new obligations and privileges; and it would have amused any one to see the universal demand for the cheap newspapers which were issued daily, without restraint by the press." At Rome, literature took another form. "In visiting one of the printing-offices in Rome, I found that the largest impression of any product of the press is that of lottery-tickets. Thousands were in course of being thrown off in obedience to official authority, and the profit on their sale is said to form a branch of the public revenue. I am aware that the purchasing of lottery-tickets is a general Italian weakness, for we found the system going on everywhere; but considering the spiritual

character of the Roman Government, I should not have expected to find the lottery flourishing so conspicuously and on so mean a scale under its patronage. The sale of the tickets takes place at shops throughout the town, and at a price so small as to accommodate the poorer inhabitants." Speaking of Neapolitan funerals, Mr. Chambers says, "When there is a deficiency of cash, matters take a different turn; and on reading what I have got to say, the poor in England may feel that they are born to other blessings besides those enjoyed during life. Surmounting the open grounds of the Campo Santo Nuovo, there is a quadrangular structure, comprising private burial-vaults; and in the centre of it is a square paved court with subterranean depositories. It is in this last-mentioned arrangement that there is any peculiarity. In the pavement are rows of iron rings, to the number of one hundred and seventy-six; and each, on being lifted, gives access to a deep cell into which bodies are promiscuously dropped. A Capuchin monk, who was in attendance, did not seem inclined to be very communicative, but we gathered from him that the interments in these common receptacles are not gratuitous. A charge equal to 5s. or 6s. is made for each; and we further learned that the bodies, when lowered, are not quite naked. This, in short, is a middle-class cemetery, or, at all events, something better than a depository of disowned paupers or beggars. All the cells were closed; and as the monk was not disposed to open one at the request of a stranger, we drove off to the Campo Santo Vecchio, to try to get a little more explicit information." At the Campo Santo Vecchio the tourist was favored with a peep down one of the apertures of the burial-pit for paupers, where he saw "what may be mildly described as a confused heap of skeletons." "The bodies," he says, "are carried hither in coffins; but this is only out of regard for public decency, for the coffins have hinged lids, and being cleared of their contents, are returned for further use. Sometimes, as an additional point of decorum, the bodies are in shrouds, or some other species of covering; more frequently, however, they are naked, in which state they are let fall one by one, feet foremost, into the pit, making a fresh layer over every previous year's mortality." One day in Naples, Mr. Chambers saw a poor but decently clothed man sitting in a busy thoroughfare, with a dead child upon his knees, and begging alms for the purpose of interring it with a distant approach to decency. "One might ask," adds the writer, "if a country can have been righteously governed or cared for where such things exist and provoke no particular remark."

From The Press.

English Women of Letters. By Julia Kavanagh. London: Hurst and Blackett.

MISS KAVANAGH, in the volumes before us, as well as in the previous work which she devoted to "French Women of Letters," has had a single design—"to show how far, for the last two centuries and more, women have contributed to the formation of the modern novel." The plan she adopts is to give a brief biography of each writer, succeeded by a critical analysis of her works. She begins with Aphra Behn, whose career could scarcely, we suppose, be ignored: let us hope that Miss Kavanagh's notice of her will not induce anybody to read her. We find quoted Sir Walter Scott's well-known anecdote of an old lady, who remembered Mrs. Behn's works in her youth as currently read by the young; and greatly astonished was she to find, at the age of eighty, that she was disgusted by what she had read innocently at fifteen. This shows a singular change of taste; but it is to be remembered that Aphra Behn was deemed very coarse even by her contemporaries. Next in order comes Miss Fielding, sister of the greatest of novelists, whose "David Simple" was a famous book in its way. Miss Fielding was excellent in descriptive analysis of character, but failed to show it in action. This is a common fault in the modern novel. To describe is easier than to develop. Miss Fielding's successor in the series, Madame d'Arblay, better known as Miss Burney, was endowed with an unusual power of evolving character. She began to keep a journal at fifteen, in which she "confessed every thought—opened her whole heart;" and the young diarist by this means greatly sharpened her perceptive faculties. Anybody who will take the trouble every evening to write a narrative of the day will be surprised to find how details multiply and apparent trifles assume significance. A lady-novelist could have no better training. Miss Kavanagh tells with great humor and gusto how demure Fanny Burney anonymously published her first novel, "Evelina"—and how it took the world by storm—and how Dr. Johnson, grimmest of literary lions, growled serene approval, and petted her at Streatham, and once actually kissed her. Madame d'Arblay linked together two distinctive literary ages. She, who had sat on

Dr. Johnson's knee, received the great Sir Walter in 1826, and told him that he and George Canning were the persons she had most desired to see.

Miss Burney may be described as the direct literary progenitrix of Mr. Thackeray. "Vulgarity," says her biographer, "was her excellence." She had a keen eye for "snobs," and a cruel stylus with which to transfix them. The Branghton family in "Evelina," are quite equal to any vulgar set whom our great humorist has pilloried. And she sketched contemporary manners with much of Mr. Thackeray's minute vividness and accuracy. She, like him, dealt specially with the surface of things. It is impossible to read her "Evelina" and "Cecilia" without admitting her to be the foundress of the school of satirical novelists whose favorite theme is the manners of the day.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith, whose name may perhaps be recollected as a writer of verse, wrote novels also: of her there is little to be said. Mrs. Radcliffe followed—imitating Horace Walpole, and wild for the supernatural. When she was popular George Colman wrote:—

"A novel now is nothing more
Than an old castle and a creaking door,
A distant hovel,
Clanking of chains—a gallery—a light—
Old armor—and a phantom all in white—
And there's a novel."

Mrs. Radcliffe was the genius of ruined castles and solitary forests. She peopled the world with phantoms. Which of us has not in early youth extracted delightful terror from "The Mysteries of Udolpho"? Scarcely could there be a stronger contrast between Mrs. Radcliffe and her successor, Mrs. Inchbald, authoress of "A Single Story." Nothing can be more charming in their kind than this novel and its sequel—full of truth and vigor, of pathos and dramatic power, they are well worth reading by those unacquainted with our earlier novelists. A strange life was Mrs. Inchbald's, and Miss Kavanagh narrates it well—from her running away at eighteen to London to be an actress to the solitary years which she devoted to repentance and religious observances.

We come now to writers better known. Miss Edgeworth, as our authoress remarks, was by nature a teacher. She was essen-

tially ethical, and incredulous of the existence of overmastering, indomitable passion. There is consequently an air of unreality about all her novels, admirable as they are. The next writer in the series, Miss Austen, is as unmistakably *real*. "Her range of vision was limited," but she saw keenly into character. Sir Walter Scott was delighted with her. "The big bow-wow strain," he said, "I can myself do, like any now going, but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary, commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me." Miss Austen possessed this to perfection. Another great authority, Lord Macaulay, remarked, "She has given us a multitude of characters, all, in a certain sense, commonplace—all such as we meet every day. Yet they are all as perfectly discriminated as if they were the most eccentric of human beings." Miss Austen was the most *truthful* of novelists.

Tenderness and pathos were the chief characteristics of Mrs. Opie, whose novels were very popular in their day. And what shall we say of Lady Morgan, the last and most indescribable of Miss Kavanagh's series? Airy, fanciful, daring—full of faults, yet never by any accident dull—all her words and acts seemed to tell of her Irish parentage, and of her birth upon the ever-changing sea. She was her own "Wild Irish Girl." Miss Kavanagh is scarcely equal to herself in her *Life of Lady Morgan*, and some of her statements are questionable: we doubt, for instance, whether

the severe way in which the novelist was treated by the *Literary Gazette* had much to do with the success of the *Athenæum*. We quite agree, however, in the general estimate of Lady Morgan—whose conceptions were bolder and more energetic than those of any female novelist who preceded her, but whose execution was invariably weak and inaccurate. Questionless, of all the famous women whom Miss Kavanagh has illustrated, Miss Austen is the only one whose novels will live.

It is scarcely necessary for us to tell our readers that our authoress's style is graceful and her taste discriminative. She has ably shown the influence of the feminine intellect upon modern narrative fiction. We quote with pleasure the eloquent sentences which close her work:—

"But new schools have arisen since she wrote—are arising daily. Fiction is going on its wonderful career like Saturn, devouring its own children. The time when novels were few has gone by; we shall never see its return. It is the only branch of literature in which women have acquired genuine distinction and exercised undoubted influence. We have seen, through the most distinguished amongst them, what they have effected. That their own books should now be for the most part unread and forgotten matters little. We cannot open a novel of to-day on which these past and faded novelists have not left their trace. And whilst the human mind, its toils, its pleasures, are worth nothing, that trace, however fine and often invisible, is worthy of attention and record."

"DON'T BOTHER ME."—There is a capital story going round the papers touching what is called the restoration of the power of speech to an aged person, called Mary Dean, at a place called Oteson. The old lady had been dumb for fifty or sixty years, but on her being at length moved to wrath by being told to go on an errand, indignation brought back her faculty of utterance, and she exclaimed, "Don't bother me!" It is refreshing to hear of a person having been silent for half a century or more, and then breaking silence to request that she might not be "bothered." *Mr. Punch* has an idea that the statues of a good many deceased celebrities, whose silence has been genuine, but to whose supposed beliefs, opinions, prophecies, and sentiments, reference is perseveringly made by their

descendants, would, if "stones were known to speak," open their mouths to much the same effect as Mary Dean, in answer to the majority of appeals now made to them. Possibly Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Wellington, after hearing Conservative orations, Mr. Fox and Mr. Grant, in reply to Liberal invocations, and certainly George Washington, when buncombe spouters to an acre of mob are clamoring to his Shade, would be inclined, "from information received," to say "Don't bother me." This is the only moral *Mr. Punch* has been able to distil from an anecdote upon which about eleven thousand correspondents have desired his opinion, and he begs in conclusion to repeat the words of Mary Dean.

From The Saturday Review.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS HOOD.*

THE miscellaneous works of Thomas Hood, which a not ungraceful filial piety has collected in the volumes before us, need very little comment on their present republication. They will find many among the persistent readers of the light literature of the day who can look back to their original date, and recall the feeling produced by their mingled brilliancy and depth when they were circulated for the first time. And they will meet the eyes of a younger generation who knew not Hood as a living writer, or who only knew him through the exceptionally wider popularity attained by one or two of his later poems, rather because they fell in with the popular sentiment of the moment than from any intrinsic superiority over the rest of his writings. Probably, the effect produced on these two classes of readers by the perusal of the volumes in question will be various in kind and degree. The affectionate interest which old readers of Hood may or must feel in turning over the pages, on meeting with the familiar sparkles of wit, and the familiar subdued lustre of the truest pathos and the most exquisite imagination, is replaced in the later generation by an interest which must be purely critical. It is a question how far the genuine novelty and originality of Hood will affect modern taste, brought up on a diet of newer turns of phrase and newer forms of humor, with a sense that he is either novel or original; but that, to some extent at least, these qualities will be still recognized in him, there is no doubt at all.

The younger Mr. Hood acted very judiciously in feeling the way for this republication by giving to the world his father's *Life and Letters*, which were noticed in our columns some two years ago. It is one thing to know a writer in his works, and another (sometimes a very different thing) to know him as a man. But some compensation for not having known Hood as a contemporary author was certainly to be found, by those who chose to look for it, in the knowledge of Hood's character as shown in his life and his correspondence. The extreme gentleness and playfulness of nature which sustained him through ill-health and needy circumstances, not only keeping him afloat at

the ordinary level of human spirits, but overflowing into infinite streams of humor and geniality, are admirably exemplified in the records of his domestic life. So is also the real strength of his worthy and thoroughly lovable character. Younger readers will do well to become acquainted with this portrait of the favorite humorist of the last generation before they begin to study his works. When they have gained an interest in the personality of Hood as a man, they will be all the readier to sympathize with him as a fanciful, quaint, poetical, burlesque, and pathetic writer.

Of all the styles of writing known to literature, the humorous style is perhaps the most evanescent and volatile. Though the whole human race may tend to laughter at the same sort of things for generation after generation, yet the perfect joke of yesterday is not the perfect joke of to-day, still less of to-morrow. The domain of the mythical Joe Miller steadily advances, year after year, annexing and absorbing one witty touch or happy hit after another; and the fresher layers of jocularity soon smother the older forms of wit in mere oblivion. Sometimes the memory of a joke outlasts its intelligibility; as in the instance of the celebrated joke of Hannibal before one of his great battles, reported by Livy, at which neither schoolboy nor schoolmaster has ever laughed, though at the time it succeeded in amusing the staff of Hannibal. The wit of Aristophanes himself, though clothed in the very perfection of language, and appreciable in all its clearness by the classical scholar, yet only in a few instances tickles the scholar as he reads it to actual laughing. And the same is the case with many of the comic scenes of Shakspeare. It is necessary either to see the personages and action upon the visible stage, or to create, by the power of imagination, a vivid mental picture of the dramatic circumstances as they would be presented on the stage, before we can altogether appreciate the truth and naturalness of diction which marks Shakspeare's comic characters. Persons who habitually quote good things out of Shakspeare without quotation marks, as being, in virtue of their origin, good things for ever and notorious to everybody as such, are very much to blame. Besides puzzling or irritating the modern reader, they do, in a sense, wrong

* *The Works of Thomas Hood.* MOXON: 1862.

Shakspeare by taking his words into their own mouths, instead of noting the fact that they are citing a quotation. It is one of the signs of the wonderful power and simplicity of Shakspeare that his prose dialogue should be so elastic in diction as to maintain a natural and almost perfect ease at the present day. But even the vitality of Shakspeare's language is no proof that, if he were writing now-a-days, he would have expressed his meaning in exactly the same words, or chosen exactly the same shade of meaning to express at all. Both in the choice of the idea to be shadowed out, and in moulding and polishing the vehicle or form of words in which that idea was to be conveyed, he would have followed most accurately the ever-moving and volatile fashion of his own time.

In the particular department of humorous writing to which so many of Hood's productions belong, the fickleness of human taste is most strongly shown. A pun is emphatically a thing of the moment, and fades almost as soon as the explosion of laughter which is caused by the flash of its absurd double meaning has died away into silence. The very fame of Joe Miller, as the mythical owner of all stale jokes, only rests upon a deep law of nature—that no man can honestly laugh twice at the same pun—and its corollary, that no man can honestly claim a laugh from his neighbors for a pun which has been made and published once before. Laughter at the repetition of a bad pun only grows grimmer and grimmer upon each successive compulsion; and the neatest joke which depends upon mere parallelism of sound or verbal duplicity soon meets with a reception of the most profound indifference. The better the pun, the sooner it dies out of favor, by the very fact of that pungency and prettiness which make it so instantaneously and universally known when once it has been uttered. And, in dying, it leaves barren the soil upon which it grew. It has extracted the risible virtue of that particular contrast of unsuitable ideas at once and forever; or at least until some new discovery in the chemistry of wit enables the scientific joker to combine its bases with some third ingredient of Attic salt, and so produce some novel explosive substance to electrify or amuse a more and more fastidious world.

Hood was endowed with a gift of punning almost without parallel, and his tendency to

exercise this gift was almost irrepressible. Even in the simple, manly, and touching letter written from a sick bed to thank the grave premier, Sir Robert Peel, for one of the most graceful acts of ministerial kindness upon record, Hood was unable to refrain from a pun. In his ordinary writings they overflowed from his pen with a nearly consecutive inconsecutiveness. To the class of persons whom a single pun offends, as disturbing the due concentration of the intellect upon the real meaning of the language used, Hood's manner of building up an illogical series of ideas by the side of a logical one must have been painful in the extreme. To keep pace with Hood's double intent required from the reader a mental operation analogous to the process of counting the money in his pocket with one hand while using the other to carry out some entirely distinct act of volition, by which Robert Houdin taught himself the first rudiments of conjuring. It might almost be said that Hood reduced to a science the counterpoint of punning—so harmoniously does a running accompaniment of all the chords of sublunary nonsense go along with the melody or air of actual sense in his comic verse or prose. Yet, if our view is correct of the quick evanescence of this species of verbal wit, is even the greatest mastery over such wit sufficient to save his memory from oblivion? Not of itself alone. But in Hood the extraordinary combination of real poetical genius, taste, and imagination, with this irrepressible quick-wittedness, raised the level of his nonsense in proportion with the height of the serious side of his words. The truest poetry is always that which admits of the best parodies; and Hood's method enfolded both the poetry and its parody in the same language. Strike out the nonsense, and the appropriateness, frequently the elegance, or even beauty, of the sense remains. It is very probable that a lesser admixture of this quick wit in Hood's composition would have raised him even higher as a serious poet; but it is certain that the genuine dash of poetry which generally pervades even the lightest of his comicalities elevates them out of the merely trivial and burlesque. A good instance of his real eloquence in nonsense is to be found in his "Ode to Joseph Hume." As long as the parliamentary memory of that great economist is green, the following lines may

well live as his most appropriate, half-comic, half-serious encomium, in the hearts of the English people:—

“In Parliament no star shines more or bigger,
And yet thou dost not care to cut a figure;
Equally art thou eloquent and able,
Whether in showing how to serve the nation,
Or laying its petitions on the Table
Of multiplication.

In motion thou art second unto none,
Though fortune on thy motions seems to frown,
For though you set a number down
You seldom carry one.

Great at speech thou art, though some folks cough,

But thou art greatest at a *paring* off.

But never blench,

Although in stirring up corruption's worms

You make some factions

Vulgar as certain fractions,

Almost reduced unto their lowest terms,

Go on, reform, diminish, and retrench;

Go on, for ridicule not caring;

Sift on from one to nine with all their noughts,

And make state ciphers eat up their own 'orts,

And only in thy saving be unsparing:

At soldiers' uniforms make awful rackets,

Don't trim though, but untrim their jackets.

Allow the tin mines no tin tax,

Cut off the Great Seal's wax!

Dock all the dockyards, lower masts and sails,

Search foot by foot the Infantry's amounts,

Look into all the Cavalry's accounts,

And crop their horses' tails.

Look well to Woolwich and each money vote,

Examine all the cannons' charges well,

And those who found th' Artillery compel

To forge twelve-pounders for a five pound note.

Watch Sandhurst too, its debts and its cadets—

Those military pets.

Take Army—no, take Leggy tailors

Down to the Fleet, for no one but a nincom,

Out of our nation's narrow income,

Would furnish such wide trousers to the sailors.

Next take, to wonder him,

The Master of the Horse's horse from under him:

Retrench from those who tend on Royal ills

Wherewith to gild their pills.

And tell the Staghounds' Master he must keep

The deer, &c., cheap.

Close as new brooms

Scrub the Bed Chamber Grooms;

Abridge the Master of the Ceremonies

Of his very moneys:

In short, at every salary have a pull;

And when folks come for pay

On quarter-day,

Stop half, and make them give receipts in full.

Hood was not successful as a simple storyteller. *Tynley Hall* is not a good novel; and the smaller novelettes collected in these volumes do not indicate any sustained power of construction which might have made him

tell another story better. Such power of drawing character as he had is better shown where his narrative is clothed in an epistolary form, than where the personages and incidents are brought directly upon the scene; and in spite of *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe* it may be laid down, as a general rule, that the use of a series of letters as the vehicle for the story argues a weakness in the novelist. The direct reaction of personal character and circumstances upon each other forms the broader, if the more dangerous, ground on which the power of a great novelist is to be tried. The characters of *Tynley Hall* are no particular characters at all; and though, in Hood's narrative epistles, a certain piquancy and individuality of manner attach to the several letter-writers, it would be entirely impossible to predicate from their style or their sentiments how they would behave under any imaginable circumstances of real life. Here, too, it is probable that Hood's power was, to some extent, spoiled by the very versatility of his cleverness, which prevented more absolute concentration upon the main idea. Had he been less peculiarly gifted as a humorist, he might have been more effective as a dramatist or a romancer. Still, for the purposes of collecting an exhaustive memorial of his father's talents, Mr. Hood has very rightly republished *Tynley Hall* and the other stories. The same justification hardly applies to such obviously ephemeral bits of nonsense as the mixture of verses and “patter” on the ship-launch, St. Valentine's Day, and the Lord Mayor's show. Less vulgar, but not much less slight, than the stuff which delights the frequenters of modern music-halls, these trivialities should have slept in the past with the vocal entertainments through which alone their author intended them to meet the public ear. Of Hood, as of other poets and authors, it is best that it should be said—

“He kept his worst; his best he gave.”

And when the worst was composed only for a special purpose, which it probably answered well enough, it is unfair upon the author that it should rise up in judgment against him among his collected works, now that he has no power left of putting his own waste papers into the fire. It is the only shortcoming in Mr. Thomas Hood's merits

as editor that he has not learnt the last and greatest art—and we will say, the last and greatest touch of filial piety—the art to blot. Yet we might point to many little gems of poetry, of gracefulness and wit, for the reproduction of which we are greatly indebted to Mr. Hood the younger. Here is a specimen, perhaps the lightest and prettiest “ado about nothing” ever written in a young lady’s album:—

“A pretty task, Miss S——, to ask
A Benedictine pen,
That cannot quite at freedom write
Like those of other men.
No lover’s plaint my Muse must paint
To fill this page’s span,
But be correct, and recollect
I’m not a single man.

“Pray, only think, for pen and ink,
How hard to get along,
That may not turn on words that burn,
Or love, the life of song!
Nine Muses, if I chooses, I
May woo all in a clan,
But one, Miss S——, I daren’t address—
I’m not a single man.

“Scribblers unwed, with little head
May eke it out with heart,
And in their lays it often plays
A rare first fiddle part.

They make a kiss to rhyme with bliss,
But if I so began,
I have my fears about my ears—
I’m not a single man.

“Upon your cheek I may not speak,
Nor on your lip be warm;
I must be wise about your eyes,
And formal with your form;
Of all that sort of thing, in short,
On T. H. Bayly’s plan,
I must not twine a single line—
I’m not a single man.

“A watchman’s part compels my heart
To keep you off its beat;
And I might dare as soon to swear
At you as at your feet.
I can’t expire in passion’s fire,
As other poets can—
My life (she’s by) wont let me die—
I’m not a single man.

“Shut out from love, denied a dove,
Forbidden bow and dart,
Without a groan to call my own,
With neither hand nor heart;
To Hymen vowed, and not allowed
To flirt e’en with your fan;
Here end, as just a friend, I must—
I’m not a single man.”

Truly the pen that wrote these lines was
“in very gracious fooling.”

WHITewASHING.—The mania for rehabilitating the black sheep of history is a curious feature of our times. Philosophically considered, it is an effect of the wide-spread scepticism which has crept over the public mind with regard to the popular and traditional representation of the great characters and events of the past. The faith in the accuracy of historical portraiture has been rudely shaken, and there has sprung up a growing anxiety to test its genuineness by recurring to authentic and unimpeachable sources of information. It is the merit of Mr. Froude that he typifies this laudable desire. But the task of dissecting the materials of which history is composed is one which requires a cool and sound judgment—above all, a judgment which is proof against the temptation to make the facts disclosed, however stubborn, square with some plausible or hastily adopted theory. Without this, the most conscientious research is no guarantee against the most mischievous perversion of the truth. There is, of course, a class of shallow sciolists who, in inviting their readers to reverse the judgments of former generations, are actuated merely by an ambition to broach something new or paradoxical. Indeed, it would almost seem that the chance of receiving the posthumous honors of whitewash bears a direct ratio to the

crimes a man has committed, or the vices he has in his lifetime indulged. Doubtless, in the next century, some enthusiast will arise to declare that the record of the Rugeley poisonings is to be studied as a palimpsest, and that the late Mr. William Palmer was the model of what a husband, brother, and friend should be.—*Saturday Review*.

JOSEPHINE.—If the Duke of Leuchtenberg should ultimately be chosen to occupy the vacant throne of Otho, it will add to the singularity of the fortune which since the fall of Napoleon has attended the descendants of Josephine. That fortune seems to justify the superstition, which regarded Josephine as the star of Napoleon’s destiny. No royalty is now to be found among the relatives of Napoleon, except in the descendants of his discarded wife. The grandson of Josephine is Emperor of France. Another of her descendants was married to the Queen of Portugal; of her granddaughters, one was Queen of Sweden, another still lives as Empress Dowager of Brazil. Her great-grandson may be King of Greece.—*Saturday Review*.

From The Saturday Review.
THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW" ON THE
SUPERNATURAL.

UNEDUCATED men class all phenomena of which they have any conception under three heads. There are, first, familiar phenomena, such as the falling of an apple to the ground, which they do not think require any explanation; secondly, strange and striking events, such as a great national pestilence, or the sudden death of a healthy man, which they regard as the results of a special interposition of Providence; and, lastly, miracles, and the supernatural generally. This classification is, of course, made very roughly, and, in most cases, quite unconsciously; but it is, nevertheless, certain that, in their eyes, every event which they observe, or can imagine, would come under one of these three heads. The uneducated man, therefore, does not explicitly recognize any such thing as a law of nature. Implicitly, it is true, he does. If he were asked why an apple falls to the ground, he would probably answer, "because it is natural;" and if pressed for an explanation, would give it in some nearly identical proposition, such as that it always does fall, and must as a matter of course. In this answer there lies hid, no doubt, the notion of a natural law; but this notion has not with him assumed any explicit shape. It is this absence of any desire of finding a law which marks, above all things, the contrast between an uncultivated and a cultivated mind. A cultivated mind craves, in every case, a rational or scientific method which may connect or underlie phenomena. Where a scientific method is not attainable, it contents itself with an unscientific method; but it does so with an uneasy spirit, and haunted with a desire to seize the hidden clue, which a true imagination tells it must be somewhere discoverable. We have seen this strikingly exemplified in almost every province of thought. Naturalists have long collected species upon species of every kind of animal, and have arranged them by their external marks, or, where possible, by their internal organization; but they have been possessed by the longing to discover some more binding link, and some more real method than any external marks can supply. The same feeling inspires the physical philosopher in his researches into the nature of magnetism, electricity, and the laws of chem-

istry; and the same tendency is observable, in some degree at least, in the half-philosophical, half-theological discussions which are at present in vogue.

An article on the "Supernatural" has recently appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which an attempt is made to bring miracles to a certain extent, into the common category of natural phenomena. Of the three heads under which the uneducated classify events, science has long ago united the two first. On the one hand, she brings the falling of the apple under a general law, in spite of its familiarity; and, on the other hand, she brings plague and sudden death under general laws, in spite of their strangeness. Miracles remain, and it is now attempted to bring these into the same list. Hitherto, the human reason has had its choice of two courses in reference to miracles. It might either deny them, and say that the accounts which we have are the products of delusion or imposture, or it might bow the head, and admit that its domain is limited. But the Edinburgh reviewer thinks that he has discovered a middle way. He believes in miracles, but denies that they are supernatural. Superhuman he admits them to be; but this he holds to be something quite distinct and different from supernatural. The latter word, he thinks, implies that the laws of nature are suspended or violated, whereas the former only implies that they are applied in a certain way by the divine will; and he contends that our only or chief difficulty in conceiving a miracle arises from our supposing without any reason that it involves a "violation of the laws of nature." To sum up in his own words, "The intellectual yoke involved in the common idea of the supernatural is a yoke which men impose on themselves. Obscure language and confused thought are the main causes of the difficulty."

The case which the reviewer puts is this. Man, he says, is acquainted with a certain number of natural laws, and is able to use this knowledge so as to bring about certain results. Civilized man can accomplish things which to a rude people appear miraculous, and in all probability, with the advance of knowledge his power will be immensely increased. God acts in the same way. He knows all the laws of the universe, and he

* *Living Age*, No. 967.

uses this knowledge to work what are called miracles, just as man uses his knowledge to produce results which are not miraculous. Now, if he goes on, there is nothing which can be called supernatural, or a violation of the laws of nature in the case of man, why should we suppose that there is in the case of God? A miracle is superhuman, but it is not supernatural or a violation of the laws of nature. This is, we believe, a fair summary of the reviewer's case, and it is worth while to consider whether the sceptic's difficulties are really smoothed, as the writer imagines, by this way of putting the matter. In the first place, we may observe that, in the position thus taken up, a verbal question and a real question are involved. If we admit, as every one does admit, that a miracle means something effected by a special interposition of the divine will, which could not be effected by man, and which would not have happened in the ordinary course of things, it is clear that, whether we prefer to call it supernatural or superhuman, is a merely verbal question. The importance which the reviewer attributes to the word "supernatural" is, in fact, a signal instance of a difficulty brought on by that confusion of language against which he protests. He begins his article by a discussion upon the meaning of the word, and, in order to get at this, he is obliged to analyze the meaning of the word "nature." He comes to this conclusion: "We must conceive it as including every agency which we see entering, or can conceive capable of entering, into the causation of the world. First and foremost among these is the agency of our own will and mind. Yet strange to say, all reference to this agency is often tacitly excluded when we speak of the laws of Nature." It may be remarked, in the first place, that if by nature or natural things is meant every agency which we conceive capable of entering into the causation of the world, then it is not true that first and foremost among these is our own will and mind. Obviously, to any one who believes in a God, first and foremost would be the will of God. If, as we presume the writer meant to do (though quite inconsistently), we exclude the notion of a God, then in one sense of the word "nature," it is true, that first and foremost comes our own will. But the surprising thing is, that the reviewer should have

observed the inconsistency in the use of the word "nature," to which he adverts, without at the same time fairly recognizing that the word is used in two ways, each of which is equally common. In one sense, the word is used, as stated by him, to include man and his agency; and here "the natural" stands in opposition to "the divine," or "supernatural." In another sense the word is used to exclude man, and here "the natural" is used as opposed to "the artificial." So far from there being anything strange in the use of the word, it may safely be said that, in ordinary language, it is the more common of the two. Did the reviewer never hear a person say that he preferred nature to art, or that the poet leaves the city to commune with nature? Here the agency of man is excluded from and put in opposition to the notion of nature, but there is nothing strange or inaccurate in this way of speaking. The reviewer quotes rather contemptuously "a distinguished living lecturer upon physical science," who fell into this supposed error, when he remarked in a course of lectures upon heat, that, "there is no spontaneity in Nature;" but, if instead of carping at this remark, the reviewer had set himself fairly to consider it in all its bearings, it would have led him to a solution of the difficulty. Coleridge has a similar observation in the *Aids to Reflection*: "In Nature there is no origin." This notion, that in nature there is no spontaneity or no origin, lies at the bottom of all uses of the word "nature." We have given the two most common of these uses. In one of them, nature is opposed to those phenomena which are accomplished by the originating will of man; in the other, it is opposed to those phenomena which are accomplished by the originating will of God. The opposite to the natural is, in the one case, the artificial, in the other, the supernatural. This distinction the reviewer has failed to grasp, and he is constantly brought into difficulty by his assumption that the natural and supernatural are in every case properly opposed to each other. When the meanings of the word "nature" are once adequately seen, the futility of debating about the use of the words "superhuman" and "supernatural" is apparent. When God interferes to work a miracle, the agency is supernatural as well as superhuman. It is simply to avoid ambiguity that we do not apply the word "supernatural" to the agency of man as standing in opposition to nature

in its narrower sense. Custom has determined that when a thing is called "supernatural," i.e., above nature, we shall understand nature to be used in the wider sense which includes man; but if custom had not so determined, there would be no impropriety in speaking of the action of man as "supernatural," inasmuch as it, too, is above nature, taking the word in its narrower sense. It is, therefore, a mistake to suppose that, in common language, it is implied that the modes of operation differ in the case of God and of man. The fundamental notion of the word "nature" is a dead chain of cause and effect, and when man and his doings are included, it is only because the free will of man is dropped out of sight while the attention is fixed on the superior free will of God. In discussing the meaning of a word, we must, of course, waive all metaphysical theories. We must not inquire whether there really is such a thing, on the one hand, as free will in man, or, on the other, as natural law contrasted with the free will of God.

We said above that a real question was involved, as well as a verbal question. The real question is this. Does a miracle imply a violation of natural laws? Now, before entering upon this question, we cannot forbear to express some surprise that the reviewer has not stated the obligations under which he lies to Mr. Mansel. Mr. Mansel's *Essay on Miracles* stands, indeed, among the list of books at the head of the article and is quoted in the article; but the writer has not informed his readers that almost everything which he says on the subject of the violation of nature is to be found in that essay. The reviewer has possibly not read Mr. Mansel's *Dampton Lectures*, but as the matter is put more concisely there, we will quote a passage from the Sixth Lecture instead of quoting from the essay:—

"A miracle, in one sense, need not necessarily be a violation of the laws of nature. God may make use of natural instruments acting after their kind, as man himself does, within his own sphere, in the production of artificial combinations. The great question, however, still remains. Has God ever, for religious purposes, exhibited phenomena in certain relations which the observed course of nature and the artistic skill of man are unable to bring about or account for?"

Now, so far as the position taken up by the reviewer differs from what is here said, it differs for the worse. In the first place, he omits to qualify his statement with the words "in one sense;" and, in the second place, he thinks that the difficulties are smoothed so that, if the question remains, it is no longer formidable. The importance of the words

"in one sense" consists in this, that when men like Hume talk about a violation of nature, they include under this term the very notion which the reviewer fancies will reconcile them to the miracles. Their way of speaking is very possibly an inaccurate way of speaking, but this is a verbal question which we will not discuss. It is, nevertheless, quite certain that the notion of God coming in and applying natural laws to effect a particular purpose, just as men apply them, would, in Hume's eyes, constitute a violation of nature. If this is admitted, it must also be admitted that Mr. Mansel is right in thinking that the great question still remains. There is, however, as we have said, a real question involved. Mr. Mansel says that we may take the phrase "a violation of natural law" to mean that a particular cause should be made to produce an abnormal effect. We may add, that it would be a violation of natural law if that which is usually a cause is made to produce no effect. Now, it is quite true that we can imagine a miracle to be performed without any such violation of nature as this. The reviewer's mistake is in supposing that it is only a violation of nature in this strict sense of the word to which sceptics object. When we are told that God bade the sun to stand still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon, we may picture to ourselves this miraculous phenomenon in two ways. We may suppose either that the ordinary laws of motion were suddenly suspended, or that other laws of which we know nothing were brought into play to overrule the ordinary laws, which, but for such intervention, would have remained in operation. But it seems to us to be a pure delusion to suppose that, in the eyes of the followers of Hume, there would be an important difference in these two views. The reviewer, indeed, in some passages would almost seem to fancy that, by dwelling upon the instrumentality of natural laws, he gets rid of the notion of a special interposition of Providence. But, if so, this is a baseless fancy. If the notion of a special interposition is set aside, we cannot have a true miracle. The interposition may be as remote as we please; but nothing is gained by treating it as remote instead of immediate. As a matter of fact, the interposition is represented in some of the miracles as more or less remote, as, for instance, when "The Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all night;" but the character of the miracle is not essentially altered by being thus put back. We can conceive it put back many such steps, but we gain nothing by it. It is of no use to add links to the chain if the chain is not pulled somewhere.

WHICH SIDE SHOULD CLAIM THE SYMPATHIES OF ENGLISHMEN?

IN the subjoined communication (written some months ago) Professor Newman produces the most prominent features in the struggle between the United States Government and the slaveholding rebels :—

To the Editor of the London American: Sir,—In regard to the American civil war, few writers of this country have done justice to the cause of the North. Because the North has not yet pronounced that slavery shall be *exterminated*, they overlook that the war is on the question whether slavery shall be *crippled*. Out of this fallacy, which pronounced the combatants to deserve equal sympathy from the bystanders, has mainly arisen all that injustice of English public men and public writers, which has naturally necessarily, and, I think, most reasonably exasperated the Northerners. I beg permission to call attention to the broad and notorious facts, which have been so sadly overlooked and so shamefully disguised.

Mr. Lincoln, as candidate for the Presidency, pledged himself not to permit extension of slavery; Mr. Breckinridge was pledged to extend it. When Mr. Lincoln was elected, South Carolina rebelled. The war was begun by the South *because* they would not have as President a man pledged to oppose the extension of slavery; clearly, then, the war is on this question primarily. None are so good judges of its tendency as the Abolitionists of the North, who, till now, have stood aloof from all Federal politics: who indeed treated the policy of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward with disgust and contempt, until the North rose in majesty and might to take up war in real earnest against the attack of the South. Thereupon the Abolitionists heartily joined President Lincoln; and their most eloquent leader, Wendell Phillips, spoke with enthusiasm for the war. The vast exertions of Massachusetts, which is the soul and heart of liberty, speak to the same effect, and guarantee, if guarantee were needed, that the victory of the North will be the victory of freedom.

But the insurgents had moved a second vital question, whether the States shall establish a right to secede from the Union at their own will and pleasure, and, indeed by the perjury and treason of their Executive. This second ground drew the whole Democratic party of the North into the war, although it had previously been the ally and tool of the South. President Lincoln is President not solely of the Republican party which elected him, but also of the Democratic party which opposed him; and he has to carry on this most dangerous and dif-

ficult war by their joint energies. It took forty years in England to convert us into willingness to emancipate our colonial slaves, when it did not need to cost us more than a moderate and a merely pecuniary effort; if the last twelve months have not yet converted the Democratic party, especially while Kentucky holds to the Union, what Englishman can wonder or gravely blame them?

The President finds an ample ground and necessity for the war in that grievance which the whole North feels, namely, they are contending for law against lawlessness and treason, and for national existence against a disintegrated principle which would reduce them to a rope of sand. It suffices to display this ground of war, and not to alienate a large part of the North by avowing prematurely the other ground, and the ulterior objects now legally possible, since rebels can no longer appeal to the Constitution. I trust we shall ere long, hear that the progress of opinion has justified President Lincoln in proclaiming that slavery not only must be stopped, not only driven back, but must be destroyed; but meanwhile, whatever profession of war the North makes, success in the war ensures the immediate crippling, and at least early extirpation of slavery. It is, therefore, to me an inexplicable wonder if any Englishman, not led astray by despotic fanaticism, can fail to give his warmest sympathies to the North.

But now for my practical point. Our statesmen and our press have greatly exasperated those who are naturally our best and most valuable friends—the New Englanders and the agriculturists of the great West. Earl Russell is said to have declared that the North was fighting for empire, the South for independence; when, in fact, the North fights for civilization against barbarism, for law against lawlessness, for the responsibility of public officers against the impunity of perjured treason, for humanity against cruelty, for coherent civilized institutions against interminable anarchy. After pretending to desire in 1856 to exterminate privateering on the grounds of humanity, our Government has gone out of its way tenderly to reserve for the rebels the right of having privateers! It has given to them, before they had proved their strength, the right of buying arms from us; which the same ministers (Lords Palmerston and Russell) refused to Hungary after she had beaten Austria in a good cause, and wanted nothing but arms to beat off Russia also.

It began to arm Canada last August; and the *Times* proclaimed that it was done against the Northerners. It has never uttered one distinct word to make the South hopeless of receiving active aid from us; and all through

the absurd fury in which this nation put itself because Captain Wilkes did against us the hundredth part of what we have done against America, the ministerial papers, viz., the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Globe*, the *Observer*—have been foremost in bitter zeal, often bloodthirsty. All our action, and all the writing of Whig and Tory newspapers, has tended to make those who are fighting a noble battle for law first, and for freedom next, to believe that we are seeking to pick a quarrel with them now that their hands are full. I ask, then, is it not high time for those who desire the overthrow of slavery and the success of a righteous cause to express their sympathy with the North by a great national declaration, which shall not only be heard in Parliament and stop the shameful tendencies to interfere for the benefit of the South, but also be so heard in America as to discourage the South and reconcile to us the hearts of the North? If we delay this until decisive victory crowns the Northern arms, the act will not be so acceptable, nor so easily be believed sincere.

Respectfully yours,
F. W. NEWMAN.

From The London Review, 13 Dec.

MR. GLADSTONE AND PROF. NEWMAN.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has been engaged in a gentle Platonic flirtation with Mr. Francis Newman, in a newspaper correspondence. The cause of the encounter between two spirits so unworldly was a censure passed upon Mr. Gladstone by Mr. Newman for his recent speech at Newcastle. Mr. Newman is a terrible and uncompromising Northerner; and he comes forth breathing fire and fury against the sugar-plantations of the South. On the other hand, the Chancellor of her majesty's Exchequer—looking on all war from the point of view of an economical archangel—has, nevertheless, some sympathy for the courage, the chivalry, the military order of the Southern States. Distracted by counter impulses, Mr. Gladstone sighs, and at intervals contradicts himself. Yes; it is godlike to hate slavery, but these Southerners remind us in an affecting way of the Homeric and patriarchal ages. The battle that is waging on the plains of Richmond is as picturesque as if it were a battle for a second Troy. All war is wrong and foolish, and President Lincoln is as imprudent in persisting in an ill-judged attempt to conquer back the loyalty of the South, as Menelaus was unwise in spending ten long years in the chase of a thankless Helen. But if there is to be a war, who would not be

amongst the picturesque hosts of Richmond—that motley multitude of retainers and of slaves led on by their chieftains, and bound together by the indissoluble ties of family affection? Mr. Gladstone is too sincere a believer in the blessings of Christianity and civilization not to detest the shedding of blood. Nor is war merely in his eyes unchristian—the keeper of her majesty's Exchequer and the author of the Commercial Treaty knows that it is also eminently expensive. The North have no business to oppress the South, nor have they any right to issue such quantities of paper money. All this Mr. Gladstone sees, and carefully observes. Nor does it escape a classical and artistic eye that the scene on the James River, by a skilful imagination, might almost have been made to do duty for the Scamander.

Led away by this Homeric simplicity of mind, Mr. Gladstone gave vent at Newcastle, some short time ago, to some admiration for Mr. Jefferson Davis and the South, which smacked, half of the classical student and half of the sentimental cavalier. Where slavery is concerned, Mr. Francis Newman is a terrible and uncompromising Roundhead. Rushing upon Mr. Gladstone in the columns of the *Star*, he smote him hip and thigh, with the zeal and the enthusiasm of an Iconoclast. Loud rang Mr. Francis Newman's sword and tongue. Crash went Mr. Gladstone's painted glass. The South are a nation of slave-owners and slave-dealers, and a chosen people must have no dealings with the followers of sin. Let the fate of Agag be reserved also for Jefferson Davis. Bind their nobles with chains and their princes with cords of iron. Such, or to some such, purpose, ran doubtless the sentiments of that Abolitionist of Abolitionists, Mr. Francis Newman. Well might Mr. Gladstone tremble, for the tornado was upon him. On reading what Mr. Francis Newman thought about the South, and his half-avowed sympathy for the South, he felt probably something of what the worthy prelate Laud might have felt if he had incautiously said something foolish in the presence of some red-hot Oliver Cromwell. What Mr. Gladstone experienced at finding himself so treated was doubtless half a feeling of shame and half a feeling of martyrdom.

Mr. Gladstone is one of the first men in England, and Mr. Newman is an humble professor in the University of London. Mr. Gladstone is, or is supposed to be, a High Churchman of credit and renown, who can ascend the highest theological eminences with all the energy of a pilgrim, yet with all the unruffled placidity of a saint. Mr.

Newman's religious opinions are well known. At first sight, the two men have little in common. Yet a secret impulse led Mr. Gladstone to listen to the voice of Professor Francis Newman, when Mr. Disraeli himself might have spent his taunts in vain without eliciting a reply. It was one Deep calling to another. The critic of Homer and the avenger of the wrongs of Helen heard from afar, and recognized the cry of Homer's veteran translator. In the House of Commons, the right honorable member for the University of Oxford is proud, and sometimes intolerable, to his equals and his competitors. But now all pride was laid aside. It is with exquisite humility and the most unfeigned modesty that Mr. Gladstone rides, like Lady Godiva, through the regions of literature. He is no more the mighty framer of the Budget; he is a neophyte, proud of his powers, yet pretending that he is willing to be taught. Trippingly, delicately, tremblingly the maiden Chancellor of the Exchequer approaches the confessional of this literary father. Tell me, my father, he seems to say, tell me, in the name of Homer, have I sinned? It must be confessed that the picture is not without its scenic effect. It was Henry IV. kneeling, with reverence on his lips but with defiance at heart, to kiss the Pope's toe, only that in Gladstone's case, if common report be true, it was the believer who was the suppliant. And it must also be acknowledged, that in both instances the suppliant party meets with the same kind of humiliating rebuff. It is true that Mr. Gladstone takes advantage of his position, and in the very middle of his homage, slyly manages to administer to the venerable literary pontiff a most provoking poke in the ribs. The professor might, however, have been appeased by the sight of so eminent a statesman on his knees. Without appearing to be in the least edified or conciliated by the spectacle, he at once proceeds to inflict condign punishment on the imposing sinner before him.

In the first place, he sent Mr. Gladstone's letter to the daily papers, a step which, however gratifying to the readers of daily papers, can hardly have been calculated to delight Mr. Gladstone himself. In the second place—after acknowledging the unexpected pleasure of hearing from the Chancellor of the Exchequer—he boldly rates him for what we suppose, in the language of the day, would be termed his Southern proclivities. He threatens the Government with the imminent danger of the hatred of the whole American race. More than this, he taunts them with their selfishness in discouraging insurrection in the New, while they encourage it in the Old World. The Southern Confederacy

is a slaveholding power, a monster which is anxious to be allowed to rear its monstrous head among nations. It is an offence against public morality for a statesman of Mr. Gladstone's position to speak at all of such a power "without declaring abhorrence of it; or at least to speak in such a tone that he can for a moment be suspected of desiring its success." Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Newman represent respectively two large parties, the opinions of which about the present American struggle are somewhat one-sided and unfair. The shield has two sides, and each will only look at the side nearest to itself. The one maintains, with Mr. Gladstone, that the North has taken upon it a hopeless and destructive enterprise; and that the South is a chivalrous, and worthy to be an independent nation. That is one side of the shield. The other side is the side to which those confine their view who would encourage the North to convert this fratricidal conflict into a wild and flaming propaganda of anti-slavery principles. In every sense slavery is a sad and brutal thing. Since the days of Wilberforce every liberal-minded Englishman looks forward to its abolition whenever the day comes for abolishing it with safety. But it is not without solicitude that many regard the possible perils of a military scheme of emancipation. Mr. Newman and Mr. Gladstone are both inspired by ideas which are noble but eminently unpractical. The one detests slavery as the other detests war. Slavery is a terrible evil, and one destined, perhaps, to vanish from the civilized face of the earth. So, on the other hand, is war. Yet Mr. Newman forgets that even the sudden extinction of slavery may be too dearly bought, and Mr. Gladstone forgets that there are some great questions which, when it comes to the last, can only be solved by war.

One of the most serious features of the present struggle is, as is suggested by Professor Newman, the universal antipathy to England expressed openly all over the American continent. We certainly seem to run a risk of being *la nation incomprise*. Nothing we do suits anybody. As far as America is concerned, we are not sure that we have not partially to blame ourselves, if, indeed, in the presence of the ruffianly excitement that has lately prevailed against her on the other side of the Atlantic, England can be called upon to excuse or to reproach herself. Possibly, whatever this country could have done would have been taken in evil part. Yet it should not be forgotten that the universal feeling that pervades England in favor of the dissolution of the Union is not unseen abroad. It is put down

to that spirit of selfishness which is supposed to be the key to England's whole policy. There is some truth in it. We have not shown any generous love for the American stars and stripes in the hour of their danger. Whether we followed the dictates of mere human nature in acquiescing with something very much akin to satisfaction in the approaching disruption of a great empire, or whether that half-satisfaction was ungenerous and unworthy, will be decided one day by a posterity that will be able to judge better than we. Mr. Newman is certainly so far right, that little good is to be expected from its having been made evident in the eyes of all nations.

From The Spectator, 13 Dec.

THE POLICY OF A NEGRO ARMY FOR THE NORTH.

If the statesmen of the North had any moral perspective in their minds, if they could see the advantage of having a point of sight to which all their efforts should converge, if they could appreciate the vigor lent to the intellect even of inferior politicians by keeping constantly on the look-out for opportunities to further one great purpose, they would now, we think, be fairly prepared to take up a new policy of inconceivable importance which events have fairly forced upon them, and which might bear fruit in a gradual solution of the most difficult problem of their "destiny."

The first negro regiments have been raised. They have shown remarkable spirit and remarkable subordination. One of them, raised by General Jim Lane, won the day against heavy odds in a little engagement at Island Mounds on the 27th October. A company of the rawest negro recruits sailed up the Sapelo, in Florida, under Colonel Beard, early in November, twice landed under a heavy fire and dispersed their enemies, and behaved altogether with the most ardent enthusiasm and courage during this, their first military trial. The negro volunteers are as eager and forward as the American recruits seem now to be reluctant. What is more, they are much more amenable to discipline than the native Americans. There is just the difference in caste between them and their white officers, which is the secret of all effective military discipline. And for them now, even more than for the Northern white laborers, there is beginning to be a purpose in the war. Every State now gained for the North will strengthen the foundation of their freedom, and extend the area of their own safety. The difference in the future of the

negro race between a South closely hemmed in by a free and compact Union,—and a South strong enough to dominate a divided continent, will be enormous. None can now have the same stake in the contest as the negroes themselves. All this is beyond the possibility of question, and is quite clear to the negroes of Port Royal and of Kansas themselves. But the statesmen of the North have failed as yet to see the bearing of it. They are drifting blindly, and almost reluctantly, into an emancipation policy; and so may lose half the political fruits of it. If they make this the recognized centre of their policy—as it must become, if the war lasts, its obscure unrecognized centre—they might grasp a hundred opportunities which would otherwise escape them. And especially by a comprehensive consistency of policy (which it is almost hopeless to expect from them) they might now turn impending anarchy at home and military languor into coherent purpose and regimental zeal. At present this truth has scarcely glimmered on the statecraft of the shiftless American Cabinet. The *New York Tribune* complains that even the negro regiment which won its military rank at Island Mounds, is at present no part of the "national army," but an "irregular levy, exposed even by the laws of war to the fate of guerillas taken in arms without authority." We know well what fate this would be at the hands of the South. And the *New York Tribune* is right in saying that the very first step of the Union should be to give all the negro regiments the full privileges of Union soldiers, and absolutely enforce the treatment of prisoners taken from amongst them by the South in all respects as prisoners of war. Without this step how is it even possible to expect negro recruits for a flag which disowns them at the first risk? The simple truth is that the value of a negro army has not yet dawned upon the Federal politicians. And Federal generals are still permitted to issue such pieces of official insanity, as this of a General Boyle, in Kentucky, dated Nov. 27th: "All commanding officers serving in this district are ordered not to permit any negroes or slaves to enter the camps, and all officers or privates are forbidden to interfere or intermeddle with the slaves in any way." That such a policy should be running on side by side with the negro recruiting system is one of those innumerable little facts which show us that statesmanship does not exist at the North. The Republican leaders work away at the war like so many moles, never knowing where they may emerge, and never caring to secure that their efforts shall be convergent. Let us look for a moment at the "irrepressible negro" from the military point of view, and

see how many problems he might, if steadily regarded in this light, help to solve.

In the first place, the negro would probably supply the North as good or even a better military *matériel* than the mean whites supply to the South. They are quite as strong and quite as hardy, apparently quite as courageous, nearly as intelligent, much more *faithful* if well treated, and much more deeply habituated to that obedient attitude of mind which is the essence of military discipline. The Northern army has always been a free-and-easy army; fighting bravely, it is said, but also determined to exercise the right of public opinion as to the moment when they have done their share. The notion seizes them in battle that they have accomplished all that *ought* to be expected of them, and then no officer can force them to do more. This is not *business* in military affairs. The Southern troops, accustomed to an aristocratic caste, do not judge for themselves in this way. They *spend* themselves at the command of their officers. And thus, too, it would, in all probability, be with a negro army. Their fidelity and their respect for the white race would alike keep tight the bonds of military authority, now so loose at the North. The negroes would be Sepoys without any disposition to treachery, and with more than the Sepoy physique. Moreover, they would be even less exposed to the malaria and exhaustion of the Southern climate than the Southerners themselves. Again, the negro just released from slavery would thankfully accept low *wages* in the Northern army, instead of the enormous bounty and pay now claimed by every white volunteer; and they would be as easy to satisfy with wholesome rations of any kind as the present army is hard. Every element of the soldier is to be found in the negro, unless it be natural military tastes, and this the *cause* now supplies. There is physical strength and a body used to unlimited hardships. There is deference of spirit, clanship as between man and man, and affectionate fidelity to superiors. There is the willing hand without the meddling head, and the greatest of all motives for desperate valor.

But next, a large auxiliary negro army would help to solve a great political problem. Under the President's Emancipation policy a great number of negroes must be attracted northwards, and the greatest jealousy is felt by the Northern laborer lest they should reduce his normal wages. By employing them freely in the army this danger would be partially averted, and a great boon conferred upon the Northern laborer, who dreads the drafting policy of the administration. In this way the half-reluctant States

of the North would be *reconciled* to the first steps of the Emancipation policy,—and if, as we hope, the regiments thus formed should prove the most effective and best disciplined in the army, the military pride of the North would soon convert them to the President's policy,—for no susceptibilities of caste would be hurt by the glory of black regiments with white commissioned officers,—the unjust rule of war being that all display of public gratitude is lavished on the leader, however much is due to the followers.

But not only would this policy enormously lower the *cost* of the army, spare the labor of the North, and reconcile the Democrats to emancipation, but it might be made one of the most powerful elements in what we may call the foreign policy of the war; for there would be no better means of avoiding all the dangers of servile insurrection than passing the fugitive slaves through the discipline of a military *régime*. The least indulgence of private license or vindictiveness might then be punished by instant death without any undue austerity. In no way could a severer control be kept over the risks of emancipation on a large scale. And thus the natural European suspicion of all sudden emancipation would be best removed. Nor would this be all. One result of such a measure would be still more important. A negro army once established would probably become the nucleus of the permanent military system of the North,—and so a most important check upon the South. Of course, we are assuming what all Englishmen now assume, that absolute subjugation of the South is a dream, that the war is a question of boundaries,—a question, as mathematicians would say, of the maximum or minimum extent of the slave power. Now, assuming this, what could be more important, more decisive for the slavery policy of the South, than the existence of a negro army across the border,—capable of large increase, and ready and eager to act in all causes directly involving the extension or limitation of slavery? The knowledge of such a fact would be by far the most effective check on slavery propagandism that could be exerted by the agency of human fear.

In whatever light we contemplate the question, the principles involved in the creation of a negro army seem to us most pregnant of weighty result and gradual political transformations. But if the Northern statesmen will never look beyond the hour, what can save them? Foresight and combination are only less needful than strict justice in dealing with the emancipation of the "irrepressible negro."

The *Christian Observer* for Dec., in the article on Public Affairs, thus speaks of the United States. This work is conducted by the successors of Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Zachary Macaulay, the great Anti-slavery leaders, and is the organ of the "Evangelical Party," in Great Britain.

A RAY of hope seems at length to gleam upon America. The obstinacy, insolence, and contempt of justice and humanity of the Federal Government have met with a sudden check where it was least expected. There has always been a party in the North to whom their proceedings were as hateful as to ourselves; but they were cowed and silenced; for moral courage is unhappily a feeble virtue there. But it has gathered strength at last; and the disgraceful misconduct of the war, together with the political misconduct and incapacity of President Lincoln and his Cabinet, have added thousands to the list of the discontented. The elections for the next Congress, as well as the different State elections, which have just taken place, show a strangely altered state of feeling throughout the North. The war-party is in fact in a minority, and the inhuman proceedings and tyrannical violence of the Government are denounced in public meetings held even in New York itself. At present the Republican or war party, with the President at its head, are in the throes of what is not unlikely to terminate in another revolution; and it seems far more probable that the Federal States will break up into two or three republics, or military despotisms, than it has been at any time since the commencement of the war, that the North and South should ever be reunited. General McClellan has been once more suddenly dismissed; and the command of the great army of the Potomac is committed to General Burnside. We do not pretend to judge of military affairs, but it appears to us that the general is sacrificed to public clamor. The North wants a victory; the Government cannot exist much longer without one. McClellan has been ordered to fight, and has refused so to do, on the plea that he wanted supplies; but no doubt under a conviction, which it was not prudent to avow, that with an army such as he commands it would have been madness to risk all in a battle with troops such as the Confederate generals could bring into the field. Whether General Burnside will repeat those useless, murderous slaughters, which, under the name of battles, have shocked the world during the last American campaign, remains to be seen; nor can we tell whether the war itself will be renewed. It seems to have come nearly to an end, from the mere want of materials to feed on. The fire has burnt out for want of fuel. Even the most ferocious of the war party will not

enlist. Volunteers are not to be had at an enormous bounty; and the Government dare not enforce the conscription. The tax-gatherer waits till the 1st of January, and every thing seems to threaten an impending crash. Even the dissolution of the whole fabric of the Republic in the North would not surprise us. Yet, such are the changes to which all democratic governments are liable in times of danger,—so violent, sudden, and often contrary to every reasonable conjecture,—that all this may mean nothing more than a conflict of parties.

If, in common with the whole of England, we view the American crisis with satisfaction, it is from no indifference to her real welfare. She has shown us within the last twelve months, that her own happiness, and the peace of the world, are likely to be promoted by the disruption of her huge republic. A State that has no respect for its own liabilities, is not likely to respect the liberty of other States. A nation that carries on a civil war with a ferocity unknown except to savages, is not exactly the nation whose threats of foreign conquest will much longer be tolerated even by the most tolerant of her allies. The massacre of ten unoffending, unarmed Confederates in cold blood, on the plea that a Federalist, who was missing, was supposed to have been murdered, has sent a thrill of horror through Great Britain. This is not merely the language of newspapers and politicians; it is well that America should know that indignation is much more wide and solemn; and that our oldest and best men are amongst the first to denounce it, as standing side by side with the massacres of Dahomey in the appalling magnitude of its guilt, and as affording a proof of the wonderful patience and long-suffering of Almighty God. It was in such terms that it was denounced from the pulpit on Sunday last, in a missionary sermon, by Mr. H. V. Elliott, of Brighton, which those who heard will not soon forget. Why are American Christians silent amid such national crimes as this?

The Emperor Napoleon has formally proposed to England and Russia, that an offer of mediation be made on the part of the three great powers, the basis of which should be suspension of the blockade, and of hostilities on both sides, for six months, with a view to further negotiations for peace. Russia first, and then our own Cabinet, have declined the proposal; though at the same time Russia declares her readiness to give to it her moral support, if it should be carried out; and England, expressing great respect for the emperor's motives, and throwing in a courteous acknowledgment of his good offices rendered to us in the affair of the

seizure of the *Trent*, thinks it expedient to wait; under the conviction that interference at present would be productive of no good result. On the whole, it is clear that the three courts are prepared to move whenever they can do so with a fair prospect of success, and this is all that we can reasonably desire. The madness of America must be allowed to exhaust itself, and then reason will be heard.

From The United Service Magazine for Dec.

WITH that modesty which is so charming a feature of their character, the Federals profess to be furiously angry with England for not treating the Confederates as pirates, though they are afraid to do anything of the kind themselves. We all remember how, at the beginning of the war, they captured a few Confederate privateersmen, tried them as rebels and pirates, and solemnly sentenced them to death; but we also remember how all this bluster evaporated at the threat of retaliation by the Southerners. The old frenzy has been revived of late by the injuries inflicted on the Federal commerce by the *Alabama*, and the paroxysms of fear produced by one single vessel are positively ludicrous. In the apprehension of its Chamber of Commerce, New York stands an excellent chance of bombardment, the California packet, freighted with the "almighty dollar" will become the prey of the "pirate," and all traffic under the Federal flag is at an end. A nation that ranks Paul Jones among the foremost of its naval heroes, ought not to be very severe on pirates. But it suits well with the brilliant achievements of their land forces, to find the Federal cruisers cautiously giving the one armed vessel of the Confederates a very wide berth, and the New York mob are quite true to their character in reviling England as its upholder. The fact is, the Confederates have far the most reason to complain of our neutrality, however honestly carried out, and the Federals have benefited by it immensely in their unrestricted purchase of all warlike *matériel*. So we get no thanks on either side, and shall never be free from embarrassment until we make up our minds to recognize the Confederacy, and thus do more to put an end to the miseries of the war in America, and enforced idleness in Lancashire, than if we joined in the half-measure of "mediation" proposed by France, which if not backed by force would only irritate, and give a little

fresh strength to the Lincoln Government. But it is evident enough that the "beginning of the end" is close upon us; the Young Napoleon has been ignominiously deprived of command, and as an advance is now to be made *coûte qui coûte* by Burnside, it is tolerably safe to predict what the result will be. If he advances, he will be defeated, and if he does not advance he will be deposed; and the only choice seems to be, the loss of a general, with or without the loss of the armed mob which goes at Washington by the name of an army. McClellan's friends announce that they intend to propose him as the future President, and what is more likely than that they should anticipate the legal term? He may not be a first-rate general, no one will venture to say that he is, but still he is popular with his troops, and if they choose to make him Dictator, his rule can hardly be worse than that of the crazy Abolitionists who have displaced him, and who are smarting under their recent electoral defeat. At any rate, the "model Republic" is a thing of the past, which in itself is a matter of sincere congratulation for the whole world.

A FRENCHMAN ON AMERICA.

HEAR what M. Pelletan says of us in his new work, "*La Moderne Babylone*." After descanting on the degeneracy of the inhabitants of Paris, and the tyranny under which they live, he suddenly stops, and apostrophizing us, exclaims:—

"The Americans of the North,' the 'Yankee,' the 'clown,' the 'worshipper of the almighty dollar,' behold what he does when the slaveholding South, as if to fasten upon the negro the tyranny of climate, tears the bond of Union. For a simple metaphysical idea—the Union; for another abstract idea, legality: for a dozen of stars more or less on a stripe of bunting, the American of the North offers upon the altar of his country his last man and his last dollar. He gives the example, never known before, of a voluntary budget; he takes the rifle himself, ready to die for abstract justice. He learns the art of war, as the France of the Republic did under the fire of the enemy; he hesitates at first, he looses the battle at first: but be sure he wins the day at last. Do you know any grander spectacle—any fairer apotheosis of freedom?"

A BORDER STATE GOVERNOR ON THE PROCLAMATION.

THE message of Gov. Pierpont of West Virginia has reached us. He states that he sustained the Emancipation Proclamation at Altoona, and explains why he did. He reviews the circumstances under which the proclamation was made. The rebels had undertaken to found a confederacy on slavery as the chief corner-stone. Little progress had been made against them in sixteen months of warfare. He then says:—

The leaders of the rebellion had impressed the minds of the slaves with the idea that the Federal Government would take and sell them to the sugar planters of Cuba, to defray the expenses of the war. Thus the slaves themselves, to a great extent, became active partisans within the Confederate lines. They were everywhere engaged in doing the servile work of the camp, and, in many instances, in performing the duty of the soldier. All other business than carrying on the war was suspended. Their whole energies were directed to the prosecution of the rebellion. Their slaves number more than four millions; and they were engaged, in addition to the duties before alluded to, in raising supplies of every kind for the maintenance of the army; while at the North, all our agricultural, commercial, manufacturing, and educational pursuits, being carried on by *white* men, it may be safely estimated that the four millions of slaves engaged in the production of the sinews of war, are equal to eight millions of men at the North carrying on the pursuits before mentioned.

This state of facts stood out in bold relief to all candid observers. It was apparent that while slavery is the *strength* of the Confederates and afforded them the greatest assistance, it was also their *weakness* and could be easily turned to their overthrow. It was evident that all the industrial pursuits of the loyal States must be stopped, the army increased from one million to fifteen hundred thousand, or the Confederates must be stricken at their weakest point and an end put to the war. The President chose the latter course, and placed before them the alternative of returning to their allegiance, or universal emancipation in all the States and districts which refused compliance with the requirements of the proclamation.

The Story of the Guard. A Chronicle of the War. By Jessie Benton Fremont. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

THIS little work was written nearly a year ago, to commemorate the services of the Body-Guard of Gen. Fremont, and with a view to the assistance of the families of those who had fallen in battle. Various causes delayed the publication, but it is still as fresh and welcome as it would have been then, while it is more needful now to recall to the public mind the daring and brilliant exploits on which it is founded. No incident in our war, so full of incidents, has more deeply thrilled the heart of the nation than the intrepid charge of Zagonyi and his gallant followers at Springfield; it must long continue to live in the memory of the nation, and the signal injustice with which the brave body was subsequently treated renders it doubly worthy of remembrance. Mrs. Fremont has told the simple tale with spirit and judgment, and yet with great gracefulness. She allows the actors in it to speak for themselves, when she can, which method imparts a certain authenticity and raciness to the style; but her own contributions are so frank, ingenuous, and withal generous, that she needs not the seeming apology with which she closes her kind labors:—

“ ‘ Whate’er success awaits my future life,
The beautiful is gone—that comes no more.’ ”

“ And this is the story of the Body-Guard. It is not claimed for them that they showed a rarer courage than tens of thousands of others in this war. But theirs was the singular fortune to go to their first battle under a cloud of reproach, though blameless, and to return from it victorious, to the punishment reserved for the gravest military offences. They did their whole duty, and more. They lit up the dark war cloud, further blackened by Ball’s Bluff, with a lightning ray of victory, an earnest of what was to follow. For this they were dismissed the service; the morning freshness of their love of country blighted, and its first offering rejected. It is such a grievous sin to throw back generous feelings and make trust impossible. I dreaded its effect on them. But they are proving that deeper than any self-love lies love of country. Nearly all are again in service. They have deserved higher reward than any ordinary victory can earn,—for they have conquered themselves.

"When there is such a weight of sacrifice and suffering, I trust much apology is not needed for my attempt to lessen its burden on those to whose assistance this little offering is dedicated.

"I think only the wife of a man much before the public can fully value the sacredness of home, and make it almost a religion to guard against any profanation of its sweet security. Born to and educated in this feeling in my father's house, and confirmed in it by the experience of my own home, it has been a real sacrifice for me to lay open even so small a part of my life. This is unnecessary to say to those who know me, but as such a vast many more do not, and, only seeing what's done, know not what's resisted, I beg of them to bear this in mind, and not think this attempt to relieve suffering more unwomanly or less needed than any of the other new positions in which women are finding themselves during this strange phase of our national life.

"The restraints of ordinary times do not apply now. How many women — many of them rich in the good gifts of youth and beauty, and charm of the mind — minister daily at bed-sides of men whose very names are unknown to them, overcoming not only their shuddering repugnance to ghastly sights, but the deeper instinct of shyness and reserve! They can well bear the sneers of those whose Decameronish instinct leads them to sit apart in pleasant places, and cultivate forgetfulness while the angel of death is leaving no house unvisited. They have 'waked to a higher aim:' they have felt with their native land and are one with their kind."

We have no occasion to add that, as this earnest and sympathetic work is from the press of Ticknor & Fields, it is printed with a neatness and beauty worthy of the contents. — *N. Y. Evening Post*.

CHINA AND GREAT BRITAIN.

ON Monday last the most important political declaration of our day is said to have been made in a very odd locality, the rooms of the Geographical Society. Captain Sherard Osborn and Mr. Lay were there and

explained their "policy." Mr. Lay, according to the *Times* authority, says that by honestly paying the import duties to the imperial Government of China he has engaged its friendship and achieved the direction of its policy. This great end he means to use to capture the whole Taeping army, and transport it bodily to the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, where there is waste land and food and water in abundance. Captain Osborn states that he is going to teach the Chinese humanity, or, in other words, English modes of warfare. Both agree that they are, in effect, the Cabinet Councillors of the Emperor of China, and intend to use their power; and Mr. Gladstone, who was present, is said to have given his blessing, both personal and ministerial, to this gigantic policy, and wished it God speed. Captain Osborn's and Mr. Lay's speeches, if accurately summarized by the writer in the *Times*, really mean that a knot of Englishmen intend to govern China by Chinese resources; and, indeed, in British India *permission* to British subjects to enlist in the Emperor of China's service is officially advertised. This is the old East Indian policy initiated on a far grander scale, and with our eyes wide open to the results, — and if true, is by far the most momentous act of the Government during this generation. Yet Parliament has not only not been consulted, but has been soothed into carelessness. A despatch of Lord Russell, published last session, carefully intimated that it was the policy of England to intervene as little as might be in the struggle, and only to defend commercial ports. The new policy, no doubt, will not involve expense to Great Britain, for China will pay; but it involves deeply the most vital principles of our imperial responsibility, and results almost certainly in a gradual annexation. Is Parliament a cipher that this should happen without its sanction? Are we willing to let the greatest political responsibility of our generation be taken up without a movement from the nation's conscience or a sign from the nation's will? — *Spectator*, 13 Dec.

OVERTURES FROM RICHMOND.

BY PROFESSOR CHILD.

A NEW LILLIBURLERO.

"Well, Uncle Sam," says Jefferson D.,
Lilliburlero, old Uncle Sam,
"You'll have to join my Confed'racy,"
Lilliburlero, old Uncle Sam.
"Lero, lero, that don't appear O, that don't
appear," says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, that don't appear," says
old Uncle Sam.
"So, Uncle Sam, just lay down your arms,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"Then you shall hear my reas'nable terms,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"Lero, lero, I'd like to hear O, I'd like to hear,"
says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, I'd like to hear," says
old Uncle Sam.
"First, you must own I've beat you in fight,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"Then, that I always have been in the right,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"Lero, lero, rather severe O, rather severe,"
says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, rather severe," says old
Uncle Sam.
"Then, you must pay my national debts,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"No questions asked about my assets,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"Lero, lero, that's very dear O, that's very
dear," says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, that's very dear," says
old Uncle Sam.
"Also, some few I. O. U.'s and bets,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"Mine and Bob Toombs's, and Slidell's, and
Rhett's,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"Lero, lero, that leaves me zero, that leaves me
zero," says Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, that leaves me zero,"
says Uncle Sam.
"And, by the way, one little thing more,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"You're to refund the costs of the war,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"Lero, lero, just what I fear O, just what I
fear," says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, just what I fear," says
old Uncle Sam.
"Next, you must own our Cavalier blood!"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"And that your Puritans sprang from the
mud!"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"Lero, lero, that mud is clear O, that mud is
clear," says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, that mud is clear," says
old Uncle Sam.
"Slavery's of course, the chief corner-stone."
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"Of our NEW CIV-IL-I-ZA-TION!"
Lilliburlero, etc.

"Lero, lero, that's quite sincere O, that's quite
sincere," says old Uncle Sam.
"Lero, lero, filibustero, that's quite sincere,"
says old Uncle Sam.
"You'll understand, my recreant tool,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"You're to submit, and we are to rule,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"Lero, lero, aren't you a hero! aren't you a
hero!" says Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, aren't you a hero!"
says Uncle Sam.
"If to these terms you fully consent,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"I'll be Perpetual King-President,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"Lero, lero, take your sombrero, off to your
swamps!" says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, cut, double-quick!"
says old Uncle Sam.

—Atlantic Monthly.

TO MY WIFE—IN FUTURE.

O UNKNOWN lady!—who are ye?"
What is your name, and what your rank, miss?
Live you in Peckham or Peru,
Put up near Cairo or the Bank, miss?
Or are you one of Hampstead's own
Fair, fairy-like, bewitching beauties?
Or come you from another zone
Of tigers, elephants, and Sooties?
Are you the daughter of John Smith,
Or are you heiress of a nabob?
Or have you got no kin or kith—
An orphan—left without e'en a bob?
Will no one claim you, make you rich,
Or elevate you to the peerage?
Money or rank, no matter which—
One buys the other in "this here age."
And can you sing?—I hope you do!—
And is your voice a fine soprano?
And do you love your harp?—and you,
Of course, can play on the piano?
And do you ever write in rhyme,
And have you got a favorite muse, love?
And do you—do you—think that I'm
The sort of man you'd not refuse, love?
But circumstances are the things
Most people find that make folks marry;
They tie or clip young Cupid's wings,
Until he cannot choose but tarry.
That beautiful Miss What's-her-name
I met at Florence, who knows whether
Love might not have lit up a "flame,"
If we had been "much thrown together."
But, unknown lady! when we meet,
Whether in Mexico or Siam,
Jerusalem or Regent Street,
I wonder if you know who I am!
I wonder if you'll then perceive
That we were formed to love together;
That you and I shall joy or grieve
Henceforth as one?—I wonder whether!
P.S.—An answer addressed to the "Punch"
Office will oblige.

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!"
 Or English port were better, since
 The scion of an English line
 Is famous Astu's longed-for Prince:
 And let our pledge of friendship be—
 Hail to the land whose sons are free!

—*Press*, 6 Dec.

GIVE.

Is Lancashire liberal? Outrace her,
 Giving two crowns to her one.
 Is Lancashire stingy? Outface her,
 Giving much to her none.

Be it little or much, let's be striving.
 Give money, or blankets, or prayer —
 All but reasons for not giving,
 Though they be never so fair.

If the North pour her wealth without stint,
 The want passes all her powers:
 If the North's heart be hard as flint,
 More need of softness in ours.

Then be there no cry but one
 Heard through this struggle to live,
 The cry of the horse-leech alone —
 A sore cry of Give! Give! Give!

Rich men, give of your millions,
 Poor men, let your mites be flung,—
 Lords and laborers, soldiers, civilians,
 Men, women, old and young.

Give for love of your sister and brother,
 Give for your neighbor's shame:
 Give in rivalry of each other—
 'Twill be giving all the same.

Love's gifts bring a blessing confest,
 And who knows but the baser giving,
 May at such a time be blest,
 And dead hearts touched to living!

—*Punch*.

PUTTING THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

The old saw goes that "an Irishman is privileged to speak twice," and so correct his blunders. The privilege was never more amusingly exercised than in these ingeniously spun verses.

PATRICUS LOQUITUR.

OH, for some deep, secluded dell,
 Where brick and mortar's line may cease;
 To sit down in a pot of grease—
 No, no—I mean a grot of peace!

I'd choose a home by Erin's wave,
 With not a sound to mar life's lot;
 I'd by the cannon have a shot—
 No—by the Shannon have a cot!

How fair that rocky isle around,
 That wide expanse to scan it o'er;
 I love a shiver with a roar—
 No—I mean a river with a shore!

Romantic Erin's sea-girt land,
 How sweet with one you love the most
 To watch the cocks upon the roast—
 No—I mean the rocks upon the coast!

'Twere sweet, at moonlight's mystic hour,
 To wander forth where few frequent,
 And come upon a tipsy gent—
 No—I mean a gypsy tent!

In that retirement lone I would
 Pursue some rustic industry,
 And make myself a boiling tea—
 No, no—I mean a toiling bee!

Beneath a shady sycamore,
 How sweet to breathe love's tender vow;
 Your dear one bitten by a sow—
 No—I mean sitting by a bough!

Or, sweet with your fond wife to sit
 Outside your door at daylight's close
 While she's hard hitting at your nose—
 No—I mean hard knitting at your hose!

Perhaps on early cares you brood,
 While sympathy her sweet face shows;
 'Tis good to walk upon one's toes—
 No—I mean to talk upon one's woes!

She smiles you into jest at last,
 As pleased to see the spell is broke,
 And draw from you a gentle smoke—
 No, no—I mean a mental joke!

Ah! how you watch that fairy shape,
 A summer dress which does adorn;
 Admiring much her laugh of scorn—
 No, no—I mean her scarf of lawn!

NOVEMBER.

THE wild November comes at last
 Beneath a veil of rain,
 The night wind blows its folds aside—
 Her face is full of pain.

The latest of her race, she takes
 The Autumn's vacant throne;
 She has but one short moon to live,
 And she must live alone.

A barren realm of withered fields,
 Bleak woods, and falling leaves,
 The palest morns that ever dawned;
 The dreariest of eves.

It is no wonder that she comes,
 Poor month! with tears of pain;
 For what can one so hopeless do
 But weep, and weep again.

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"Then, that I always have been in the right,"
Lilliburlero, etc.
"Lero, lero, rather severe O, rather severe,"
says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, rather severe," says old
Uncle Sam.
"Then, you must pay my national debts,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"No questions asked about my assets,"
Lilliburlero, etc.
"Lero, lero, that's very dear O, that's very
dear," says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, that's very dear," says
old Uncle Sam.
"Also, some few 1. o. u.'s and bets."
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"Mino and Bob Toombe's, and Slidell's, and
Rhett's,"
Lilliburlero, etc.
"Lero, lero, that leaves me zero, that leaves me
zero," says Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, that leaves me zero,"
says Uncle Sam.
"And, by the way, one little thing more,"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"You're to refund the costs of the war,"
Lilliburlero, etc.
"Lero, lero, just what I fear O, just what I
fear," says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, just what I fear," says
old Uncle Sam.
"Next, you must own our Cavalier blood!"
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"And that your Puritans sprang from the
mud!"
Lilliburlero, etc.
"Lero, lero, that mud is clear O, that mud is
clear," says old Uncle Sam,
"Lero, lero, filibustero, that mud is clear," says
old Uncle Sam.
"Slavery's of course, the chief corner-stone."
Lilliburlero, etc.,
"Of our NEW CIV-IL-I-ZA-TION!"
Lilliburlero, etc.

"Lero, lero, that's quite sincere O, that's quite
sincere," says old Uncle Sam.

"Lero, lero, filibustero, that's quite sincere,"
says old Uncle Sam.

"You'll understand, my recreant tool,"

Lilliburlero, etc.,

"You're to submit, and we are to rule,"

Lilliburlero, etc.

"Lero, lero, aren't you a hero! aren't you a
hero!" says Uncle Sam,

"Lero, lero, filibustero, aren't you a hero!"
says Uncle Sam.

"If to these terms you fully consent,"

Lilliburlero, etc.,

"I'll be Perpetual King-President,"

Lilliburlero, etc.

"Lero, lero, take your sombrero, off to your
swamps!" says old Uncle Sam,

"Lero, lero, filibustero, cut, double-quick!"
says old Uncle Sam.

—Atlantic Monthly.

TO MY WIFE—IN FUTURE.

O UNKNOWN lady!—who are ye?"

What is your name, and what your rank, miss?

Live you in Peckham or Peru,

Put up near Cairo or the Bank, miss?

Or are you one of Hampstead's own

Fair, fairy-like, bewitching beauties?

Or come you from another zone

Of tigers, elephants, and Sooties?

Are you the daughter of John Smith,

Or are you heiress of a nabob?

Or have you got no kin or kith—

An orphan—left without e'en a bob?

Will no one claim you, make you rich,

Or elevate you to the peerage?

Money or rank, no matter which—

One buys the other in "this here age."

And can you sing?—I hope you do!—

And is your voice a fine soprano?

And do you love your harp?—and you,

Of course, can play on the piano?

And do you ever write in rhyme,

And have you got a favorite muse, love?

And do you—do you—think that I'm

The sort of man you'd not refuse, love?

But circumstances are the things

Most people find that make folks marry;

They tie or clip young Cupid's wings,

Until he cannot choose but tarry.

That beautiful Miss What's-her-name

I met at Florence, who knows whether

Love might not have lit up a "flame,"

If we had been "much thrown together."

But, unknown lady! when we meet,

Whether in Mexico or Siam,

Jerusalem or Regent Street,

I wonder if you know who I am!

I wonder if you'll then perceive

That we were formed to love together;

That you and I shall joy or grieve

Henceforth as one?—I wonder whether!

P.S.—An answer addressed to the "Punch"
Office will oblige.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 973.—24 January, 1863.

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THE CRY OF A LOST SOUL.*

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In that black forest, where, when day is done,
With a snake's stillness glides the Amazon
Darkly from sunset to the rising sun,

A cry, as of the pained heart of the wood,
The long, despairing moan of solitude
And darkness and the absence of all good,

Startles the traveller, with a sound so drear,
So full of hopeless agony and fear,
His heart stands still and listens like his ear.

The guide, as if he heard a dead-bell toll,
Starts, drops his ear against the gunwale's thole,
Crosses himself, and whispers—"A lost Soul!"

"No, señor, not a bird. I know it well—
It is the pained soul of some infidel
Or cursed heretic that cries from hell.

"Poor fool! with hope still mocking his despair,
He wanders, shrieking on the midnight air
For human pity and for Christian prayer.

"Saints strike him dumb! Our Holy Mother
bath
No prayer for him who, sinning unto death,
Burns always in the furnace of God's wrath!"

Thus to the baptized pagan's cruel lie,
Lending new horror to that mournful cry,
The voyager listens, making no reply.

Dim burns the boat-lamp: shadows deepen
round,
From giant trees with snakelike creepers wound,
And the black water glides without a sound.

But in the traveller's heart a secret sense
Of nature plastic to benign intents,
And an eternal good in Providence—

Lifts to the starry calm of heaven his eyes;
And lo! rebuking all earth's ominous cries,
The Cross of pardon lights the tropic skies!

"Father of all!" he urges his strong plea,
"Thou lovest all: thy erring child may be
Lost to himself but never lost to thee!"

"All souls are thine; the wings of morning bear
None from that Presence which is everywhere,
Nor hell itself can hide, for thou art there.

"Through sins of sense, perversities of will,
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and
shame and ill,
Thy pitying eye is on thy creature still.

"And thou canst make, Eternal Source and
Goal!

In thy long years life's broken circle whole,
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul!"

—Independent.

* Lieut. Herndon's Report of the Exploration of the Amazon has a striking description of the peculiar and melancholy notes of a bird heard by night on the shores of the river. The Indian guides called it "The cry of a lost Soul!"

THE MOANING SEA.

With her white face full of agony,
Under her dripping locks,
How the restless, wretched Sea to-day
Moans to the cruel rocks.

Helplessly in her great despair
She shudders on the sand;
And the weeds are gone from her tangled hair,
And the shells from her listless hand.

'Tis a sorrowful sight to see her lie,
With her beating, heaving breast,
Here, where the rock has cast her off,
Sobbing herself to rest.

Alas, alas! for the foolish sea,
Why was there none to say:
"The wave that strikes on the heartless stone,
Must break and fall away."

Why could she not have known that this
Would be her fate at length;
That the hand, unheld, must slip at last,
Though it cling with love's own strength!

For now, too late, she has learnt the truth,
Which none who learn forget—
And this is the best that she can do
With the future left her yet:

To rise, and wear on her face a smile,
Though her life be ebbing out;
And she have not even the wretched hope,
Born of a wretched doubt.

For there is no pity for grief like hers,
But only scorn and blame;
And so she must come to her feet again,
And hide from the world her shame.

—Chambers's Journal.

HYMN.

BY NATHANIEL NILES, 1775.

[Sung at the Celebration of Forefathers' Day, in
Middlebury, Vt., 1862.]

WHY should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in
crimson,
Sounding with death groans?

Infinite Goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings,
Never repining, but forever praising
God the Creator.

Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine;
Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder.
Mercies and judgments both proceed from kind-
ness—

Infinite kindness.

Life for our country and the cause of freedom
Is but a trifle for vain man to part with;
And if preserved in so great a contest,
Life is redoubled.

Oh, then exult that God forever reigneth!
Clouds, which around him hinder our perception,
Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and
Shout louder praises!

From The Spectator.

THE SORCERESS.

M. MICHELET's book *La Sorcière*, after selling for a week at a rate which puzzled the printers, has been prohibited throughout France. We can only wonder that it was allowed to appear at all, for a more violent blow was never struck at the Catholic faith, even by M. Michelet. Driven wild, apparently, by the recent development of ultramontane ideas, M. Michelet has propounded a new theory of the origin of the belief in what he calls sorcery, and Englishmen usually style witchcraft. This practice, which forms so large an element in the history of the Middle Ages, was, he contends, produced by the combined oppression of the lords and priests,—lords who took from the people even the possibility of virtue, and priests who sentenced them to hell for not having what it was impossible they should possess. He believes that the "Sabbat" was real, that the serfs, in their despair alike of earth and heaven, fell back for relief upon Devil-worship and outbursts of frantic licentiousness, that the confessions were not wild dreams, but facts, and that, in short, sorcery was in its origin a rebellion of despair against a persecuting Church, and a horrible system of society. His view deserves an analysis.

On the solitary heath, far away from the dwellings of men, the poor serfs and villeins celebrate the hideous saturnalia of the "Witch Sabbat." The congregation is immense. Lancre speaks of an assembly of 12,000; Spina mentions one of 6,000 in a small borough. They exaggerate, in their coarse orgies, the odious rights which feudal law, give to their lords over their wives and daughters. They mock the Latin Mass, which, to them, is incomprehensible, by the *Black Mass*, which is recited backwards. They imitate and ridicule, in their own crude, obscene way, the traditional *accolade* of knighthood. By a figurative union with the Evil One, the sorceress, high-priestess of the indecent ceremony, gives a mock consecration to the vile orgies; and all deliver themselves up to the Devil out of hatred of a system and a religion which crush them mercilessly in this world, and devote them to everlasting torture in the world to come.

The Middle Age was, truly and literally,

the age of despair, especially in France and Spain. There shone no ray of light in that gloomy night; there arose no hope of deliverance for the poor oppressed. The people were famishing, perishing in crowds from leprosy and pestilence, which carried off one-third of the population. As for the morals of that much-vaunted *chivalrous* society, M. Michelet forcibly depicts its utter depravity: "First, adultery has become a real institution, regular, recognized, valued, sung, celebrated in all the monuments of noble and middle-class literature, in all the poems and *fabliaux*; second, incest is the general condition of the serfs, a condition manifest in the 'Sabbat,' which is their only freedom, their true life, where they show themselves as they are." The peasant women are "serfs in body," the playthings of the lord and his varlets, deprived even of the right to remain chaste and pure. "Future times will not easily believe," says M. Michelet, with genuine feeling, "that, in the midst of Christian nations, law has done what it never did among ancient slavery, that it wrote formally down, as a right, the keenest insult which can wound the heart of man." Mediæval apologists in vain affirm that *le droit du Seigneur* was a mere pretence for levying black mail. Such a redeeming tax would be infamous enough; but unhappily there was but too often a *prestation en nature* enacted and the *Fors du Béarn* even assert positively that "the first-born of the peasant is always to be reputed the son of the lord, as he may proceed from him."

Is it then to be wondered at that the down-trodden villein sought a momentary physical and moral intoxication amidst the wild dances, the savage proceedings and coarse raillery of witch-meetings? Could there arise a refined feeling in the breast of beings whom the priests and the lords degraded to the state of mere beasts of burden? Of religion they were simply taught that portion which modern Christians have long ago renounced as idle, senseless superstition. During the Middle Age, Christianity exercised little humanizing influence over the lower classes, who did not understand its sublime tenets. The old philosophers and the old philosophy had been obliterated from the face of the earth, together with the temples and the schools. Vandalism reigned supreme. "There never was a

more violent revolution," says M. Michelet. "Awe and the crushing of every natural aspiration were alone preached to the people; where can we find a single thought capable of captivating the masses?" "Ancient gods, enter your sepulchre! Gods of love, of life, of light, vanish! take the cowl of the monk. Virgins, become nuns. Wives, abandon your husbands; or if you look after the house, remain cold sisters to them. A huge blank had been produced in the world. Who filled it? The Christians tell it—the demon, the demon everywhere; *ubique demon!*" Death, the grim fiend whose terrors had at least been softened down by the poetical legends of pagan mythology, was not comforted by the great idea of immortality; the life hereafter and the tortures of hell had become synonymous terms to the lost of this world. "It seems almost that they endeavored to flatten the soul, to make it narrow and tight, after the measure of a coffin. The sepulture of serfs between four boards of fir-tree is likely to conduce to that. It troubles us with an idea of stifling. If he whom they have put in it comes back in dreams, it is no longer as a light and bright shadow in the Elysian halo; he is a tortured slave, the wretched game of a claw-footed, hellish cat."

Such an oppressive despair could not but produce, at first, a deadly dulness, and afterwards a riotous rebellion against God and man. The sorceress had unspeakable attractions for the serf; she was his mistress in every sense, his prophetess, his comforter, his confidant, his physician. Women were drawn to the "Sabbat" by the hope of the meal which was provided for them; a rare occurrence in the sad life of the poor creatures. They paid for their fare by sterile embraces, for to give birth to children was considered a dire misfortune. Such was the state of society produced by the absolute, unopposed sway of Catholicism; the greatest blessing of mankind, maternity, had become a bitter curse, but a stop to the increase of the population is always a sure forerunner of national decline, and the Renaissance and the Reformation are happily at hand, ready to give birth to a new world.

The belief in sorcery lasted long after Devil-worship had ceased, for it was too profitable to be relinquished. A supersti-

tion could not but endure which the priests of the Catholic religion know so well how to foster; which turned out, as M. Michelet has it, a true gold-mine for exorcising monks and arbitrary judges, which sent a chilling tremor through timorous souls, and put into the hands of the weak and the despised the formidable weapon of awe. Still the inborn longing for the marvellous, and the instinctive terror inspired by every unexplained phenomenon, are inadequate to account for the triumphs of witchcraft, which took, as it were, root in the very soil of Europe. It has long been looked upon as a remnant, a legacy of paganism; and undoubtedly, he thinks, we may trace to that source the Catholic saints, the goblins, elves, and sprites of popular legends. But sorcery itself was the solemn protestation of the serfs against feudal oppression.

The unfairness of this terrible description will be recognized by all who have studied the history of that bad period. The Catholic priesthood was doubtless corrupted, and used without remorse their most powerful weapon—terror; but to say that Christianity had lost its power is to deny the primary facts of history. Whatever of good, or noble, or gentle there was in that evil age, arose from the slight remaining influence of that creed which ultimately, by commencing the Crusades, broke up a state of society which for a time—M. Michelet's "Middle Age" is far too vague—threatened the very existence of European mankind. The priesthood might be evil, but the belief in Christ could, so far as it was entertained, only introduce that very element of hope for want of which men, degraded to savagery, were flying for comfort to an accursed superstition.

It is not, however, to criticise M. Michelet that we have analyzed his book, but to point out a political fact. The alliance of the Church with the Empire is creating again the terrible phenomenon of the eighteenth century, a fanaticism directed against religion. Every form of scepticism is deepening in color and increasing in bitterness, and while good men weep over blasphemies like that involved in the Bishop of Poitiers' sermon on the "Relic of Charroux," the indifferent are becoming enemies to the Church, and men like M. Michelet are prepared for the second time to shriek out "*Ecrasez l'infame!*" The hatred of the *soutane* is growing, till there is danger of hate to the Christian robe.

From The Saturday Review.
UNRESTRAINT.

WE wear chains to which we are so used that most men never know that they wear them, but which are unmistakable fetters notwithstanding. They are chains partly put upon us, partly which we hang about ourselves, and which have an infinite deal to do with the appearance we make to others, causing in a great measure that discrepancy which almost universally exists between a man's idea of himself and the world's idea of him. We speak of the restraints of education and habit, not moral restrictions which apply to all alike, but social and class restraints—those laws of society which interfere with mere individual development. There are people who are under perpetual restraint—such universal restraint that we cannot be quite sure they are restrained at all. It is, however, an assumption, probably false, that every one is unrestrained with his wife; and hence one main bliss of the conjugal relation. Most men are unrestrained with their intimate friends, and restrained with the world. The ideal gentleman is made up of nice gradations of these restraints and relaxations. The clown and the uncivilized are without either voluntary or imposed restraints, but are victims of the ignominious restraints of sheepishness. And there are people answering to none of these, who have no restraints, either natural or imposed, or from diffidence, clownish or otherwise—who are never hindered from doing what the heart or inclination suggests as agreeable to do by any habit or social influence whatever—but whose actions respond to some inner impulse uniformly obeyed, and who know not the yoke of convention. This is a state not easy to realize, yet probably all of us have experienced it, and acted under it, at some period or another, when startled out of the proprieties of custom by some sudden wrench to our ordinary habits. All can recall some time when we have known a momentary enlargement from the self-control of common life—a wild, irresponsible enjoyment of liberty. But, beyond actual experience, any one consulting his hours of day-dream and reverie must be conscious of an inner world of unrestraint wherein he gives way to the warmth of impulse, the romance of feeling, where whim, humor, and liking have their free course—where he conducts

things in a way he finds impossible in practice, talking, moving, handling, acting in exact response and accordance with the impression of the moment—where nothing comes between the occasion and the exact and full treatment and recognition of it. The drama always appeals for its truth, not to our manners, but to this region of fancied action and expression; and as its scenes engage our interest, we think it natural to do things which we never saw done in our lives, and are perfectly sure we never shall see, because we have a hidden world where men, and we among them, do such things, and indulge (and we know it is an indulgence, though we never try it) in our swing of emotions, and show, at least to ourselves, what we are.

Those who run counter to the general law of restraint, if they are amiable, have commonly more feeling, such as it is, than wit or judgment. They have expansiveness without perception, and are exuberant and unrestrained because of some conspicuous want which cuts them off from our sympathy. We do not know what to make of so much demonstration—they embarrass us with displays and effusions which painfully remind us of the excesses of the inferior animals. We like our dog for overdoing his transports whenever he is fond or pleased; we admire and even reverence the hen in all the self-forgetting fuss of maternal solicitude; but we do not like the men and women whom we know to be natural in this way, because it sinks them in the scale of intellectual beings. If unrestraint shows itself in a character of mere average qualities, it sinks the man lower in the social scale. That selfishness which in its degree belongs to all habitual unrestraint takes some gross form, and he is shunned, as falling below the standard. As unrestraint is not natural to a man bred in society where others control themselves, there is always an hypothesis to account for it, implying something lower than humanity, as in these cases, or higher, or in some way distinct from it. Whenever unrestraint marks some not unamiable character distinguished by popular intellectual powers, we may be certain it will assist to gain him social acceptance, and even affection, and will greatly add to his prestige with common minds; for it is then taken as a sign of superiority, and assumed to be the necessary

eccentricity of genius. Wit and humor are often accompanied by an extreme unrestraint of habit and manner; and instances of it are invariably quoted as evidences of a sparkling, genial, overflowing nature. Careless vehemence, impulses of kindness, scorn, passion, disregard of consequences, contempt of conventionalities, odd ways—all unreservedly expressed and indulged—are so many appeals to the tenderness of admirers, and vouchers for the genuineness of the one gift. The local celebrity may indulge in any amount of fairly harmless license, till indeed he becomes unfit for any other scene. He must live where his ways are understood and accepted, and cannot exist out of the sympathizing element.

To any one who has read the life of Professor Wilson, he must present himself as the crowning example, the very hero of unrestraint. That a Professor of Moral Philosophy of the University of Edinburgh should fight with a pugilist in a fair at mid-day, and in so doing act simply in accordance with his received character, and in no way damage a very high reputation, argues almost divine abandonment to impulse; and, in fact, the spur of the moment was with him a perpetual inspiration. He recognized no social impossibilities, but always did what he liked; and his nature led him to like very strange things. His pre-eminence was that, whereas most people who will not submit to the restraints of their position fall out of it, he carried things with so high a hand—mind and body worked their will on such a large, irresponsible scale—that he held his place and indulged his humor at the same time; though whether there might not be, after all, hidden far out of sight some modicum of Scotch caution we will not say.

Those who admire Professor Wilson have to admire this power as his leading characteristic. His daughter shows this by her frequent half-proud, half-apologetic use of the word Titanic, which, in fact, explains matters on our assumption that unrestraint implies a divergence from ordinary humanity. Professor Wilson was one of the Titans—friend and foe had often called him so—and who expects habitual reticence and decorum from a giant? Of the domestic life of the Titans we don't know a great deal, but the literature of our youth gives us a pretty distinct notion of a giant, and Wil-

son comes up to it beyond any man we know. Even his intellect is of this stamp, marked by power whose chief end was to show itself—a hazy volume of memory, huge rhapsodies of poetry, torrents of vituperation, excessive praise and blame, vehement partisanship, satire hitting right and left, effective but with no nicety of application. And, running through all, there was a vein of grotesque childishness. In his most cruel blows he was careless of consequences rather than malignant—"a Titan breaking the bones of small men," as his biographer writes it. If giants had lived in our day, when everybody writes, they would naturally have fallen into the tone of the *Noctes*—recorded their prodigious revels, piled Pelion upon Ossa in hyperbole, chaffed one another, puffed their friends, abused their enemies with the same hilarious, profuse, and clumsy humor. But writing—though, when driven to it, his capacity for work was truly gigantic—was only one out of many modes by which Wilson expressed bulk and prowess. His was a life of outpouring; and we may observe that he had previously acted out every scene that he describes well. Indeed he is weak, and sometimes inanely sentimental, where he is not his own hero and inspiration. He had especially that spirit of rivalry which belonged to giants as such, and which so often betrayed them to their ruin. He could not live without matching himself with weaker men, and getting the better. His rivalry was exorbitant and indiscriminate. His sense of life made him insatiable of expression and success. Every walk was a race against something—time, his friend, or the mail-coach. And it was always Wilson against the world. He knew no distinctions of rank, no proprieties of place, in his enormous emulation. He fought with tinkers, he leaped with gypsies, he contended in strong drink with drovers, he swayed his club triumphant in Irish rows. His sports, in like manner, were excessive, and made men stare. He killed more fish than man had done before. He was enthusiastic in cock-fighting, and (as we are told) hunted his neighbor's bull by moonlight with the frenzy of a wild huntsman. In his youthful love he was a very Polyphemus, making the rocks and hills resound with his complaints, held back by no ordinary human reserves, and perplexing his companions with "his long bursts of

passion and misery." When he had a mind to be merry, which was much about the same time with these clamorous eclogues, the jollity of the common room in those jovial days was not a theatre wide enough for his torrent of jest, but he must adjourn from Magdalen to the coaching inns, and talk all night to relays of hungry passengers, astonishing them with the extravagance of his wild humor. He had a giant's childish obtuseness about mutual rights, and could never see that his onslaughts, done in mere conscious strength and for the pleasure of wielding his club, deserved reprisals. It seemed as if he could not understand tit-for-tat, or that what he cared for had not immunity from attack in the nature of things. Thus, when he felt injured, which was on small provocation, he was loud in his complaints, and expected universal pity for the ill-usage. And in matters of dress and figure, even in the arrangements of his toilet, we see the same exact accord of physical and mental organization. From the moment the giant stirred within him, yellow locks flowed over his shoulders, and he showed his defiance of custom in unprecedented whiskers. His garments were henceforth loose and wide, that no external restriction should check the free, triumphant tide of life. And when trouble came—and our giant had a warm and susceptible heart—he craved for exceptional expression. Shyness and diffidence are incompatible with this temperament, which must find scope and indulgence in doing, and has no misgivings. So his hat was wider, the crape upon it deeper, than had ever been seen before; and he found consolation in "weepers," at once proclaiming an intolerable loss, and demanding a great city's sympathy.

It is a further characteristic of this predominating trait—an amiable but also necessary one, seeing how real and unaffected this demand for careless, prompt, unlimited expression was—that he should love his own haunts, and shun new scenes where he and his humors were not known. Professor Wilson did not care for London, and was no

tuft-hunter. How, indeed, could he care for any company where he could not do as he liked? And nobody can be utterly unrestrained in the height of the London season, and in the company of lords and ladies whom he has never seen before. The veriest Titans and giants of them all would look and feel small under these circumstances. Briareus would not know what in the world to do with his hands, and Grumbo would hide his club under the table, or hie him back to his castle discomfited.

We are not disparaging the professor in all this. We are not so ungrateful to an eloquence that once stirred our inmost heart and set us all aglow. But Christopher in his Sporting Jacket was a torrent and an overflow notwithstanding, and we know that it was good advice to Father Thames "evermore to go between his banks." If Wilson had been capable of restraint and measure in his ways, in his habits, in his writing, his works would have endured, and played a part in another generation than his own. Titans are what they are, but they are not great men. In fact, unrestraint, wherever we see it, whatever guise it assumes, is weakness. In Wilson's case his biographer naturally confuses it with the impetuosity of genius, and talks of the fever of the soul; but such impetuosity comes in fits, and leaves a man sane intervals wherein to recruit after his excesses. Unrestraint is a habit. The breaches it makes are never repaired. It leaves everything about a man loose, unfinished, unguarded—he is more and more his own victim. And, also, it is selfish—it is a perpetual assertion of inclination against the prejudice, the wishes, the judgment of others. Nor is the importance of a man's aims any excuse for it. If all men were as unrestrained—as careless of rule and order and the convenience of others—as some professedly good people who spend their days in what is called doing good, the whole social fabric would be presently dissolved.

From The Spectator.

SCRIPTURAL NOVELETTES.

THERE are many indignities to which children are subjected, but we know none at once so fruitless and laborious as the *adaptation* of the sublime simplicity of the Bible histories and stories to the level of that studied imbecility and inane multiplication of details, which a long tradition of relentless nursery persecutions has established as the standard of what is "interesting" to childhood. When you have got one of those divine actions or thoughts which are fitted to bite into the imagination and take root in the heart of child or man, you may make it simpler in two ways—by mincing the meaning, and confusing the picture with false and insignificant inventions. We have before us in the Bible the most wonderful cartoons; how shall they best be rendered sufficiently petty to ensure their being entirely taken-in by children's minds, and as a consequence *not* germinating there? This is the useful problem to which serious and didactic ladies are apt to devote themselves, as Christmas approaches, with unusual success. The rule is simple: give such small change for the thought that it becomes finite or infinitesimal—diversify the picture with the feeble little familiarities of modern life and sentiment, and then your pious child will have no difficulty at all, first in comprehending and then in forgetting it. You will have reduced the divine thought and action from a power that touches its mind with awe and wonder, giving the impression of infinite depth and breadth and height, to a sort of "parent's assistant," a useful auxiliary in education, which can be effectually assimilated by an intelligent child; instead of leaving it what it naturally is, a power able and intended to assimilate humanity to itself. An unusually "intelligent" child is too often taken in by the process, but a true child will, so soon as it discovers the meditating process of the religious nursery, begin to resent it, and feel permanent disgust at the anxious mutilation and the rubbishing detail with which those great outlines are disfigured so long as they continue to tease the imagination, which will, most likely, be so long as life lasts. We have before us specimens of this kind of amiable but mischievous infatuation called "Stories of Old; or, Bible Narratives suited to the Capacities

of Young Children."* The way in which they are suited to the capacities of young children appears to be by the method we have indicated above. To "suit to the capacities of young children" you must mince what you find, and invent trivialities which you don't find,—destroy the infinitude, dot with nursery commonplaces—an imaginary cradle and mother, for instance, are considered effective,—reduce the great cartoons to staring miniatures, throw in a little high paint, a little modern chat, and, where possible, perhaps an imaginary child to represent the investigating infant, and give a dramatic expression to its ideas. Such is "adaptation to the capacities of young children," a theory of milk for babes, which seems to us derived from transferring too hastily to the mental world the analogy of the best known animal substitute for the mother's breast.

On behalf of children in general we resent this practice. A generation or two ago, everything in the Bible was "whittled down" and apologized for, to adapt it to the spirit of a highly intelligent age, and as a natural consequence everything was made really incredible to men of the slightest insight. The mature are less exposed now to this annoyance; the spirit of interpretation is more in earnest and more honest than it was. But children are still at the mercy of teachers to whom it is a pleasure to reconstruct thought and fact freely, with ornamental additions, and who succeed about as much in adapting the Bible for children's capacities, as you would in adopting geometry for children by a fundamental axiom, that no line shall ever be longer than an inch.

There is no book more really childlike than the Bible in its narrative portions. Of course we do not mean that everything, or nearly everything in it is desirable reading for children, but that the highest, the tenderest, the most wonderful of the narrative portions have a far deeper fascination for children as they are, than any belaboring can give them. If an Alpine snow-summit is above the reach of a child's admiration, you cannot make him admire Alpine snow by melting the snow and cutting down the mountain to a hill, whereas you do prevent that unconscious steeping of the immature imagination in the atmosphere of sublimity

* By Miss Hadley. Smith and Elder.

which slowly prepares the way for the solitary joy of maturer years. To take a feeble example of the analogous Bible process, first from Hebrew tradition. In the Book of Exodus, the adoption of Moses by Pharaoh's daughter is told thus: "And when she could no longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child within; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink. And his sister stood afar off to wit what would be done to him. And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river, and her maidens walked along by the river side; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it. And when she had opened it she saw the child, and behold the babe wept. And she had compassion on it." When adapted "to the capacity of young children,"—this singularly simple and poetical narrative comes out in a shape too long for extract, filling two pages,—but the details of the adaptation are these: first the child is called a baby, a little baby. Then we have a hint from the nursery *why* the mother could no longer hide him, "for he was bigger and cried louder." "What can I do?" she said, "must I put my pretty baby in the river after all?" A thought strikes her, a thought that suggests the existence of a Useful Knowledge Society in ancient Egypt. "In the Nile there grows a large rush, called papyrus. . . . A kind of paper was made from it,—our word *paper* comes from papyrus." The mother thought, "I will make a cradle-boat for my baby to lie in, when I put him in the river." Then comes the pathetic adaptation to the ductile sentiment of children. "Can you not fancy how her tears would fall while she was doing it, and how she would pray to God to watch over her darling?" Then the pitch is put on, and we have another appeal to infantine tenderness: "I dare say the mother filled the inside with something soft, and made it as comfortable as she could." Then "with many tears and prayers," when the baby is "asleep," it is put into the river, and when the discovered baby cries, we are told, "no wonder, for all the faces were strange to him, and it was his mother's face he wanted to see," and so forth. And this is "suited to the capacities of young children." We confess the Bible edition seems to us much better so. The latter sculptures the scene with

that reserve and purity which never distract us by hysterical sobs; there is in it the dignity and nobleness of a tradition that guards the fountain-heads of a nation's life, and is conscious of a divine purpose far greater than the child's individual preservation. It hurries on to its great aim. The "adapted" form sobs, and comments between its tears on the papyrus, and then sobs again, and analyzes "baby's" feelings, and, in a word, fritters away the whole stateliness of the scene,—as both child and man would feel it,—in the circumstantial inventiveness of that same kind of young lady who supposes that "baby" intuitively understands the tender expressiveness of a species of guttural convulsions accompanied by a chink of keys. Or, again, when young children are to be made to understand the greediness of the Israelites in getting tired of manna, we have an explanatory paraphrase. The Book of Numbers reports the complaint thus, "Who shall give us flesh to eat? We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers and the melons and the leeks and the onions and the garlic; but now our soul is dried away; there is nothing at all besides this manna before our eyes,"—a very simple account of the hankering of coarse appetites after strong savory dishes; but not, we are sorry to say, "suited to the capacity" of young children, who will understand better this equivalent, "We want meat. We remember the fish we did eat in Egypt freely; the *refreshing* cucumbers, the *cooling* melons, the *pleasant* onions. We have nothing but dry food here. We are tired of having only this manna." Why are "pleasant onions" more suited to the capacity of young children than "onions"? Is it an attempt to prejudice their imaginations in favor of that unfragrant herb, and to prevent complaints of its too frequent prevalence in the nursery? Seriously, however, the only idea discernible in this adaptation of Bible stories to young children seems to be the insertion of new and insignificant details of epithet or incident, which simply obliterate the striking impression of the straightforward keen original.

But if this is ruinous to the impression made even on a child's imagination by the stately Oriental narrative of the Old Testament, it is still more jarring when this petty and sentimental ingenuity is exerted to "im-

prove" the history of our Lord. We are told in the Gospels, "There were then brought unto Him little children, that He should put his hands on them and pray; and the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And he laid his hands on them, and departed thence." This is elaborated into a romance about mothers and infants and a certain little Ruth, by Miss Hadley, the lady who adapts the Scripture stories to the "capacity of young children." A young Hebrew mother observes of our Lord, "He is greater than our father Abraham: how I should like his blessing on my child;" and she looks "fondly at her baby as it lay asleep in her bosom,—it was her first-born son." And after a long account of other parental yearnings, the story winds up thus:—

"Can you not fancy how one of the bigger children said, as she laid her head on her pillow that night, 'Mother, I shall never forget the kind look of that Prophet of Nazareth as long as I live. Is God as kind as he?' 'They say, my daughter, that he says he is the Son of God. One of his strange sayings is, 'that he has come to show us the Father.'"

"O mother, all he says must be true," said little Ruth.

"Yes, he calls himself 'the Truth,'" said the mother, thoughtfully. "Now go to sleep, little Ruth, and dream of this wonderful stranger."

"Little Ruth went to sleep, and in her dreams she saw again the kind face, and heard again the gentle tones whispering in her ear, 'Let the little ones come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' It seemed to little Ruth as if she was in heaven."

We confess that, instead of adapting the

Christian history to the capacities of young children, this sort of embroidery appears to us to spoil it as a divine influence. There is no tendency more marked in children's minds than that to fasten on the minuter details. A small child to whom the above story had been told would concentrate its attention on the fabulous little heroine, wonder what kind of a bed she slept in, and whether Ruth really dreamed of the stranger or not. Simplicity appeals to a child's mind directly, but if you offer it an alternative of two associations, one great and one small, one infinite and one finite, one eternal and one temporary, it will, of course, choose the latter. It can love a field or a wood more easily than a rich landscape; the ripple of a mountain brook more completely than the many voices of the mighty sea. Still it is well for children, as it is for men, that the touch of the eternal world should not thus be sheathed in the soft minutiae of home. It seems to us that there is a great purpose in the rugged and naïf simplicity of Scripture. It takes us out of ourselves and our little flutters of emotion to the majesty of a divine act. Could we feel the greatness of Mont Blanc if the flower and the fir and the chalet dotted and clothed it up to the highest peak? So even in the child's mind there is something which answers to the craving for the Absolute, and which would be hurt by all this foreground of petty incident, even if the incident were true. Gazing back up the troubled story of the ages, that flood of everlasting light which falls upon Nazareth and Calvary should not be dimmed by these clouds of insect fancies. A child's eye needs to be accustomed early to the naked infinitude of that piercing light which rests upon the Son of God and the Son of man.

POLITICAL ANTIQUARIANISM.—It is always a hard matter to keep the past and the present in exactly their due relations to each other—at once to avoid false analogies, and to give real analogies their proper force. The danger cuts both ways. We may either form a false estimate of past times by looking at them from a purely modern point of view, or we may fail to understand the times in which we live through the influence of ideas which are appropriate only to times which are past. This last error is one

which is equally common among blind conservatives and reckless innovators—among the assertors of the wisdom of our forefathers, and among revolutionists who are ready to wipe out every traditional institution. The blind clinging to things as they are is eminently a faith without works. It is a reverence for our forefathers shown by acting in exactly the contrary way to that in which our forefathers acted.—*Saturday Review.*

From The Saturday Review.

THE LANGUAGE OF CHRIST AND THE APOSTLES.*

WHAT was the language habitually used by our Lord and his disciples in their daily intercourse and in their public addresses, is a question on which, considering how much has been written on the most minute details of the New Testament history, one might suppose there could hardly remain any uncertainty. One of the first questions which every student of history naturally asks about any remarkable man, and particularly about great poets, philosophers, founders of religions, and statesmen, is, what was their language or nationality? No one would hesitate for a moment about the language of Moses, or Homer or Aristotle, Cæsar or Mohammed, of Dante, Wycliffe, or Luther; and in each case our appreciation of the character of these men would be considerably influenced by the impressions which we had previously formed of the national peculiarities, the genius of the language, and the spirit of the literature—in short, of the whole intellectual atmosphere in which the great men of different countries were born, trained, and matured. There is no doubt one point of view from which it may seem very indifferent in what dialect the good news of God were first announced by Christ and his apostles. In one sense, Christianity is above all time; but in another it came in the very fulness of time; and it would show a culpable indifference were we to deprive ourselves of those lessons which the history of the foundation and the growth of Christianity is clearly intended to teach us. That the languages spoken at the great epochs in history form an important element for a true appreciation of the actors in the world's great drama, must be clear to the most casual observer; and even those who are unwilling to admit that the words and thoughts of the time could have influenced the childhood and youth of Christ, will see how important an ingredient they formed in the character of those whom he had to address and to win, and whose nature he had to assume before he could be their Teacher and their Saviour.

* *Discussions on the Gospels.* By the Rev. Alexander B. Roberts, M.A., Minister of the Presbyterian Church, St. John's Wood. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1862.

Now this question as to the language spoken by our Lord is by no means a new one; and, what is still more extraordinary, there seems to have been from the beginning the same uncertainty and difference of opinion on what to us appears so simple a subject. It is, in fact, the best lesson of humility to read the history of this and similar controversies touching more or less directly on religion or theology; and if it were for nothing else we should consider the work lately published by Mr. Roberts, under the somewhat vague title of *Discussions on the Gospels*—giving, as it does, among other things, a history of the various opinions that have been held on this point—a most valuable contribution to our biblical literature. Strongly as we object to sensation titles, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Roberts has hardly done justice either to his subject or to himself, in announcing under so indefinite a title a work which, both in its special and in its general character, deserves the most careful attention of scholars and divines. The special object of this book is to determine what language was habitually used by our Lord and his disciples. In discussing this question, Mr. Roberts has satisfied the requirements of the most exacting critical scholarship. Not content with giving a history of the controversy, he has re-examined all the sources of evidence. Not content with Greek historians, Greek inscriptions and coins, he has acquired a knowledge of Hebrew and Syriac sufficient to enable him to form an independent and impartial opinion of any documents that promise to throw light on the subject of his inquiry. If the early chapters of his work may seem to be of a special and merely professional interest, Mr. Roberts has, in the second part, made the result of his previous researches the groundwork of further investigations, which place the original composition of the Gospels in an entirely new light, and will be welcome to every careful reader of the New Testament.

We might have supposed that there could be but two languages with any claim to be considered as the vernaculars spoken by our Lord and his disciples—namely, the Aramaic and the Greek. But such was the sacred character ascribed to Latin by the Latin Church, that some Roman Catholic divines have thought it their duty to plead the cause

of that language as the language of Christ and his followers. This hypothesis was first formally advanced by the Jesuit priest Hardouin, in his *Commentary on the New Testament*, published in 1741. It was revived, we may hope for the last time, in an anonymous work published in London in 1822, under the title of *Palæoromaica*. This seems to have been a work devoid of common sense, but full of learning: and it elicited answers from Maltby, afterwards Bishop of Durham, Bishop Burgess, Dr. Falconer, and others. The cause of Greek was pleaded by Diodati, in a treatise published at Naples in 1767, under the title *De Christo græce loquente*. He maintains that, in the days of our Lord, the vernacular dialect of Palestine had been entirely supplanted by Greek, and that no other language could have been used by the Founder of our religion. About the same time, however, a German scholar of the name of Pfannkuche published an essay of equal learning in support of a view diametrically opposed to that of Diodati, arguing that the Greek language was scarcely used at all in ordinary intercourse by the Jews of our Saviour's time, and that Aramaic was spoken by him and his disciples generally or exclusively. If the truth of an opinion could be settled by the prestige of names, the supporters of Aramaic would certainly carry the day against Diodati and his small train. From Eusebius down to Ewald and Renan, all the great names are on that side. Eusebius declares again and again that the apostles understood no language but that of the Syrians, and in one passage he represents them replying to their Lord's command to "go and teach all nations" in the following words: "What language shall we employ towards the Greeks, having been brought up only in the language of the Syrians?" It is curious that on so important a point the ecclesiastical historian should have given us none of the evidence on which he based his categorical statements. But in spite of this absence of evidence, his statement was accepted by nearly all subsequent writers, and is probably held at the present day by most who have given any thought to the subject. Even independent scholars—men like Thiersch, Ewald, and Renan, who would certainly not be swayed by an unsupported assertion of Eusebius—hold the same opinion. Ewald says:—

"It is self-evident that only the generally intelligible language of the country could have served our Lord's purpose. There was no occasion why, besides it, he should have used another; nor do we find the slightest trace of his having employed another—namely, the Greek."

Renan states:—

"We think that the Syro-Chaldaic was the most widely spread language in Judea, and that Christ would not have used any other in his popular discourses."

We do not wonder that Mr. Roberts should have felt awed by these positive assertions, but we are glad that he did not shrink from encountering such antagonists, and that he thought the whole question deserving of a new and minute re-examination. The result at which Mr. Roberts arrives is, that "*Christ spoke for the most part in Greek, and only now and then in Aramaic*" (p. 15), and he establishes this conclusion by an amount of evidence which can hardly leave a doubt in the minds of unprejudiced readers. Nor is this conclusion a mere compromise between the two conflicting opinions of Diodati and Ewald. The view that Christ was *bilingual* is a new view, and a view of no slight importance in the history of the world.

Christianity, from an historical point of view, is the reunion of the Jew and Gentile, and, from a still higher point of view, it clearly marks the confluence of the two great streams of human life and thought—the Semitic and the Aryan. How, wonderful, then, that He who came to reveal to the whole of mankind their common brotherhood and their common Father in heaven should have had his words and thoughts moulded in the two principal languages of the two principal families of human speech—the Greek and the Hebrew! And so it was, not by accident, but by the providence of God, who had scattered the nations that they each should walk in their own ways, whether haply they might find him, and who, in his own good time, called them all together to worship him in spirit and in truth.

To discover in the history of the world the indications of a divine plan is no less comforting than to recognize the working of God's grace even in the smallest events of our daily life; and if we consider how a lan-

guage represents the intellectual heirloom of a whole nation, to see Christ as the heir, not only of the Semitic, but even in a much higher degree of the Greek and Aryan races, is a confirmation stronger than any, of his truly historical character—a commentary clearer than any, on the true meaning of “the fulness of time.” How was it that the language of Homer was spoken by the children of Abraham at the time of our Lord? Without a knowledge of history such a fact would seem almost incredible; and yet no miracle can be better attested, none can at the same time more clearly proclaim its divine purpose than this—the intermingling of the Greek and the Jewish races on the very threshold of the Christian world. The small canton of Attica had leavened the whole civilized world. Though conquered by Philip, it had conquered the East through Alexander; and after the dismemberment of his colossal empire, the successors of Alexander, Greek in mind, if not by blood, became the rulers of Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor. Ptolemy, the son of Lagos, brought Greek learning into Egypt, Seleucus into Syria, Eumenes into Asia Minor; and at Alexander, Antioch, and Pergamus the language of the educated classes became Greek. The effete civilization of these countries gave way before the healthy vigor of the Greek mind; and though the vernaculars were not swept away at once, all who wished to take part in the transactions of public life, or who had any pretensions to rank among the higher classes, had to acquire the Greek language, Greek manners, and Greek learning. The Greeks, even in Macedonia, were in the East what the Saxons were to the Britons, the Normans to the Saxons, the English to the Hindus. True, at the time of our Lord, a new conqueror had begun, or wellnigh finished, his career. Rome had conquered the world, and ruled then supreme even in Judæa. But the Roman was the pupil of the Greek, and the political supremacy of the pupil did not neutralize the intellectual supremacy of the master. Nor did the language of the Roman conqueror ever take the place of that of conquered Greece. Although Roman Judges had everywhere to be addressed in Latin, and although Greeks in pleading their causes had to avail themselves of the assistance of Roman interpreters, no one

thought of studying Latin as Greek had been studied; and the Romans themselves were the foremost to display on every occasion their familiarity with the Grecian language and literature. After reading the mass of evidence by which Mr. Roberts proves the prevalence of Greek in Judæa at the time of our Lord, we feel inclined to repeat the words of Isaac Vossius:—

“Verum nescio quâ ratione factum sit ut hoc nostro sæculo plerique fere Christum et Apostolos Hebraice locutos fuisse existiment, non autem Græce. . . . Nullis profecto vel argumentis vel testimoniis nititur hæc opinio.”—P. 9.

Dean Alford admits that Greek was commonly spoken in Palestine (p. 11). Professor Jowett states that “Greek became a familiar language, not only in Asia and Egypt, but also in Judæa” (p. 42). Yet the former limits the employment of Greek considerably. The latter says in another passage:—

“As persons who have no education imagine that the authorized English version is the original of the Scriptures, so, too, scholars are apt to think and write as though the Greek of the New Testament were the original language in which Christianity was first conceived. But our Lord and his disciples were Galileans, whose familiar speech could never have been Greek.”

But what evidence is there to prove this? Aramaic, no doubt, was the vernacular of Palestine, and it was certainly understood by every Jew at Jerusalem. But such was the preponderance of the foreign Greek element, that on all public occasions it would have been useless to employ that vernacular. As well might an M.P. for a Welsh borough think of addressing his constituents in Welsh. No doubt some of the lower ranks would understand him, but to all the rest he would be unintelligible, whereas his English is understood by nearly all, and certainly by those whose support is most essential. Like Wales at the present moment, Judæa was at the beginning of our era dotted over with names of places of foreign origin. Proper names were partly Aramaic, partly Greek, and in some towns, as, for instance in Cæsarea, the majority of the inhabitants were Greek.

It is impossible for us even to allude to each item of historical evidence which Mr.

Roberts has brought together in support of his position. But even if that evidence were much less ample than it is, we should still incline to his view, because there are hardly any facts to support the opposite theory. The few Aramaic words which are mentioned in the New Testament in their original form, as having been used by our Lord on certain occasions, are generally quoted as evidence on the other side. But they, of course, prove just the contrary. Suppose our Lord had always spoken Aramaic, what reason was there to mention these few words? But if ordinarily he employed the Greek language, then, to quote Mr. Roberts:—

“How beautifully accordant with the character of Him whose heart was tenderness itself, that now, as He bent over the lifeless frame of the maiden, and breathed that life-giving whisper into her ear, it should have been in the loved and familiar accents of her mother-tongue—‘*Talitha cumi!*’”

The same applies to the other passages where the employment of Aramaic words by our Lord is expressly mentioned in the New Testament; and few readers of the Bible will fail to perceive the novel charm which is thus imparted to what seemed before but strange sounds in the sacred narrative.

Mr. Roberts tells the following anecdote in illustration of his meaning:—

“On one occasion Dr. Chalmers was laboring, with all the power of his earnest and eloquent lips, to convey to a poor woman an acquaintance with the nature of faith. He tried to represent his meaning under every form of speech which the English language afforded, but in vain. There was still no sign of answering intelligence on the part of his hearer; when at last, deserting the English language, he cried, ‘*Just lippen to Him.*’ This word is the common Scotch expression for confide or trust; and it was no sooner uttered than the idea wished to be conveyed was apprehended.”

But the strongest argument of all, though hardly ever urged with sufficient stress, is this (p. 67):—

“Here we possess, in the volume known as the New Testament, a collection of writings composed for the most part by Jews of Palestine, and primarily intended to some extent for Jews of Palestine, and all of them written in the Greek language. Now, what is the natural inference? Is it not

that Greek must have been well known both to the writers and their readers? . . . When we find the Galilean Peter taking up his pen and writing in Greek, why should we not suppose that Greek was quite familiar to the inhabitants of Galilee? And when we find the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews writing to the Jews of Palestine in Greek, how can we escape from the conclusion that they generally understood that language? . . . How, then, could Palestinian Jews, like Peter, James, and John—‘unlettered, ignorant men’—have written in Greek, unless that was the language which men even in the humblest station naturally employed? And how could it have been supposed by these writers that they would be understood by their countrymen in and beyond Palestine, while they wrote in Greek, unless it had been assumed that that was a language with which all Jews were then more or less familiar?”

There is, indeed, another way of explaining why the New Testament should have been written in Greek, although those who were the first to read it were ignorant of that language. It is maintained by some divines that as the Gospels were intended for the benefit of the whole Christian world, they were written in a language universally intelligible. But though that language had been intelligible to the whole world, what could it have benefited the world if those whom Christ had chosen to be the leaven of the world—those unlettered and ignorant Galileans, and their immediate friends and followers—had alone been excluded from its blessings? Again, if it is asked how the apostles, themselves ignorant of Greek, could have written in that language, it is maintained by some divines that they did so by the immediate interposition of Heaven, by the gift of the Holy Ghost. Mr. Roberts meets this argument with great force. He appeals to Dean Alford, who “does not conceal the difficulty which our mind finds in conceiving a person supernaturally endowed with the power of speaking ordinarily and consciously a language which he has never learnt:”—

“The idea,” he says, “that the apostles were taught Greek by the immediate interposition of Heaven, seems repugnant to the constitution and working of the human mind; and to all that is told us in, or may be inferred from, the Bible, as to the manner in which the Spirit of God operates upon it. He who has made us as we are,

graciously and wisely accommodates His actings to that spiritual and intellectual nature which He has imparted . . ."

And again, in another place (p. 464):—

"Inspiration ought never to be had recourse to in order to escape the difficulties which arise from mere human opinions. If a man ties a knot so tangled that he cannot again unloose it, it is little short of impiety to call in divine aid in order to cut it."

Throughout the whole of his book Mr. Roberts has handled his problems in the most excellent spirit. He never forgets what is due to the sacred character of Him whose language forms the subject of his inquiry, and he makes the fullest allowance for the susceptibilities of that class of readers who are not accustomed to see the principal characters of the New Testament treated as historical characters. But he never, on the other hand, forgets what is due to historical truth; and he has evidently arrived at the conviction that the New Testament history need not shrink from the tests applied to other histories—that it has nothing to lose, and everything to gain from such a treatment. There is but one instance where he seems for a time, to forget the position which, as an historian, he ought to occupy in examining the evidence supplied by different portions of the Gospel in support of his theory. When treating of the conversation between our Lord and the woman of Samaria, he points out with perfect truth that the Samaritans, even more than the Jews, had adopted at that time the language and manners of the Greeks. In the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes the very temple on Mount Gerizim had been dedicated to the Jupiter of the Greeks. In a letter addressed to Antiochus, the Samaritans are most anxious to impress on their king that they have nothing in common with the nation or customs of the Jews, and they are, in turn, congratulated by the Syrian monarch on "their desire to live according to the customs of the Greeks." It is perfectly true, as Mr. Roberts points out, that if any communication took place at that time between the Jews and the Samaritans, both being *bilinguals*—i.e., both speaking their peculiar Aramaic dialects, together with Greek,—Greek would no doubt have been the language chosen for personal intercourse. For this reason, unless there were distinct evidence to the contrary, it would seem most natural to suppose that the conversation at Jacob's Well took place in Greek. But if in support of this view, Mr. Roberts quotes the 25th verse of the 4th chapter of St. John, which reads as

follows: "The woman saith unto him, I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ;" and if he maintains that the parenthetical clause "which is called Christ" (*ὁ λεγόμενος Χριστός*), was really uttered by the woman herself—the evangelist, as he says, "taking all pains to report the conversation very accurately"—he must have forgotten that the exact words of that conversation could have been heard by two persons only, and that, in repeating the tenor of that dialogue to his apostles, the main object of Christ was not to repeat the *ipsissima verba*, but to convey to his disciples the same lesson, probably with greater fulness, which he had delivered to the ignorant and worldly woman of Samaria. And, waiving this, there still remains the further objection that the evangelist who wrote down this chapter, many years after the event, many years after the death and resurrection of Christ, might surely have added this merely verbal explanation, on which Mr. Roberts attempts to rest his argument.

One other question we should like to ask. Mr. Roberts shows very clearly that at the time of our Lord the ancient Hebrew had ceased to be understood at Jerusalem, and that the Law and the Prophets and the Hagiography could then have been read by the Jews in Greek only, there being no trace whatever that any translation of those books into the spoken Aramaic dialect, such as the so-called Targums of Onkelos and Jonathan, was then in existence. These Targums or Aramaic paraphrases, however, exist; and whether they are referred to the first or the second century of our era, they would seem to show that soon after the apostolic age the necessity of a translation of the Scriptures into Aramaic was felt in Judæa. Are we to suppose, then, that after the destruction of Jerusalem, Greek died out very rapidly, the higher ranks being swept away, and the lower classes bringing the vernacular into more general use? Or, should we rather suppose that these Targums or Aramaic translations were made for the Jews at Babylon, which at that time became the capital of the conquered race, and the centre of their literary activity? Some explanation of the circumstances which led to the translation of the Scriptures into the spoken Aramaic soon after the destruction of Jerusalem is certainly wanted; for, according to the views of Mr. Roberts, such versions would seem entirely uncalled for.

We hope on some future occasion to examine the second part of Mr. Roberts's work, which is chiefly directed against Dr. Cureton's supposed discovery of the original Aramaic or Syriac text of the Gospel of St. Matthew.

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HUMAN VEGETATION.*

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, F.R.S.E., AUTHOR OF "FOOTNOTES FROM THE PAGE OF NATURE."

It cannot possibly escape the notice even of the most unobservant, that the tendency to vegetate is a power restless and perpetual. It has been in operation from the earliest geologic ages, as evinced by the fossil remains found in the most ancient rocks. Like a palimpsest, the successive strata of the earth have been covered with successive races of plants, destroyed by earthquakes, volcanoes, and torrents, but leaving their imperishable relics behind, and again restored, in full luxuriance, by the play of the life agencies. Wherever an igneous rock was upheaved into the sky by some internal convulsion, its bare sides and summit were speedily covered with vegetation; wherever the water retired, leaving its sediment behind, the dry land thus formed became, in a wonderfully short space of time, clothed with verdure. From pole to pole, each stratum of soil, as soon as deposited, was adorned with a rich exuberance of plant-life. Nor is the layer of Nature's floral handwriting which now appears on the surface less extensive, as compared with the page, than the buried and partially obliterated layers beneath, though the characters be less grand and imposing. The earth has lost much of its primeval fire, and has toned down the rank luxuriance of its green and umbrageous youth; but it still retains a considerable portion of the vigor which characterized it during the first great period of organized being—the period of herbs and trees "yielding seed after their kind." The whole face of the earth, and almost every object which belongs to it, is still strangely instinct with vegetable life. Coeval in its origin, it is everywhere present with its indispensable conditions. Burn down the forest, or plow the meadow, and from the new soil thus exposed springs up spontaneously a new crop of vegetation. Hew a stone from a quarry, and place it in a damp situation, and shortly a green tint begins to creep over it. Construct a fence of wooden rails round your property, and in a few months it is covered with a thin film of primitive plants. Expose

a pot of jam, or a piece of bread, or any decayed vegetable or animal matter, to the air, and in a day or two it will be hoary with the gray stalks and powdery fructification of the common mould. Dam up a stream or the outlet of a lake, and convert it into a stagnant pond, and in a week or so its sides and bottom are covered with a luxuriant growth of green *confervæ*, which go on increasing until the water is choked up with vegetable matter, and becomes converted into a bog. How rapidly does Nature bring back into her own bosom the ruin which man has forsaken, harmonizing its haggard features with the softer hues and forms of the scenery around! How quickly does the newly built wall, which offends the eye by its garishness, become, by the living garniture of mosses and lichens that creep over it, a picturesque object in the landscape! Nature, faithful to her own law—"Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth"—crimsons even the cold and barren surface of the arctic or alpine snow with a portentous vegetation. As if there were not room enough for the amazing profusion of plant-life, she crowds her productions upon each other into the smallest compass, and makes the highest forms the supporters of the lowest. Every inch of ground, however ungenial its climate or unfavorable its conditions, is made available; every object, however unlikely at first sight, is pressed into her service, and made to bear its burden of life; and thus, the grandly wild Platonic myth of the *cosmos*, as one vast living thing, is not altogether without foundation.

One of the most remarkable examples of this universal diffusion and plastic power of vegetation is seen in the occurrence of a peculiar flora on living bodies. The irresistible torrent of vegetable life, overflowing the whole earth and every inorganic object upon its surface, has not left uninvaded the domains even of animal life. In its effort to extend itself, it has overleaped the barriers imposed by nature upon the law of propagation, and sought to establish a footing in a strange region, foreign to all its conditions and aptitudes. Several kinds of plants vegetate on the bodies of living insects, such as the wasp, the sphinx, and the may-bug. The story of Sindbad and his old man incubus, has its counterpart in the vegetable kingdom; for it is by no means rare to ob-

* Des Végétaux qui croissent sur l'homme et sur les animaux vivants. Par M. Robin. Paris. 1862.

serve bees flying about in summer, loaded with a yellow club-shaped plant, almost as large as themselves, protruding from their heads, of which they cannot divest themselves by any effort. The disease called muscardine, so injurious to silk-worms—the mouldiness with which the common house-fly is attacked about the end of autumn—the white slime which covers the sides of gold-fishes, are all vegetable growths which spring up with great rapidity, at the expense of the vital fluids of the animals they infest, converting their bodies into solid masses of white vegetable filaments. In a large number of animals, including caterpillars, beetles, grasshoppers, reptiles, eider-ducks, and animals still higher in the scale, a luxuriant growth of entophytes has often been found. In fact, animals of feeble organic activity, using solid food which is very slowly digested and contains little nutriment, are rarely, if ever, free from these parasites. Nor is man himself exempt from their attacks, although his vigorous organization, his habits of personal cleanliness, and the cooking process to which he subjects his food, are, in the main, inimical to the development of parasitic vegetation. Possessed of a material structure, he is necessarily subjected to the same organic forces which operate throughout the wide field of nature; and the law which regulates the increase and spread of vegetable life shows no greater deference to him, than to the humblest caterpillar, or the stone from the quarry. It regards his animal body, notwithstanding its wonderful and complex formation, simply as a convenient surface on which to carry out its destined ends. Just as the tree is made the basis of support to the lichens which clothe its trunk with their shaggy rosettes, to the mosses which weave their emerald bracelets round its boughs, and to the fungi which seek out and luxuriate on its decayed parts, so is the human body made the matrix of several vegetable parasites, some of which are symptomatic of general debility or local disease, and others are found on the healthiest subjects. Almost every part of the body is infested with some form or other of this strange growth. Literally, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, internally and externally, man is made the victim of this vegetable vampyrism. One of the most fearful pictures which the

vivid imagination of Dante created out of the gloom of the infernal regions, is that of the living forest into which certain wicked men were transformed, every bough and leaf of which was endowed with human vitality, emitted a wailing cry of pain, and exuded drops of blood when broken or injured. This extraordinary idea may have been absolutely original—an inspiration of the poet's own fancy; but it is not improbable, as most of the images under which he represents his abstract thoughts were taken from the characters and events of his time, that it was suggested to him by some ancient botanical treatise. At all events, this singular metamorphosis is only a poetical exaggeration of an appearance often produced on certain parts of the human body by vegetable parasites. The recent excellent work of M. Robin, which contains in a compact and systematic form all that has been hitherto discovered upon the subject, describes about a dozen kinds of parasitic plants to which man is liable; but, as the author's range of observation has been principally confined to the inhabitants of Europe, there is every reason to believe that he has not exhausted the subject. The manners and occupations, as well as the food, of the inhabitants of tropical regions, are peculiarly favorable to the production of these abnormal growths, while the heat and moisture of the climate stimulate them into excessive development. Hence, when more particular attention is paid by travellers to this obscure department of research, new and strange diseases caused by plants will, in all likelihood, be found comparatively common in these countries. All the forms of human vegetation hitherto discovered are supposed by some of our ablest naturalists to have a common origin, and are consequently referred by them to one species, which is possessed of singularly protean qualities, and is able to accommodate itself to almost any situation, however different from that which it usually affects in its normal form. Such individuals not only maintain the identity of all human diseases caused by plants, but also assert that there is no vegetable growth infesting any animal body, however high or low in the scale of organization, which is not referable to one primitive form. Whether this be not carrying the Darwinian theory, in this particular application of it, a little too

far, we are not yet in a position positively to say; but certainly, the more intimate and extended our acquaintance with the plant in question, the more remarkable do we find its range of variation, while by a series of experiments made to trace its growth through successive stages of development on different substances and in altered circumstances, we have acquired several links in the chain of evidence towards establishing the truth of the opinion. The common mould, so familiar to every one as covering, with its grayish or greenish flocculent crust, damp walls, old shoes, and almost any substance, in dark, ill-ventilated places, and which is the plague of the economical housewife, invading her pantry and defiling her cherished preserves, is supposed to be the many-headed hydra, the cause of all the mischief. As the appearances which it presents on different parts of the human body, however, are so very distinct and remarkable, it may be interesting to give a brief detailed description of them under the separate names given to them by those who affirm that they are not local modifications of one and the same plant, but different and peculiar species.

Beginning with the human head, it might seem the height of presumption for vegetable aspiration to strive to establish its dominion on the dome of thought, the palace of the soul. But this object it has attained, and the crown of man is actually brought into subjection to the vegetable kingdom. Whatever the character or quantity of the brains beneath may be—whether intellectual or Bæotian—the crania of the philosopher and the fool indiscriminately afford a resting-place and pabulum for the lowest forms of vegetable life. Utterly regardless of Gall and Spurzheim, they luxuriate on the bumps which indicate the intellectual faculties, as well as on those which point out the animal propensities. They have no greater respect for the iron-gray head of the sage, filled with the accumulated wisdom and experience of half a century, than for the bald pow, with its indefinite silky floss, of the little child. So very variable are the appearances which this vegetation produces on the head that it has received no less than twenty different names. It is most commonly known, however, under the scientific synonyms of *porrigo*, *herpes*, *alopecia*, *tinea*, and popularly

as scald-head and ringworm. Some forms of it attack children almost exclusively, and are found only among the poor, where there is not sufficient attention paid to cleanliness, while others occur at all ages and in all ranks and conditions of society. The effects which it produces are no less variable than its forms, ranging from the small brown scurfy spots, which at a certain period cover the head of every child, and which a few vigorous applications of soft soap and water will remove, to those extreme cases where it disorganizes the whole structure of the scalp, and seriously affects the general health. Its varying appearances and effects are in all likelihood caused by the different stages of development of the plant, its greater or less abundance on the parts affected, and the more or less favorable circumstances in which it is placed. The form which it most frequently exhibits is that of rounded patches of thick yellowish scales marked by numerous depressions, at first very small, but gradually increasing and invading larger surfaces. The hairs on the parts affected are dull, dry, and colorless, exceedingly brittle, and easily extracted, broken off close to the skin, and covered with grayish-white dust. It is described with sufficient accuracy by Moses in the 13th chapter of *Leviticus*: "If a man or woman have a plague upon the head or the beard; then the priest shall see the plague: and behold, if it be in sight deeper than the skin, and there be in it a yellow thin hair; then the priest shall pronounce him unclean: it is a dry scall, even a leprosy upon the head or beard." Examined under the microscope, the hairs are found to be considerably swollen, with nodosities here and there produced by masses of sporules or seeds embedded between the longitudinal fibres. The bulbs are flattened or destroyed altogether; the ends have a very ragged appearance, resembling in miniature the ends of a piece of wood which has been broken across; while the medullary portion, or the pith of the hair, is quite disorganized, owing to the pressure of the plant, which appears enveloping it, either as isolated spores or as chains of cells. The disease may last an indefinite length of time, but it usually terminates in the obliteration of the hair-follicles, and permanent baldness of the affected parts. It is far more severe in foreign countries than in this; instances

being numerous where it has completely removed the hair from the whole head, eyebrows, and beard, leaving them perfectly smooth and naked, impairing the constitution when so extensively developed, and, when children are the subjects, arresting their growth. A very formidable type occurs frequently in Poland, under the name of *Plica polonica*, characterized by acute inflammation of the scalp. The hair is swollen, matted together into a compact mass, sprinkled over as with flour with the germs of the fungus, and endowed with such exquisite sensibility that it can scarcely bear to be touched; while, strange to say, the disease seems to be aggravated by cutting the hair. The same parasitic plant, the *Acroton Schönleinii*, which causes all these abnormal appearances on the human head, also infests the skin of the mouse; and produces in both cases a peculiar odor by which its presence is easily recognized.

It is a subject of frequent remark that alopecia or baldness is much more common now than it used to be, not only among old men, but even among youths and persons of middle age. The advertising and purchasing of all kinds of hair manures and stimulants seems to be a feature of the times—a universally recognized necessity of social and domestic economy. Our hardy and unruly ancestors, being often exposed to the risk of hard blows, bequipped, by a process of natural selection as it were, a remarkably strong and hirsute head-covering, from which cudgel and mace rebounded as from a feather pillow, and which stood in no more need of Macassar oil or Bentham's capillary fluid, than a hedgehog's prickles. But now, when the fighting is all done in print, which breaks no bones—when martial valor explodes more frequently in vehement speech-making than in crunching the head of an adversary, and even Donnybrook Fair is a tradition of the past—nature seems to have recalled her gift, there being no necessity for its use; and there is a general landslip of hair from the superior to the inferior parts, from the head to the cheek, lip, and chin. A great many ingenious and occult reasons have been assigned in explanation of this curious phenomenon. Some advocates of the development theory attribute it to the degeneracy of the times, as if the human form were taking a retrograde step towards

the bare molluscos condition from which it originally sprung; others take an exactly opposite view, and consider it a sign of the progress of the race, a proof of the great intellectual activity of the age. By a few incorrigible jesters it is regarded as a kind accommodation of nature to the manipulating convenience of that useful and important class, the phrenologists; while the respectably uncomfortable head-gear, which people will persist in wearing, in despite equally of the law of æsthetics and the law of storms, comes in for a share of the reproach. Perhaps after all, the *savants* may be right, unwelcome as the conclusion may be; and the youthful heir of all the ages may owe his venerable appearance, not, as he fondly imagines, to the disintegrating effects of brain-work, or the pressure and friction of centuries of accumulated wisdom under which, Atlas-like, he groans—but, oh, bathos! to the ravages of a minute and contemptible vegetable!

Passing downwards from the head, we find another variety of trichophyton or hair-plant which luxuriates on the beard. It is associated with a disease called chin-welk, or mentagra (*Sycosis contagiosa*). Its appearance is indicated by redness, tension, and irritation of the skin of the chin, lower jaw, and upper lip, followed by an eruption of tubercles of various sizes, resembling strawberries, each of which is traversed by a single hair, which has lost its color, become brittle, and can be pulled out with the utmost ease. Segments of circles of these pustules interspersed with the parasitic growth often extend round the front of the neck, beneath the beard, from ear to ear, at the expense of permanent loss of the hair of those parts. As might have been expected from the nature of the plant concerned, it is more frequent in the seasons of spring and autumn. It is often very obstinate in its cure, being aggravated by injudicious applications, and lasting for years when suitable treatment is not adopted. From the rigorous measures enforced for its extirpation by the Levitical law, we find that it was very common amongst the Jews, by whom it must have been regarded as a grievous scourge, polluting their highly cherished beards, if not consigning them to the tomb of all the Capulets. There must have been an occult significance in the Eastern salutation, "May

your shadow never be less, and the hairs of your head never decrease!" Pliny describes it as an epidemic raging among the inhabitants of Rome during the reign of Tiberius Claudius Cæsar. A Roman knight is said to have imported it from Asia, where it was very common, and to have transmitted it to his fellow-citizens. It was treated in a most barbarous manner with powerful caustics, and the diseased parts were even burnt down to the bone in order to eradicate it, the deformities thus occasioned being far more hideous than those produced by the disease itself. On the Continent it is more frequent than it is in this country, owing to the contagion communicated and spread by the vile mode of salutation in use among friends and acquaintances, and the universal practice of shaving in the barber's shop.

There is a singular form of cutaneous disease which seems to have a special predilection for those parts of the body which are habitually covered with clothing; being most frequently found on the skin of the neck and breast. This is the pityriasis or dandriff, caused by the presence of a vegetable growth, discovered by Eichstädt in 1846, and called *Microsporon furfur*. It consists of an efflorescence of small circular spots which gradually coalesce and produce irregular patches extending nearly over the skin of the whole trunk, and accompanied by abundant desquamation of dry branny scales, constantly renewed. The depth of tint in these scales varies considerably, being sometimes so light as scarcely to differ from that of the healthy skin, and sometimes, as in one variety occurring on people of very dark complexion, almost black. The color usually resembles that of diluted bile; hence the name of *éphélide hépatique* formerly applied to it, from its supposed connection with some disorder of the liver. On subjecting a portion of the branny desquamated matter to the microscope, numerous epithelial scales may be observed mingled with the oval seeds and filaments of the parasite; some of these filaments being isolated, and others united to one another at the ends, forming branched chains or ramified tubes with knots at intervals, like miniature bamboo canes, covered at the extremities with fructification. This affection is very common, occurring at all ages and in both sexes, though women generally are more subject to it than men.

A large number of skin diseases peculiar to foreign countries, which were formerly supposed to be caused entirely by hereditary predisposition, constitutional debility, or impurity of the blood, have been recently ascertained to be associated more or less distinctly and directly with parasitic plants. The yaws, so prevalent in the West Indies, and in some parts of Africa and tropical America; the elephantiasis, which so horribly disfigures the Egyptians; the ichthyosis or fish-skin of the East; the pellagra of the plains of Lombardy and Northern Italy—are all either primarily produced or invariably accompanied by some form or other of the vegetation under review. A very remarkable form of fungoid disease has very lately been described in the *Bombay Medical and Physical Transactions*, and has also formed the subject of a pamphlet with illustrations published in this country by the same author. Though new to us, it has been well known for the last twenty years in India, in many parts of which it prevails endemically. It is very common among the ryots or farmers, and is caused by the development of the seeds of a species of mould, introduced through abrasion beneath the skin of the foot. Its effects are exceedingly curious, and utterly disproportionate, we should imagine, to the cause; disorganizing in many cases the structure of the whole member, and occasioning much suffering. In hospitals—more especially those of France and other parts of the Continent—cases not unfrequently occur in which collections of white flocculent filaments, forming a cottony tissue, are found on removing bandages from sore surfaces. In summer these develop with the most astonishing rapidity, a few hours being sufficient for their appearance, and are exceedingly annoying, not only on account of the trouble involved in removing them, but chiefly because they either aggravate the sore or retard its healing. These vegetable filaments are called mycodermis, and are similar to the spawn of the mushroom, both being analogous to the creeping, interlacing roots of flowering plants.

But not only does this peculiar vegetation infest the external surfaces of the human body; it is also found, in forms as strange and varied, in several parts of man's internal economy. Of course, as might have been expected, fragments of fungi, *conferve*, and

lichens, often adhere as foreign matter to his food, and thus find their way to his stomach and other organs; but these cannot be regarded as parasites, inasmuch as they do not attach themselves to any surface, do not propagate themselves, and are perfectly harmless and easily expelled. But besides these, true entophytes are found growing on the internal structures, and propagating themselves with almost the same rapidity as in the open air. A curious specimen of this class is sometimes seen in the sordes of the teeth of persons ignorant of Rowland's odonto and all other dentrifices, and more frequently in those who are affected with low typhoid fever. This organism has little or no structure, consisting of simple tubes or filaments, like those of the common *conferve*. It is somewhat interesting as being the first vegetable parasite found on man—discovered in 1677 by good old Leuwenhoek, the Dutch botanist, who very ingeniously remedied the defects of the microscope of his day by furnishing every object intended for examination with his own proper lens, attached by a wire at the right focal distance.

The lining membrane of the mouth and throat is the seat of an eruption of small superficial vesicles single or confluent, forming a thick, whitish crust, which adheres tenaciously for a time, but ultimately falls off. This affection, called aphtha or thrush, is caused by the growth and development of a parasitic plant. It is very frequent during the period of early infancy, and also in advanced stages of pulmonary consumption, and in diseases attended with slow and gradual exhaustion of the vital powers. In the sputa of patients laboring under phthisis, the organism may often be seen by the microscope, springing in full luxuriance from the epithelial or mucous cells.

Free or unattached entophytes are comparatively rare, because they possess no means of counteracting the expulsive efforts of the organs in which they occur. The only plant of that class which is found in man is that described by Professor Goodsir under the name of *Sarcina*, from the resemblance of its little square cells, divided into four equal parts by two cross lines, to a collection of miniature woolpacks. It occurs in the frothy ejections occasionally met with in severe cases of stomach disease. This locality might appear at first sight exceedingly

unfavorable for the development and nutrition of a vegetable organism; but its very minute size, and its extraordinary powers of rapid reproduction, enable it to escape removal by the ordinary expulsive efforts of the stomach, the secreting power of which is greatly impaired before the plant appears. From the quaternate arrangement of its parts, it was supposed to belong to that minute but exceedingly prolific division of the algæ, called *Desmidiæ*, whose singular mathematical shapes afford an endless source of wonder and delight to the microscopical observer. More extended and careful investigations have, however, proved it to be merely an algal condition of the common mould, produced and retained in that state by the special food which it meets with in the stomach, and which it finds in no other locality, but reverting to its original form when the supply of this peculiar pabulum is exhausted. And, as if to establish this conclusion beyond the possibility of doubt, it has since been found in precisely the same form as in the stomach in a case of parasitic skin disease.

The class of plants concerned in these disagreeable affections of the human body has always furnished the strongest support of the doctrine of equivocal or spontaneous generation; a doctrine which has found able and distinguished advocates from the time when barnacles were supposed to originate from the foam of the ocean, and ducks and geese to grow from barnacles. The various changes which they undergo, resembling the alternation of generations, so evident in the lowest classes of the animal kingdom, as noticed by Steenstrup and others; the absence in many of these transition states of any apparent mode of reproduction; the peculiar situations in which they are found, always constant under similar circumstances; the suddenness with which they appear, and the rapidity with which they spread themselves—have all been adduced as arguments in support of the opinion that they are the vital elements into which bodies are resolved by decomposition, or the rudiments of vegetable existence produced by a self-creative power in nature. This belief, however, has been so weakened by an accumulation of incontrovertible facts, that it bids fair soon to be little more than an echo of the past. Amid all the mystery connected with the modes in which these plants

are diffused, this one fact stands out clear and prominent,—proved beyond dispute by the great majority of modern observations,—that they are produced originally from germs or seeds derived from parents, and having a cyclical development. Difficult as it is to determine the course of their development, owing to the various stages of their existence being often passed under totally different circumstances—resulting in modifications so great, that two successive conditions cannot always be satisfactorily recognized as the same—still, when they have been traced to their highest condition of growth, they have always been found to possess well-characterized organs of reproduction. The vegetable germs or filaments which occur in human parasitic affections, however diverse their forms, have almost invariably been found, when placed in circumstances favorable to their full growth, to produce the cottony spawn or mycelium, and the dusty stalks of the common blue or green mould of our cupboards. On the living animal body, the circumstances being unfavorable, the germ-cells continue in the primordial stages, remaining either globular, or changing into the oval or even the filamentous form, but seldom or never reaching a higher condition. And, at this stage, the appearances which they present vary very much with the substances on which they are produced. For instance, in saccharine fluids undergoing the alcoholic fermentation—water being an unfavorable element to fungi as a class—these germs produce common yeast, which is nothing more than a mass of mould-cells or vesicles which nourish themselves at the expense of the organic principles contained in the fluid, thereby liberating the alcohol; the identity of yeast with human vegetation being proved by the fact that its granules may be made to induce the ordinary parasitic skin diseases—a few germs rubbed into the head or breast producing respectively tinea or dandriff. In an acetous solution, the same germs develop into the vegetative system or spawn, which, by way of compensation for its want of fructifying power, spreads to such an extraordinary extent as to form the thick gelatinous or leathery crust of the well-known vinegar plant. We see from these examples that, though the seeds of the mould-fungus will not refuse to germinate in situations contrary to the usual habits of the tribe to

which it belongs,—even in poisonous solutions,—they will not in such situations develop into perfect plants, but remain, for almost any length of time, in various stages of embryonic or filamentous growth. To enable them to maintain this perpetual youth, and, at the same time, to spread themselves, they are furnished, in the absence of proper reproductive organs, with an almost indefinite power of merismatic division; that is, separating into laminae, or layers—into joints, or buds—each growing into a distinct individual, and capable, in the same manner, of propagating the plant.

A very extraordinary variety of this mode of propagation has been recently discovered by my friend, Dr. Lowe, who has experimented and written very ably upon this subject. He found in mothery catcup a number of yellowish globular bodies about the size of a pin's head, each containing an innumerable quantity of non-nucleated cellules, capable of assuming an oval form and acquiring a distinctly tubular or mycelial aspect, and ultimately growing into perfect mould. These cellules are often found on dry substances; and from their exceedingly minute size (being much smaller than the ordinary seeds of fungi, smaller even than the blood-cells, incapable of detection except in masses), find easy access into the most out-of-the-way places—through the slightest lesions of the capillaries or veins of the mucous surface into the circulating system, where the presence of plants would be otherwise unaccountable. The white powder found on old beer barrels, and on wooden utensils where organic matter has been deposited, consists entirely of these curious entities, which were formerly supposed, without foundation, to be animalcules of the vibrio class. Gifted as they are with such anomalous powers of reproduction, and capable of multiplying themselves indefinitely in almost any form they assume, let us take also into account the enormous number of seeds, produced by the normal mode of reproduction whenever it is developed, constantly diffused into the atmosphere—floating about on every breeze that blows; dancing invisibly up and down in the air-currents of our rooms; capable of entering through the finest conceivable apertures; ever at hand, waiting only the combination of a few simple conditions to start into

active growth—and it is surely very unreasonable even to suppose the necessity of spontaneous generation for organisms so miraculously endowed for universal diffusion. There is no difficulty in accounting for their origin; the real difficulty is to conceive how any place can be free from their presence.

After these statements, it need hardly be asserted that parasitic affections of vegetable origin are highly contagious; their seeds or buds coming into contact with the skin by transmission through the air, or by the use of brushes, combs, razors, or articles of dress, of persons affected with them. The relation of fungi to the diseases in which they occur is a disputed question. It is not known positively whether they are the cause or the effect; whether their presence is a mere accidental occurrence—a secondary formation produced by some incipient alteration in the tissues—or whether they are active morbid agents producing disease on healthy surfaces. It is true that fungi, as a class, require a dead or decomposed matrix on which to vegetate; but any argument we may build upon this circumstance is opposed by the exceptional fact, that parasitic diseases can be induced by inoculation, by the simple introduction of the vegetable beneath the skin; and, although it may appear probable, theoretically, that the spores of the fungus germinate more readily in persons previously diseased, or in a debilitated state of body, resulting from want of proper food, pure air, and exercise, it is not confirmed clinically, for the majority of those affected are in vig-

orous health. That malarial and epidemic fevers may be of cryptogamous origin, and connected with the diffusion of these plants in the atmosphere, has more than once been asserted; and, though the opinion has been decried by several writers, a slowly accumulating mass of evidence seems to preponderate in its favor. The immense profusion of these plants; their power of penetrating almost everywhere, and developing themselves in almost any circumstance; their well-known deleterious effects in parasitic diseases; the fact that their agency is purely zymotic, and that bodies very closely resembling them, if not identical with them, have been found in the blood and kidneys of patients affected with typhus; all these render it very probable that the relation between these plants and epidemic diseases is, to say the least, closer than is commonly supposed. The pestilence still walks in darkness; but the little that is doing from time to time to lift the veil from the mystery is calculated to impress us more and more with a wholesome dread of this vast army of minute plants—which, as important auxiliaries in the operations of Providence, are conferring incalculable benefits, by making our world purer and more healthful than it would otherwise be; but which, when carried beyond the line of safety and usefulness by the very impetus acquired in obeying the anti-Malthusian law of vegetation, are attended with the most disastrous consequences to all organic nature, not excepting man himself.

THE GLORY OF THE PINES.—Magnificent! nay sometimes almost terrible! Other trees tufting crag or hills, yield to the form and sway of the ground, clothe it with soft compliance, are partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever, without awe, stand under a great Alpine cliff, far from all houses or works of men, looking up to its companions of pines, as they stand upon the inaccessible jets, and perilous ledge of the enormous wall; its quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it—upright, fixed, spectral as troops of ghosts standing on the wall

of Hades—not knowing each other, dumb forever.

You cannot reach them, cannot cry to them—those trees never heed human voice; they are far above all sounds but the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaves of theirs. All comfortless they stand between the two eternities of the vacancy and the rocks; yet with such an iron will that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them—fragile, weak, inconsistent, compared to their dark energy of delicate life and monotony of enchanted pride, unnumbered, unconquerable.—*Ruskin.*

From All The Year Round.
COMING INTO A FORTUNE.

MY DEAR BROTHER JOHN,—This letter is to apprise you of our Uncle Benjamin Burfield's death, an event which you will perhaps think does not much concern us, since he showed himself neither kind nor kinsman-like to his sister's children at a time when a very trifling sacrifice of his abundant wealth would have enabled you to remain in England, and have helped me to a very different lot. But, dear John, he has left me all his money; I have come into a fortune—half a lifetime too late, it is true, but still I have come into a great fortune! If he had given me twenty years ago but one-hundredth part of what he has bequeathed me now, I could have blessed him. Richard Heywood and I need never have parted, and none of the manifold sorrows and regrets that followed on our separation would have come to pass. I have often thought since that if we had had more faith and courage we might have done well; we were both young, and I at least was hopeful. I have never mentioned him in my letters to you, because he did not prosper in the world; and bad news comes always soon enough. You used to say he had not sufficient perseverance and tenacity of purpose to succeed; and it was tantalizing and grievous to see how sanguinely he would start each new scheme, then in a little while fall weary of it, and give it up, if it did not first give up him. But he is dead now, poor Richard, and done with his troubles, so it is of no use talking of what might have been: let me rather still endeavor to make the best of what is.

The intelligence of Mr. Burfield's death was sent to me by his man of business, Mr. Worsley, the day after it took place. His letter found me at tea with Mrs. Jacques—calm, passive, expecting nothing beyond the rare pleasure of a new good book ever to happen to me any more in this world! Imagine, if you can, the shock of it. O John, but my great fortune will deprive me of many keen enjoyments! There will be no more triumph in achieving possession of a long-coveted volume, when now I have only to ask and to have every luxury under the sun that money will buy. For some months past I have been balancing in my own mind between *Elia's Essays* and the *Suspiria de Profundis*, and now that I may have both

for a word, I have ceased to care about either. I suppose I shall never know again the simple delight I felt last year in purchasing several volumes of St. Beuve's critical essays, or the pride I experienced in seeing two gay volumes of Kingsley's *Miscellanies* displayed on my table. If you can get these books, read "My Winter Garden," John; it will make you dream yourself at home again for half an hour. I have been poor and hard-working, but I have had my share of happiness too; I shall still hold fast my theory of compensations, and believe that if we did not inherit from our dear father much worldly wealth, we inherited what was better, in good health, good spirits, and a taste for good reading. If the last forsake me permanently, as it has done since I heard of Mr. Burfield's death and its consequences to myself, then must the day of my coming into a fortune be marked with charcoal and not chalk!

You love a long gossip, I know, for you have often said so; therefore I shall let my pen run, and tell you all as it happened to me when, by Mr. Worsley's advice, I set off to town by the first train in the morning after the receipt of his letter. He gave me the address of a certain hotel, and thither I caused myself to be driven as soon as we got in. It was about four o'clock of the afternoon, very dull and cold, and with a light rain falling. The people at the hotel appraised my value by my luggage and my dress, and when I inquired for a bed and sitting room, ushered me into the closest and least commodious the establishment had to be ashamed of. Sordid little rooms, dark, doleful, looking from a great height upon a narrow back street where grass might and probably did grow between the stones. It was not very distant from Russell Square, nor from the residence and office of Mr. Worsley, and so far it was convenient; but my riches had, at the outset, introduced me to a meaner and more comfortless habitation than anything my poverty had made me acquainted with. However, I was glad of its silence, glad of its retirement, and having inquired if there were a messenger on the premises by whom I could send a note which I wished delivered immediately, I wrote three lines to the lawyer's address, notifying my arrival, and then, country fashion, ordered up tea.

While I was still loitering over my favorite refreshment, a waiter came to the door, announcing that Mr. Worsley was come, and the next moment he was ushered into the room. You would have laughed to see us, John, for I am sure the introduction was a mutual surprise. I had expected to see a sharp, brisk, wiry, stiff-haired gentleman, middle-aged or elderly, and the lawyer was young, handsome, cheerful, gay, and airy. Possibly he anticipated a rosy-cheeked, rustic beauty, simple, ignorant, and docile, and, if so, his start of dismay was justified when he beheld a plain woman, no longer young, in last century raiment, and with an intractable expression of will and decision on her countenance, arising out of long years of trial and self-dependence. O John, I am not a bit like what I used to be: when women have to stand by themselves, it makes them hard, and rubs off all the little weaknesses and prettinesses that are their chiefest charm. You would not know me for the Maggie you left at eighteen. I have two lines between my eyes now, and gray hairs. Gray hairs, indeed; why, all my hair is gray! But my heart is warm for you, Johnny, and in the right place still, I hope; and if my face is faded, it is only like the rest of those who were young with me. One would not wish to see others grow old and leave us behind. But Mr. Worsley, I am sure, was disagreeably astonished, though he soon recovered his professional decorum, and while I was mentally ejaculating, "How in the world am I to talk to this dandified gentleman?" he was smoothing the way by his grave utterance of the regulation sentiments on the occasion, and instilling into my mind the fact that he might be a sober, clever man of business, notwithstanding his Adonis locks, and perfumed scrupulosity of attire; for he was as smart as if he were going out courting.

At the first pause I set aside my teacup, and asked if he had been my uncle's adviser long. His answer was, that Mr. Burfield had placed his affairs in the hands of his father's firm as soon as he had any affairs to manage—and that must have been nearly forty years ago. The answer was as curt as the question had been, but it satisfied me entirely. I said that was all I wanted to know, having had Mr. Burfield's confidence so long, explanations of family divisions would

not be required from me. I then intimated that I should remain in town until everything was settled. I do not perceive that there was anything either premature or peculiar in this announcement; but Mr. Worsley replied, with the ghost of a smile haunting the corners of his handsome mouth, that the funeral was not arranged to take place until the day after the morrow.

"I have never seen my uncle. We were utter strangers to each other," I said, hastily; for I fancied a rebuke was implied. If it were so, he did me injustice. I am in no haste to stand in the dead man's shoes. I fear they will prove a sore and irksome misfit to my feet; but there was nothing conventional in my notions, and I sat there without feigning the least regret; no more mourning in my heart than there was about my person. Mr. Worsley is a man of discernment; perhaps he might have preferred the exhibition of a little decent hypocrisy, but as that was not my cue, he had no call to quarrel with me for omitting a merely formal and empty observance. Mr. Burfield's behavior had not been kinsman-like, so there need be no pretence of affection; and as I was about to reap from his death advantages which I could never have gained during his life, my impassiveness was more than excusable; under similar circumstances, many persons would have found it hard to repress sentiments of glee and rejoicing. Now, though I was not glad, I should have earned my own contempt had I feigned sorrow; so, after a pause of somewhat awkward silence, I repeated, "I have never seen my uncle, but I should like to see him—there can be no objection, I presume."

"None whatever. You can even take up your abode at once in the house, if you wish it," replied the lawyer. I have no doubt he began to think me a most unwomanly woman. If I had been only tolerably young and good-looking he might have advanced some words of dissuasion, but entire freedom of action might safely be accorded to so plain-featured and plain-mannered a person.

It was a motive of curiosity rather than any softer sentiment that actuated me in my desire to see my uncle. I wanted to get a personal idea of him; to judge, if I could from the clay mask, of the living and acting man, the fruits of whose busy labors I am to

enjoy. I was not fatigued by my journey, and as soon as Mr. Worsley acceded to my proposition, I assumed my bonnet and cloak, and walked across with him to Russell Square. It was not dark, but it was darkening, and when we entered the hall of the house where our poor mother's brother had lived and died, it seemed to me filled with a dismalness that might be felt. The door was opened by a thick-set, white-headed, one-eyed little man, in plain clothes, who respectfully acknowledged Mr. Worsley, and then glanced with furtive curiosity at myself.

"This lady is your late master's niece, Roberts," said the lawyer. Roberts performed a stiff obeisance, and waggled bow-legged to throw open the dining-room door. Mr. Worsley had partaken of many sumptuous feasts at that mahogany, now reflecting the chandelier in a blank lake of polish. He is not given to sentiment—few of his age and profession are—but the silence and dimness of the familiar room seemed to strike him with a poignant regret. Mr. Burfield had been his friend from a boy, and though he might not entertain a very profound respect for his client's private character, he had for him the liking that grows out of long and intimate habit. There were several choice modern pictures on the walls; for, in his way, Mr. Burfield must have been a man of taste, and while Roberts, in obedience to the lawyer's explanations, went to summon Mrs. Proby, the housekeeper, I walked slowly round the room and examined them, as well as the twilight would permit. In a few minutes an elderly, respectable woman appeared at the door, carrying a green-shaded lamp, and intimated that she was ready to conduct me up-stairs. Mr. Worsley glanced at my face as I turned to go, but he saw no more emotion expressed in it, than he had done when I stood before a landscape of Gainsborough's, or a sea-piece of Stanfield's. He remained below, thinking, probably, what a queer woman his old client's country heiress was, while I followed the housekeeper up the echoing stairs.

Without a word, Mrs. Proby unlocked the door of a large, bare room, uncarpeted and uncurtained; there was nothing beyond the necessary articles of furniture, a few Indian straw mats, and a great bath. Quite at the further end was a narrow iron bed-

stead, scarcely raised a foot above the floor, covered by a single mattress, on which rested the confined remains of a man who was reported to have left upwards of half a million of money. I advanced and stood beside it; and the housekeeper, holding the lamp high in one hand, so as to throw down the most light, with the other uncovered the face.

It was a very handsome face, large-featured and shapely; what it might have worn in life of compression and sternness had now disappeared from it. You would have said a man once of keen intellect, generous dispositions, warm feelings, lay before you. I had not anticipated a countenance with any trace of nobleness whatever. Well, perhaps nature had meant him to be of one character, and his experience of the world had made him of another: in almost every life there is something maimed, something crushed, undeveloped, or concealed.

"He is not much changed," said Mrs. Proby, now speaking for the first time. "When he was alive he was as fine-looking a gentleman as you could wish to see. He stood six foot two in his stockings." I asked if there was any portrait of him in the house. She replied, "No; the master was not one who thought much of himself, as I might tell from his room, which was as bare as a barrack." She afterwards added, that he died of a disease of the heart, and would have been seventy-one had he lived until his next birthday. He was, probably, a cold, reserved man to his inferiors, for Mrs. Proby said no single word in honor of her master's memory, neither did she insinuate anything to his prejudice. We descended the stairs as silently as we had gone up, and found Mr. Worsley talking to Roberts at the open street-door. He met me and asked if I intended to take up my abode in the house, for, if so, the servants had better prepare for me. I said not until after the funeral; and then we left the square together.

Mr. Worsley accompanied me to my hotel, and then took leave, promising to see me again on the morrow. When he was gone, to my surprise, the waiter, with great accession of deference in his manner, led the way to a comfortable room, explaining that on my arrival it had not been ready for occupation, and apologizing for having put me to the temporary inconvenience of my first lodging. I received what he said with an air of im-

plicit good faith, and afterwards paid for it in the bill. The curtains were drawn, a fire and wax candles lighted, and a second edition of tea was on the table. On the whole, perhaps, I was not wrong in deciding that it is pleasant to possess what commands the outward respect and tangible comforts of this world.

It was a relief to me to be alone, and to have leisure to think. Life was about to become to me a very different matter from what it had been. The fulfilment of many a wild day-dream was in my hand; the golden stones to make my castles in the air realities were heaped about my feet. How I would build, build, build! How charitable I would be! How many desolate hearts I would cause to sing for joy! How many poverty-stricken homes would I brighten and fill with plenty! Nothing of personal luxury or indulgence entered into my provisions; I would be rich to do good, and rich for that only.

From which glorified dreams the eye of my mind dropped down upon the narrow iron bed in the bare barrack-room, where the gatherer of the golden stones was resting from his weary labors. I am not usually a nervous or superstitious woman, but at that view my heart beat louder, and I glanced hastily into the dim corners of the room. I was glad to rise up and pace the floor, and count the gas-lamps gleaming through the night for company. Then, I tried to picture what Mrs. Jacques was about at that hour; next, I brought out a volume of St. Beuve and forced myself to read, but the admirable essayist was dumb for me. I could see nothing but the rigid outline of the massive cofined figure, the straight, stiff hands, the feet uplifting the drapery, and the marble hardness of the visage; and these struck on my memory more sharply, more vividly, than they had struck on my senses when I stood in his actual presence,—just as a mortal peril recurs to us with thick heart-throbs when we have passed it and escaped. I recalled an old saw, which says that if we do not touch the dead when we see them they will haunt us until they are fallen into dust, and then I remembered that I had held back from my uncle with the same reserve as I should have met him living. It was a foolish dread that assailed my excited imagina-

tion, but after struggling with it and endeavoring to battle it down in vain, I determined to return to the house and break the spell. Half-way across the square I was ready to laugh for shame at my weakness; I paused irresolute, and thought of turning back. But my folly was equal either way—whether I shrank from the possible ridicule of my uncle's servants, or from the superstitious promptings of my own imagination; so I went forward and rang at the door. Roberts had put up the chain, drawn bolts and bars and locks, and made all secure for the night, and was therefore several minutes in opening to me. I heard the housekeeper speaking to him sharply, and saying, "Who could it be?" as she waited. When they saw me, their first idea evidently was that they had misunderstood me as to when I was coming into the house to remain, and that I was coming now. But a few words undeceived them; I said plainly what I wished, and why I wished it.

"Master was the quietest man in the world, ma'am," murmured Roberts, smiling, but respectful, "and no lover of tricks he wasn't neither, so surely he'd never be up to the mischief of haunting anybody now."

It was my distempered fancy, I said, thoroughly ashamed of my weakness. Then, again, the housekeeper preceded me upstairs, held her lamp aloft, and uncovered the dead man's face. I laid my hand on his forehead—then kissed him.

"It is years, and years, and years, I should say, since master owned anybody that kissed him," observed Roberts, who had followed us into the room, and now stood at the foot of the bed with his one serviceable eye screwed up to concentrate its vision on the countenance.

I inquired if he had served him long. "Mrs. Proby and me have lived with him a matter of thirty years, haven't we, Mrs. Proby?" he said, appealing to the housekeeper. She answered with a brief affirmative, replaced the napkin over her master's face, and turned to the door. I apologized for giving so much trouble, which Mrs. Proby assured me was no trouble at all, and Roberts, having dragged on his great-coat, trotted the grotesque shadows of his bow legs beside me until he had seen me safely restored to my inn.

The fresh air had cooled my brain, for Uncle Burfield haunted me no more, but let me read in peace until I retired to bed.

O John, I wish you were here to help me under my new cares! To speak literal truth, I have not enjoyed one serene, lazy hour, since I came into my fortune; and to me, without leisure, life will soon become a wearisome drag. It seems sometimes like a mockery, a cruel sarcasm, to have made me rich—at my years, too, when I was settled down into a certain monotony and quiet ease which suited my temper marvellously well. My pretty room at Mrs. Jacques's, with its old-fashioned bow-window and lovely view; its shelves choicely furnished with books, the precious gathering of a score of years; its summer seat with a glimpse of sea, and winter corner by the fire, was infinitely pleasanter than any of the rooms here. I have tried each one in turn, and not a cozy nook can I discover from the top to the bottom of the house. When Mr. Burfield had taken possession of his last narrow home in Kensal-green Cemetery, I took possession of his abdicated residence in Russell Square, and here I am. I have arrayed myself in complimentary mourning, have retained my uncle's old servants, and am seeing my lawyer nearly every day. Our business is more tedious than complex. Three years before his death, Mr. Burfield had freed himself from all commercial speculations, and made careful investments of his great wealth. It is difficult for me to realize the vastness of my inheritance. It is all in funds, bonds, shares, debentures, ground-rents, and mortgages; it brings no territorial associations or responsibilities. It is simply *money*, the hard gatherings of a hard life which was spent, or wasted, in the mere thankless labor of heaping up riches without object, without honor, and without profit. And yet there was a romance in the old man's youth—a little love-story which was touching in its simple truth. You are going to hear how I found it out.

A few days after the funeral, Mr. Worsley called my attention to the necessity I was under of examining my uncle's private papers, which he had kept apart in a bureau in his bedroom; and one wet morning, immediately after breakfast, I set myself to the task, having first ordered a fire to be lighted, and the heavy piece of furniture to be moved

into convenient proximity to it. I found them to consist chiefly of letters and memoranda of family interest, entirely disconnected with business; and the first thing upon which I laid my hands was a packet of my own notes in acknowledgment of the paltry pension he allowed our dear mother during the four years preceding her death. I separated them and cast them on the fire: I am one of those people who destroy lumber—especially sentimental lumber. The next was a bulky parcel bound round and sealed within a strip of parchment. It consisted of letters on the outer fold of which was written the name and the date of each. They were about forty in number, and were arranged in numerical sequence. I smiled as I severed the strip of parchment, saying to myself, that my uncle must have anticipated somebody was lying in wait to write his biography, and so had got the material ready to his hands; but I was interested, and carefully arranging the mass, I began my task by taking each letter as it came.

The first was labelled in a clear female hand: "From dear Benjamin, at Shrewsbury School, 1804." It was a thorough schoolboy's letter to a mother who loved him; less formal than such documents are when overlooked, and worse spelt, but more frank-hearted and affectionate. The writer was in some tribulation with his masters about his non-application to classical learning, and wished his mother to plead with his father that the bent of his education might be changed. It closed with a sort of calendar of the days up to the midsummer holidays. The second was: "From Ben to his sister Hetty." It was in scrupulous round-hand, profuse in capitals, and illustrated with grotesque pen-and-ink sketches of boys' games for the amusement of a child. The artist had flattered neither himself nor his companions, but sister Hetty must have chuckled over the pictures with exquisite delight. I laughed over the discolored paper myself, and felt irresistibly softened towards Uncle Burfield. Once upon a time, that fossilized gold-gatherer had cherished kind family affections. Then came a document written on a sheet of sermon-paper: "From my Father at Dene Parsonage, 1804." The mother had spoken to the father for her son, and here was the answer to that plea. Benjamin was reminded of the exertions that had

been made at home to give him an education for the ministry, and exhorted to persevere. A few lines in the same strain, but more tender, had been added by his mother, and at the end sister Hetty sent him kisses. I pictured to myself the lad's impatient disappointment in reading all that vexatious good advice; and then took up the next letter: "From my dear mother. The news of my Father's Death. Dene Parsonage, 1808." It was very sorrowful—spoke of poverty, of leaving the home of her married life and the birthplace of her children, almost complainingly; spoke of her husband with wifely tenderness, respect, and regret. Benjamin must leave school and go to her. "My dear son, though you are but a boy, I place all my reliance on your generous and affectionate disposition," she wrote; and then went on to say how the plan for his entering the ministry must be given up from lack of means to send him to college. She trusted the almighty Father to raise up friends to her children, and her heart ached for a sight of her darling boy. In the next, the poor mother's heart had ceased aching and hoping forever. Orphan sister Hetty wrote to orphan brother Ben a Christmas letter to cheer him in his "dreadful dull lodging all alone in Holborn." Was he happy? Did he like his master, Mr. Parkinson? Had he any friends in the office? How she wished he was with her, and had some of Miss Stock's plum-pudding, though the plums were very scarce because of the high wind that was blowing up at Highgate when it was made. Should they ever, ever, *ever* have any more such Christmases as the Christmases at Dene when their father and mother were alive? She was afraid they never should. Her dearest, dearest love to brother Ben. That was *our* mother who wrote, John—can't you fancy you hear her tremulous, loving voice all through? I shall keep her letters for you till you come home, for home you must come now.

Though during that wet morning I went through the whole long series of letters, that is no reason why they should be inflicted in continuity upon you—a brief selection will be enough to show you what our Uncle Burfield once was, and how he must have changed before you knew him. There were three more from Hetty to her brother at Mr. Parkinson's; still the same affectionate

spirit pervaded them, and still the two were all in all to each other. Then I came upon a batch of six-and-twenty letters tied together by themselves, and bearing an inscription in my uncle's hand: "My own letters to Anne Cardigan; returned to me when she married William Hatherton Gabriel, 1817."

Old love-letters, of course—the faded romance of Mr. Burfield's life. The fascination of curiosity drew me on to read what, perhaps, I ought to have passed over; and yet I am glad I read them, for they have helped me to think more kindly of his memory. He was dry and concise enough in his correspondence with me, but when he was young he could write very fervently to "sweet Anne Cardigan." She was his "bonnie love," his "darling mouse"—a dozen foolish, fond, endearing names, which sounded heartfelt, passionate, tender, after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century; but I presently found myself doubting whether this "sweet Anne Cardigan" had in reality been quite worthy of the ardent love shed upon her. I learned our uncle's early struggles from certain passages of this correspondence. He was a small-salaried clerk at Mr. Parkinson's, and lived with his sister in indifferent lodgings, where she had a garden "three feet deep and seven feet long on the leads outside her window, and an uncommon show of flowers she has raised, I can tell you, Miss Quiz, though we have not such pure air as blows over your blessed nest." In the midst of his tenderer protestations the lover continually urged his fast improving prospects, and predicted that some day he should be rich enough to "deck his delight in diamonds and cloth of gold, if her vain little heart coveted such sumptuosities." From often recurring allusions I was led to conjecture that this exacting maiden was possessed of a bewildering beauty, and of a vanity that craved much incense of admiration and flattery; that she was fond of dancing and fine company, gay dresses and extravagant parties of pleasure, and that, though a promised wife, she did not deny herself a train of followers, amongst whom the name of a certain William Gabriel, occurred most frequently. Further on in the correspondence the progressive rises in the writer's salary were chronicled, and one letter was almost entirely devoted to our mother's wooing and wedding; after which

event he became gravely urgent that "dear, hard-hearted Anne" should complete her engagement, and become his wife. There was a rather bitter passage in this letter, in which he enumerated his claims upon her. "Four years of service hard as Jacob served for Rachel, loving devotion, faith unwearied, a heart warm and constant, a home simple and sufficient, and a purse containing three hundred and fifty golden portraits of his gracious majesty annually renewed. Anne, dear, hard-hearted Anne, will you marry me now, or will you put me off until I am as old, rich, and decrepit as Andrew Parkinson, who bought him a handsome wife last week with the fat store in his ancient money-bags?" It seemed that Anne must have elected to wait for wealthier days, as the succeeding epistle was intermixed with reproaches on that score. "You think too much of money, Anne," it said; "a fine house would not make you happy. Money will not buy love, joy, youth, health, which are our glorious possession. You are foolishly afraid of poverty—but you would never be poor with me. O Anne, if you would only be brave for your love! I know I could content you if once I had you with me all my own. Though we cannot begin with a fine house, a carriage, and contingent embarrassments, I know my fortune will grow up to them. My darling, you would crowd all life into twelve months' space if you had your will. Write me a dear kind letter like a sweet sensible Anne, and tell me you have reconsidered your hard sentence, and are ready to revoke it. Darling, I cannot live and be a good man without you." All the letters after this were alternations of passionate love, bitter reproach, and angry recriminations. The name of William Gabriel now occurred with jealous repetition; questions, suspicions, charges, were founded upon it, as the result proved, but too justly. The last, which told the end of the story, was almost cruel in its tone of contemptuous rebuke. "You will be miserable, Anne, miserable in the midst of all William Gabriel can give you, because you do not love him; but you will deserve every pang, every mean degrading torture, because you are selling yourself for money where a woman should only give herself for love."

Thus closed the one sentimental episode of our Uncle Burfield's life. What think you of it, John? It seems to me that Anne Car-

digan soured an honest manly spirit, and turned the sweet waters of his life into bitterness.

When I continued my researches, another miscellaneous packet came to hand, at the top of which were some of our grandfather's letters to his son at school. I read one or two, but finding them mere sonorous Johnsonian compositions, with little personal interest, I passed them over, and went on to a group inscribed: "From William Gabriel, after the failure of Gabriel's bank, 1826." Another followed: "From William Gabriel at Boulogne, 1827;" and the next after that was "From William Gabriel's widow—a begging petition to which I did not reply, 1827." The date of this letter placed it ten years after that which closed their correspondence as lovers. In that interval Mr. Burfield had got on in the world, had hardened and taken the gold fever, had given up his faith in the better part of human nature, and pensioned his widowed sister with a grudging parsimony. Of this period were a few ill-composed documents in a female hand, curiously intermixed of affection and calculation; that correspondence had its climax in an epistle of profuse acknowledgment for some satisfactory pecuniary arrangement which Mr. Worsley had been empowered to make, and then it ceased altogether. From first to last the letters from this hand spread over a space of eight years. Then came several more from William Gabriel's widow, all uttering a cry of destitution and a plea for help. For a long time it appeared that Mr. Burfield had turned a deaf ear to these petitions, but, at length, there was a note thanking him for a donation which, she said, had enabled her to procure medical aid for her child, then lying sick of a fever. All her subsequent letters continued to describe her as poor and struggling vainly to educate her son. Mr. Burfield's charity was appealed to in every one, and there were many allusions to former days which, perhaps, she would have been glad to bring back; but, somehow, she failed of being pathetic; such allusions echoed less of past affection than of present regret. Her "O my dear and true friend, had I but listened to you, and followed the dictates of my own heart when we were both young, how different now would have been my condition!" had all the metallic resonance which had jarred out of tune

forever the finest chords of Mr. Burfield's breast. I could not help feeling annoyed that he should have so often complied with the clamorous demands of this mercenary woman. She wearied him by her importunity. "From William Gabriel's widow, for money. Sent her £50," occurred again and again. But at length there came one letter, simpler in expression, briefer, and more natural, upon the enclosure of which was written, "Anne's last letter, two days before her death, 1838." "Dear friend," she said, towards the end of it, "I have not strength to write much to you now, beyond begging you to be kind to my boy, and humbly entreating you to pardon the great, great wrong I once did you. I have long known how it poisoned your life, though you have been so nobly good to me, who deserved nothing at your hands but scorn. I see now how wicked and cruel my conduct to you was, but I did not see it then, and I have suffered for it sorely since. I pray you and the Almighty to forgive me. If I had my life to live over again, I would live it very differently."

This brought me to the end of the assorted letters; there were a few of no moment lying loose in the desk, and a thick bundle of newspaper extracts, which I kept for leisure perusal, seeing they were contemporary accounts of events most of which have passed into the obscurity of ancient history. Then there was a packet of mourning cards, which showed that Mr. Burfield had outlived many friends and acquaintance; then there was a dog's brass collar, engraved with his master's name and place of abode; and there was an old faded red silk huswife, with rusty needles and threads in it still, and within the pocket was a card and a lock of tarnished yellow hair—the card was a common visiting-card, with "Miss Anne Cardigan" printed upon it, and across one corner was written, "Come early to-night." The last thing was a flat case of miniatures painted upon ivory; each portrait being set separately in a narrow rim of gold, with a ring attached for a chain to be passed through. They are family likenesses: our grandfather, grandmother,

and probably great-aunts and uncles—they are quite old by the costumes, and I do not recognise any.

When my task was accomplished, I stretched my arms above my head with a grateful sense of relief; then leaving the bureau open to air, after its delivery of its musty secrets, I descended to the drawing-room, to indulge a brief spell of reflection over my discoveries. Do I weary you, dear John? Have I gossiped long enough? But consider the greatness of the occasion—and I have nearly done.

When I came to inquire of Mr. Worsley, I found that the son of Mrs. Gabriel is still living, and in good repute as an artist; if you read the art criticisms in our papers and magazines, which probably find their way out to Melbourne, you must know his name. Mr. Burfield brought him up after his mother's death, though without future expectations from himself, but he left him a legacy of a thousand pounds. With the exception of bequests to his old servants, and the gift of two valuable paintings to his physician, no name besides my own occurs in the will. But though our uncle did not choose to remember you, my dear brother, it will be all the same as if he had made us equal; for what is mine is yours. I am alone in the world, with few friends and no ties of kindred but yourselves—will you come home again with Mary and the children I have never seen? I shall be very restless until I hear from you, and for myself I shall neither do nor devise anything. When I can escape from the lawyers and the inevitable business entailed on me by my heiress-ship, I shall return to my lodgings at Mrs. Jacques's and there stay until news of you reaches me. Think of me as unsettled and anxious meanwhile, and do not delay to write. It is much to ask of you to break up the connections and habits of twenty years, but to those born and bred in dear old England, methinks it must always be felt as *Home*. My dear love to Mary and all your darlings, and every blessing on yourself.

MARGARET STANSFIELD.

FAREWELL ADDRESS OF GEN. BUTLER.

Citizens of New Orleans: It may not be inappropriate, as it is not inopportune in occasion, that there should be addressed to you a few words at parting, by one whose name is to be hereafter indissolubly connected with your city.

I shall speak in no bitterness, because I am not conscious of a single personal animosity. Commanding the Army of the Gulf, I found you captured, but not surrendered; conquered, but not orderly; relieved from the presence of an army, but incapable of taking care of yourselves. So far from it, you had called upon a foreign legion to protect you from yourselves. I restored order, punished crime, opened commerce, brought provisions to your starving people, reformed your currency, and gave you quiet protection, such as you had not enjoyed for many years.

While doing this my soldiers were subjected to obloquy, reproach, and insult.

And now, speaking to you, who know the truth, I here declare that whoever has quietly remained about his business, affording neither aid nor comfort to the enemies of the United States, has never been interfered with by the soldiers of the United States.

The men who had assumed to govern you and to defend your city in arms having fled, some of your women flouted at the presence of those who came to protect them. By a simple order (No. 28) I called upon every soldier of this army to treat the women of New Orleans as gentlemen should deal with the sex, with such effect that I now call upon the just-minded ladies of New Orleans to say whether they have ever enjoyed so complete protection and calm quiet for themselves and their families as since the advent of the United States troops.

The enemies of my country, unrepentant and implacable, I have treated with merited severity. I hold that rebellion is treason, and that treason persisted in is death, and any punishment short of that due a traitor gives so much clear gain to him from the clemency of the government. Upon this thesis have I administered the authority of the United States, because of which I am not unconscious of complaint. I do not feel that I have erred in too much harshness, for that harshness has ever been exhibited to disloyal enemies of my country and not to loyal

friends. To be sure I might have regaled you with the amenities of British civilization, and yet been within the supposed rules of civilized warfare. You might have been smoked to death in caverns, as were the Covenanters of Scotland by the command of a general of the royal house of England; or roasted like the inhabitants of Algiers during the French campaign: your wives and daughters might have been given over to the ravisher as were the unfortunate dames of Spain in the Peninsular war; or you might have been scalped and tomahawked as our mothers were at Wyoming by savage allies of Great Britain in our own Revolution; your property could have been turned over to indiscriminate 'loot' like the palace of the Emperor of China; works of art which adorned your buildings might have been sent away like the paintings of the Vatican; your sons might have been blown from the mouths of cannon like the Sepoys at Delhi; and yet all this would have been within the rules of civilized warfare as practised by the most polished and the most hypocritical nations of Europe. For such acts the records of the doings of some of the inhabitants of your city towards the friends of the Union, before my coming, were a definite provocative and justification.

But I have not so conducted. On the contrary, the worst punishment inflicted, except for criminal acts punishable by every law, has been banishment with labor to a barren island, where I encamped my own soldiers before marching here.

It is true I have levied upon the wealthy rebel, and paid out nearly half a million of dollars to feed forty thousand of the starving poor of all nations assembled here, made so by this war.

I saw that this rebellion was a war of the aristocrats against the middling men: of the rich against the poor; a war of the landowner against the laborer; that it was a struggle for the retention of power in the hands of the few against the many; and I found no conclusion to it save in the subjugation of the few and the disenthralment of the many. I therefore felt no hesitation in taking the substance of the wealthy who had caused the war, to feed the innocent poor who had suffered by the war. And I shall now leave you with the proud consciousness that I carry with me the blessings of the

humble and loyal under the roof of the cottage and in the cabin of the slave, and so am quite content to incur the sneers of the *salon* or the curses of the rich.

I found you trembling at the terrors of servile insurrection. All danger of this I have prevented by so treating the slave that he had no cause to rebel.

I found the dungeon, the chain, and the lash your only means of enforcing obedience in your servants. I leave them peaceful, laborious, controlled by the laws of kindness and justice.

I have demonstrated that the pestilence can be kept from your borders.

I have added a million of dollars to your wealth in the form of new land from the batture of the Mississippi.

I have cleansed and improved your streets, canals, and public squares, and opened new avenues to unoccupied land.

I have given you freedom of elections, greater than you have ever enjoyed before.

I have caused justice to be administered so impartially, that your own advocates have unanimously complimented the judges of my appointment.

You have seen, therefore, the benefit of the laws and justice of the government against which you have rebelled.

Why, then, will you not all return to your allegiance to that government—not with lip service, but with the heart?

I conjure you, if you desire ever to see renewed prosperity giving business to your streets and wharves—if you hope to see your city become again the mart of the western world, fed by its rivers for more than three thousand miles, draining the commerce of a country greater than the mind of man hath ever conceived—return to your allegiance.

If you desire to leave to your children the inheritance you received of your fathers,—a stable, constitutional government,—if you desire that they should in the future be a portion of the greatest empire the sun ever shone upon—return to your allegiance.

There is but one thing that stands in the way.

There is but one thing that, at this hour, stands between you and the government, and that is slavery.

The institution, cursed of God, which has taken its last refuge here, in his providence will be rooted out as the tares from the wheat, although the wheat be torn up with it.

I have given much thought to this subject.

I came among you, by teaching, by habit of mind, by political position, by social affinity, inclined to sustain your domestic laws, if by possibility they might be with safety to the Union.

Months of experience and of observation have forced the conviction that the existence of slavery is incompatible with the safety either of yourselves or of the Union. As the system has gradually grown to its present huge dimensions, it were best if it could be gradually removed; but it is better, far better, that it should be taken out at once than that it should longer vitiate the social, political, and family relations of your country. I am speaking with no philanthropic views as regards the slave, but simply of the effect of slavery on the master. See for yourselves.

Look around you and say whether this saddening, deadening influence has not all but destroyed the very framework of your society.

I am speaking the farewell words of one who has shown his devotion to his country, at the peril of his life and fortune, who in these words can have neither hope nor interest, save the good of those whom he addresses; and let me here repeat, with all the solemnity of an appeal to Heaven to bear me witness, that such are the views forced upon me by experience.

Come, then, to the unconditional support of the government. Take into your own hands your own institutions; remodel them according to the laws of nations and of God, and thus attain that great prosperity assured to you by geographical position, only a portion of which was heretofore yours.

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

From The Spectator, 20 Dec.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE second Message of Mr. Lincoln shows him to be still what he has always been, a shrewd, second-rate lawyer, very ignorant of foreign affairs and very well acquainted with those of his own country, with a few immovable convictions, and many floating and somewhat dreamy ideas, having a tolerably clear view of the end to which he aspires, and but a faint perception of the mode in which that end is ultimately to be attained. To men who can only judge by the outside, who are critics in grammar and careful for the dignity of officials, the document may seem weak or even contemptible, but to those who remember that Cromwell could not speak, or Bentham write intelligibly, and who will therefore take the trouble to search for instead of merely receiving ideas, it will, we think, become sufficiently suggestive.

M. Reuter, as in duty bound, reported the paragraph on foreign relations first. The President, having been a workman and being a lawyer, has little to say on that subject, and that little is not very valuable, except as a sign or indication of the ideas he strives in vain to express. He is not inalignant against foreign countries; on the contrary, thinks they have behaved rather better than he had expected, the nation "being so unhappily distracted." England, in particular, has displayed "a jealous respect" for the American flag in the matter of slave-traders, and the powers of the American continent express "sentiments" rather more "friendly" than has been hitherto usual—a remark intended for France. The recent effort at mediation is passed over without a word, without anger or remonstrance, or even appreciation, as if it were a trifle, too small to divert or even disturb the mighty current of American progress. There is a dignity in this silence which, were the Message but short, and penned by the ruler of a great European State, Englishmen would be the first to acknowledge. As it is, they note only the strange ignorance which made the President hope, in June, that Europe would cease to recognize the South as belligerents, and induces him even now to express his belief that this "act of simple justice" is only delayed. Obviously Mr. Lincoln is not aware that were the South *not* a belligerent, he could not, except by a law, close all the

ports of the South, or seize English vessels for carrying cotton, or object to the English sale of arms to men who would then be only the subjects of an allied and friendly power. Foreign nations cannot note a rebellion unless it attain certain proportions, and in this case, an affected ignorance would have injured the President and not his opponents. Apart from that blunder, however, the Message is, on foreign relations, tranquil, conciliatory, and dignified in intent if not in phraseology. No power in Europe can take offence at its wording, nor can any one say that the Republic bends to dictation, or craves in any undignified way for foreign forbearance. The words might have been more elegant, but the astutest diplomatist could have accomplished no more, and might, perhaps, have shown a reticence less complete.

It was not, however, for anything Mr. Lincoln might say upon foreign relations that the Message delayed in the Persia was expected with so much eagerness. Since the last Message a new party has come into power, and the people have informally censured Mr. Lincoln's administration. Under the strange American Constitution—strange because, though democratic in form, it was devised to retard the action of the popular will—this vote is not at all conclusive. The President may obey it or not, and, except by revolutionary means, the victorious party is powerless to impede his action. Mr. Lincoln, however, has from the first explained that he is the exponent of the national will, and the world waited anxiously to see how far he would recognize the identity of that will with Democratic ideas. He has not recognized it. Amidst a cloud of words and phrases, which, often clever, are always too numerous, a careful observer may detect two clear and definite thoughts. 1. The President will assent to no peace upon any terms which imply a dissolution of the Union. 2. He holds that the best reconstruction will be that which is accompanied by measures for the final extinction of slavery. Upon the question of peace the President expresses ideas which, however quaint, have nevertheless a kind of dreamy vastness not without its attraction. The thoughts of the man are too big for his mouth. A nation, he says, is made up of its territory and the population upon it, and, if the people can be divided,

the "earth abideth forever." A generation may be crushed, but the Union cannot be sundered. Its rivers all debouch in one section and take their rise in another. The North might live by itself, and the South might survive apart, but both are but the outside husk, or, as Mr. Hawthorne once put it, "the fringe upon the garment" of the West. That mighty territory with its present millions and coming tens of millions has no outlet towards the sea, except through territories which in the event of disruption, would be governed by alien powers. The Southern outlet might suffice to the West, or the Northern, or the one which stretches to the Pacific; but "all are better than either, and all of right belong to this people and their successors forever. There is no possible severing of the land but would multiply and not mitigate the evils among us." It is an oddly worded argument, the earth being treated throughout as if it were a living creature, an Estate of the Republic with an equal vote on its destiny; but it nevertheless expresses the dominant thought of the people whom, in their weaknesses as well as their strength, Mr. Lincoln represents. He will fight on, careless of cost, which, as he says, when speaking of another expenditure, with a curiously shrewd appeal to the American love of size and the American passion for dollars, will be no overwhelming burden for so immense an empire. In 1900 the Republic undivided will contain a hundred millions; in 1925, two hundred and seventeen millions; a power which, though the President does not say so, would, if its cohesion were possible, inevitably dictate terms to the world.

The President then will willingly make no peace, for "there is no line, straight or crooked," which can serve as a boundary; yet he keenly abhors the war. Well aware, in spite of democratic falsehoods and English mistakes, that slavery is the sole cause of disruption, he offers his plan for the gradual but final extinction of the great American curse. Speaking, as he has done all through, as if he still were the ruler of the undivided Union, he suggests to Congress to authorize a change in their constitutional law, an ultimate policy on which reconstruction might become possible. If the war goes on, his proclamation of September, enfranchising all slaves in disloyal States will, on

the 1st January, come inevitably into force. Mr. Lincoln stoops to no explanation, or softening, or withdrawal of that tremendous decree. But if the South, wise in time, returns to its duty before that day, then it is possible to secure its interests without giving up the cause of freedom. Three-fourths of the States, if appealed to by Congress, can add to the Constitution clauses abolishing slavery before the year 1900, and pledging the United States to repayment of the full value of slaves calculated at an average of £100 a head. The sum is enormous—four hundred millions of pounds; but it is less than double the debt incurred by two years of war. It will be distributed over half a century; and it will be borne by a people who, when the work is complete, will be a hundred millions of men.

The proposal has disappointed European lovers of freedom, for between Mr. Lincoln's strange verbiage and democratic misrepresentation, they have failed to grasp his intent, or the magnitude of the fact which that intent involves. The President, so far from going back from the policy of freedom, has taken a longer step in advance. If the South continue to fight, their slaves will be emancipated without their consent, as a measure essential to war. That is settled, so settled that Mr. Lincoln but once alludes to the point. But if they accept the alternative offered in that proclamation, and return by the 1st of January, even then Mr. Lincoln proposes that slavery shall come to an end. The people are to accept the consequences of their own guilt, and at the cost of enormous taxation to set themselves free of crime. He is still bound by the paper withes of the Constitution, still unwilling to make freedom the condition of State rights, still indisposed to declare slavery a sin as well as a bad economical system. His actual plan, too, is a poor one, for it allows the slaveholders to postpone action for forty years, and at the end of that time the blacks will be eighteen millions, not four. But, for the first time, an American President has risen to the conception of universal emancipation without conditions of color, without involuntary expulsion, and with an effort to compensate all who will suffer under that social change. There is little fear, we believe, that the proposal will be accepted. The South will not come in, and without the South no legal con-

vention can be summoned until the States are divided; but failing or successful, Mr. Lincoln has still the credit of having been first among American statesmen to rise to the situation, the first to strive that reconstruction shall not mean a new lease for the human bondage, the first to warn the nation that its glory or its dishonor depends on its decision of this one point.

"Fellow-citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this Congress will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation. We say that we are for the Union. The world will not forget that while we say this we do know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We, even we here, hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free, honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of the earth."

"The mills of the gods grind slowly;" but when an American President can take and express that view of the great national offence, then surely, amidst all our impatient doubts, the world is not moving back.

From The N. Y. Evening Post, 3 Jan.
A CURIOUS REVELATION.

THE London *Index*, a journal set up by rebel agents to support the cause of Davis, has, in its number for December 4th, a remarkable statement by a correspondent, who is, perhaps, Mr. Mason. He says:

"To tell the Norths, the Butes, the Wedderburns of the present day, that previous to the year 1839 the sovereign states of the South had unalterably resolved—on the specific ground of the violation of the Federal Constitution by the tariff of spoliation which the New England States had imposed upon them—to secede from the Union; to tell them that in that year the leader of the South urged an English gentleman—to whom he had fully explained the position of the South, and the intolerable tyranny which the North inflicted upon it, to be the bearer of credentials from the chief persons of the South, in order to invite the attention of the British Government to the coming event; that on his death-bed he called around him his political friends—one of whom is now in England—

warned them that in no event could the Union survive the Presidential election of 1860, though it might possibly break up before that; urged them to be prepared; leaving with his dying words the sacred cause of Southern secession a solemn legacy in their hands—to have told this to the Norths and Dartmouths of the present day, with more and even stronger evidence of the coming events of November, 1860, would have been like speaking to the stones of the street. In November, 1860, they were thoroughly ignorant of all the momentous antecedents of secession—of their nature, their character, their bearing, import, and consequences."

Of course the "leader of the south" here spoken of is John C. Calhoun. It appears that the traitors of Calhoun's time counted as much on the help of England for the carrying out of their perfidious plots against the Union as their followers of this day. The *Index* correspondent says:

In the year 1841 the late Sir William Napier sent in two plans for subduing the Union to the War Office, in the first of which the South was to be treated as an enemy, in the second as a friend and ally. I was much consulted by him as to the second plan, and was referred to by name in it, as he showed by the acknowledgment of this in Lord Fitzroy Somerset's letter of reply. This plan fully provided for the contingency of an invasion of Canada, and its application would, in eighteen or twenty months, have reduced the North to a much more impotent condition than it exhibits at present. At this very moment the most difficult portion of that plan has been perfectly accomplished by the South itself; and the North, in accordance with Sir William Napier's expectations, now lies helpless before England, and at our absolute mercy. Nor is there any doubt of this, and if Lord Palmerston is not aware of it, Mr. Seward certainly is. We have nothing remaining to do but to stretch out our arm in the way Sir William Napier proposed, and the Northern power—power, as we ignorantly call it—must come to an end. Sir William knew and well estimated the elements of which that quasi-power consisted; and he knew how to apply the substantive power of England to dissolve it. In the best interests of humanity, I venture to say that it is the duty of England to apply this power without further delay—its duty to itself, to its starving operatives, to France, to Europe, and to humanity. And in the discharge of this great duty to the world at large there will not even be the dignity of sacrifice or danger."

All this is, of course, written pretendedly from an English point of view, and advocates British intervention on the score that it would be beneficial to England to help in the destruction of the American Union.

It shows, if it is not a pure invention, that for many years slaveholding politicians, who have most loudly shouted for the Union, have been secretly conspiring against it; it shows that they and their great master, Calhoun, had the inexpressible meanness to count from the first upon the help of England and Englishmen to dishonor and humble their own country; it shows that in a time when England and America were at peace and friendly powers the British Government permitted itself to consider plans for destroying this country; and had, officially, plans laid before it for that end. It shows finally, that the people of this country have for many years been most basely deceived, by the treachery of a set of slaveholding demagogues, who were plotting their ruin, and who had so far prepared the way, abroad, that they counted with confidence upon the assistance of Great Britain. Why that help was withheld, every one knows: the *people* of Great Britain, at the last moment, refused to let their Government be prostituted to give open aid to the slaveholding rebels. But the British ruling class has been constantly friendly to the slaveholders.

From The Spectator.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

WE hear often of the giddiness which seizes men of the finest genius and judgment, when they have reached the summit of their ambition. But the point at which any but the highest kind of character is most apt to feel that giddiness which blinds it to the true situation, is not at the summit, but a step or two below it. Men of real ability, at least if they are also men of culture, are rather steadied than bewildered by the sense of commanding a field adequate to their powers. Consummate judgment is far more liable to a momentary attack of vertigo from unsatisfied, than from satisfied desire—from the proximity of the prize than from its possession. It is not the elevation, but the

eagerness for it, which makes the head of ambitious ability swim. It is far easier for a man of first-rate judgment and decision to fill to admiration even a thorny throne, like that of Leopold, than such a position as that held by the late Prince Consort. The publication of the prince's correspondence with the Duke of Wellington, concerning the command of the army in 1850, brings home this conviction very forcibly to our minds. In the prime of life, conscious of great discrimination, much sagacity, and much organizing power, the Prince Consort was pressed by one who commanded the confidence of the British nation to assume a post quite the most brilliant likely ever to be within his reach. Had he taken it, he, no doubt, felt that, as regarded specific qualification alone, he was fully able to discharge its duties, and to do so ably. The modest disclaimer which he put in upon this head evidently did not weigh much even with that discriminating brain. The Prince Consort would have incurred no danger of losing presence of mind under its responsibilities; but most men of equal ability would certainly have lost presence of mind in face of the temptation. To see so high a prize glittering before him, and know that if he refused it he must make up his mind never, in all probability, to emerge out of the shadow of the throne, would have seized on almost any other imagination with a blinding force. This is the sort of situation which tests something more than mere judgment,—that humility which is an essential element in all fine moral discrimination, but which is so seldom useful to the worldly career of an able and ambitious man. The Prince Consort showed distinctly that he not only understood his duty, but that he fully comprehended that his duty was comparatively very humble. It was his duty, he said, "to sink his own individual existence in that of his wife,"—"to fill up every gap which, as a woman, she would naturally leave in the exercise of her royal functions." Nay, he went further, and set down boldly in writing what this really meant; "as the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs, sole *confidential* adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the Government, he is, besides the husband of the queen, the tutor of the royal children, the private secretary of the sover-

sign, and her permanent minister." This could not be to an ambitious man a list of duties which would compare in brilliancy with the post he declined; but the prince felt that they were *his* first duties, and that to perform them well "he should aim at no power by himself or for himself, should shun all ostentation, and assume no separate responsibility before the country," and he did not hesitate in his decision. Still that decision—right as it unquestionably was in mere prudence, for what might not have resulted if the excitement of the public mind consequent on the disasters of the Crimean war, had taken place under the nominal responsibility of the Prince Consort?—involved a very high degree of the rarest of all statesman-like qualities, a considerate humility, disturbed by no mist of vanity, and absolute master of its own range of duty. It is impossible to pass by so remarkable an instance of simple and yet, in some sense, commanding self-denial—for there is a clear command of himself and of the situation in every line of the correspondence and memorandum—without recurring with profound gratitude to the memory of the statesman who has taught us this highest and rarest of all the qualities of true statesmanship, or without tendering our heartiest thanks to the queen for permitting this noblest of political lessons to be incorporated in the valuable memorial* we have just received of the prince.

Indeed, without this unique passage in the prince's life, we should scarcely be able to construct any complete picture of the character of his statesmanship. We can see from other sources that he was what we may call a statesman of the calm artistic type, a type little if at all known in England, and certainly not a natural product of our Constitution. The speeches as well as the tastes described in the introductory Memoir, remind one strongly of the type of statesmanship which the poet Goethe devoted to the service of the Grand Duke of Weimar,—though, of course, formed on much wider and weightier experience. There is the same distinct orderly mind, the same horror of maladministration, the same sense of art in practical life, the same value for what the editor of

the Memoir calls the "beauty of usefulness." There exists, indeed, a striking similarity between the tone of the prince's speeches, the subjects he evidently chooses by preference, the mode in which he treats them, the favorite schemes of the great Weimar Geheimrath. For instance, the prince evidently entered deeply by choice into the best mode of alleviating the wretchedness of the poor man's home, the improvement of the methods of agriculture, the best economy of social life. These are subjects which naturally attract a calm, benignant mind, bent on introducing a finer harmony into the tangle of the life around it. His was a humane instinct overruled by a positive pleasure in the delicate adaptation of means to ends. Just so, one of Goethe's first efforts as a minister was to introduce a more orderly principle of administration into the little Weimar army, and to organize a *Fire-brigade* for the town. The post-minister had a strong individual taste for disciplining the confused energies of a helpless crowd, and had directed the volunteers in extinguishing three serious fires at much risk to himself, before he dealt with the matter as a minister. The late Prince Consort displays exactly the same kind of administrative taste in these speeches, and displayed it also in his life. He goes, for instance, into the subject of the "Servants' Provident and Benevolent Society," with just the same kind of artistic providence with which Goethe entered into the organization of the Fire Brigade. English philanthropists attack such subjects with a certain exclusiveness of practical interest, which is widely distinguishable intellectually from the attitude of mind of which we are speaking. It was not merely the good done, but the anarchy reduced,—the harmonizing principle engrafted on chaos,—which gratified the fine æsthetic instinct of the Prince Consort in such works as these; and in this it is that he reminds us of the delicate administrative taste of the shrewd poet of Weimar.

But the Prince Consort, though a statesman of the calm artistic type, evinced in the negotiation to which we have before referred, a gift as rare in that school as it is in the less deliberate school of English statesmanship. Whatever the peculiar gifts of the artistic type of statesmanship may be, humility is quite as rarely one of them as of the hotter English type. There is a peculiar

* *The Principal Speeches and Addresses of Her Royal Highness the Prince Consort: with an Introduction giving some Outline of his Character.* Murray.

vein of aristocratic temperament in every true artistic constitution, even when *not* belonging to a man of high rank—a vein which shows itself again and again, not only in the speeches of the late Prince Consort, but in the fine lines of that fastidious face. Now, this aristocratic sense is apt to smother the germs of humility, and certainly smothered them in Goethe. That the Prince Consort, retained so true and simple a humility of judgment in spite of this temperament and in spite of the blinding lights to which his station in life exposed him, is a lesson in true nobility to Englishmen of all stations which the nation ought never to forget.

From The Spectator.

MORALS UNDER THE EMPIRE.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

NEED I call to mind in what way the Imperial Government has, from the beginning, dealt with history, science, general literature; and how the study of philosophy was virtually prohibited at the *Ecole Normale*,—that nursery for teachers; and how the very name of philosophy became hateful to the reigning power as connected with revolutionary propensities; and how the instruction given to any such as study for the bachelorship of letters was curtailed; and what implacable war was waged, not only against the "College de France," but against the "Institut," more especially distasteful to Cæsarism, because intended to foster the worship of intellectual merit? It is but natural that the gross material enjoyments which civilization can procure should be exclusively sought after, where no enjoyments of a higher class are in favor with those in whose hands lies the moving force. Love of riches, love of pleasures, luxury, gambling, extravagant passion for dress, these are the springs which the empire, on the very day of its establishment, made it a point to set a-going—better to avert men's minds from politics, and so to lower the level of the nation as to make a tame, degrading submission to despotism more acceptable.

No wonder that a Government, thus bent on mischief, should have winked systematically at the licentiousness of novel-writers, for nothing is so well calculated to further

the ends of despotism as that kind of low literature which is the prostitution of intellect, and can have no other effect than that of undermining all manly feeling. It was a maxim much in vogue among French men and women of fashion in the last century, that "love is more relishable than marriage for about the same reason which renders romances more relishable than history." But why are romances of the lowest description more relished than history, by so many people in France at present, if not because vice is by them more relished than virtue? Whoever is acquainted with that class of French novels of which "Fanny" may be said to be the type, knows well enough to what extent their sentimentality is sensual and their refinement coarse. Yet these are not the productions I mean to allude to. Books have flooded France far worse than those of MM. Feydeau and Flaubert, however emasculating the latter; and the Imperial Government seems to have witnessed with unconcern the growing success of a prurient literature quite worthy of the period.

Not that the Imperial Government considers it its duty not to interfere with the book-trade. Just the reverse. At no period were the book-firms made to depend so entirely on the pleasure of those in power. Not only is every dealer manacled by the obligation of obtaining from Government a patent, which—mark it well—is revocable at will; but the hawkers (*colporteurs*), through whose medium the book-trade is chiefly carried out, are directly and strictly kept under control, so much so, that they are not allowed to sell one single copy of any book, without having had that copy duly stamped at the Ministry of the Interior, and enriched with the following inscription: "Sureté Générale." It is, in fact, the system of passports applied to the peregrinations of the human mind. The favor conferred by the Government on a certain class of most objectionable publications cannot, therefore, be mistaken for impotence. The rule is that whatever comes to light in France has been permitted to come to light, and, consequently, involves the moral responsibility of Government. God forbid I should complain that the Second Empire does not make a still more extensive use of the formidable weapons that are at its disposal; but is it not very remarkable that such books as M. Michelet's *Sor-*

celess should be stopped, whilst such books as *La Vie de Rigolboche* have triumphantly gone through an almost indefinite number of editions? The reason is that the depravity of manners is one of the props of despotism. Nothing can be more congenial to its nature than a state of things the effect of which is to fritter away all sober inclination of the heart, to nurse a debasing love of unworthy objects, and to substitute a variety of mock obligations and abject enjoyments for those manly duties and subdued home pleasures which, while asserting the dignity of human nature, are the real foundations of human happiness.

That, in this respect, the Second Empire has been fully equal to its task, is shown by the mode of social life now prevalent in the world of the *Satisfaits*, a world composed of high functionaries generously paid out of the public purse—of time-serving courtiers enabled to live in clover—of idiots proud to be something where men of talent are nothing—of court butterflies grown out of grubs—of women making it the business of their lives to dress more expensively than is allowed by the income of their husbands—of would-be men of fashion greedy of pleasure and sick of pleasure—of favored stock-jobbers dealing in State secrets, and squandering on orgies the money unfairly won at the Bourse—of hired journalists and suddenly enriched gamblers. By all those people, of course, the Second Empire is proclaimed “le meilleur des mondes possibles,” and care is taken that every one should know that it is not safe to gainsay this sweeping assertion.

Moreover, there is a great deal of corruption flowing from above. It is one of the saddest features of despotism that it implies both the temptation and the power of giving loose to one's caprices. It is true that this may be done so as not to offend too openly against decorum. In former times, when Tiberius resolved on spending the last years of his life in reprobable pleasures, he betook himself to a lonely place, where he could gratify his tastes unseen as well as unchecked. But all despots are not like Tiberius. Neither are all of them like Louis XIV., who, while scandalizing the nation by the spectacle of his private life, would not have the rules of propriety violated by anybody but himself, thus intimating that it was a special

privilege of his rank to trample upon morals. The consequence was, that during his lifetime, at any rate, corruption did not become fashionable. The regent made it so, because his good-natured immorality led him, not only to tolerate, but to humor in others the excesses in which he himself took delight. Surely, I do not mean to hint that this is the case with the present ruler of France. But it is a matter of public notoriety that the “court life,” under the Second Empire, is far from being what it was in France under Louis Philippe, and what it is in England now.

Besides, the Tuileries and Compiègne are not the only places in view; and among so many princely residences there is one, at least, which might perhaps bring to one's recollection the celebrated palace where the regent and his friends kept revelling every night, under the convivial dictatorship of Canillac.

I will not dwell on the importance of the facts above stated. Such a state of things is, no doubt, worth chronicling. The manner in which the better inclinations of the heart are cherished or vitiated, supplies one of the surest bases for the philosophical appreciation of a given period. Whenever they are changed by a gradual perversion of social habits into spurious raving sentimentality, or into sensual, insincere, and refined gallantry, there symptoms appear of a mortal disease. For no edifice is of a lasting nature which rests on rotten foundations.

A FREEMAN.

From The Spectator.

THE AFGHANISTAN OF TO-DAY.*

THERE are only two ways that we know of of writing travels acceptably. One, and perhaps the better, is to traverse a country with a definite object, observe everything minutely which bears upon that object, describe everything which unconsciously tends to elucidate or dispel the preconceived theory, and so produce at once a most accurate narrative and a complete artistic work. Mr. Senior, granting that his object is political truth, and not this or that form of truth, does this constantly in a very thorough and painstaking way. Mr. Laing did it even more perfectly, and his book on Norway is, perhaps, the very

* *Journal of a Mission to Afghanistan in 1857.* By H. W. Bellew. Smith, Elder, and Co.

best book of travels of this kind ever composed. Mr. Mackay's "Western World" has nearly the same merit, and so have one or two recent works on Australia and New Zealand. The other and more difficult plan is to record all the traveller sees, without object save to record faithfully, and consequently without either consciousness or bias. Most of the earlier travellers wrote in this style, and the result is an accuracy of description which has kept their accounts alive for generations. Their fidelity is often marvellous, their observation so minute, that, to the man who is really studying, their descriptions are often better guides than the sketchy and self-conscious accounts of much more recent tourists. There are, for instance, hundreds of travels in Russia, but there is no account of the Russian people to compare in accuracy with that of Mandelslo, whose book was published some two hundred years ago. Mr. Bellew belongs to the latter class, and is entitled to no mean place among them. His journal reads like a reprint from Hakluyt. He accompanied the embassy sent from Calcutta to Afghanistan in 1867 as medical officer; and kept, it would seem, a very full diary. This he has given us almost in *extenso*, and unlike most diaries it is charming reading. Gifted, to judge from internal evidence, with keen eyes, good spirits, imperturbable temper, and that faculty of comprehending Asiatics which is incommunicable, and which in the East stands in the place of all other mental powers, he has drawn a picture of Afghan life, society, and politics such as the most accomplished literary artist can only admire at a distance. Nobody save a faithful observer, utterly careless of the effect he was producing, could have drawn such a picture of the Afghan heir apparent, without once descending to abuse, or indeed expressing any peremptory opinion at all. We do not know that it is very important to understand Afghans—all Eastern knowledge is habitually overrated—but those who care for such information may acquire it in full completeness, without exertion and without weariness, from Mr. Bellew's old-fashioned, but most instructive journal.

There is a quaint and wholly unreasonable prejudice in England in favor of the Afghans. The public mind, always ill-informed on Asiatic affairs, and always prone to worship success, is impressed with the notion that

the Afghans beat us; and an Asiatic who can defeat an Englishman is entitled to his respect. We occupied Afghanistan, were massacred in Afghanistan, utterly subjugated Afghanistan, and quitted Afghanistan; these are all the external facts, and the average Englishman, habituated to see his flag remain wherever it has once been planted, gives the Afghan credit for latent qualities before which that flag was compelled or induced to retreat. One of the very worst and most disorganized races in Asia is therefore invested with attributes, which relieve them altogether of the contempt so commonly and so senselessly felt for all other Asiatics.

There seems to be little doubt that the dominant and most numerous tribe of Afghans, about three millions in number, and ruling two millions of other tribes, are degenerate Jews, not, as they claim to be, descendants of Saul, but refugees from Palestine who, after the great depopulation by Nebuchadnezzar, fled eastward, settled in these mountains, and intermarried with the native women. No man who ever saw an Afghan doubts his affinity to the Jews; their traditions and books universally point to this origin—which is one no Oriental would invent—and though their creed is now Musulman, their superstitions, laws of inheritance, and punishments are all based on the ancient Hebrew code. Left to their own devices, with none of the restraining influences of their own creed, and with a tendency to idol worship even Mahomedanism cannot eradicate, they have become just what their forefathers became in Israel during their backslidings—an utterly evil race, proud and poverty-stricken; full of arrogance and greed and lust, and scrupling at no act which seems to promise immediate advantage. Like the continental aristocracy, they are above trade, and can only fight, cultivate the soil, and breed enormous herds of sheep and goats, with which some tribes wander from valley to valley like Calmucs, or other nomad hordes. Excessively jealous of their women, they are themselves steeped to the lips in the worst crimes, and though they talk of Nang-i-Pukhtun, or Afghan honor, their word is utterly unreliable. Brave, but indocile, habituated to despotism but not to obedience, they have totally failed to construct a State, and are only restrained from disintegration into minute tribes by the hope of external conquest, the excessive pressure to which they are subjected from without, or the ascendancy occasionally acquired by some unscrupulous man of genius. Dost Mahomed holds them now, and will till he dies; but he is in extreme old age, and his eldest son inherits few of his greater qualities.

JOHN BRIGHT ON AMERICA.

[Close of a Speech at Birmingham, 18 Dec.]

THERE are ministers in our Cabinet as resolved against any treason to freedom on this question as I am, and there are numbers of the English aristocracy of the very highest rank who hold the same opinion as I do; but we have had every effort made that money and malice could devise to stimulate in Lancashire, among the suffering population, an opinion in favor of the Slave States. They have not been able to get it, and I honor that population for their fidelity to their principles and to freedom, and I say the conduct they have pursued ought to atone in the minds of the people in the United States for miles of leading articles written by the London press—by men who would barter every human right to serve the party with which they are associated. How, I ask, comes it that on the Continent of Europe there is not a liberal newspaper nor a liberal politician that durst say, or ever thought of saying, one word in favor of that portentous and momentous shape which now asks to be received into the family of nations? The late Count Cavour had no difficulty in deciding on this point. Ask Garibaldi (cheers)—ask Kossuth, whether slavery has nothing to do with this strife. Ask Victor Hugo, the poet of freedom and exponent of the yearnings of all mankind for the better time—ask any man in Europe who opens his lips or indites a sentence for freedom, on which side your sympathies should lie. (Hear.) Why, in all parts of the world except this island, famed for its freedom, you do not find one man speaking in favor of the South; and why is that done here? I'll tell you the reason. Our London press is mainly in the hands of certain ruling West-end classes. It acts in favor of those classes. One of the most eminent statesmen in this country, although not an official statesman, said to me, "I had not an idea how much influence the example of the Republic was having upon opinion here until I discovered the universal congratulations on the prospect of that Republic breaking up;" but I maintain, after all, that the people do not err. Free States are the home of the working man. In fifteen years 2,500,000 of our countrymen and countrywomen have left us for the United States, every one of whom, speaking generally, is in a much better position in point of

comfort than if they had remained here as if, as one of America's own poets has said,—

"For her free lathstring never was drawn in
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin."

In America there are no six millions of grown men excluded by the Constitution from political rights; there is a free Church, a free school, a free hand, a free vote, a free career for the child of the humblest. No! countrymen who work for your living, remember that there will be one wild shriek of freedom, to startle all mankind if that Republic is overthrown. Slavery has been the huge foul blot upon its fame; it is a hideous outrage against human right and divine law; the pride and passion of man will not permit its peaceable extinction; the slave-owners of our colonies, if they had been strong enough, would have revolted too. I believe there was no mode short of a miracle more stupendous than any recorded in the Holy Writ which would, in our time or in a century, have brought the abolition of slavery in America but the suicide which the South has committed and the war they are now raging. It is a measureless calamity; I said the Russian war was a measureless calamity; did not many of your leaders tell you that that was a just war to maintain the integrity of Turkey, some thousands of miles away? Why, surely the integrity of your own country at your own doors must be worth as much as the integrity of Turkey. Is not this law the penalty which an inexorable justice exacts from America, North and South, for the enormous guilt of cherishing this frightful iniquity for the last eighty years? I do not blame any man who takes the restoration of the Union to be hopeless; you have the authority of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on that point; he is, as a speaker, unsurpassed by any man in England; but, unfortunately, he made use of expressions in the north of England nearly three months ago, and seems ever since then to have been engaged in trying to make people understand what he meant. (A laugh.) He is, however, quite welcome to think the struggle hopeless for the North. I don't hold that opinion. The leaders of this revolt propose by their Constitution this simple thing: that over a territory some forty times as large as England the blight and bondage of slavery shall be forever perpetuated. I cannot myself believe in such a

fate befalling that fair land, stricken though it now be by the ravages of war; I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek "to wade through slaughter to a throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind." (Cheers.) I have another and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I will still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen North in one unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic to the calmer waters of the Pacific main, and I see one people and one law and one language and one faith, and over all that wide continent the home of freedom and a refuge for the oppressed of every race.

From The Saturday Review.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.*

THE Waverley novels are at length fairly committed to the chances of competition with the latest and cheapest literature of the day, in a form which must put the question of their permanent popularity to the last and most crucial test. The copyrights of the earlier portions of the series have already expired, and year by year will gradually break down that hedge of immunity which kept these volumes exempt from the rivalry of trade, and lent them a kind of aristocratic prestige in the community of fiction. The enterprising firm which has invested largely in the purchase of the surviving privileges of the extinct house of Cadell has resolved, we are glad to see, upon a policy which is likely to retain to it, in a manner not only the most legitimate, but in the long run the most likely to prove remunerative, that monopoly the legal sands of which are rapidly running out. Competition is practically distanced when, one by one, each story of the series is in succession presented to the public in the handy and popular form of a shilling novel—in paper, typography, and general style of getting up, assimilated to the myriad *ephemera*, which flaunt their gaudy backs at every railway bookstall. The present impression is, in fact, a cheaper re-issue of the stereotype edition put forth eight years ago, at eighteen pence a volume. With

* *Waverley*. Shilling Series. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1862.

every wish for the material success of so liberal an enterprise, we must watch its results with an interest of a wider and more general kind, bound up as it is with a problem of real and intrinsic moment in the history of literature. That problem, which the popular voice alone must ultimately resolve, relates to the rank which the author of *Waverley* is entitled to hold, and the influence which he is destined to exercise in permanence among the classic writers of our language. Is Walter Scott a great writer? In what proportion do his works retain, or may they be expected to retain, that magical ascendancy which, at their first publication, followed each successive wave of the living enchanter's wand? In attractive and enlightening force, is their grade to be finally with those supreme and primary luminaries which away and irradiate the intellectual firmament, or those transient meteors which do but dazzle us as they flash for a second or two across the sky? Three or four observations of a comet's path enable us to approximate closely enough to the law of its orbit. And after thirty years' experience we surely are in a position to work out a sufficiently practical equation to the future path of the most brilliant modern star in the zodiac of literature.

The popularity of Scott has, from the first, been somewhat of a select sort, rather than a popularity of the populace. He never wrote for the multitude, and was not of the number of those who subsist by the sympathies of the masses. Aristocratic in his tastes and feudal in his notions of society, his sphere of thought was one to which a certain style of pomp and sumptuousness was indispensable. To enjoy and love him thoroughly, one must be raised either by birth or by force of cultivation above the vulgar and the commonplace. Below the isothermal lines of heraldic insignia and gentle culture his greatness will hardly vegetate. Yet it has been the fashion to remark, on the other hand, how much better Scott describes beggars, gypsies, smugglers, clowns, and the hangers-on of kings and queens, even kings and queens themselves, the very highest and the very meanest of mankind, than the half-way class to which he himself belonged. How superior, we are told, is Effie Deans to Lady Staunton, or even Jeanie Deans to Rose Bradwardine! How much more do Mary of

Sootland and Elizabeth of England resemble real queens than Julia Mannering or Die Vernon represent real young ladies! Now we believe the reverse of this complaint to be at least as near the truth. The reader's affinity with his author has been the source of the fallacy. It is not that these ladies and gentlemen are less natural in themselves than those princes, beggars, or rustics. But the reader, it must be remembered, is, in the former case, among his own set, whom he is, from familiar observation, competent to criticize. He is judging a work of art as an expert, not as a critic. No jockey or trainer would be satisfied with the horses even of Phidias. To an old salt, the seamanship of the *Pirate* would perchance smack of the landman; and a live "gaberlunzie" would stare at his double in the garb and with the diction of Edie Ochiltree.

When the romancer of the artificially bred middle class draws for his patrons a serf or a crusader, a cow-feeder or a queen, he is tolerably safe from jealous judgment, and may dash in his colors with a free hand. His characters are got up for company, and must be clothed, not in the most appropriate, but the most picturesque habiliments. Such art is indeed that of the stage, not that of nature; but Scott could not help being dramatic even in his most naturalistic efforts. He could fascinate his own order by his skill in presenting to it his views of the world beneath itself, through its own conventional medium. Between himself and the lower masses he was fixing at the same time an artificial gulf. He would patronize them as artistic models, not take them to his bosom as of the same living and breathing kin.

If we turn from the quality of Scott's genius to its quantity, and try to gauge or measure his mental stature, we are somewhat at a loss for a standard of comparison. There is a supreme and august rank in the empire of intellect, from which Scott's greatness will forever fall short. He had no particular message to deliver to the world—no special idea or notion of truth to impart to it—no new scheme or system of thought to elaborate. Neither was his the living, spreading, consuming fire of Shakspeare, Dante, or Goethe. There was not merely the same unconsciousness of any special mission, that unconsciousness which seems the first attribute of genius, with which the Stratford

playwright labored, just to fill the Globe theatre. Each was doubtless equally spontaneous, equally unencumbered by any ulterior aim. But they differed immeasurably in depth. It is in the undesigned, unfelt emanations of the mind that the highest genius distances all lower grades. In the sparkles of light which it throws off without an effort, without the sense of doing anything vast or notable, there is a radiance and a heat which the world recognizes, and rejoices in the glow. Scarce a page of Shakspeare can be turned at random which does not kindle or enlighten us with its latent aphoristic force. No writer, it has been felt on the contrary, has written so many volumes as Sir Walter Scott with so few sentences that can bear to be quoted. His power, as Mr. Carlyle well defined it, lay in *extenso*, not in *intenso*. His situations are effective—his delineations of action are graphic, and stir us as they would stir an actual spectator. They form, in truth, a series of masterly *tableaux*, and, with the force of a stereoscope, set before us artistic groups in all the simulated relief of reality. Their still life is admirable. There is somewhat, of course, beyond the power of the mere photographer—there is much lively motion and many a brilliant shift of scene. But the soul is somehow equally wanting. His men and women seem more or less lay figures, costumed and posed for effect. They say nothing that we particularly care to hear. Scott had no gospel to deliver, and, sooth to say, never professed to have any.

In this respect, at all events, he rises ineffably above those charlatans who are forever prating of their mission to amend, rebuke, and elevate society, and who never treat us to their sugary confections without pounding up in them some one or other of their pet nostrums for the moral diseases of mankind. Scott would be neither the physician nor the pedagogue of society. He came not to call the sickly, but the hale and joyous, and bade them enjoy life as he enjoyed it. Rejoicing in the power to amuse, and finding abundant amusement to himself in the process of so doing, he gave little heed to what lessons he might read to posterity, or with what cut-and-dried theories he ought to prime his soul. To amass good stories, to work up rare and romantic material into fresh and picturesque combinations, was with him too genuine an impulse to need

the justifying plea of any moralistic cant. If he never rose to be a prophet, he could never sink into a Pharisee. Health and buoyancy of mind seemed in him the natural reflex of his robust and hardy corporeal frame. In the heartiness and *verve* which he threw into his pages, lay, even more than in his purity and kindly warmth, the secret of that hold which he obtained upon his age. Anything mean, sordid, or cynical, flew off from contact with his soul, as a perfectly healthy physique is said to throw off all bodily impurities. Adhesive in his social instincts, running over with humor and humanity, beaming with constitutional liveliness, his was just the presence to which the *blasé* and hypochondriac run, to catch the restorative virus. The effect was electrical when he thus burst upon a languid and jaded generation, cloyed with artificial food, incapable of faith, while shuddering at scepticism. Faith Scott undoubtedly possessed—the faith of all massive hearty natures—faith in himself, faith in the order of things and the lessons of history. The advent of such a man was like an invigorating bath to an age grown maudlin over Byronism and Wertherism, or coddled over the nursery fire and possets of the Minerva Press. All other remedies for *ennui* were flung aside the moment the Great Unknown began his spells, to which the mystery of their authorship gave an extra piquancy and charm. Kotzebue and the thrilling school were annihilated. Ghosts were sent back to limbo. The chains clanked harmlessly in the Castle of Otranto, and Mrs. Radcliffe no more kept boys and girls tremblingly awake with horrors. The reader was carried back to rough, real, hardy times, when modern nerves were unknown, when life was active, blithesome, vigorous. For old and young, the jaded and the imaginative, there was an inexhaustible store of wonderment in those scenes of martial feats, jousts and tournaments, border forays, royal progresses, gorgeous ritual. Who did not sigh to have had their lot cast in those free, bold, unsophisticated days; when gallant knights caracolled on giant horses of whirlwind speed—ladies of peerless beauty ambled in quaint guise through the merry greenwood, or slipped their hawks over meadow and lea—when sleek churchmen rustled in mediæval bravery—when romance was a reality, when adventure waited upon

daring, and even the weird and the supernatural still bade defiance to nature's prosaic laws? Novel-reading had till then been a forbidden, though coveted pleasure. Scott made a nation of novel-readers. He was the founder of the historical novel. By the modicum of fact which he dug up from the buried past, he was able to bribe the conscience which sneered at fiction as a waste of time, as well as the prudery which blushed at it as sinful. And never was literary invention so well rewarded. As, faster and faster, poured forth the magic sheets, the profits of the manufactory rose to £15,000 a-year. Novel-making has from that date been one of the most gainful of trades, and the circulating library must revere him as its demi-god.

The old saw which Fletcher of Saltoun drew from an unarmed "wise person," that he "cared not who made a nation's laws, so he might make its ballads," has lost its point. Our nation has long left off singing ballads, if, indeed, it was ever given to singing them. The novel has taken the place of the ballad. It were strange, accordingly, if the man who had the making of novels for an entire generation had not some effects of his handiwork to show. Sir Walter's influence upon the thought and taste of our age may be traced in two important directions. His talent, as we have implied, rested upon two powerful instincts—his love of antiquity and his love of nature. From the fountain-head of his genius welled forth both the stream of mediæval revival, and that which has lately taken to itself the technical title of "muscularity." The generation whose youth was nursed upon his tales and songs of chivalry grew up with eye and heart turned wistfully back towards the past. In art, politics, theology, and social life, Young England dreamed of an ideal three or four hundred years bygone. The nineteenth century must be taught to build, to think, to believe, to worship, in forms of mediæval sanctity. The Oxford movement was only possible among minds over which the glamor of those potent fictions had passed. The *Tracts for the Times* were, in some sense, the logical progeny of *Ivanhoe* and the *Monastery*; and the Palace of Westminster is but the architectural development of Abbotsford. Scott's theology, it is true, cost him little thought. It came to him, among the stock in trade of

his most proper craft, simply as a legacy from the past. His religious instincts pointed more to objective order and ceremonial than to self-analysis or abstract grounds of belief. His ideas of art, even in his own province of antiquarianism, were of a very superficial order, and much of the collections and heirlooms which made Abbotsford the pride of his soul might now be voted by Wardour Street itself very sorry *bric-à-brac*. History itself was ransacked by him, not for its truth, but for its materials of amusement, and it would be waste of time to pull to pieces his hasty and fanciful creations under the strong light of modern historical criticism. It would be not less unfair, at the same time, to withhold from him the credit of a first impulse which had yet to receive its severer form and stricter organization at other hands. To have helped to drive out the cold and vapid classicism in architecture, and the sickly sentimentality in fiction, which made the era of the regency of England's darkest period, was a service to his age not the less meritorious because Scott had never set himself coolly and scientifically to work it out.

Scarcely less striking or salutary in its effects upon the national character has been Scott's grasp of nature and keen zest of physical enjoyment. The breezy mountain and the brae, the hardy sports of the moor and the loch, the genial humor and racy dialect of Highland clansmen, were painted by him with a freshness and a force entirely his own. New types of life and character were thrown upon the canvas. To the Southern readers of his day the manners and speech of the Scottish peasantry were previously all but as strange and outlandish as those of Japan or Central Africa are to ourselves. A real union of interest and feeling began to spring up between the two countries. The very fee simple of all Scotland has been raised by Scott's pen fully ten per cent.

Every spot which the novelist described became forthwith classic to the civilized of all nations. It must strike every traveller from the South how much this infusion has percolated even to the lower strata of northern society. Scarce a cottar or drover but has at his fingers' ends the lore which links his home with the genius of the novelist. Provincialism may not, indeed, be favorable to world-wide homage. The taste for what is simply local or grotesque may at any moment pass away among other shifts of fashion. A reaction may, in like manner, ere long set in against the prevalent Gothic mania. But herein, as we have seen, lay but one element of Scott's mental ascendancy. There remains, as the basis of all the rest, his intense and instinctive love of nature.

Riding at these two anchors, the ark of Scott's reputation is in no danger of total or immediate shipwreck. Mediævalism and muscularity may not be very profound ideas, but few will deny to such ideas their salutary influence in spiritualizing and bracing the mind. All that Scott had to impart of solid gain has by these two channels passed into the age. He has no more to teach us. But he can still make us feel. He will be read for no didactic purpose, but for what is far more the proper end of fiction—the innocent and healthy play of the emotions. Men of mature years will miss, as they peruse once more the tales which fascinated their youth, the vivid and exquisite enjoyment of that first acquaintance. And the young will wonder at the rapt, almost the religious, belief with which their sires still speak of the Waverley novels as the type of all that is perfect in fiction. It is the sign of what the age has gained in mental depth and breadth. But enthusiasm will not be followed in this case by contempt. We have already had writers of deeper insight and higher aim, but none of warmer sympathy or more genuine human heart. And by virtue of these qualities Scott still remains the favorite novelist of his country.

WHY is the Welsh language like the Maelstrom?—Because it is not easily sounded.

"I'M a rising young man, and a capital prospect before me,"—as Sinbad the sailor said when he was lifted into the air by the eagle.

"I BLUSH for you," as the rouge-pot said to the old dowager.

"I SHALL never be able to make this passage

out," as Sir John Ross said when he couldn't find his way to the North Pole.

"MESSAGES carefully delivered," as the cart-trumpet said to the old maid.

"PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE NAME AND ADDRESS."—A disappointed playwright has had the malice to write over the door of the DRAMATIC AUTHOR'S SOCIETY: "*Ici on parle Français.*"

FROST IN THE HOLIDAYS.

THE time of frost is the time for me !
 When the gay blood spins through the heart
 with glee,
 When the voice leaps out with a chiming sound,
 And the footstep rings on the musical ground ;
 When the earth is gray and the air is bright,
 And every breath a new delight !

While Yesterday sank, full soon, to rest,
 What a glorious sky !—through the level west,
 Pink clouds in a delicate greenish haze,
 Which deepened up into purple grays,
 With stars aloft as the light decreased,
 Till the great moon rose in the rich blue east.

And Morning !—each pane a garden of frost,
 Of delicate flowering, as quickly lost ;
 For the stalks are fed by the moon's cold beams,
 And the leaves are woven, like woof of dreams,
 By Night's keen breath, and a glance of the
 Sun,
 Like dreams, will scatter them every one.

Hurrah ! the lake is a league of glass !
 Buckle and strap on the stiff white grass.
 Off we shoot, and poise and wheel,
 And swiftly turn upon scoring heel ;
 And our flying sandals chirp and sing
 Like a flock of swallows gay on the wing.

Happy skaters ! jubilant flight !
 Easily leaning to left and right,
 Curving, coasting an islet of sward,
 Balancing sharp on the glassy cord
 With single foot,—ah, wretch unshriven !
 A new star dawns in the fishes' heaven.

Away from the crowd with the wind we drift,
 No vessel's motion so smoothly swift ;
 Fainter and fainter the tumult grows,
 And the gradual stillness and wide repose
 Touch with a huc more soft and grave
 The lapse of joy's declining wave.

Pure is the ice ; a glance may sound
 Deep through an awful dim profound
 Of water-dungeons where snake-weeds hide,
 Over which, as self-upborne, we glide,
 Like wizards on dark adventure bent,
 Masters of every element.

Homeward ! How the shimmering snow
 Kisses our hot cheeks as we go !
 Wavering down the feeble wind,
 Like a manifold thought to a poet's mind,
 Till the earth and trees and icy lakes,
 Are slowly clothed with the countless flakes.

But the village street—the stir and noise !
 Where long black slides run mad with boys ;
 Where the pie is kept hot, in sequence due,
 Aristocrat now the hobnail shoe ;
 And the quaint white bullets fly here and there,
 With laugh and shout in the wintry air.

In the clasp of Home, by the ruddy fire,
 Ranged in a ring to our hearts' desire,—
 Who is to tell some wondrous tale,
 Almost to turn the warm cheeks pale,
 Set clin on hands, make grave eyes stare,
 Draw slowly nearer each stool and chair ?

The one low voice goes wandering on
 Through a mystic world, whither all are gone ;
 The shadows dance ; little Caroline
 Has stolen her fingers up into mine.
 But the night outside is very chill,
 And the frost hums loud at the window-sill.

WM. ALLINGHAM.

A SONNET.

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF DR. JOHNSON'S "PRAYERS
 AND MEDITATIONS."

O STRANGE great soul ! That rock the prophet
 smote,
 Whence gushed their life, to Israel's heart of
 pride
 Seemed naught I ween but barren Horeb's side ;
 For little would the thirsty worldlings note
 Of those diviner springs which far remote
 From their chance gaze which ever idly spied
 What each rash lust desired, God willed to hide,
 Till holy Moses called the waters out—
 So in our world where outward things have
 away,
 The proud high front which noblest natures own
 Looks monstrous, and so shallow have we grown,
 That hearts like thine whose deeper fountains
 play
 Beyond the reach of every wanton ray,
 Though brimmed with love, unfathomed, seem
 but stone.

ALSAGER HAY HILL.

—National Magazine.

THE INTERESTS OF FRANCE.

AIR—"A Landlady in France."

THE interests of France wont let Italy obtain
 The Capital she needs to crown her union, O !
 Her troops at Rome the emperor declares must
 still remain,
 To preserve the Roman Catholic commun-
 ion, O !

So when this pious emperor—the people's own
 Elect—
 The Romans ask for leave to choose their
 Ruler, O !
 He says that conscience forces him their prayer
 to reject,
 An assertion than which nothing can be
 cooler, O !

Garibaldi's march on Rome, though checked
 was his advance,
 Supplies him with a fresh excuse for staying,
 O !
 On the ground that, to a menace, right or wrong,
 the pride of France,
 Can on no account attention dream of pay-
 ing, O !

So the interests of France, and her honor, under
 foot,
 Bid her tread the rights of every weaker na-
 tion, O !
 And therefore, for the present, she determines
 not to put
 Any limit to the Roman occupation, O !

—Punch.

"THE VOICE OF HUMANITY."

Now has Bramwell done his worst,
And the Law has slaked its thirst!
Come, thou, Goddess fair and free,
By Jebb 'ycleped Humanity!
Come and with thy sweet relief
Sooth each interesting thief;
Deaf to all the coward bluster
Raised by simple knuckle-duster.

'Tis thy office to make snug
Sad garotter in the jug.
If his ways must be confined,
To his errors still be kind.
Now let mercy show her vigor,
Kindness is the soul of rigor;
Make at least the dungeon rosy-
Curtained, carpeted, and cosy.
Let the rogues our necks who throttle
Never want their generous bottle;
While we cage them for our quiet,
Pile their boards with dainty diet;
Penitence from plenty springs,
And good thoughts come of good things.

Let them, after oakum-picking,
Have their duckling or their chicken;
How justly after breaking stones
Succeeds a grill of devilled bones!
If living ill's their fault, then, sure,
Good living is th' appropriate cure;
You've only to reverse the sin,
To find the needful discipline.

Take for the model of a cell
That where good Tuck did whilom dwell,
With flask of Rhenish, and a haunch
Of venison for his pious paunch.
Tobacco was not in those days,
But let's improve on ancient ways,
And join the influence of a mild
Cigar to tame the passions wild;
The very smoke that mounts the sky
Will lead the captive's thoughts on high,
And every sober, calming puff
By grace divine reform a Rough.

In penitentiaries kept close
Convicts are apt to grow morose;
Send Sykes or Sheppard to the hulks,
He grows ill-tempered, mopes and sulks;
But place him amongst fragrant flowers,
That pensive brow no longer lowers;
The heart in prison-yard that hardens
Will melt like wax in sunny gardens.

Blest work! with Nature's sweets and balms
To change poor wolves to harmless lambs!
Aid it, ye tender-hearted Delias!
Send Sykes a bouquet of camelias,
And sure some pitying Caroline
Will Sheppard's name with roses twine,
And with them, if her heart be true,
Send him a cigarette or two.
Thus, with a butt of stout from Jebb,
Lest strength should fail, or mirth should ebb,
And a few Bibles clasped with gold
(Such as at Bagster's shop are sold),

The dungeon might be made a nice
Retreat for persecuted vice,
Till Eden's seat be found,—and then
Transporting should begin again.
—*Examiner.* M. W. S.

WHEN I GET THE TIN.

A LYRIC OF TON.

I MEAN to go to Ascot
Upon the Gold-cup day;
I'll sport a steed of gallant breed,
A chestnut or bright bay;
Unless I join Sir Henry's set
(He said he'd take me in),
And to the stand drive four in hand,
Mum!—when I get the tin!

I'll ogle all the ladies,
And many a smiling eye,
From the grand stand, will light love's brand
And look me sigh for sigh!
I'll bet against the favorite
(The second's sure to win);
With smiles and nods I'll take the odds,
Humph!—when I get the tin!

Some club of notoriety
Must have me for a member;
Where I may dine, and sip my wine,
In the dog-days, or November;
Address my card—have letters left—
When Town begins to thin;
And I resort to shoot and sport,
Humph!—when I get the tin!

An opera-box I'll occupy,
Where eyes and diamonds gleaming,
On a court night, make earth seem bright
As the heaven of poets' dreaming!
I'll visit *soirée*, ball, and rout,
My day with night begin;—
Outshine them all at masque and ball,
That's—when I get the tin!

To some fair creature I'll propose
(Love's flame—why should I smother?)
With rosy blush, my fears she'll brush,
And sigh, "Go ask my mother!"
Objections will at first be raised,—
She pines, grows pale and thin,
Papa relents—mamma consents,
And so—I get the tin!

And, when installed in wealth and ease,
I'll live on my estate;
No duns shall come, like sound of drum,
To thunder at my gate;
My gray goose-quill I'll throw aside
That now my way must win,
For ah! I've sworn to write no more,
When once I get the tin!

—*Punch.*

THE LIVING AGE.

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CHARLES THE FIFTH'S SONG IN HIS COFFIN.*

FROM THE DANISH OF B. S. INGEMANN.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

THE passing-bell, ding dong! ding dong!
 Hark! calls me to the dead.
 Let me, 'midst prayers and holy song,
 Now sleep that sleep, so deep, so long,
 Upon this soft, smooth bed!
 The passing-bell, ding dong! ding dong!
 Hark! calls me to the dead.
 A king I was but late—a strong,
 A mighty empire's head;
 The world too small with its countless throng,
 And now a coffin is too long!
 The passing-bell, ding dong! ding dong!
 Hark! calls me to the dead.

Hush! hush! Ah! softer, softer yet;
 Disturb my dreams no more.
 Hush! let me sleep in peace, and let
 Me now all earthly things forget,
 And the crown I lately wore.
 Hush! hush! Ah! softer, softer yet;
 Disturb my dreams no more.
 Let now my name aside be set,
 And flattery's words be o'er.
 Behold! a corpse I lie, though yet
 The gates of heaven I have not met.
 Hush! hush! Ah! softer, softer yet;
 Disturb my dreams no more.

Hasten, hasten, onwards bear
 Me now to calm repose.
 Haste, let my weary bones rest there,
 Within that vaulted chamber, where
 Yon lamp sepulchral glows.
 Hasten, hasten, onwards bear
 Me now to calm repose.
 Take back the crown 'twas mine to wear,
 So laden with all human woes;
 That crown I may no longer bear—
 'Tis bloody! Ah! then cleanse it fair;
 And hasten, hasten, onwards bear
 Me now to calm repose.

* It is well known that Charles V., one of the greatest monarchs of Europe, tired of ambition, and of the overwhelming cares of his extensive government, retired, towards the close of his life, to the monastery of St. Justus, where he not only abjured all the luxuries of his elevated station, but subjected himself to many severe penances. "To display his zeal and merit the favor of Heaven," says Robertson, in his Life of Charles, "he fixed on an act as wild and uncommon as any that superstition ever suggested to a weak and disordered fancy. He resolved to celebrate his own obsequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery. His domestics marched thither in funeral procession, with black tapers in their hands. He himself followed in his shroud. He was laid in his coffin with much solemnity. The service for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined in the prayers that were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral. The ceremony closed with sprinkling holy water on the coffin in the usual form, and all the assistants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut. Then Charles rose out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of those awful sentiments which such a singular solemnity was calculated to inspire."

Hush! hush! Ah! grant me rest,
 Grant me rest within the grave.
 Never was my spirit blest;
 Never to my bosom rest
 The gnawing worm yet gave.
 Hush! hush! Ah! grant me rest,
 Grant me rest within the grave.
 The worm alone is the constant guest
 Of the king as of the slave.
 Ay, ever does the worm infest
 And prey upon the human breast.
 Hush! hush! Ah! grant me rest,
 Grant me rest within the grave.

Hither, hither, come, ye mighty,
 To this fir-wood chest;
 Hither come, and ye shall see
 Him whom, among the great like ye,
 The world called greatest, best.
 Hither, hither, come, ye mighty,
 To this fir-wood chest.
 He who wielded sceptres three,
 He who could so easy wrest
 Kingdoms from the mightiest, he
 Now fights—alas! that it should be!—
 Now fights with loathsome reptiles, see!
 Within this narrow chest.

The passing-bell, ding dong! ding dong!
 Let peace be with the dead.
 Let him, 'midst prayers and holy song,
 Now sleep that sleep, so deep, so long,
 Upon this soft, smooth bed.
 The passing-bell, ding dong! ding dong!
 Let peace be with the dead.
 A king he was but late—a strong,
 A mighty empire's head;
 The world too small with its countless throng,
 And now a coffin is too long.
 The passing-bell, ding dong! ding dong!
 Let peace be with the dead!

—New Monthly Magazine.

SUDDEN LIGHT.

I HAVE been here before,
 Though when or how I cannot tell;
 I know the path beyond the door,
 The sweet fresh smell,
 The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before,
 How long ago I do not know;
 But just when, at that swallow's soar,
 Your neck turned so,
 Some veil did fall, I knew it all of yore.

Before may be again:
 Oh! press my eyes into your neck.
 Shall we not be forever lain
 Thus for Love's sake,
 And sleep, and wake, yet never break the chain.
 D. G. ROSSWORTH.

LITTLE FLAGGS—THE ALMSHOUSE FOUNDLING.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE HEROINE IS INTRODUCED.

ONE gentle summer evening, hushed and starry, with a faint breeze whispering abroad, like the breathing of a quiet sleeper, an infant lay slumbering on the bare flags of an almshouse hall. Peacefully it slept all through the night, with the stars shining down on it through the grated windows that pierced the walls. Heavily drugged with laudanum as it had been, the child was as motionless and noiseless as if dead. The moon rose and set, the stars paled in the light of the coming day; the sparrows twittered and fluttered on the house-top, and still it awoke not. Bright floods of golden light shone down as the sun burst out in purple glory—the loud bell of the house proclaimed that all should be up and stirring who were able—the heavy foot of the porter sounded loudly on the hall flags—yet softly as ever came the faint breath of the slumbering infant—no start—no cry, but an even sleep, that apparently defied all waking.

Joe Bennett, the porter, who thus early proceeded on his round of duty, was a somewhat taciturn individual, never having completely recovered the effects of a fit of derangement which seized him on the sudden death of his wife, about six years since, and he was now filling a situation in the Tilby almshouse which did not require particular brightness of intellect. His business it was to lock and bar the doors every night, and to unlock and unbar them every morning. He was scrupulous in the performance of his duties; yet not devoid of a tendency to grumble, if required to unlock or unbar at unwonted hours. He had been a "scholar," and was still much addicted to arithmetic and making up accounts. He had a large appetite; and was more animated on the subject of a good dinner than upon any other. He thought of no world beyond the almshouse, and it was well. On discovering the sleeping child in the hall, he uttered no exclamation, but a frown gathered over his brow as he stooped to lift it. Still motionless, the infant was borne by him to Mrs. Wynne, the matron of the almshouse, who

had just made her appearance in the general yard, where the paupers were beginning to creep about, and shake off the stupor of the past night. Mrs. Wynne was a wife and mother; but that did not make her regard babies generally with an eye of leniency. The novelty of them had all worn off; she only looked upon them in the abstract now, as so many shrieking, senseless, troublesome little creatures—happier for themselves and every one else if they were dead than living. Of course, her own children were not included in this category; it was only the infants of other people whom she considered altogether *de trop*. She was a smart little woman, of sallow color, with a sharp voice, a piercing black eye, and strongly marked features, and, according to her own account, a great sufferer from toothache, which necessitated a frequent application to the gums of gin and other warm cordials; so that sometimes even early in the morning she carried about her a surprising odor of spirituous liquors. Once or twice of late she had met with unhappy accidents, in falling down-stairs and over chairs in the parlor, which she attributed to vertigo; but Mr. Wynne did not choose to call in the aid of any medical adviser. The good woman complained bitterly of the troublesome qualities of the household under her charge: its members were dirty, lazy, thankless creatures—they made her sick—they gave her toothache, and consequent vertigo; they failed to be happy and sweet-tempered, though graciously permitted to wander round a large paved yard, surrounded by walls of extraordinary height and thickness, and allowed to indulge in wholesome porridge day after day, and evening after evening, for breakfast and supper. "But those low class of people never *have* any gratitude," were words continually on the matron's tongue. "I don't know what paupers were made for, if it isn't to torment other folk." This asylum for the poor at Tilby was a private institution, not under the rule of government, nor connected in any way with the parish workhouses; it was founded many years back by an ancient family in the county; and though many abuses

had crept in, as regarded the carrying out of certain rules, since the first years of its foundation, it was still, in some points, superior to the general run of almshouses. It was a large establishment, being a house of industry for such as were able to work, besides being an asylum for cripples, idiots, and the very aged, who were past all labor. Its laws were regulated by a few of the leading gentlemen of the neighborhood, who assembled on a certain day of each month to listen to complaints, to admit or discharge inmates, and to hear what David Wynne, the master, had to say upon any subject. These board-days were always momentous to every one connected with the establishment. Wynne assumed greater importance than ever upon these occasions; he was cleaner, better dressed, more tyrannical, in going his rounds over the wards and yards; yet suave, withal, in the presence of the gentlemen of the Board. How many a wretched pauper entertained hopes of seeing some of these authorities, who were superior to the master, on some coming board-day, and telling his or her little tale of wrongs or sorrows, apart from the master's ear—ay, or mayhap, before his very face. Oh, vain thought! How could they dare to come boldly forth, dressed in their gray garments, marked with the pauper's badge, and utter complaints to those shiningly dressed gentlemen, booted and spurred, so grand and dainty, who now and then came out with Jacob Wynne to see the inmates walking in their yards, or to watch the looms and spinning-machines at work in the industrial apartments? Ah, no, they must, one and all, touch their caps, or courtesy humbly before these great folk, and answer, that they were all satisfied to the utmost—they had nothing more to wish for than what they received; while, all the time, more than one could have shaken their clenched hands in Wynne's face, and uttered dreadful things, had they dared. There was much of envying, strife, malice, among these paupers. Neither superiors nor inferiors were blameless. Almost any one of the inmates elevated to Wynne's position would have grown as proud and overbearing as himself—and then, how they regarded each other with jealousy! If the master gave a piece of tobacco to old Tim Phipps, or a pair of woollen socks, to ward off rheumatism in his limbs, how darkly old

Paul Watts looked upon the gifts; or if Mrs. Wynne sent a bowl of tea from her own breakfast-table to Suky Sparrow, did not a host of other old women regard Suky with envy and anger? Neither prosperity nor privation had a softening influence in this establishment, more than in any other, upon the characters of those connected with it. Master and servant were alike prone to evil—the children of wrath. Joe Bennett, the porter, never was afraid of anybody now; he used to be nervous and easily intimidated before his derangement, but never since it. Scoldings, praises, threats, made little impression on him of late years. His feelings had become blunted; therefore, he marched straight up to Mrs. Wynne, with his unwelcome burden, quite coolly.

"What! a foundling!" was the matron's angry exclamation on beholding the infant. "You stupid creature, have you allowed yourself to be outwitted in this way?"

"It came last night," said Joe, carelessly; "it wasn't no fault of mine."

"Fault of yours, indeed! It flew through the keyhole, or maybe down the chimney!" said Mrs. Wynne, ironically.

"I don't say that—hands must have left it in the hall—'twas there I got it."

"A nice piece of business, indeed; and Mr. Lipwell complaining already of the number of useless paupers in the house; and no sign of anybody going out—nothing but inmates coming in. I hope it may soon be removed from this world of trouble, like the three last foundlings that came. It would be a mercy if it was. Let me see what it's like." And the matron relieved Joe of his burden. "Ay, indeed," she continued, in a lower tone, as she looked upon the placid face of the little sleeper, "a mercy, surely—and yet it's a pretty baby too—ugh! it's enough to disgust one—the wickedness of the world! People abandoning their children in this unnatural way, and forcing them on other folks' care!"

But Joe had walked away by this time to unbar more doors, and Mrs. Wynne stood alone with the child in her arms.

"It's about six or eight months old," she soliloquized, measuring the tiny form with a practised eye; "and hasn't been ill-fed either." And she grasped the soft arms, and touched the round cheeks, trying to persuade herself that she must hate the baby,

while her heart was melting towards it all the while. But this was weak. She must combat the desire to be merciful and tender. She must not permit herself to succumb to any humane feeling about an infant thrust upon the almshouse in such an underhand, unprincipled manner. One of the foundation rules of this asylum for the poor at Tilby was, that no child, under the age of seven years, left inside its walls, and abandoned there, was to be turned out by the authorities, unless its parents were discovered; and although this enactment was strictly adhered to, yet care was taken that such a thing should occur as seldom as possible. The original design of the benevolent individual who founded the establishment was, no doubt, to benefit the suffering and unfortunate poor to the best of his ability; and by this means to prevent infanticide as far as lay in his power. But as years passed by, and careless people took the management of affairs, economy as regarded the household expenditure seemed the principal considerations attended to. The strictest watch was ordered to be kept to prevent the possibility of access to forsaken children; and if one, by chance, gained admittance, great wrath was kindled among the authorities. Very few had of late years been intruded on the asylum—thanks to the porter's undeviating care; and as those few had died before attaining the age of three years, there was not at present a foundling under the roof, except the poor little intruder just arrived. This child was consigned by Mrs. Wynne to the care of old Suky Sparrow, an individual who in former years had earned her living as nurse and children's attendant, but was now superannuated, though considered well enough able to attend to a pauper infant; and having thus relieved herself of it, the matron went off to communicate the fact of its arrival to her husband.

CHAPTER II.

DAVID WYNNE.

DAVID WYNNE was about forty-six years of age, five feet ten inches in height, of stout frame and florid complexion; his features might have been considered handsome, and he had altogether an air of dignity and importance. He had formerly been head butler in the establishment of Mr. Lipwell, of Larch Grove, and through the interest of

that gentleman had obtained his present situation as master of the Tilby House of Industry, by which he received an income of fifty pounds a year, with coals and candles gratis, and sundry other perquisites. He had, at this time, three little daughters, whom both he and his wife were determined should receive the education of ladies. In short, nothing could exceed his pomp and pride, except, perhaps, the violence of his temper—especially when he drank hard, which he did pretty often. He was a clever man in his way; could write long and fluent letters, containing few words of bad spelling; used romantic expressions with his pen, but rarely with his lips, being rather coarse of speech, and somewhat of a blasphemer. He had always been regarded as honest in money matters; never having been known to appropriate unlawfully gold or silver intrusted to his care, or done anything that could ruin his character in the eyes of the world; but he had his own secrets, as well as the secrets of others, buried deep—very deep in his heart. He had been guilty of acts, which, even if openly known, might perhaps have been regarded leniently by the world at large, but which must, nevertheless, look dark enough on the day when the secrets of all souls will be questioned before the Eternal Throne. His great influence at Larch Grove gave him much importance in the eyes of the Tilby people. Mr. Lipwell being the descendant of the original founder of the almshouse, was one of the chief committee-men who managed its affairs on the monthly board-days; and Wynne had rarely reason to fear any strictures made by this gentleman on his conduct as master of the asylum, owing to the fact, perhaps, that David had upon more than one occasion made himself particularly useful to his patron, even since he quitted the service at Larch Grove—not to speak of sundry little private transactions which he cleverly effected while filling the office of butler in his employment. Some unpleasant occurrences had lately taken place at Larch Grove, with regard to a governess who was dismissed the house somewhat suddenly, in disgrace, people said; Mr. Lipwell's only son being in a certain degree mixed up with the affair, and Wynne was concerned in it also. But not much was known about the matter at Tilby, as it was hushed up considerably; and Larch Grove being seven miles from the

good little country town, where the Lipwells were too grand to visit anybody, and only appeared now and then driving through its narrow streets, either in a shining barouche and pair, or still more awe-inspiring epach-and-four, the doings at the Grove were nearly out of reach of general gossip.

Young Lipwell, however, was pretty well known at Tilby as a dissipated character, and he was occasionally observed standing in the doorway of the principal hotel there, smoking cigars, or drinking brandy in the interior with men of inferior rank. It used to grieve David Wynne very much, he said, to see Mr. Oliver thus lowering himself; he, who would one day be the head of the family, the possessor of all the fine estate of Larch Grove; for David had a great respect for pedigree and hereditary grandeur, especially in connection with the Lipwell family. Never would he forget the pleasant days he spent at Larch Grove; first, as pantry-boy, at the age of fifteen, under the rule of a fine old butler, with silver hair, who taught him how to clean plate and drink the bottoms of the wine-bottles, and partake of the remnants of the daily dessert after the family dinner. That was a fine old man that taught him many useful things; and when he died, David stepped into his shoes, and won the favor of his master, the father of the present proprietor of Larch Grove; who, fine and worthy as the present proprietor might be considered, was still a more excellent and generous man than his son, in the same way that Mr. Oliver, was inferior to his father. There was evidently a tendency to degenerate in the Larch Grove family; and probably, the ancestors who first settled at the Grove, were little short of perfection.

An oath escaped Wynne when his wife informed him, that a foundling had been discovered in the outer hall that morning.

"How did that happen?" he demanded fiercely, apparently considering that Mrs. Wynne was responsible for the misfortune, as she was the first to bring him the unwelcome intelligence.

"Goodness knows. We must make inquiries. Joe says he wasn't five minutes from the door at any time of the evening till ten o'clock. Do you remember the strange woman that came with a large basket, to ask if there was a person called Dobbs in the house?"

"Psha! That woman was selling onions; she knew nothing of the child," returned Wynne, sharply.

"I don't say she did, but people must guess at something. I hate those market-days, they always bring such strollers about the house."

"We can't help that; we must only look sharp and vigilant that we're not imposed upon. I'll give Joe a sound rating, I know, with his figuring and nonsense."

"There wouldn't be the least use in scolding poor Joe," said Mrs. Wynne, shaking her head; "he's past taking blame to heart; all we can do now is to make the best of the business, and try to find out who abandoned the infant."

"What will Mr. Lipwell say, when he knows we've been so careless?"

"Ah! What is it to him, or to you either, for that matter? It's only women that knows the torment of children;" and thus the matron cut the matter short, by growing smart and irritated herself, when she observed a tendency to become unreasonable on the part of her spouse. It had always been Mrs. Wynne's determination since she married, never to be "put down" by her husband; and perhaps she was the only person in his own grade of life whom David was at all afraid of, or who could call him to order when he was growing violent or restive. It would have been, perhaps, more dutiful, according to some ideas on the subject, had she meekly allowed him to burst out into furies and endanger her life, or at least her health, by his ill-temper and passion. But upon this we will not comment; she took her own method of keeping him reasonable, and we will not quarrel with it.

It was vain to endeavor to discover who the person or persons were who abandoned the miserable child at the almshouse. Various suggestions and surmises were offered by different people respecting it. An ill-faced man, with a dark bundle under his arm, had been known to call on the previous evening at the asylum, and he had asked to see the master on particular business, but had not waited till Mr. Wynne appeared to him. A woman with a ragged cloak and shaggy hair, had been observed often during the previous day, wandering up and down in front of the almshouse, with the air of one demented. Two suspicious-looking girls

were remembered to have brought a pack of goods, as pedlers, to the house in the afternoon, and to have given Joe Bennett some impertinence for wishing to send them away. And, lastly, a couple of itinerant ballad-singers had insisted upon singing, against all threats of sending for the constable, a variety of songs before the door, greatly to the disgust of the unhappy porter. Whether any of these individuals was the culprit guilty of leaving the child in the workhouse hall, could not, of course, be determined upon. David Wynne rejected all proffered suggestions on the subject with extreme contempt, merely observing that if he had the mother of the infant in his power, he would soon let her know his opinion of her crime. O poor mother, resting in your strange grave, where grass-blade or daisy-blossom could never rear themselves to the summer sky above you—were you not beyond the reach of human wrath—waiting for the sound of the last trumpet, to summon the innocent and the guilty to judgment—the murdered and the murderer?

CHAPTER III.

THE FOUNDLING RECEIVES HER NAME.

SUKY SPARROW, like most of the almshouse inmates, was a silent, uncommunicative woman, bordering on sixty years, tall, gaunt, and upright, with a tendency to imagine herself afflicted with every ailment that was mentioned in her presence, and a head always "splitting," to use her own phrase. She was, therefore, fond of strong tea, which she stewed occasionally either in a saucepan or teapot over a slow fire, thus producing a very black, bitter beverage of poisonous flavor. Also, like most of the almshouse inmates, she was greatly addicted to grumbling, and thinking herself worse treated than anybody else.

When the baby intruder was committed to her care, she felt at first very angry, feeling that she had no more right to look after it than Jenny Tompkins or any other woman in the asylum; but she cooled down about it quickly enough; and an attentive observer, had there existed any such individual, might have become aware that her spirits seemed better, her grumbling fits less frequent, and her head not so subject to "split," as it was previous to her getting some employment of an active kind. The child was what *connois-*

seurs in the matter would have called a fine one; its clothes though scanty, were not of coarse texture, rather the reverse, the lace round its cap being found to be real, by one or two female inmates, judges of such matters, though it was worn and soiled; and the tiny red shoe with which one foot was encased was of a fine make, though likewise bearing traces of neglect. These facts, however, proved nothing remarkable.

Mrs. Wynne merely looked upon them as showing that the infant might have belonged to a mother who stole or begged its articles of clothing. All unconscious of its miserable fate, the foundling thrived well, and Suky Sparrow grew fonder of it every day. It was a remarkably quiet child, rarely crying or screaming, and often smiling in such a pretty way that everybody grew to tolerate it by degrees, though at first Suky met with many rebuffs in consequence of it, especially from the cook and kitchen-maids, when she appeared at irregular hours to claim a portion of the great kitchen fire for the tiny saucepan allotted to the infant's use. How often did the old woman hear wishes expressed that she and the child were both at Jericho! But she never allowed herself to be exasperated by taunts or abuse. Up and down the great yard she walked, day after day, bearing her poor little burden; her coarse-checked apron thrown over its head to shade it from the burning rays of the sun, thinking, perhaps, as she went thus to and fro, of the many men and women now out upon the world, battling on the great field of life, whom she had thus borne in her arms, twenty, thirty, ay, forty years ago.

"And maybe there's many a curious thing to happen this little one," she thought; "who knows? Only as it's a girl there's not much chance of any great rise for it, except in the way of a marriage; for the men take care that women sha'n't get much wages for anything they do. They're helpless—and so let them stay helpless—a pretty girl may chance to better herself, if she'll choose to marry for it; but God help the ugly ones, 'cause the men don't like them!"

Suky had a great many strange notions on different subjects. Like most of her class, she had seen a great deal of life in different spheres; and she could tell many a curious tale of fact, which would make your hair stand on end. If you could have only caught

hold of her, as she sat over her stewed how you would have been astonished at narratives!

"D'ye see that child?" she said to the cook, Mrs. Blackly, one day. "Well, she is the oddest creature, in some ways, ever I beheld—she can't a-bear the sight of the big knife that you have for cutting up the meat. I tried her several times, and she screeches mad at it."

"Lawks, now, is that true? Come here, baby, look at this pretty toy," and the cook showed up the large knife in question; and, truly enough, the child uttered a terrified cry, clinging to Suky with a grasp of fright.

"There, now; didn't I tell you?" said Suky, shaking her head.

"Maybe she'd cry at anything," observed Mrs. Blackly, now holding up a teacup for the young lady's inspection; but here the child stretched forth her hand, smilingly, with an evident inclination to receive the teacup. Several other articles were then offered to her, and she appeared to like them all highly; particularly an empty canister, very polished and bright. After some time, the large knife was again brought before her notice, and with the same result as before—a violent shrieking ensued, and a hiding of her face on Suky's shoulder.

"Well, it's odd," said Mrs. Blackly.

"Ay," returned Suky; "but depend upon it there's a reason for it; it's one of them odd things in the world that people can never come to the bottom of, let them be ever so knowledgeable."

"Do you think she ever cut herself with such a knife as that?" asked Mrs. Blackly, musingly.

"Oh, God knows; it's one of them things I wouldn't like to think too much about. There, put the knife out of sight." So the obnoxious weapon was placed in a less conspicuous spot, and the child regained her composure, playing with her canister, to which was added a tin pepper-box, with evident satisfaction.

When the next board-day came round—subsequent to the foundling's arrival at the almshouse, David Wynne was rather concerned—fearing Mr. Lipwell's displeasure at what might appear carelessness on the part of his subordinates, in permitting such a thing to have occurred; but things passed

At the

Park. They had that day to arrange ball, and their other affairs than None of them were one was unmarried—a serious matter to the tlemen of any age and crepitude; and they were with the coming gayety, of how the town-hall should up for the occasion—what etc., should be employed, who bled at the House of Industry.

"How do you do, Wynne?" well, courteously, as he met the board-room—a very small apartment furnished simply with half a dozen chairs, a large desk, and an old bookcase. He was a gentlemanly person, about fifty-six, with hair only iron-gray—not actually handsome, sufficiently good-looking to excuse the attention to his dress which he displayed upon occasions. Whose boots were always well-fitting—whose coat so elegantly cut, as those of John Lipwell, of Larch Grove? He was at this time the husband of a second wife—a beautiful young woman of eight-and-twenty; who had brought him two little daughters, now respectively aged five and six years—his son Oliver, at present aged twenty-seven, having been the only offspring of his first marriage.

"Very well, thank you, sir," said Wynne, in answer to his patron's salutation; and then he acknowledged the more distant greetings of Sir Thomas Combely and Mr. Goldie.

"Anything particular to-day? All going on right?" resumed Mr. Lipwell.

"Pretty fair, sir. Old Phipps has taken the fits again—nearly off, sir; and Bob Perkins had to be removed to the strong cell, he became so outrageous. Jane Huggins and Mary Barton have applied to go out for the harvest work—a-hem."

"That's all, I suppose?"

"Well, no, sir, not exactly all. We've another little matter on hands. That poor

stupid fellow, Joe Bennett, neglected his watch about a fortnight ago; and so—when—a foundling was left in the hall—I was very much put out about it.”

“Boy or girl?”

“Girl, sir.”

“What age?”

“About eight months, or thereabouts.”

“Has it been enrolled on the list of paupers?”

“No, sir, not yet: we didn’t know what name to give it.”

“Come, Goldie, what name shall we say for the child?” demanded Mr. Lipwell.

“The last one was called Hall, gentlemen,” suggested Wynne.

“Well, and why shouldn’t this one be named likewise?”

“Let it be Flagg,” said Mr. Goldie; “we may as well have some variety.”

“But little Hall is dead,” said Wynne; “there isn’t a foundling on the premises but this one.”

“Put it down as Hall Flagg,” said Mr. Lipwell, jocularly; “that will do for Christian and surname.”

“But for a girl, sir, it mightn’t answer so well. Suppose we’d say Mary Flagg, or Jane, or Betsy, or some such common female name,” said Wynne, hesitatingly.

“Oh, anything you like,” said his patron, “only don’t keep us all day about it.”

“Write down Mary Flagg,” said Sir Thomas Combely.

“Very good, sir,” said David, taking up a pen, and opening the large book on the desk.

“How shall I spell the surname?”

“Put two gs in it,” said Mr. Goldie; “that will make it look respectable.”

“And now, Wynne, look sharply about you, that these sort of things do not occur again,” observed Mr. Lipwell; “the expenses of the house have rather exceeded the usual rate for the last six months.”

“I know it, sir,” returned Wynne; “but it’s owing to the numbers in, and the invalids—we had a great lay out for wine and chickens, and the like, for the sick wards in winter.”

Having trimmed his pen, and got his hand into writing order, David, thereupon, with somewhat of a flourish, noted down the young stranger on the pauper list, as “Mary Flaggs, female child, aged eight months. Parents and birthplace unknown.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE GOVERNESS AT LARCH GROVE.

OLIVER LIPWELL, who, we have already told the reader, was pretty frequently seen at Tilby, standing in the door of the Combely Arms Hotel, was a young man who had never been a favorite with his father since early boyhood. Like many gay men, who have married early in life, Mr. Lipwell may have looked with some little jealousy upon a son who was a grown-up, fine young man, while he himself was scarcely more than forty. Very prepossessing in appearance, young Lipwell was, nevertheless, weak-minded and dull of intellect. At school, he never could learn his lessons, or conduct himself with becoming deference to the rules of the master. He hated books of every description, including all sorts of novels, as well those of heavier character. He was a wonderful athlete—strongly formed, tall and robust, with the air of a prince, and a soul scarcely more elevated than that of one of his father’s grooms. He had been left motherless very early in life. Since seven years old he scarcely knew what it was to be treated with affection or kindness. Larch Grove was a dim old place, grand in wood and water, yet lonely as a tomb. The family generally went up to London every spring for a month or two; but Oliver, or “Master Nol,” as the tenants still called him, never cared for these migrations to town. He neither loved music nor dancing—the opera gave him no pleasure; he hated balls as much as he hated books. Every refinement of society was distasteful to him; so he preferred to remain in the country, where his companions were nearly always of inferior rank. He liked hunting and horse-racing, and spent miraculous sums of money, though always seeming out at elbows, and being frequently in debt, notwithstanding that his father gave him a handsome allowance; for Mr. Lipwell had never been known to do anything shabby; and though he despised his son for his low tastes and habits, he never stinted him in money. Occasionally, however, the young man was afraid to disclose the unreasonable extent of his debts and difficulties; and then, he was obliged to obtain money as he best could. Mr. Lipwell had long wished that his son would marry some woman of rank and strong intellect; he did not care so much for a large fortune as for good birth; for the

Lipwells were notorious for pride from generation to generation. Indeed, Master Nol was the only one of the name who, for years, had been known to be wanting in this grand family attribute. Yes, if Oliver would seek to obtain the hand of a lady of rank and good sense, his father would be quite satisfied. Oliver was a fool—there was no mincing the matter; and so he must look out for a wise wife—a woman who would lead him, and direct him, and elevate his views. But the young man said he hated women. He never knew what to say to them; and it was his belief that he never would marry at all. In the mean time, Mr. Lipwell himself took a second wife—a penniless young woman, of high birth and great beauty, whose family had long been in difficulties, and she was glad enough to accept the proprietor of Larch Grove, even though the property was encumbered by an elder son, and she could scarcely hope that a child of her own might inherit it.

When her elder girl was five years old a nursery governess had been engaged to attend it. A young woman, an orphan, without a near relative in the wide world, undertook to look after the two children for the moderate sum of twenty pounds a year, and was duly installed as governess at the Grove. She was not remarkably pretty, but interesting in appearance, and of gentle demeanor. Mrs. Lipwell for some time was completely satisfied with her; but by and by misgivings arose in her mind that her step-son was paying the girl too much attention.

Oliver Lipwell had never been what is termed a lady's man; he felt a sort of inferiority and humility in the presence of well-educated, elegant women of his own class; and it was not strange, that he should attach himself at last to a girl of humble position, in whose company he could feel at ease. Miss Price's father had been a clergyman, long deceased, and from her sixth year she had been reared upon charitable resources. The Bereft Orphans' Home had sent her forth, at the age of eighteen, to earn her bread as a teacher, with ten pounds in her pocket, and a well-arranged stock of clothes, to begin life with. At first, she obtained a situation as under-governess in a ladies' school, where she acquitted herself for a year and a half to the satisfaction of the Misses Simpkins; but on finding that

the duty here was too much for her, she was glad to leave the academy, and undertake the care of the little children at Larch Grove. Trained in habits of great regularity and primness—never permitted to read a novel, or know much of the general wickedness of the world, the girl was rather ignorant and simple in many ways. She knew, of course, that there existed such things as bad men and women, but she never thought that deceit and hypocrisy, falsehoods and stratagems, were so common as they unfortunately are, even among the so-called enlightened classes. Of these things she dreamed not herself, and she was slow to suspect them in others. Treated kindly, but not tenderly, in the Orphans' Home; treated sharply, but not cruelly, at Miss Simpkins's school, she arrived at Larch Grove prepared to endure all treatment meekly.

The place was a fine one; there were lonely walks, and beautiful deer, and noble old trees, and everything to suit a naturally romantic taste; and she soon found that she could be very happy with that elegant lady, Mrs. Lipwell, who never said an uncourteous word to her—nor a very kind one; but that was of no consequence to the quiet little governess, who only looked for peace. Mr. Lipwell scarcely took any notice at all of her, and for some time her life glided smoothly along. The first occurrence which awoke the slightest suspicion in her employer's mind of her possessing any attraction for the young man in the house, was a simple one; but it set her thinking, and on the *qui vive* for other symptoms. Miss Price had been requested by her to hand a very weighty volume from a distant part of the drawing-room, and with a politeness quite unusual to him, Oliver volunteered to bear the heavy burden, thus saving the delicate little governess from the trouble.

All at once Mrs. Lipwell grew alarmed; she commenced to examine the girl's features, and was forced to admit that they were by no means plain. She was herself a remarkably handsome woman—tall and stately, with a fair complexion and auburn hair; and, naturally enough, she fancied her own type of beauty the only one worth admiring; it had never occurred to her, that there was anything particularly charming in Miss Price's diminutive style of face and figure. Yet now—she suddenly felt that she might

be attractive. Was not her complexion clear and pure—her dark hair glossy—her head prettily formed, and her waist the smallest ever seen? Yes, Mrs. Lipwell knew well, that very large men always admired very little women; and therefore, she must watch. Her step-son was certainly oftener at home now than ever before; he sat, too, in the drawing-room in evenings, when his little sisters came there with their governess after dinner. Twice he placed a chair for Miss Price near the fire; once he brought her music-book to the piano from the music-stand; once, also, he had stood behind her while she was singing. It was all very alarming; yet, what would the shrewd lady have said had she known what was going on behind the scenes? Were there not pretty walks round the ponds in the demense, where these young people had learned to saunter and converse; and had not Oliver told the governess here one mild autumn evening, that he thought her the sweetest, prettiest girl in the world? Yes, Mrs. Lipwell, it was so; and the best thing you could have done would have been to send away the little governess altogether, without waiting for any further drawing-room evidences of her attractive qualities; but Miss Price was precious to her employer as an attendant for her children—nobody could get them to learn, or amuse them like her. It was very hard that she should be obliged to think of parting with her.

The autumn and winter passed away, and then came the spring, and the moving up to town. The Lipwells left Larch Grove as usual to occupy their handsome house in Portman Square. The family and *suite* went, as announced in the *Tilby Guardian*; and greatly to Mrs. Lipwell's annoyance, her step-son went also, instead of staying behind as in former seasons. Miss Price enjoyed the variety of going up to London with all her heart. She had never been in the great city before; and now its shops, its crowds, its rush and confusion, delighted her. She, poor girl, of course, entered into no actual gayety—the balls and opera were not for her; but she was allowed to drive in the park with the children, and then she had her admirer in the son of her employer. To her there appeared no harm in this. If he thought her pretty, and told her so, who could help it? It was not in human nature

for an ignorant, unsophisticated girl to resist the temptation of feeling flattered at becoming an object of attraction to a person so much her superior in rank as he was. Now, if she had been allowed to read novels, perhaps she might have known by this time that there was considerable danger and impropriety in a young woman of her position allowing a person of his standing and expectations to make love to her; but her instinct did not teach her this, though it taught her that she must not let Mr. or Mrs. Lipwell know anything of it. Flattered vanity merged at length into a deeper feeling. Oliver won her heart completely, and very proud he felt of his conquest. One delicate, refined girl, with the aspect of a gentlewoman, had, at length, confessed that she loved him. Well, he did not hate women after all. But what was to be the end of this love affair? Could he dream of marrying a governess—a girl reared on charity—a friendless young person cast on the world to earn her bread almost like a menial? How he answered the question to his own heart we are not at liberty to tell yet.

CHAPTER V.

MISS PRICE ON HER TRAVELS.

THE Lipwell *suite* at Portman Square began to have their eye upon Mr. Oliver and Miss Price, and there was gossip about them in the kitchen department. The lady's maid said what she thought to the valet, and the valet reported his impressions to the butler, who, in turn made them known to the cook and housemaids, until every one down-stairs was on the alert. While all the time, neither master nor mistress were told anything remarkable. All servants combine in a general wish, to outwit their immediate employers; they are nearly always in league against the people whose wages they receive. Miss Price was too unassuming, too humble, to excite the wrath of any domestic, male or female, among the whole *suite*. The lady's maid thought herself much the handsomer young woman of the two, and better dressed, also; and she had her lovers everywhere—the chief butler at Tilby was one of them, and Lord Blasé's own man was another; and she was not going to quarrel with Master Nol for taking a fancy to that poor, miserable little creature, who always looked as if she had been ill-treated and starved in her childhood

—of course it was only a little bit of a pastime on the young gentleman's part, and would die out soon enough; and there was no use in saying anything to Mrs. Lipwell about it. If Mr. Oliver chose to say he was going to dine with a friend and could not accompany his parents to wherever they meant to spend their evening—what matter was it to anybody if he never went out at all, but sat all the evening in the drawing-room, listening to Miss Price sing or play the piano? Nobody was going to tell tales as yet. And so the season in London to Miss Price was just as pleasant as it was to any *belle* going on her first round of gayety in the great world.

One morning she asked leave of Mrs. Lipwell to go out shopping for an hour, after the nursery breakfast, and received permission to do so. It might have been observed that she had a hurried, nervous air in making this request.

"Will you take Timmins with you to show you the best shops?" asked Mrs. Lipwell.

"Oh, thank you, no," said Miss Price; "I think I know very well where to go—I don't want anything of much consequence."

"But, will you find your way alone?"

"I think—I am sure I will—I won't be longer than an hour away."

And she went up-stairs to put on her bonnet. It was just a simple straw bonnet, trimmed with a dark ribbon, but the face it shaded looked remarkably pretty that day—a little agitated in expression, perhaps, and paler than ever—but with eyes shining brightly, and a look of sentiment in the whole countenance more striking than usual. What was it to her how she was dressed that fresh summer morning? Other young women in her circumstances might have thought of their attire, and wished it to be something gayer than that sombre cashmere gown—that white-and-brown shawl—those gray silk gloves; but would not a time come when she should be dressed as fine as the best lady in London? Poor girl! she thought it would.

The shopping did not consist of many purchases; in fact, to tell the truth, it consisted of buying a skein of black silk, and, perhaps, that was only to save the buyer's conscience from self-reproach, for the silk was not at all required. With a hurried air,

she passed down the square—then on through some streets, till she met somebody at an appointed place of *rendezvous*—the corner of a particular street. Then the two got into a cab and drove away towards the city.

Perhaps she was away longer than an hour—but Mrs. Lipwell was not a hard taskmistress; indeed, she never thought whether the allotted time was outstayed or not. When Miss Price came back, she ran at once to her own room—and she was a good deal agitated, but not unpleasantly so. There was a weight off her mind—a secret satisfaction in her soul that must now buoy her up through all difficulties. The Lipwells were not to stay much longer in town—three months was all the time Mr. Lipwell could spare from his country duties. So as June advanced, the family returned to Larch Grove.

If Miss Price was at all *distracted*, or more wearied by her pupils than was formerly the case, no one observed the change; if Oliver Lipwell grew morose and apparently discontented, nobody particularly cared. The summer passed away, and then he declared his intention of going to the Continent. He said he would remain there for a month or two; but the month or two passed, and he did not come back; no one got any letter from him at Larch Grove; his address was unknown. He might have been ill, dying, or dead, for all any one could tell in England.

It was impossible for the governess to conceal her alarm at this crisis. Her appetite forsook her, her flesh wore off, till she looked like a skeleton.

"Well, I do think Miss Price is falling into very bad health," thought the lady's maid; and then she began to have her suspicions that all was not right. Should she be humane and befriend the governess, or prudent, and state her opinions to her mistress? It would be well not to get herself into trouble about the matter; so prudence prevailed over humanity, and a hint was given to Mrs. Lipwell that it would be a good way to get Miss Price a situation elsewhere—or, at all events, to let her leave Larch Grove. Acting upon which, the lady, very much shocked and perturbed, deputed her housekeeper, Mrs. Grubly, to speak to Miss Price, and demand an explanation of affairs. The result of this conference was,

that the governess received notice to leave Larch Grove as quickly as possible. She said nothing to palliate or excuse her conduct—uttered no words of blame against any one; indeed, Mrs. Grubly thought her rather bold and unfeeling; but she left the house immediately; Mr. Lipwell had given her a hundred pounds, and directed David Wynne to escort her to Liverpool, from whence she was to embark for America. All this was done very quietly, insomuch, that the affair was only rumored faintly abroad. Some people scarcely believing the story, others thinking it not worth much consideration.

One dull winter day, Wynne and the girl set off for Liverpool. A thick misty rain was falling insidiously, wetting the outside passengers of stage-coaches and pedestrian travellers, and making the whole outer world seem dismal in the extreme. Miss Price had her seat alone within the coach that conveyed her from the Larch Grove neighborhood; and all the time the wheels were moving round and round she was maturing some plans that had filled her mind ever since Mr. Lipwell had offered her a hundred pounds to induce her to leave England. It was not her intention to quit her native land at all. She considered that it would be much better for her to remain in it; and under the circumstances she was placed in, her conscience acquitted her of having done wrong in acting thus deceitfully towards Mr. Lipwell in taking his money under false pretences. In many ways, this unfortunate young woman was very shrewd, while in others she was as simple as a child, owing to her education and early training.

The country through which she was passing was wild and dreary at all times; but now, in the wintry rain, seeming more dreary than ever. David Wynne sat in his whitey-brown great-coat buttoned to the chin, and with a great red muffler round his neck, on the outside of the coach, telling wonderful stories to the coachman, and hearing some equally marvellous, in return; he joked and laughed, and was right merry, never bestowing a grave thought upon the business he had so lately been called upon to carry out, and concerning which he was now driving on that dismal day on his way to Liverpool. David was not a monster in human form; he was only like a great many men of his class. He had duties now and then to per-

form which might have made him appear hard-hearted. Was he not a skilful butcher, and did he not slaughter pigs and sheep with his own hands, when it was necessary to do so in his *ménage* at the workhouse? Yes, with sleeves tucked up, he would drag forth the wretched brute designed for death, and put an end to its existence, as coolly as he would eat a mutton-chop; yet he found no pleasure in injuring any one or anything without substantial reasons for doing so. Thus, when called upon to execute an unpleasant duty by his patron, Mr. Lipwell, it does not follow that he must be a demon, because he undertook to fulfil it to the best of his ability. He got his orders, and he obeyed them. It was not the first time that he had been obliged to act similarly. In his capacity as head-butler and confidential man in the Lipwell family, David had seen a good deal of life; he had been in London and at Paris, with the family; he had known much of the young men's secrets—and some of the old ones', too. Oh, David, like Suky Sparrow, could have told you such strange and thrilling stories of actual occurrences as would make you shudder; but he was not given to much talking when sober. No one better fulfilled the office of confidant than himself, as a general rule.

CHAPTER VI.

VERY MYSTERIOUS.

HE did not think that the quiet young woman inside the coach was likely to give him any great trouble. So he was able to chat and smoke, and get down at every hostelry, to drink a dram with the coachman. At length, they arrived at the village of Coyle, a straggling hamlet lying in a deep valley, overhung by wild hills.

"Would you like to get out here, miss, and have something to eat?" inquired David, making his appearance at the coach-window.

"What place is this?" asked Miss Price, looking out, her teeth chattering with cold, her face very pale, and her whole frame trembling nervously.

"It's Coyle, miss—forty-five miles from Tilby; we've gone at a smart pace, too."

Yes, she would get out and warm her feet at the inn fire. The hostelry where the coach stopped now was a large detached building, standing apart from other houses

in the village: it had not a grim aspect, nor one particularly the reverse, as to outward sign; and the kitchen-fire was large and blazing, when Miss Price was brought in to warm herself; for, unfortunately, the parlor-fire had died out, and she was advised to seat herself in this more humble apartment while the parlor-fire was being relit. In this way, she became an object of attention to the greater portion of the household. The servant-maid looked at her, and the mistress examined her features, while the host, also, made his observations, from a distance. Rather to her annoyance, she found that Wynne greeted these people at the inn as if they were old friends—which they really were, or, at least, old acquaintances.

"How are you, Mr. Drover—glad to see you looking so well and hearty, Mrs. Drover," he said, accosting the host and hostess, cheerily.

"Well, Wynne, who'd have thought of your coming by here to-day!" exclaimed Mrs. Drover. "And how are you all at Tilby, and at Larch Grove? Dear, dear! I haven't seen a creature from that side this age!"

"We are all much as usual, thank ye," said Wynne, begging Miss Price's pardon, as he advanced to light his pipe at the fire, and then going into the outer passage to smoke it and chat with Drover.

"You're from Tilby, too, no doubt, ma'am?" said Mrs. Drover, addressing Miss Price, after a survey of the small feet resting on the fender.

"Not exactly," answered Miss Price, hoping to evade the curiosity apparent in the woman's face.

"Maybe you know Larch Grove?" was the next question, and it sent the blood all rushing from her heart.

"Yes, I know it."

"Ah, many a pleasant hour I had there five-and-twenty years ago; I was housemaid in it, miss, and I often nursed little Master Nol—not that he's little now, for I saw him about three years ago, and he was as fine a gentleman as I'd wish to see. I love to meet any one from poor old Tilby. What shall I get ready for dinner, miss?"

"I shall only have a biscuit and wine," answered the poor girl, very faintly.

And then there was more talk about Larch

Grove, and questions asked and answered; until Mrs. Drover, becoming more inquisitive every moment, went out to the passage and asked Wynne all about the young lady, and who she was, and where she was going to. At first, David would not tell anything at all satisfactory, but on receiving a great mug of ale, he changed his mind, and grew more confidential—for, after all, where was the necessity of being so close about the business with people who never went near Tilby? So when the parlor-fire was lit up, and Miss Price had betaken herself to eat her biscuit and drink her wine in private, he and the Drovers got into great chat, according as beer was consumed, and brandy added to the entertainment.

"And so the poor young lady is going to America, friendless, and maybe not much money either, David. Did you ever hear if she had got anything worth speaking of?" said Mrs. Drover.

"She got upwards of a hundred pounds, besides her half-year's salary, that was near being due," replied Wynne, emptying a second glass of brandy. "Mr. Lipwell's as generous a man as there is under the sun."

"She has very little luggage," observed Mrs. Drover.

"That's her own fancy; she might have got plenty of clothes, if she liked."

After a good while of this kind of questioning and answering, Mrs. Drover, not feeling the same respect as before for the young traveller in the parlor, went in to sit with her, and see that she was comfortable. And it so happened, that the half-hour allotted for the wayfarers to dine, passed away; and the coach was put in readiness for its onward journey; and the dusk of the winter's evening was already stealing over the landscape; but neither David Wynne nor Miss Price were in or on the coach when it set off from Coyle that afternoon.

Mr. Lipwell had congratulated himself warmly on getting rid of the governess without more trouble and exposure. Indeed, from her demeanor throughout the business, he rather supposed her to be either half-witted or devoid of natural feeling. She had appeared so strange—so undemonstrative—so impassive. It had been impossible to exasperate her into reproaches, or tears, or hysterics. She had agreed to leave Larch

and go abroad without a remonstrance murmur; and she had been given a of recommendation to an old Larch servant, now comfortably settled in a, and everything possible done to ease Lipwell's conscience. What had bef his son he knew not; it was grievous to think of possessing such a son; hated the Lipwell name to be con- with disgraceful practices. He was hinking how well it was that Miss ad gone away so quietly, when a let- ched him from David Wynne that ll his calculations. It contained these :—

HONORED SIR,—I regret to say that 'rice has escaped with all the money ve her, greatly to my perturbation of nd sorrow of heart, on account of your ed feelings in the matter. Search has itituted everywhere, without avail; e of her has been found anywhere. ach, as you are aware, stopped to dine le, as is the general rule, and while e stopping there, she feigned sudden —it couldn't have been reality, as was rds proved—and objected to contin- r journey for that day; so, of course, ln't help agreeing to her stratagem, owed her to stay for the night at the re (which is kept by Richard Drover, married to Patty Marchmont, that ving in my time in Larch Grove), ext morning she was *nowhere to be* ! In dismay, I sought diligently h the neighborhood for tidings of her, tally devoid of success. The night rned out fearfully wild, as, perhaps, ay recollect, honored sir. Heavy of cloud obscured the sky; there moon nor star visible, and the wind most awful to listen to; a thick rain, d rapidly; how she could have gone uch weather, is beyond my compre- s, and taking the money too, which ghly dishonorable to my mind; but ould be expected from such a person? t say how grieved I feel at such a ation to your excellent intentions reg this young woman. It has struck t she might have thrown herself into er that runs close by Coyle, which is swollen now, and very turbulent to t; but I am waiting here to receive instructions from yourself; and if excuse the liberty, maybe you had come to Coyle yourself, and see what st be done.—Your obedient and faith- rant,

"DAVID WYNNE."

This was very bad news indeed; Mr. Lipwell read the letter in a state of much agitation. The idea of Miss Price having committed suicide was very awful. He dared not mention a word of Wynne's letter to his wife, but taking refuge in that general term, "going from home on business," which husbands make use of when they don't wish to tell their wives why they are really betaking themselves to distant regions, he set off as soon as possible for Coyle. There he met David, who entered more fully into particulars respecting the mysterious disappearance of Miss Price. The Drovers offered every assistance in their power, but no success attended the search for the missing one. No coach or other public conveyance had carried the fugitive to London, or elsewhere; no young woman of respectable appearance, wearing a dark dress and plain straw bonnet, trimmed with spotted brown ribbon, had been seen walking by herself anywhere. The river near Coyle was dragged, but no dead body recovered from its waters; perhaps it had been carried miles away by the strong current.

"This is an unfortunate business, Wynne," said Mr. Lipwell, dejectedly. "If I thought the girl was safe, I would not so much mind her escaping, but —"

"Safe, sir! what could happen to her without people knowing something of it?" replied Wynne. "Depend upon it, she's safe enough—no fear of that."

"Do you think Drover would object to our searching his premises?"

"Oh, no, sir," returned Wynne, without the least change of countenance; "I am sure you may go all over the house from top to bottom."

Wynne, thereupon withdrew, to communicate with the host and hostess of the inn, and in a few moments after Mrs. Drover bustled in, looking most obliging and reasonable, and offering to conduct Mr. Lipwell over every room in the house. Up-stairs and down-stairs they went, peering into closets, garrets, lock-up rooms, coal vaults, sculleries. No trace of the young woman anywhere. The outer door of the inn had been found ajar, Mrs. Drover said, the morning on which she was missed, and as no one had seen her pass out, it was to be concluded that she had made her escape before daylight — perhaps, in the middle of the night. Perhaps so.

Mr. Lipwell was by no means easy in his mind. Some terrible thoughts had taken possession of him, but he tried to banish them—tried to believe she had run away with all her money, and was safe somewhere—anywhere. Could there have been a secret correspondence between her and his son? In spite of her assurances to the contrary, could she have known where he was abroad, and laid a scheme to join him there?

There was evidently no use in searching round Coyle any further; so Mr. Lipwell and Wynne returned home, each keeping the secret closely in his own breast, even from his wife.

It was long before any tidings were heard of Oliver Lipwell, and when he made his appearance at last at Larch Grove, he looked haggard, ill-dressed, and wretched. He said he had only recovered from a violent fever, caught at Rome, and had for weeks been insensible or delirious. He was obliged to put the best face he could upon affairs, and state what was most prudent to his father respecting Miss Price. His step-mother, who had never been disposed to like him, now treated him very coldly; so that along with whatever feelings of remorse and self-reproach that his own conscience gave him, he had to endure much from his father and his father's wife. But he confided his unhappiness to no one, even in his most unguarded moments; and like many individuals of a low class of mind, he endeavored to stifle the little feeling nature had endowed him with, his selfishness and sensuality making it hard for him to bear even that much. Thus he frequented Tilby Hotel oftener than ever, drinking more and more brandy, and sometimes sitting up whole nights carousing uproariously.

Meanwhile that story rumored through Tilby about the Larch Grove governess turned out of the house mysteriously, and despatched to America or Australia, at Mr. Lipwell's expense, was dying away from day to day. Sarah Price, by father or mother, had no relatives or friends that cared to demand her whereabouts with anxiety. The Superior of the Bereft Orphan's Home would indeed have been sorry to know her fate, but she had too much to do to enter into inquiries respecting young people once provided for and sent out upon the world to push their own way through life.

How many mysteries are there that fade from men's minds unsolved? How many crimes perpetrated in the depths of night or height of noonday that are never revealed? Oh, awful day, when churchyard graves will give up their dead, and corpses rise from ocean caves, and skeletons start up in spots never before known to contain remains of human form!

CHAPTER VII.

LITTLE FLAGGS AT THE ALMSHOUSE.

LITTLE FLAGGS grew day by day, thriving, under Suky Sparrow's care; and Mrs. Wynne might have been observed coming oftener into the yard than heretofore, though she would not acknowledge, even to herself, that it was with reference to the foundling, which it really was. Suky Sparrow fared all the better for the trouble she took with her young charge, and got more presents of tea and sugar than ever before, while it was wonderful how many oranges and cakes the matron always happened to have in her pockets just when she came to see how the child was getting on. Wynne himself, however, was a long time before he would vouchsafe it anything but scowls and gruff words, which were extended even to Suky; but by degrees he learned to tolerate it, though he never could be prevailed upon to regard it kindly. When it began to run about and speak, it made friends for itself very quickly all through the yards and wards; and one particular day, when it betrayed an inclination to accompany Mrs. Wynne to the "dwelling-house" (as the matron's apartments were designated), she was so much flattered, that she conveyed it to her own parlor, and set it amongst her own little girls, who quickly made a plaything of it, the youngest, in particular, raising loud lamentations when it was conveyed away again.

"It will come back another time, mamma's own pet," said Mrs. Wynne, fondly kissing her fat, screaming child; "to-morrow it shall return—there's a darling, doty, precious!" And then the screaming dwindled down to great sobs, indicative of a breaking heart, while Saky Sparrow's retreating footsteps sounded fainter and fainter. So the animated plaything had to be brought back duly next day, and the day after, till this daily visit of Little Flaggs was regarded quite as a regular institution. Suky now ventured to

observe, that a little white frock would look "uncommon nice" on her charge, when she was thus honored by being taken to the dwelling-house, upon which Mrs. Wynne at first replied scoffingly, but at length agreed to give the child one that was too small for her own children; and this was followed by sundry other presents of clothes, till the poor foundling looked quite genteel — if we may be permitted to use the old-fashioned term. She looked like a little spirit sent down into that dim yard of the almshouse, where all were old, or decrepit, or idiotic, but herself; and the inmates grew to love her for her sweet temper and pretty ways. Old Tim Phipps—half silly from the effects of epileptic fits, notched sticks curiously for her; and the poor idiot, Sally Bird, could be seen often walking round the yard with the child in her arms, its tiny hands resting confidently on the brown neck, tanned and weather-beaten, till it looked like leather, or stroking the coarse, cropped hair. So far Little Flaggs led the life of a young princess; nobody thwarted her; her attendants were numerous, and every want that she felt was supplied. Happy are the days of childhood, when homage is paid to weakness and innocence.

Suky Sparrow felt particular pride in dressing her charge carefully on board-days, and her old heart was glad when Mr. Lipwell or Sir Thomas Combely passed the child with a kind word or pleasant smile of recognition; she was taught to answer these salutations with a respectful courtesy, like the other female inmates of the establishment. It was only on board-days that Wynne was civil to the foundling. When he saw Mr. Lipwell paying her attention, he would follow his example and make jocund observations to her, patting her on the head, or stroking her cheek paternally.

"She'll be a great beauty when she grows up, Mrs. Blackly," said Suky one day to the cook.

"It's likely she may; but pretty children don't often turn out handsome men or women."

"But Mary is growing better looking every day. What a pity she isn't some grand person's child, they'd think so much of her; and you know by and by maybe her beauty will only be a drawback to her."

"It's time enough to think of that, Suky,"

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resumed Mrs. Blackly, "where may you and I be when she is a grown-up woman?"

"Here, just as we are now, as likely as anything else," said Suky. "People live a long time when they don't care whether they are living or dead."

With the daily visits to the little Wynnes, and the good-will of her companions in the almshouse, the child's life passed happily from season to season; till from the tottering step of infancy, she advanced to the sturdy walk of riper childhood, wielding a sort of despotism over her seniors. No other foundling appeared at the asylum; she reigned there supreme. The Miss Wynnes petitioned their mother to let her learn to read and write with them, and after a time this was agreed to, as it was found that it would be of advantage to the youngest child to have a companion in her studies. Up to her seventh year, Little Flaggs was as happy as a queen, but after that came a change. Mrs. Wynne began to think it injudicious to allow her any longer to associate familiarly with her own daughters; it might lead to ill results on both sides.

A dark day arrived when the child was not to go to the dwelling-house at the usual hour; but a sort of compromise was made, which permitted her to go that evening to tea. Next day she neither went in the morning nor evening, nor never again except when summoned there on business by the matron. It was necessary, now, to let Mary Flaggs understand that she was by no means on an equal footing with her former playmates. This change was a great blow to her; at first she could scarcely comprehend it. Day after day she sat in the yard, with eyes fixed upon the distant windows of the Wynnes' apartments, vainly watching for a glimpse of her former friends. Never did lover watch his lady's bower with more longing gaze, than did this poor child contemplate those glistening panes.

"Suky, am I never to go any more to the dwelling-house?" she asked one day after the great clock had struck the hour which had formerly been the signal for her to repair thither.

"No, never again, it's like."

"But why not? Did I do anything wrong?"

"No; but you're not grand enough to keep company with the Miss Wynnes; they

are young ladies; their father was a butler, and their mother a housemaid, but nobody knows who *your* father and mother was."

Little Flaggs did not understand the ironical tendency of this speech; she received it all literally, and was very downcast. Perhaps this was the first draught she drank of the world's disappointments; it tasted very bitter to her. Suky Sparrow was then called upon to amuse and divert her from dwelling too deeply on her bereavement; and all the wonderful stories that the old woman related, both of fact and fiction, were tremendous to think of. Although generally joyous-spirited enough, Little Flaggs had, nevertheless, her fits of gloom and nervousness, strange in so young a child. She would sit for hours listening to Suky's tales of murders committed at wayside inns, or ghosts that were known to haunt particular localities, and then she was contented enough; but Suky could not tell stories forever; there were times when poor little Mary must be left to herself and her own thoughts, and then she began to weave little romances in her own head, and build castles in the air.

"Do you think I'll live here all my life?" she asked Suky one day, after a long fit of musing.

"Well, I don't suppose you will," replied Suky. "Would you like to go away?"

"Not now; but when I am grown up I would."

"That's a long way off, Mary. Go and get your book, and read out of it," said Suky, drawing forth her knitting, and retiring to a shady part of the yard, where the day's sunbeams had not yet begun to pour fiercely. Little Flaggs did as she was desired; for reading was a great pleasure to her, and she commenced edifying her nurse, by reading out a terrible story of highwaymen and burglars, which was a great favorite at the almshouse. Soon there was quite a crowd of cripples and old people gathered round her to listen, and she felt very proud of being able to amuse them.

"Bless your clever head!" murmured Suky, as she went on, never pausing at a word, however polysyllabled. "The chaplain himself couldn't read better than that!"

So the child read on, page after page, be-

ing interrupted now and then by the vacant laugh of an idiot, or the gabbling of some unmeaning nonsense. The hot sun beamed on the yard; the huge chimney of the kitchen boiler sent forth volumes of dense, sooty-smelling smoke; the noise of spinning-machines and weavers' looms at work sounded from those portions of the building devoted to industry, while, ever and anon, could be heard the distant shout and song of some maniac too dangerous to be admitted to the general yard. This was the last day, however, that Little Flaggs was allowed to read out about the highwaymen, as David Wynne's mother arrived on a visit at the dwelling-house; and she, being of serious principles, strongly objected to such literature, substituting in its stead stories of a graver cast, which, we regret to say, were considered very uninteresting in the yard.

Old Mrs. Wynne was a very small woman, scarcely four feet nine inches high, and proportionately slight in figure. She was now a very sedate, prim little body, though she had made a runaway match at eighteen, while yet in her apprenticeship to a milliner at Hull, and had committed a great many frolicsome pranks in her youth, which no one would believe who saw her in her sixty-ninth year, dressed in her simple black garments, relieved by snowy cap and collar, her face wearing an expression of gravity bordering almost upon severity. She was very anxious about the spiritual welfare of the paupers, and it was to her that the poor foundling owed her first religious instruction, beyond the few simple prayers taught her by her nurse. The old woman insisted that Little Flaggs should be taken to church every Sunday, and made to attend a Sunday School class, where she learned the Catechism and Bible texts, and was becoming speedily quite a little scholar. In all her dreams of ambition, the child never went beyond hoping that she might be ultimately raised to the rank of dressmaker or lady's maid, and some wild schemes had already entered her head of benefiting Suky Sparrow and various other almshouse friends, when she should be able to earn her own bread. Would her old nurse ever want for tea when she was grown up; or would Paul Watts then have to grumble because he never got a bit of tobacco?

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FATAL SHOT.

ALL Tilby was in excitement; masses of people filled the streets—some stopping to talk in groups, some hurrying in a long line in a particular direction. Fright, curiosity—agitation of some kind, was pictured on almost every countenance. The cause was this; a duel had been fought that morning between Oliver Lipwell and a young man of inferior rank in the neighborhood. A drunken quarrel had ended thus; and news had flown all round, that the heir of Larch Grove was being carried all but lifeless into town. Everybody was out of doors—every tongue was busy. Such an end for Mr. Lipwell's only son! David Wynne felt that he had a better right to be in a fuss and a fume than any one not actually connected with "the family," and he rather resented the interest in the matter displayed by other townsmen, though, probably, he would have been equally annoyed had they proved themselves indifferent upon such an occasion. Mrs. Wynne had clapped her hands and raised loud lamentations when she heard the news; for like most women, she had always taken the part of poor Mr. Nol, because he was handsome and a scamp, and unable to conduct himself like other sober-going men.

Not dead, but nearly insensible: the huge young man, two hours before full of strength and daring, now entered Tilby, borne slowly by many hands. He was conveyed at once to his old haunt, the Combely Arms, there to await medical advice, while a messenger was despatched with the ill news to Larch Grove; and meanwhile, David Wynne and his wife stationed themselves beside his couch with unaffected concern. The remedies to restore consciousness were followed at length by success; and young Lipwell recognized Wynne, to whom he extended his hand feebly.

"This has been an unlucky business, David," he said in a low tone. "I feel that I am sinking fast."

"Very unlucky, indeed, Mr. Nol," said Wynne; "but there may be no danger after all. These sort of wounds aint always so bad as they seem."

Right well David knew that the young man would never leave that couch a living man; but what was the use of frightening the poor fellow, he thought.

"I feel as if there was much danger myself," continued Oliver, speaking feebly; and then, after a pause, he added, "Can I trust you, David, with a few words in private?"

"Oh, dear! yes, sir—any word you like; you know I'm close as iron."

"Well, let the doctor know I wish to speak with you alone."

Wynne, thereupon, grew very important, requesting Dr. Lawrence and his wife to leave the apartment for a few minutes, and allow Mr. Lipwell and himself to say a few words together in private. They accordingly quitted the room, and honorably left even the outside lobby, lest stray words might reach them there; but scarcely had they done so, than a waiter, named Matthew Drover, who had heard that Wynne and the wounded man were about to hold a secret conference, stepped noiselessly up to the door, and with ear pressed against the key-hole, listened attentively, and with the keen hearing common to serving-men, to any words that might be dropped loud enough to reach him where he was stationed.

"We are alone now?" said Oliver Lipwell, looking cautiously round the room, while the first flush of fever was glowing on his cheek—its first flash beaming in his eye. An unnatural strength was accorded to him while he spoke.

"Yes—all safe, sir," replied Wynne.

Another pause now.

"You remember Miss Price, Wynne—the governess that was at Larch Grove eight years ago?" asked Lipwell, making an effort to speak calmly.

"Yes, sir, most certainly," said David, feeling rather surprised and taken aback.

"I have never yet spoken to you of this young lady," continued Oliver; "but my father told me how you were commissioned to see that she left England, and that she escaped your vigilance, carrying with her whatever money my father had given her."

"It's a fact, sir," said Wynne.

"On your oath, Wynne—on your oath, as you know you are speaking to a dying man?"

"As far as I can say to my knowledge, sir."

"On your oath—no hesitation, Wynne—you believe that this young lady escaped alive from Coyle."

"Mr. Nol, surely, sir you can't——"

"Never mind what I think or mean; only answer my questions truthfully. Do you consider this young lady to be living or dead?"

"Not living now, sir—she would have been heard of before this, if she was, no doubt."

"But we have no proof of her death; she may turn up yet."

"Never, sir," said Wynne, confidently. "Depend upon it, she'll never trouble us more."

"But, I say, there is no certainty of her death. Listen, David. I believe myself to be dying—I may not live even to meet my father; and in case of my death, I wish you to tell him from me that Sarah Price was my wife—lawfully married in London, at St. Mark's Church."

"Married, sir!"

"Yes; do not take up my time with exclamations. I regretted this step bitterly afterwards—knowing my father's great pride—his wish that I should marry a person of rank; yet I would have braved his anger and confessed the whole truth, had it been possible for me to discover what had become of her. It sometimes struck me, Wynne, that she might not have run away at all—that that she was dead, and that you and my father knew it."

Wynne shook his head positively, never flinching from the wounded man's feverish gaze.

"It's all a mystery, sir; there's nothing certain in the matter."

"If I die, Wynne, tell my father of my marriage; if I live, you may keep it secret."

"But, unless the lady turns up, as you say, I needn't tell it in any case, sir?"

"Perhaps not—except for the sake of her character."

"Ah, sir, it has all died away about the poor lady now—you'd scarce hear her mentioned."

"I suppose not—what a twinge I felt then; hand me the water, my throat burns!"

Very soon after speaking thus much, and a little more, Lipwell fell into a sleep, which ended in a heavy stupor, from which he never was afterwards roused. By the time his father and step-mother arrived at Tilby, he was utterly insensible—and on the following afternoon, he ceased to breathe. People in the neighborhood said it was well for

his family that he had been thus taken away; for he was fast running to destruction; since boyhood he had reflected neither honor nor credit to the name of Lipwell. But his father thought differently. All his former unkind treatment of this unfortunate son rose up bitterly to reproach him. Never did man grieve more deeply than Mr. Lipwell. From the day of that large funeral, when long strings of tenants flocked to pay tribute rather to the living than the dead, he was never seen to hold up his head as of old. The iron-gray hair became rapidly white; the lithe figure, that for so many years had defied the hand of time, became suddenly stooped. He was, indeed, an altered man.

His two daughters now assumed a greater degree of importance than before in the eyes of the neighborhood—the elder one being regarded as heiress to the estates of Larch Grove. Mrs. Lipwell also became more active than formerly in the management of affairs at the Grove—her husband having lost much of his activity and energy, though he still attended the board-days at the Alms-house with his accustomed regularity, and seemed to find pleasure in talking to Wynne of the past; but Wynne never told him the secret confided to him by Mr. Oliver on his death-bed. David was a shrewd man, rarely speaking of matters unadvisedly to his superiors, and gifted with sufficient understanding to know that the bearer of unwelcome tidings is often considered responsible for the evil news imparted by him. He would let Mr. Lipwell grieve for his lost son in peace; and agree with all his sentiments respecting him—even declaring that it was his full belief (which was an untruth) that had he been spared he would have been an ornament to his name.

He had always thought, he said, that there was much of talent and sense in Mr. Oliver, only waiting to be drawn out by some opportunity. Had he got a seat in Parliament, or anything of that sort, people would have seen how he would have shone.

"Indeed, Wynne, I have sometimes thought that myself," said poor Mr. Lipwell; "I often think I should have acted differently to my son. I believe I have altogether been to blame myself for all his follies."

"Oh, dear, no, Mr. Lipwell. No father could have been kinder than you were," re-

sumed Wynne, quickly. "You know young men will be young men. It's my belief, it's all chance how they turn out—parents are not so responsible as people imagine for their children's good or ill behavior. Why, sir, I've known sons that were brought up as prim and regular as ever you saw turn out monstrous scapegraces."

And thus Mr. Lipwell allowed Wynne to pour words of honeyed flattery into his ears—and they were sweet to listen to—though he was not fool enough to believe them, or even to believe that Wynne believed them. But, are we not nearly all

weak enough to be soothed by humbug now and then—cajoled out of our senses? A fine monument was erected to the memory of Oliver Lipwell in the quiet little church at Larch Grove. There it stood, just facing the Lipwell pew; and for a long while the father could not bear to look at it; but neither Mrs. Lipwell nor her daughters minded it particularly, except that, during a long sermon, the young ladies, perhaps, used to read the inscription five or six times over, knowing the exact length of time it took to do so, and hoping thereby to beguile the dreary time.

WALLED LAKES.—In No. 965 of the *Living Age* is an article upon the "Wonderful Walled Lake in Wright Co., Iowa," which is mentioned as a curiosity of singular interest, and as having been the product of human skill.

About four years since, a nearly similar account went the rounds of the newspapers; and noticing, from various comments, that this wall formation was attributed to the skill of some aboriginal race, I requested Professor Daniels, our State Geologist, who, I was informed, had met with numerous works of this kind in his professional excursions in the West, to write an explanation of the process by which this stone formation had been constructed, and I herewith enclose a copy of his paper upon the subject.

It is very pleasant to have visits from our distant Eastern friends, and we believe that a trip into this broad prairie region of the West cannot prove otherwise than beneficial to our staid Atlantic cousins; but to induce them to make a thousand-mile trip to see a lake fortified by a parapet of stone,—the work of the Aztecs, or perhaps nearer relatives of Father Noah,—is a little too practical a joke to be enjoyed as funny, and so it seems proper to prick this curiosity bubble.

D.

"Madison, Wisconsin, July, 1858.

"I have just read the notice of a Walled Lake in Wright County, Iowa, to which you called my attention. I recognize in the description a phenomenon common in the North-West, though perhaps rarely exhibited as perfectly as in the case here stated. Walls similar to that described occur around many of our lakes, and around marshes which have been lakes at a comparatively recent period.

"Those walls are usually composed of boulders, and exhibit varying degrees of regularity, from mere confused heaps of rock to the compact structure and appearance of an artificial wall. They are due to the conjoint action of those potent agencies, ice and water, acting upon the drift formation which is always found where those walled lakes occur.

"Let us suppose a lake occupying a basin surrounded by banks of drift. Let it be understood that the drift of this region consists of alternating beds of sand, gravel, and clay, intermingled with boulders. The action of the waves and

falling rains upon the banks will remove the lighter and finer particles from year to year far into the lake. The boulders commingled with the fine material, being heavy and difficult of transport, will drop down nearly at the points where they lay, and remain scattered along the margin of the lake.

"If now the lake is frozen, the expansive force of the ice pushes up everything movable near the shore, and forms a ridge at the uttermost limit reached by the congealed water in expanding. This ridge will consist mainly of boulders, covered by and mixed with sand, gravel, and the exuvium of the shore. When the ice melts, everything but the boulders is soon washed away on the side of the ridge towards the lake, and the boulders are there exposed, forming a rough wall; subsequent congelations crowd the boulders closer together, against the bank or ridge, and render the wall more perfect. In this manner the lakes of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota have often become girt with walls, having a very artificial character, properly referable to physical laws operating under peculiar circumstances.

"Several other lakes exist in our immediate vicinity, around whose shores the parallel ridges and lines of boulders mark the ancient action of the same causes. The Third Lake exhibits this agency very finely, and a very extensive marsh, including about fifteen hundred acres of bog and peat, ten miles west of this place, shows a very splendid specimen of this natural wall-building several miles in length. This is the case with Lake Menona which forms the south-east boundary of our city. This marsh, like most other marshes, was the basin of an ancient lake, and the distribution of its boulders marks its outer limits. It is not uncommon for the ridges and walls to be pushed up much higher than the adjacent land outside. There is no difficulty in supposing, therefore, that the water in the lake might thus stand at a level above the land beyond the bank beyond its barriers.

"I see nothing in the Iowa case that should constitute it an exception. In your minute observations in the West, you must have encountered frequent cases of this kind.

(Signed)

"EDWARD DANIELS,
"State Geologist."

From The Spectator.

MR. BORROW'S WILD WALES.*

THIS is the first really clever book we remember to have seen in which an honest attempt is made to do justice to the Welsh character and Welsh literature. If Welshmen had any wish to propitiate the Saxons in their favor, they would undoubtedly feel considerably indebted to the experienced, shrewd, and discerning traveller who passed through a great portion of their country on foot a few years ago, and now presents the world with a most entertaining account of his adventures. But we do not believe they have any such desire. Their mildest feeling towards the Saesneg is that of jealousy and aversion, while in many instances this prejudice assumes a much more virulent form, and breaks out into uncompromising hatred and enmity. The Welsh have not yet reconciled themselves to be friendly with their conquerors. They cling to their language with the tenacity peculiar to a conquered people; and although they have never sought to regain their independence, like the Irish, yet no one who has lived among them can doubt that they regard themselves as a down-trodden nation, and believe that "Wild Wales" has never been the glorious land it was since the hateful Saxon subjugated it. This is the feeling among those who are thorough-bred Welshmen—in the border counties it is far less strongly evinced, and those who are Welsh by birth, but have mixed much with the English, are rarely found to possess any bias whatever against the Saesneg. They learn the language willingly, and eventually get almost ashamed to speak their own. But the true Welshman can neither endure to hear an Englishman speak Welsh, nor will he learn to speak English himself. He is very hospitable and warm-hearted where he takes a liking, but implacable and a little treacherous, perhaps, towards those who awaken his national jealousies and resentments. Once make a Welshman your friend and he will cling to you, and, if need be, fight for you, with immovable fidelity; but make him your enemy, and no lapse of time or change of circumstances will extinguish his animosity.

* *Wild Wales: its People, Language, and Scenery.* By George Borrow, author of the "Bible in Spain," etc. 3 vols. London: John Murray, 1862.

In the course of Mr. Borrow's wanderings he caught very happily the salient points in the Welsh character, and he has depicted them with those light free touches which none but George Borrow can hit off to such perfection. Many a man would have gone over the route taken by Mr. Borrow and come back with the report that all was barren. But "Romany Rye" goes about his work after a different method, and, with much of the freshness, humor, and geniality of his early days, he tells us of the folks he encountered, and the magnificent scenes he gazed upon during his light-hearted roving. His knowledge of the Welsh language was a very great assistance to him, although more than once he came across a rugged "Cwm-raeg," who refused to answer him, or answered him in English—unwilling to acknowledge that a Saxon could speak Welsh. His knowledge of old Welsh literature is immeasurably greater than that which most educated Welshmen possess, and his admiration for the bards is something wonderful. Dafydd av Gwilym he calls "the greatest poetical genius that has appeared in Europe since the revival of literature"—praise that we must venture to submit is absurdly exaggerated, and is certainly more than Welshmen claim for the bard. On several occasions Mr. Borrow made troublesome pilgrimages to birthplaces of the bards, and nearly scratched himself to pieces in scrambling to the chair in which Huw Morris used to sit. On another day he found out the tombstone of this bard, and kissed it reverently—an act of devotion which probably no Welshman ever yet thought of paying to the poet. He went some distance out of his way to visit the spot where Gronwy Owen was born, of whose "Cywydd y Farn" (Day of Judgment), he remarks: "The 'Cywydd of Judgment' contains some of the finest things ever written—that description of the toppling down of the top crag of Snowdon, at the Day of Judgment, beats anything in Homer." The figure in question is, no doubt, a grand and striking one; but we do not know where Mr. Borrow has found the "description" he prizes so much. Here are the words:—

"Ail i'r ar ael Eryri,
Cyfartal hoewal a hi;"

which Mr. Borrow thus translates: "The brow of Snowdon shall be levelled with the

ground, and the eddying waters shall murmur round it." This does not totally eclipse Homer,—but it is better to find a clever man like Mr. Borrow having an undue partiality for the Welsh bards than devoting his powers, as so many before him have done, to turning them into derision. He has taken generally an enthusiastic view of the Welsh character, that a longer residence among the people would have corrected.

That the Welsh language is slowly dying out we are convinced. Welsh parents begin to find that they are doing their children an injury if they do not teach them to speak English, and when once English is spoken Welsh is soon dropped. Mr. Borrow found an amusing instance of this near Wrexham. Meeting a Welshman he addressed him in his own tongue, and received no reply. He tried him again, with the same result. The unsuspicious Cwmraeg was then taken in by the "Romany Rye:"—

"For the third time I spoke to him in Welsh; whereupon, looking at me with a grin of savage contempt, and showing a set of teeth like those of a mastiff, he said, 'How's this? why, haven't you a word of English? A pretty fellow you with a long coat on your back and no English on your tongue. Aint you ashamed of yourself? Why, here am I in a short coat, yet I'd have you to know that I can speak English as well as Welsh; ay, and a good deal better.' 'All people are not equally clebber,' said I, still speaking Welsh. 'Clebber,' said he, 'clebber! what is clebber? Why can't you say clever? why, I never saw such a low, illiterate fellow in my life;' and, with these words, he turned away, with every mark of disdain, and entered a cottage near at hand."

Old Welshmen in the north would not utter a word of English to save their lives; but as the traveller approaches the south he finds that the Welsh is less and less in use. When Mr. Borrow was at Newport, he heard little or no Welsh, though had he been in the filthy market of that town on a Saturday he might have heard a little spoken. He is mistaken, however, in his conjecture that "the people for seven or eight miles to the east of Newport speak Welsh, more or less." A few may be able to do so, but by far the majority know nothing whatever of the language. It is to be regretted, by the way, that, while Mr. Borrow was at Newport, he did not turn aside to go through Caerleon—

once the city of the Romans, and the spot where King Arthur held his round table—now a half-dilapidated village, but well worthy of a passing visit. When Tennyson was writing his "Idylls of the King," he took up his abode some few days in Caerleon, at an inn, where he was discovered, in consequence of entering his name in a book kept at the little local museum of Roman antiquities. The fact, perhaps, is that Mr. Borrow was frightened away by the many railroads in and around Newport, and was anxious to get beyond the screech and roar of locomotives as soon as possible.

Welshmen generally are Dissenters—a fact which the Church may attribute to its own half-heartedness and neglect. Wherever a clergyman, properly qualified, settles down in Wales, he brings the people over to him fast; but there are few churches in the country and many chapels. The dull, dirty, low meeting-place of the Methodists meets one's eye on almost every hill-side and in every populated valley; and in dissent, as in all other things with which they take up warmly, the Welsh are very inflexible, obstinate, and, we may add, bigoted. In the course of more of his rambles, Mr. Borrow met with one Morgan, with whom after his usual manner he held a conversation touching Welsh manners and literature. In the course of his remarks Morgan, being, no doubt, a peppery man, gave expression to his views in these words:—

"There are only two churches in the world that will take in anybody without asking questions, and will never turn them out, however bad they may behave; the one is the Church of Rome, and the other the Church of Canterbury; and if you look into the matter you will find that every rogue, rascal, and hanged person since the world began has belonged to one or other of those communions."

The venom and ignorance of this onslaught give it the appearance of burlesque, but we do not in the least doubt that many a Welshman would seriously and heartily give his assent to Morgan's proposition. We have as little doubt that the Church itself is responsible for this feeling, inasmuch that it has treated Wales with great and systematic indifference and coldness. The Welsh are essentially a warm-hearted, devout, and superstitious race; they *will* have religion of some kind, and

when once they have embraced a creed they will hardly ever forsake it. The Methodists, being always on the alert, have, of course, made the ground their own, and it will not be in the present generation that the Church will gain the position it might long ago have possessed.

Mr. Borrow is a capital pedestrian, and never man enjoyed a ramble through Wales more thoroughly than he. He walked from Cerrig y Drudion to Bangor, a distance of thirty-four miles, in a day, and seemed to think nothing of it. Everywhere nearly he was well received; but it is not every tourist who possesses the complete art of ingratiating himself like George Borrow. Once, happening to open a Welsh Bible in a house where he had stopped to halt, his eye fell on the words "Gad i mi fyned trwy dy dir," "Let me go through your country." (Numb. xx. 22.) "I may say these words," said he to the woman of the house, "Let me go through your country." "No one will hinder you, sir, for you seem a civil gentleman." True, his Welsh must have been a little outlandish, for he acquired it from books, and there is almost as great a difference between the Welsh of Taliesin and that of modern Welshmen, as there is between the Greek of Homer and that of the race who now live in the "clime of the forgotten brave." But he rarely got into a difficulty, and when he did he soon got out of it again. He never missed an opportunity of learning something about the manners and inclinations, the habits and the character of the people. He conversed with every one, and we must say that he was very fortunate in meeting with conversable and humorous persons. We think we see the "fine Roman hand" of Mr. Borrow in some of the speeches of his friends; but, at the same time, we feel sure that the conversations are, in substance, faithfully recorded. Indeed, not the least of the merit of the work is its great truthfulness. We know some part of the country through which Mr. Borrow travelled, and we find that his inimitable descriptions bring before the mind the land in all its wild and picturesque beauty, and the people with their turbulent, uncertain, and irascible, yet kindly dispositions."

Mr. Borrow never smoked in the course

of his travels; but he heartily enjoyed his cup of ale; and sometimes he is rather hard on the teetotallers. Once he bought a paper of a tramp, which paper, he tells us, "was stuffed with religious and anti-slavery cant, and merely wanted a little of the teetotal nonsense to be a perfect specimen of humbug."

As to sherry, he thinks it a "silly, sickly compound, the use of which will transform a nation, however bold and warlike by nature, into a race of sketchers, scribblers, and punsters, in fact, into what Englishmen are at the present day." This slashing vigor, is very characteristic of George Borrow—he ought to have been a Welshman, for he is very fond of giving knock-down blows. He likes the country and its language, and he is very hearty in his likes and dislikes. As it is, he has written the best book about Wales ever published. It would be easy, perhaps, to pick out faults; but the time spent in the process would be entirely misapplied, and a fair idea would not be given of the work. We have preferred to judge it as a whole, not caring to boggle and wrangle over minor defects in what is intrinsically good.

In one of his volumes, Mr. Borrow alludes in rather a melancholy strain to the sadness which the thought brought him that he has undergone much change since his earlier years. It must be so, since life and nature are with the wise as with the foolish,—

"We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds;"

and it is in the autumn that we delight most in recalling the spring. But the changes which moved this pleasantest of travellers have not extended to his capacity for enjoyment, to his healthy, vigorous nature, or to his power of amusing others. Not many writers could afford to begin a chapter like this: "For dinner we had salmon and leg of mutton." Let the tourist who writes his yearly volume of superficiality and twaddle read George Borrow and envy him! It is half a pity that such a man cannot go walking about forever, for the benefit of people who are not gifted with legs so stout and eyes so discerning. May it be long before the "Romany Rye" lays by his satchel and his staff, and ceases to interest and instruct the world with his narratives of travel!

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *The Journal and Correspondence of William Lord Auckland.* By the Right Hon. and Right Rev. the Bishop of Bath and Wells. Vols. III. and IV. 1862.
2. *The Private Diary of Richard Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.* In 3 Vols. 1862.

THE class of memoirs to which our attention will chiefly be directed in this article differs very widely from those which are known as illustrating the manners rather than the politics of French or German courts. This difference is but the reflection of another; of that which exists between two quite distinct modes of government; between parliamentary government and closet government; between the mace of the House of Commons and the fan of the Duchess de Longueville. In French memoirs, politics and scandal, the jokes of the salons and the counsels of the Cabinet, are inextricably mixed up together, and reveal a political system in which the authority exercised under free institutions by men had been transferred to the art, the tact, and the accomplishments of the female sex. If France was a despotism tempered by epigrams, it was the life of the salons which brought those epigrams to perfection; and the salons thus constituted a sort of social Parliament, which, though unable to stop the supplies or withhold the Mutiny Act, still possessed a formidable weapon of offence in the power of making the Government ridiculous. England, as we need hardly say, has never had a Government of this description. The nearest approach to it which she has ever seen was under the sway of Charles II., and accordingly the nearest approach to French memoirs which our literature possesses, is in the volumes of Pepys and Hamilton. Some of the characteristics of the reign of Charles II. reappeared partially and in a very unattractive form under the two first Georges, and have served to impart a tinge of French color to the memoirs which describe their courts. But, fortunately for England, neither Walpole nor his royal master were men of refined taste. It would have been hard for a monarch like Charles II., or a minister like Lord Bolingbroke, to resist the charms of those beautiful and sprightly girls who sparkle like diamonds in all the memoirs of that time. Their influence was but small. George I.

and his successor pursued their unwieldy loves and enjoyed their boorish romps in a style not seductive to English gentlemen. Politics were surrendered to Walpole; and the consequence was that, although there was plenty of immorality under those gracious sovereigns, yet the feminine element of court life had no longer that connection with public policy which once for a brief space it had possessed; and the resemblance to French manners in this respect grew less and less till it disappeared altogether with the accession of George III.

Thus in that witty and amusing style of memoir in which grave and gay are treated on the same level, in which drawing the sword against an enemy or throwing the handkerchief to a lady, treaties of peace or canons of taste, a fresh famine or a new play, are of equal importance, England is unquestionably deficient. We have some such memoirs and letters, no doubt, though they are not equal to the French. Hamilton and Pepys and Walpole and Chesterfield and Selwyn and Hervey, to say nothing of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Lady Suffolk, Madame D'Arblay, and others, have written to a certain extent in that style. But these are nearly all that we have, and even these betray their native soil. There is, however, another class of memoirs more truly deserving the title of political, in which English literature is absolutely without a rival: as in England alone are to be found the institutions under which they flourish. We mean the diaries, correspondence, and biographies of that long succession of eminent public men who have conducted our parliamentary system during the last hundred years. The study of Constitutional Government through the medium of these pages is like the contemplation of bees under a glass hive. We see the secret and intermittent processes by which great events have been matured. We see how curiously patriotism and selfishness, a sincere faith in principles and an obstinate love of power, may be united in the same men. We see their busy movements to and fro, their mines and counter-mines; the disgust after failure, the elation after victory. We see the strangest inconsistencies and contradictions; and, not losing our faith in excellence or greatness, we learn at the same time to be more charitable and less credulous.

In our examination of this class of memoirs, we will begin with the accession of George III., as the epoch at which the memoirs devoted to court gossip and anecdote may be said in general terms to have been replaced by matter which is more purely political. The character of the memoir affords one sufficient reason for making that date our starting-point. But in the character of the period itself we shall find still stronger motives.

In the first place, from 1715 to 1760 our parliamentary contests were, with one exception, confined to our parliamentary parties, and unconnected with the powers of the crown. That exception was a war. When George II. heard of any fighting to be done, he pricked up his ears and required to have a hand in the business. But to all other questions he was comparatively indifferent. Excise Bills and Septennial Acts were nothing to him, and the Tory party, being left without a natural head, was reduced either to declamation against bribery and perpetual dictatorship, or to the declaration of opinions which might have brought the professor to the Tower. Throughout the whole period, then, the battles of Parliament were fought over particular measures, or were mere scrambles for place between the various sections of the Whig party, which did not even profess to be separated from each other by any distinctions of principle. But with the accession of George III. a new political element was at once introduced. The country seemed only to have been waiting for a sovereign who would assert his rights, to become the scene of a violent reaction. It had never been intended by the leaders of the Revolution of 1688 that Parliament should rule without the king. The object of that great change had been that the king should not rule without the Parliament. When the house of Hanover was placed upon the throne as a further guarantee of these principles, the Whig party became the inevitable depository of power. But they had gone too far. They had abused the trust committed to them; and now, when a king had risen up to restore the balance of the constitution, the English nation would support him. Thus, we may be sure, reasoned a large portion of the public in those days; for on no other hypothesis is the success of George III. intelligible. And now began a struggle hardly less important in principle

than that which took place between Charles I. and his Parliament. Toryism had again become practical; it rallied round an actual living representative, to whom obedience was not treason. Tories either had, or had good reason to believe they had, the constitution on their side. The sovereign was young, popular, and bold; and, all things considered, the two armies joined battle upon far less unequal terms than at first sight we might suppose. Our two great political parties were now, therefore, for the first time after nearly eighty years drawn out against each other upon a perfectly distinct issue, upon a great constitutional question: not upon any mere measure, however momentous or interesting, but upon the method of government itself.

In the second place it is to be observed that the history of the reign of George III. has still to be written. Lord Stanhope brings us to the Peace of Versailles. But from 1783 downwards, we have no History that is qualified to rank as a classic. Mr. Massey will not in our judgment supply the want; though we desire to do full justice to the spirited style and generally useful character of the volumes which he has already published. There are obvious reasons, therefore, for endeavoring to gauge the extent and estimate the value of the materials which the future historian will command: to ascertain how much of the rapidly accumulating mass of Political Memoirs is useful, and how much of it is not; and to classify the works in question according to the period of which they treat and the tone in which they are composed.

One very marked impression which remains upon the mind after the study of any number of these memoirs, is that Tradition is generally trustworthy. From the first William Pitt down to Sir Robert Peel, few statesmen emerge from the cross-examination to which their characters are submitted in these volumes either whiter or blacker than before. There are exceptions, but the conclusion is valuable because it confirms our faith in history. We see that acquaintance with the private side of a public man's character, while it enables us to fill in particular details, leaves the broad outlines untouched. We are led to reflect how improbable it is that men of eminence, whose lives and actions have been exposed to the full light of public-

ity for some thirty or forty years, should be greatly misjudged by their contemporaries. The existence of political memoirs affords, no doubt, an excellent security against falsehood. Even an historian who is not very anxious for truth, will be checked by the knowledge that his misstatements can be confuted from the papers which are pretty certain to emerge, sooner or later, from old family repositories; and we think with Lord Hailes, that they who suppress such memoirs do all that in them lies to leave history in darkness. There is, however, thus much to be said, that a limited and partial study of these memoirs is worse than no study at all. An interested or one-sided writer may construct any conceivable case upon any question out of these abundant materials, without a chance of being confuted, except by one who knows them all. He who possesses that knowledge will be armed against such political representations as we too often find in the Liberal historians of the present day.

These memoirs, if read aright, will throw great light upon various complicated passages of our political and parliamentary history, and in many instances materially change our opinion of them. But we shall usually find that change to be one which tends rather to reconcile our previous estimate of the actors with facts which had perplexed us, than to overthrow that previous estimate. On the other hand, it is to be remarked that much more vigilance is necessary in scanning the accounts of transactions than in reading the characters of individuals. Writers or editors who are reluctant to libel persons, are yet apt to misrepresent events, in their anxiety to exhibit their own conduct or that of their friends in a favorable light; and leaving the reader to draw certain inferences for himself, they delude themselves into the belief that they have avoided all personalities. Upon the whole, however, we repeat that it is events rather than persons which are affected by these publications. We have not, after the perusal of some forty works of this nature, changed our opinions of Lord Chatham, or the Duke of Bedford, or Lord Temple; of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Canning, Lord Grenville, Mr. Fox, or Mr. Addington. But we have changed our opinion of, or rather perhaps gained a clearer insight into, certain phases of the Catholic question; certain events of the war; some ministerial

embarrassments, and certain transformations of party.

We gather, indeed, from this course of reading, that the boundaries of party have been observed much more laxly than some modern politicians suppose. The facts which show this may be read in any ordinary history; but all which draws attention to those facts we find in the political memoir. A casual reader of history would see that one ministry succeeded another, and that certain statesmen were in Cabinet, without thinking, perhaps, of inquiring if that is where he should expect to see them. But when a member of one party passed over into the ranks of another, it was, of course, a fine theme for political correspondents and diarists. Yet, whatever the comments they provoke, we are startled to find how frequently and easily events of this nature occurred or were considered to be ripe for occurrence. Although there was a very clear distinction between Whig and Tory on the one fundamental principle of the king's right to choose his own ministers, yet individual statesmen passed backwards and forwards between the two rival camps, without provoking more or even so much disapprobation as such conduct would elicit now.

Public opinion appears to have exercised in former days a very slight influence upon the calculations of statesmen. Sometimes, indeed, it spoke out with sufficient plainness, as against the Excise Bill of Walpole and against the India Bill of Fox; but at other periods it remained comparatively sluggish, and then it seems to have been forgotten. Statesmen moved in a small circle, with their gaze invariably turned inwards, and seem to have judged of men and events by criteria of their own. But the opinion of the vulgar world not unfrequently set at defiance the predictions of the wisest statesmen. Nothing is more remarkable throughout these voluminous memoirs than the contrast which they present between the opinions of the initiated few and the actual issues of affairs. The downfall of ministers, for instance, is constantly predicted, because they were deficient in those qualities which at White's and Brooks's were held to be essential to success—brilliant eloquence, or great connections, or striking administrative talent. The moral support which a ministry derives from feeling itself in unison with the pop-

ular opinion of the day went for little. Not even the large majorities which these doomed governments regularly obtained in Parliament seem to have affected this prejudice. It led the Opposition into a confident way of talking, and has introduced into memoirs of the time assertions of ministerial weakness, which, not being founded upon fact, are calculated to mislead us very much in our estimate of particular transactions.

Such is one source of error peculiar to the political memoirs of this period, which is perhaps only to be detected by close study of their contents. Another is more obvious. We mean that, unless edited with extreme care, the journals, letters, and miscellaneous remains of public men are sure to represent so much of personal prepossession as greatly to impair their value for historical purposes. The first idea which occurs to the mind of any man interested in such subjects, on seeing or hearing of a fresh issue of family papers, is that now at length we shall have the true history of some hitherto mysterious transactions; that we shall be admitted behind the scenes, and see the actors in great events with their stage costume thrown aside. Well, we do see all this; but in proportion to the freedom with which transactions are discussed and motives acknowledged in such documents, is the openness with which personal prejudices are indulged and political enemies defamed. Thus what we gain on one side we are in danger of losing on the other. We are certainly admitted to disclosures which could never have been made in Parliament; but we are also distracted by interruptions which greatly obscure their moral lesson. The saints of old are said to have suffered much from the malignity of demons, who would interpose themselves between the pages of a good book and the eyes of the devout reader, leading away his thoughts to unholy objects, and making the words of truth and wisdom unintelligible. The reader of political memoirs is tormented in the same fashion by the demons of spite and partiality, which flit before his eyes like bats, as he labors to extract the truth from some long and confidential narrative. The value, therefore, of a really honest and competent editor for works of this description may be easily understood. But it seems very difficult to procure one. The task is often undertaken by relations;

and the relations of a distinguished man are prone not only to ascribe an undue importance to him and his actions,—and therefore to flood the press with needless and trivial matter,—but also to adopt all his views, and defend all his fancies with little or no examination. Or if the work be confided to the hands of some professed author, he again may naturally be unwilling to displease his patrons; while the chances are that neither the one nor the other possesses that minute knowledge of our parliamentary history which is required for the correction or modification of *ex parte* statements. When Lady Hester Stanhope was told of the publication of the Chatham Correspondence, she observed at once that it would be certain to mislead the world. Nobody, she said, was competent to edit political papers of that era; for young men understood neither the old phraseology nor the old politics. Lady Hester was probably in the right: for it is very difficult to tell at this distance of time how much, or how little, certain phrases of the old school were intended to convey.

The first batch of our memoirs which admit of being marked off by themselves are such as relate mainly to the earlier part of George the Third's reign. With the first ministry of Mr. Pitt a new state of things commenced; new ideas began to bud; new men appeared upon the public scene; and a different class of public questions began to agitate Parliament. We may safely, therefore, take the previous period as one complete within itself, with its own particular ideas, difficulties, and methods. Some of the memoirs which relate to it will, of course, run on into the next; and some there are which carry us over the whole breadth of the reigns of the two last Georges. But this does not affect the principle of division we have adopted; and it will generally be found that such memoirs are not equally useful for both the earlier and the latter period. One exception, however, there is, and that is in that unbroken series of family papers which preserve to us the memory of the Grenvilles. Stretching all the way from the year 1742 to the last accession of Lord Derby to power, they are equally interesting and equally important at any point of time as far as 1830. But the Diaries and Correspondence of Lord Malmesbury, which rank next in point of duration

to the Grenville series, do not throw much light upon domestic politics earlier than the French Revolution. From 1767 to 1787 Lord Malmesbury was almost constantly abroad. From 1793 to 1796 he was abroad again; and it was only during the latter years of his life, down to 1812, that he was much involved with the political parties of the time. But in 1792 and the early part of 1793 he was intimately concerned in those private negotiations which preceded the great Whig secession; and we shall notice in its proper place the highly interesting account which he has left us of that transaction. On foreign affairs, of course, he is throughout a valuable authority. Running nearly parallel with the Malmesbury Papers is the Diary and Correspondence of Lord Cornwallis. The former begin in 1767, and terminate in 1808. The latter extend from 1776-1805; and, like Lord Malmesbury's, their chief value for our present purpose depends upon their later portions. During the earlier part of his career Lord Cornwallis was in America. From 1786 to 1794 he was in India. And though, of course, full of very interesting matter, the papers which relate to these periods do not afford so much material for illustrating the peculiar characteristics of political memoirs as those which relate wholly to domestic politics. The Correspondence of Burke (1744 to 1797) is singularly barren of parliamentary topics till after the rise of Mr. Pitt. Both the Memorials and Correspondence of Fox and the Life of Fox, the one edited and the other written by Earl Russell, resemble in this respect the Correspondence of Burke. They are, indeed, full of the Coalition of 1783, on which Burke, strange to say, is silent; but we find nothing in them to help us in understanding those earlier intrigues of George the Third's reign, the intricacy of which is sufficient to daunt the most inquisitive. Nevertheless, as Fox was thirteen years in Parliament during the first period, his Correspondence must not be forgotten in enumerating the works which relate to it. He entered Parliament, in fact, just as that series of wretched squabbles which began with the ministry of Lord Bute had been finally concluded by the promotion of Lord North to the Treasury, during whose long administration parties were plainly divided on one or two great questions, and few of those

complications occurred of which we are driven to look to private sources for a solution.

The works which more properly belong to and illustrate the first twenty years of George III. are a certain portion of the Grenville annals, and the Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Chatham, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Rockingham. These four are purely political, and bear directly upon the ministerial movements of that quarrelsome era. The chief actors in them were all at different times in the Cabinet, and were, for the most part, leaders. Of course both the writers and the editors have a natural bias in favor of their own opinions and their own heroes. But then that bias is virtually avowed on the title-page. We know that we are going to have the Woburn, the Hayes, or the Wentworth, or the Stowe version of a particular epoch submitted to us. And, by carefully comparing these sets of correspondence, we can arrive at the truth on most of the questions to which they relate. But, besides those which have just been mentioned, we have other memoirs of a less exclusively political character, containing, nevertheless, very interesting matter. First among these stand Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of George III., 1760-1783. Then we have the celebrated Memoirs of Wraxall, 1772-1789, of which one instalment was published in 1815, and another in 1836. The later letters of Lord Chesterfield, those of Lady Suffolk, Lady Hervey, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, all throw some light upon the period; and as these writers were less immediately interested in politics, such remarks as they do occasionally make on the conduct of contemporary statesmen are doubly valuable. George Selwyn's Correspondence, which extends down to 1780, contains no political information.

It is a curious circumstance that of all these works, the two which have been most copiously drawn upon by succeeding writers are the two which are decidedly least trustworthy,—those of Walpole and of Wraxall. The unfitness of either to be accepted as an historical witness has been very publicly and conclusively demonstrated. Yet we find them as unblushingly quoted for party purposes as if no such exposure had been made. Wraxall, however, is valuable to a certain extent for his political portraits. We do not

mean, of course, that they have any pretensions to stand alongside of the masterpieces of this branch of composition. But they have merit; and Lady Hester Stanhope, though she contradicted him on one or two important points, said that his descriptions were often so good that she should have liked to make him a duke. But all except these portraits is pure gossip. How many turkeys' eggs the Duke of Rutland used to eat for breakfast—how much money Fox lost to Lord Clermont on a heifer's capacity for turnips—anecdotes of this class, spiced with political scandal, and interspersed with some semi-apocryphal accounts of his own adventures in Denmark, form the staple of his memoirs, of which the general impression left upon the reader's mind is that here we have *not* any valuable materials for history. Walpole's memoirs are written in a spirit of sour and unscrupulous Whiggism, which has poisoned at the fountain-head the whole stream of information which descends from him. On any nicely balanced point we should not think of allowing his evidence to turn the scale. Even where his representations are strengthened by contemporary testimony, we shall generally find that he exaggerates. But it has been reserved for an eminent Whig writer of our own day to accept him where he stands alone, and to reject his authority where it is confirmed by numbers. Walpole may have exaggerated the bad qualities of the Duke of Bedford; but there is, at all events, a preponderance of contemporary evidence adverse to the noble duke. He abuses in no measured terms the ministry of Lord Shelburne; and in this he has but few supporters. Yet Lord Russell adopts, with only trifling reservations, his hostile account of Lord Shelburne, while he repudiates with disdain his aspersions on the Duke of Bedford.

The second batch of memoirs which are capable of being classed together date from the rise of Mr. Pitt. To these have to be added the memoirs which, like the Malmesbury and Cornwallis Correspondence, start from an earlier point, but whose chief interest lies in the subsequent period. This we should say, speaking roughly, extends from 1783 to the termination of the great war; and as we had memoirs relating to the first epoch which ran over into the second, so we have memoirs relating to the second which

extend into the third. Among these are the Lives of Canning, Wilberforce, Lord Grey, Lord Eldon, and Lord Sidmouth; the Diary and Correspondence of Lord Colchester, of Madame d'Arblay, and Miss Knight. Those which are limited to the period we have just defined are the Lives of Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan; Lord Holland's Memoirs of the Whig Party; the Courts and Cabinets of George III.; the Diary and Correspondence of George Rose; of Lord Auckland, of Lord Castlereagh, and the Marquis Wellesley; and the Reminiscences of Lady Hester Stanhope. The line of demarcation between the Pittite and pre-Pittite period is marked with curious distinctness. The foremost men in the earlier one were Lord Chatham, Lord Temple, George Grenville, the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Rockingham, Edmund Burke, and Lord North. Chatham died in 1775, Temple in 1779, Grenville in 1770, Bedford in 1771, Rockingham in 1783. Lord North retired from public life after the rout of the Coalition; and of the whole phalanx only Mr. Burke remained. During the first ten years of Mr. Pitt's administration a new generation of statesmen sprang into existence; and to this same eventful period we trace the source of more political memoirs than to any other period in our annals. Abbott, Scott, Canning, Rose, and Addington, Castlereagh, Grenville, Wellesley, and Wilberforce, all came into the House of Commons about this time, and have all left materials for memoirs. On the Whig side only two men of real eminence made their *début* within the period—Lord Grey and Lord Erskine. Sheridan dates from 1780. Eldon was not so much either a Whig or a Tory, as a personal adherent of Lord North: though the Whigs seem to have claimed him as one of themselves after 1783, and to have regarded with anger his subsequent desertion to Mr. Pitt.

Of this second division of memoirs it is difficult to say that one is more trustworthy than another. The fullest and most interesting are the Courts and Cabinets of George III., the latter part of Lord Malmesbury's Diary, the Colchester and Auckland Diaries, the Diary of George Rose, and the Lives of Mr. Pitt and Lord Eldon. We still want a good Life of Mr. Canning, although Mr. Stapleton's work contains important information. The Life of Lord Sidmouth by his

son-in-law, Dean Pellew, though a valuable addition to our political literature, is heavy. The Lives of Fox and Sheridan, are, the one slipshod, and the other (though an interesting book) ill supplied with state secrets. The Castlereagh Papers are protracted to an unmanageable bulk. In Wellesley there is too much of Asia, and in Wilberforce too much of Africa. Of the three lady memoir-writers whom we have mentioned, two have produced works of considerable interest. Unhappily, however, they are not great authorities on politics, and all their statements require to be carefully checked; Lady Hester Stanhope in particular, whose wonderfully lively and graphic pictures of the persons and the society which she had known during her residence under Mr. Pitt's roof must be received with extreme caution, though on the personal habits and character of Pitt himself she speaks with a weight that cannot be disputed. The voluminous Diary of Madame D'Arblay is disappointing, and yields few materials to the historian; but Miss Knight's autobiography, though we have had occasion to point out in it some of those oversights to which all such publications are liable, contains much useful matter and many most suggestive hints.

For the third period, that, namely, which succeeded the conclusion of the war, bringing with it both new men and new measures, some of the above-mentioned volumes are of course as useful as for an earlier stage. To the number we ought perhaps to add the diaries and letters of Plumer Ward, Sir Samuel Romilly, and Francis Horner; since the first of these extends from the year 1800 to 1846, the second from 1806 to 1818, and the third from 1803 to 1817. The most important of those which relate exclusively to the later period are the Courts and Cabinets of the Regency, the Memoirs of the Reign of George IV., and the Buckingham Diary, all Grenville publications; Notes by Sir Robert Heron, an old Whig, who sat in Parliament from 1812 to 1851; the Memoirs of Mackintosh; the scandalous Diary of Lady Charlotte Campbell; the memoirs left behind by the late Sir Robert Peel; Mr. Roebuck's History of the Reform Bill; the letters of Lord Dudley to the Bishop of Llandaff; and the Life and also the Despatches of the Duke of Wellington. The correspondence of Raikes with the duke, as it begins in

1813, must be admitted into this list, although it is of no value; but Raikes's Journal (1831-1849), and the Duke of Buckingham's Courts and Cabinets of William IV. and Queen Victoria, belong to a different era of the political world; the former being in fact almost the only political Diary of the old species which relates to the post-Reform epoch.

These memoirs are, of course, of very various merit. For fulness of information and tolerable fairness, we should say the Grenville Publications, the Diary of Lord Colchester (who was the recipient of many confidences from the leading politicians on both sides), and the Life of Lord Eldon, by Horace Twiss, are the best. Dean Pellew, as we have said, is heavy, and not especially sagacious. Plumer Ward is better; but he is inspired by great personal bitterness towards political opponents. His Diary commences in 1809, just when Lord Malmesbury's terminates, and is very instructive regarding the political squabbles which preceded the resignation of the Duke of Portland, and which agitated the ministry of Mr. Perceval. He is one of the few memoir-writers, if not the only one, who has expressed an exalted opinion of that statesman. He seems to have thought that, for the general purposes of debate, Perceval was a better speaker than Mr. Canning. But he is extremely unfair to both Canning and Lord Wellesley, and his editor unfortunately has done nothing to mitigate the evil.

The Parliamentary Diary of Sir Samuel Romilly, though an interesting record of his times, contains little or nothing of moment upon any of the riddles of the period. Horner's Letters and his Diary show great ability, and many of his reflections on passing events are drawn from a depth of thought quite uncommon in politicians. The "Papers of Sir Robert Peel," which were edited by Lord Stanhope and Mr. Cardwell, relating to his conduct in 1829, 1835, and 1846, cannot be read with indifference; but they, too, conform to the general law. They tell us little which we did not already know: though, doubtless, future editions of them may tell us more, as many of his Papers relating to the Repeal of the Corn-laws have been withheld for the present, out of regard to persons still living—an example of delicacy which one or two other editors would

have done well to anticipate and to follow. We must not expect, however, that with the greater publicity, and probably greater simplicity which attends all political transactions of the present day, the same materials will survive which give their zest to political memoirs. For the manœuvres and intrigues and conspiracies which occupy these volumes, a small circle of performers was required, and a comparatively uninformed public. A few individuals were then the pivots of the whole machine, and it was worth while to secure their co-operation by a variety of means which are now falling into disuse. Newspapers, too, in the present day are so much better informed, that transactions are detected now which would in former times have escaped notice; and we cannot consequently anticipate from political memoirs in future, either the novelty or the raciness which distinguish those of an earlier period. Sir Robert Peel's memoranda are indeed confessedly no more than a vindication of himself. But even the Diary of Mr. Raikes, which is plainly built upon the old models, is of little political value.

It is to be observed that in this collection of memoirs the two great political parties are represented with tolerable evenness; the Whigs having a slight majority. We do not pretend, indeed, to have given our readers an exhaustive catalogue of these works. But we find, on re-perusing the last few pages, that we have set down as many as forty-six; of which eighteen are Tory memoirs, twenty-one are Whig, and the remainder doubtful. The pure Whig and pure Tory names speak for themselves. The doubtful or neutral ones are those of Grenville, Auckland, Cornwallis, and strictly speaking, perhaps, Malmesbury and Wellesley. Several of the memoirs fluctuate in their political tone, just as their authors fluctuated in their political allegiance; and there are some which we know not whether to describe as doubtful, as Tory, or as Pittite.

It now remains for us to illustrate the general characteristics which we have attributed to political memoirs, by a few examples under each head. It is remarked by the editor of the Auckland Correspondence, at the conclusion of his last volume, that "it would be as fair to write the Life of Pitt from the Memorials of Fox, as to estimate

Lord Auckland's character from the correspondence of his bitterest enemies." All that need be added to this statement is, that the converse of it is quite as true. The first thing to be done by that comparatively small number of persons who read political memoirs for anything more than mere amusement, is to check the statements of editors by reference to contemporary memoirs. If we find that these generally agree in their estimate of a particular public man, we shall be very cautious of allowing the representations of relatives to supersede it. More especially will this be the case when it is difficult to discover any grounds of personal animosity between the alleged victim and his traducers. How far these remarks apply to Lord Auckland himself, we shall consider presently. We will first take the character of another public man, whom a relative has in like manner attempted to redeem from obloquy. The behavior of the Duke of Bedford to George III., during the first few years of his reign, is one of the salient features in the Annals of our Courts and Cabinets. It is well known that in 1765 he had an important interview with the king, for the purpose of remonstrating against backstairs influence. It was always said that he had behaved on the occasion with unwarrantable violence; but for a long time Junius was the only authority for its actual effect upon the king. At this distance of time we can hardly read his words without a smile. "He repeatedly gave the king the lie, and left him in convulsions." Curiously enough, however, Walpole corroborates the statement. He says that the king subsequently declared, if he had not ordered the duke out of his presence, he should have been suffocated with indignation. Now there is no necessity to accept these stories in their literal significance, though we must remember that between Walpole and Junius there was no kind of concert, as they belonged to widely different sections of the disorganized Whig party; but the question is, whether these stories do not strike the key-note of the duke's character. Lord Russell and Mr. Massey, who has partially followed in his footsteps, maintain that it is not *likely* that the duke transgressed the bounds of decency or etiquette. Lord Russell argues from the minutes of the intended remonstrance found among the duke's papers: Mr. Massey, from the fact

that the duke as a diplomatist "was accustomed to measure his words."* But these arguments even in the abstract are worth very little. For the point at issue is whether or not the duke lost his temper. If not, his remonstrance, however firm, is not likely to have been disrespectful. If he did, his minute of course would be forgotten. On the other hand, the fact that the duke had been a diplomatist, though it raises a certain presumption in favor of his powers of self-control, will not stand for a moment against the concurrent testimony of his contemporaries, both to his imperious temper and to the frequency with which he yielded to it. Mr. Massey himself, in another passage, quotes an exceedingly pertinent illustration of his grace's character. "Some insight is afforded into the dictatorial arrogance of his temper by an anecdote unconsciously related by the biographer and eulogist of the house of Russell. The duke had stipulated, as a condition of his taking office, that Bute should not in any way be consulted upon public affairs. He could do no less; but, according to Mr. Wiffen, his grace considered it an infraction of this compact that Bute should have come to town in the spring of 1765, and taken his place in the House of Lords. A political rival, with whom, it is to be remembered, Bedford had himself almost up to that period sat in Cabinet Council, was not only to be removed from power, but altogether secluded from public life, like the disgraced courtier of a mediæval despot."† And why Mr. Massey should stigmatize Burke's report of his insolence to the king in this interview as exhibiting "somewhat of the facile credulity of a vulgar political opponent," we cannot understand. This insolence was the talk of the town; while the general character of the duke, as depicted in almost all other memoirs of this period, is such as to persuade us that there is no intrinsic improbability in the language imputed to him. In the Chatham Correspondence, in Lord Hervey's Memoirs, in the Rockingham Correspondence, in Lord Chesterfield's Letters, and in Lady Hervey's, we find descriptions of his conduct and character, at different periods of his career, uniformly unfavorable.‡ His vexatious rivalry with Newcastle,

in 1750; his intrigues to drive out Lord Shelburne in 1766; his intrigues against the Duke of Grafton but a short time afterwards—all tend to confirm the traditional estimate of his character, and to discredit the apology of his descendant. Lady Hervey says of him, with true feminine vehemence, "he has no judgment—great heat—obstinate wrong-headedness—and is the tool of favorites." This last assertion also is confirmed by Junius, who says, "I will not pretend to specify the secret terms on which you were invited to support an administration which Lord Bute pretended to leave in full possession of their ministerial authority, and perfectly masters of themselves. He was not of a temper to relinquish power, though he retired from employment. Stipulations were certainly made between your grace and him, and certainly violated. After two years' submission, you thought you had collected a strength sufficient to control his influence, and that it was your turn to be a tyrant because you had been a slave."

We have entered on these particulars merely in pursuit of the literary object set before us. We have given the case of the Duke of Bedford as an illustration of our statement that private political memoirs do not as a rule, overthrow the popular traditional estimate of our public men, and that the favorable representations of friends must be received with as much caution as the hostile criticism of opponents.

In like manner the popular estimate of Lord Chatham is fully confirmed by all the family papers which relate to the period when he flourished. His commanding eloquence and force of character, his lofty modes of thought and action, in private life verging upon bombast, but in public and at a distance so imposing and so dazzling that all the instruments of his policy became animated with the same spirit: his extraordinary egotism, and still more extraordinary reserve; this singular mixture of strength and weakness, of pride and vanity, is revealed to us through the whole of these memoirs in the clearest and most unvarying colors. It can hardly, however, have escaped the student of Lord Chatham's era, that, for so eminent a man, he took a very brief part in the administration of public affairs. This circumstance is to some extent explained by his embarrassing connection

* "History of England," vol. i. p. 244.

† *Ibid.*, p. 241.

‡ See also the Fox Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 68.

with the Grenvilles; while during his closing years his mind was probably disordered. But another view of Lord Chatham's character is faintly indicated in the various memoirs of the period, which, though not in any way conflicting with the popular estimate, might explain the latter half of his career more clearly than has yet been done.

It has sometimes occurred to us that on domestic politics Lord Chatham was more or less at sea. With regard to the proper mode of "carrying on the king's government" he seems not to have made up his mind, as we find him at one time telling the king that he could not conduct his government without the help of the revolution families, and at another declaring from his place in the House of Lords that he defied an insolent oligarchy. Statesmen who went to take counsel with him complained that he could not reason consecutively for five minutes together, but occupied the whole time with vague and stilted declamation. Shall we be thought to offer an unpardonable insult to the memory of the great Lord Chatham, if we venture to suggest that he might possibly have had nothing to say? The fact is, he pined for his old ascendancy when the circumstances which maintained it had departed. In a period of profound peace he sighed for the authority of dictator. He could not give his mind to the ordinary details of business or the ordinary management of parties. He had never acquired the kind of knowledge which these duties demand; and when his advice was sought by men of one-tenth of his genius, but of superior capacity for administration, he was naturally perplexed and angry, and took refuge either in total seclusion or else in those meaningless harangues of which his visitors complained. We say that this view of Lord Chatham's character is dimly shadowed out in some of the memoirs we have mentioned; but it supplements, it does not contradict, the common estimate of his powers, and is therefore no exception to the general rule.

We must say the same of the Diary and Correspondence of Lord Auckland. The Bishop of Bath and Wells has not effected any substantial change in our estimate of his father's character derived from the testimony of his contemporaries. The bishop observes that Lord Auckland cannot, as supposed by Lord Malmesbury, have joined with Lord

Loughborough in prepossessing the royal mind against Mr. Pitt's measure of Catholic Relief, because on the 31st January, 1801, he wrote a letter in which he implied that he had but just learnt Mr. Pitt's resolution, and prayed him to reconsider it. But it seems to us that no argument can be founded upon this letter. It is quite possible that Lord Auckland may have acted as alleged without desiring Mr. Pitt's downfall; and the letter in question is by no means to be read without Mr. Pitt's answer, which has been published by the bishop himself, and which is conclusive, if not as to Lord Auckland's conduct, at least as to the view which Mr. Pitt took of it. Indeed, Lord Auckland's silence under so cutting a reproach is noticed by Mr. Rose in his diary as showing that he was conscious of having deserved it.* But the Bishop of Bath and Wells really has done something towards clearing the reputation of Lord Loughborough. It was believed by many, up to the publication of his recent volumes, that a paper found among the Rosslyn MSS., being a written opinion on the Catholic claims delivered to the king in 1795, was the work of Lord Loughborough. The writer of it asserts that any further relaxation of the laws against Romanists would be a violation of the Coronation Oath. The existence of this paper was never revealed to Mr. Pitt. Lord Loughborough himself affected, in the presence of his colleagues, no disinclination to see a Relief Bill brought forward. We do not wonder, therefore, at the tone in which Lord Stanhope speaks of this document, which was first brought to light by Lord Campbell. The bishop, however, adduces several good reasons for believing that the paper in question was the work not of Lord Loughborough, but of Lord Clare, whose letters to Mr. Beresford contain the same argument in very similar language. It is something, no doubt, to have dispelled this one shadow from the name of Lord Loughborough; but we cannot go so far as to say that the opinion of him handed down by his contemporaries has been greatly modified by the discovery.

* The bishop states that the editor of Rose, who has read the unpublished correspondence between Rose and Lord Auckland, considers that it is not true that Lords Loughborough and Auckland produced the breach between the king and Mr. Pitt. But of what weight is that writer's opinion on any subject? and where is the correspondence?

And before quitting the subject, we must remind the bishop that he has committed, in pleading for Lord Loughborough, exactly the same mistake as he has done in the case of Lord Auckland. He tells us that Rose's Diary contains a complete explanation of Lord Loughborough's conduct. But this explanation is merely recorded by Rose as the statement of Lord Loughborough himself.

There are points, no doubt, on which public opinion has been modified by the contents of these various publications; but, as we have already said, they rather serve to fill in details than affect the broad outlines of character. It is necessary to state this fact very plainly, because the world is apt to anticipate much more from the posthumous papers of eminent men than they are generally able to afford. Information of this nature oozes out by degrees, and our opinions of men become pretty well moulded into the shape which they are destined to preserve before the men themselves are dead.

No doubt the estimate of certain great ministers has latterly undergone a change, but this is owing, in one or two instances only, to the contents of political memoirs. The public estimate of Lord Castlereagh has risen considerably since the publication of his despatches. The common opinion of Pitt's private character, founded on the libels and caricatures of which a man so eminent must always be the subject, has been greatly modified by the Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope, by Lord Wellesley, by Wilberforce, and, finally, by his latest biographer, Lord Stanhope. Wraxall's portrait of Pitt has been quite blotted out by these authorities. According to Sir Nathaniel, Pitt cared for nothing but politics, and buried himself at Walmer Castle in 1801, gnawing his heart with vexation at his loss of power, indifferent to all country pleasures, and intent on nothing but how soonest to get back to Downing Street. What is the truth? Pitt was of a most joyous disposition, delighting in literary recreations,* and passionately fond of hunting, shooting, and farming. He took a farm near Walmer, to which he and Lady Hester used often to resort for luncheon; and his niece was fond of relating in after years what hunches of bread and cheese and bread and butter she had seen

him devour on these occasions. His own letters are full of rural topics: they contain frequent allusions to his partridge-shooting, and show plainly that he took as much interest in manœuvring his corps of Volunteers and inspecting his Cinque Ports harbors. Yet our estimate of the man from a public point of view has undergone but little change, although we see more and more clearly from each successive publication the unequalled loftiness of his character.

The character of Canning has been affected in both its public and its private aspect by the tenor of our recent memoirs; and perhaps, on the whole, injuriously. All the memoirs which have proceeded from an ultra-Tory point of view, all of which have proceeded from a purely Whig point of view, and even the Buckingham Memoirs—which ought to have done justice to one who braved the jealousy of mediocrities out of pure admiration for Lord Grenville—are veined with ill-concealed dislike of him. Strange to say, even Lady Hester Stanhope is violent in abuse of her uncle's *protégé* and champion. Almost the only publications which are favorable to him in detail are the Wellesley Correspondence and Lord Stanhope's "Life of Mr. Pitt:" though, by the way, it is the biographer of Lord Eldon who has drawn what is, in our opinion, the finest portrait of him extant.* With these two exceptions, the general tone is against him. He took a comparatively independent line after Mr. Pitt's death, and he was not strong enough in property or connections to support an independent line. He claimed to be the legitimate inheritor of Pitt's policy, and a certain class of great personages grew tired of the name of Mr. Pitt. He made many personal enemies by his unbridled sarcasm, and early in his career he alienated the most powerful section of his own party by abuse of Mr. Addington. When Pitt died, Canning found himself in much the same position as that of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley in the Marquis of Steyne's drawing-room, when she had to face the ladies by herself; and, though he struggled with his difficulties gallantly to the end of his days, he never thoroughly overcame them. All this we see clearly enough in these memoirs; but, unfortunately for Canning, it has been the interest of no one in particular to set the world right on these

* See "Lord Wellesley's Letter to the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*," "Q. R." vol. lvii. p. 488.

* Twiss's "Life of Lord Eldon," vol. iii.

points; and the result is, that he is one of the very few great statesmen of the last hundred years whose reputation is lower at the present day than at the hour of his death. Canning, then, is a fair exception to our rule: the publication of "Political Memoirs" has affected his memory—that is to say, it has brought to light and hung out before the public gaze a thousand petty passions of which Mr. Canning was the object; while, as he left behind him neither diary nor biography of his own, the task of defending him, even when heartily undertaken, has proved more than usually difficult. This is not the place for entering upon an elaborate examination of his character. Some future passages of our article will involve a partial vindication of it. It is sufficient for the present to point out that the concurrence of testimony against him is far more distinctly traceable to personal grounds than the imputations on the Duke of Bedford or Lord Auckland.

The traditional, unwritten estimate of Mr. Fox is affected by these "Political Memoirs" in only one point. It has been customary to associate with his name that kind of magnanimous generosity for which men of dissipated and profuse habits too easily acquire the reputation. The old story of his lying on the rug buried in Herodotus, just after he had been ruined at the gaming-table, has had a great effect upon the public. It is, we must confess, a very telling situation; but (as we have had occasion to observe in previous articles) his own letters show him to have been neither so generous nor magnanimous as it has been the fashion to suppose him. Our readers may remember that in 1804, on Mr. Addington's resignation, an attempt was made to reunite the old Tory party, with Pitt and Lord Grenville in their old places. Grenville in the mean time had formed a close alliance with Mr. Fox, and refused to take office unless the latter was admitted to the Cabinet. This George III. was equally resolved that he should not be; and then it was that Fox is reported to have declared that he would be no obstacle to an arrangement; that he was too old to care for office himself; and "that he hoped his friends would join Mr. Pitt, and that Mr. Pitt would find places for them." This has always been spoken of as very generous and noble-minded conduct. As such, it

served Lord Grenville with an excellent pretext for declining the overtures of Pitt. He must stand by so generous a friend, even though that friend set him free. But Mr. Fox's self-denying declarations, as his adherents well knew, were not to be taken *au pied de la lettre*. About a year later he made a similar profession in the House of Commons:—

"I feel myself sure," he said,* "that an administration formed to comprehend all that is respectable for rank, talents, character, and influence in the country affords the only chance of safety; and I trust that nobody can suppose that any individual (however he may disapprove, as I certainly do, the unconstitutional principle of exclusion) would suffer any personal ambition, if ambition he had, to stand in the way of the formation of such a ministry."

This sounds very magnanimous: but we find him, three days afterwards, addressing to Mr. O'Brien, a partisan writer, the following explanation:—

"I never meant to admit (nor do the words at all convey such a meaning) that such a ministry could be made without my having a principal, or perhaps the principal share in it, or that it could be formed at all without Pitt's coming down from his situation at the Treasury, and in fact, considering the present ministry as annihilated, in which case all such persons as I alluded to might be consulted on the formation of a new one."†

This from the man who, a year before, was too old to care for office! It is, indeed, abundantly clear from his correspondence that he never dreamed of entering the Cabinet except upon terms of official equality with Pitt, and with a First Lord of the Treasury of his own nomination.‡ Another little fact also, recorded by Lord Colchester, upon the authority of Addington, clearly proves, if true, that Fox was really anxious for place. In June, 1803, and February, 1804, Addington received overtures from Mr. Fox for joining him, but put them aside; § yet in his correspondence of March, 1804, Fox speaks of the pleasure it will give him "to hunt down this vile fellow." ||

* June 20th, 1806; "Fox's Speeches," vol. vi. p. 620. Ed. 1815.

† "Correspondence," vol. iv. p. 80.

‡ Ibid., pp. 84, 96, 114.

§ Col., vol. i. p. 529.

|| "Fox Correspondence," vol. iv. p. 31.

We have now noticed the chief instances in which these disclosures have caused any modification of our judgment on the character of public men. On the whole they are not important; and, with the exceptions which we have noticed, we do not find our previous conceptions of public characters fundamentally affected. Taken simply, however, as illustrations and confirmations of generally acknowledged estimates, the traits of character and private purposes in which these volumes abound are highly interesting. Perhaps the most curious instance we can give is the spectacle which they present of the immobility of the Grenville character, even to the third generation. In 1765 and again in 1768 Lord Temple would not join Lord Chatham because he was aiming at the re-establishment of the Grenville ministry. From 1801 to 1804 his nephew, Lord Grenville, was, if we may believe Lord Malmesbury,—and it is the only rational hypothesis upon which to explain his conduct,—working covertly for the same end. He had an idea, says Lord Malmesbury, that the Marquis of Buckingham would make an excellent prime minister. We have not observed that this design is imputed to him in any other of the political memoirs of the day; but it is quite in accordance with the character which they all bestow on him, and is, as we have said, the simplest explanation of his conduct at the period in question. Again, in 1827, Lord Grenville's own nephew, the Duke of Buckingham, tried his utmost to make use of the ministerial crisis for the same purpose. His motions for this end, which are related with the utmost *naïveté* in the pages of the newly published Diary, are certainly among the most curious disclosures which have as yet been presented to us. We shall refer to the Diary again in the course of this article for its aid in clearing up a very complex political transaction; but simply as a specimen of character, and of a character so completely in harmony with the general behavior of the same family for nearly seventy years, it is invaluable.

The characters of individual statesmen are so closely interwoven with the transactions in which they have taken part, that whatever elucidates the one may be expected to throw light upon the other. Accordingly, in the foregoing pages, in which we have been confining ourselves ostensibly to character, we

have anticipated much which belongs properly to events; and, conversely, in the examination of events we shall often find ourselves gliding into the discussion of characters. There are some transactions, however, which admit of being considered, if not without reference to the character of the actors, yet without these forming the prominent object of attention. Such, for instance, is the disagreement between Fox and Lord Shelburne under the second administration of Lord Rockingham. Fox was Foreign Secretary; Shelburne, Home and Colonial Secretary; and it is usually stated that Fox took umbrage at Shelburne for sending agents of his own to Paris during the negotiation of the peace with America without first consulting him. Shelburne, as Colonial Secretary, conceived himself to be interested in a negotiation with the revolted colonies, which had in fact commenced with a letter to himself from Dr. Franklin; while Fox, on the other hand, was treating not directly with the colonies, but with the French Foreign Office, on their behalf; and, as we may learn from his Correspondence,* he endeavored to exclude Shelburne, no less than Shelburne, according to his own view, endeavored to hoodwink him. The distribution of business between the two Offices would almost inevitably lead to misunderstanding, unless there existed entire confidence between the ministers who held them; and after all it is only probable that Shelburne entertained the same distrust of Fox as Foreign Minister as was entertained by Lord Grenville many years afterwards: for we are informed in the "Courts and Cabinets of George III.,"† that during his brief administration in 1806, in which Fox was Foreign Secretary, it was considered doubtful whether he reaped any advantages from his co-operation, beyond his popularity.

So again in 1793, when the union with the Whigs was on the tapis, Mr. Pitt has incurred censure for not at once giving Fox the Foreign Office. But his real reason for not doing so is preserved in the Malmesbury Correspondence, though Lord Russell has thought fit to overlook it. "It would appear to our allies," he said, "as if a change of foreign policy were in contemplation." So it most assuredly would have done. Yet this

* Vol. i. p. 343, seqq.

† Vol. iv. p. 35.

simple and sensible explanation has been recorded by no one but Lord Malmesbury. In the same memoirs we find a statement which, coupled with the story we have alluded to regarding Lords Auckland and Loughborough, explains the resignation of Mr. Pitt in 1801 more clearly than any other theory. He is reported to have told Canning that it was not the king's mere opposition to the Roman Catholic Bill which caused his resignation, but the manner in which it was concerted; clearly implying by his words that it was the secret influence of unacknowledged advisers against which he was protesting, and not a mere opinion of the king's. This story is so thoroughly consistent with rumors which are audible more or less distinctly in half the memoirs of the period, to say nothing of the direct shape in which they are clothed by Lord Malmesbury, that its truth is scarcely to be doubted. But what a cloud of misconceptions is removed by these few words, and what a light they shed upon the conduct of the king, George III., who, first driven to act in this manner at his accession to the throne, now recurred to it in a difficulty where really it was wholly superfluous. Similarly we understand Lord Grenville's refusal to act without Fox in 1804 quite plainly as soon as we are reminded that he was only carrying out the regular tactics of his family. What his uncle had done in 1766, and his nephew was to do in 1827, that he too was doing in 1804. "Lord Grenville," says Malmesbury, "thinks the Marquis of Buckingham would make as good a prime minister as anybody."

The estrangement of the Whigs from the Prince Regent after 1811 is another of our political mysteries which has been variously interpreted according to the connections of the interpreter. We sometimes wonder that a brief remark attributed to Sheridan, which is to be found in so common a book as "Moore's Life of Sheridan," has not been more frequently quoted. The quarrel, as our readers will remember, was on the subject of the regency. The Prince of Wales wanted the Whig precedent of 1768 to be followed exactly. But Lord Grenville, who was now among the Whigs, had at that time figured among the Tories, and vigorously supported the original propositions of Mr. Pitt. "The Whig doctrine," says Sheridan, speaking of 1811, "was sacrificed to

preserve the consistency of Lord Grenville—that was the first fruits of the Coalition of 1806." We see at once how natural it was that veteran Whigs who remembered the battle of 1788 should see the thing in this light, and that the prince himself should feel aggrieved at the old doctrine being abandoned in deference to a converted Tory.

After the death of Mr. Fox no name is so prominent in English politics for many years as that of Canning. He was, to judge from these memoirs, the source of more embarrassments than any other statesman in our annals. For nearly a quarter of a century, whenever we see a difficulty in the Cabinet, we are almost sure to be informed that Canning is at the bottom of it. We have already adverted to the manner in which the reputation of this statesman has been affected by the publication of the political memoirs of rivals or of enemies. But there are two transactions of his life in which they have done him good service, namely, his quarrel with Lord Castlereagh and the formation of his own ministry. Of the former it is sufficient to say that what Castlereagh complained of appears to have been really the fault of the Duke of Portland and Lord Camden, and not of Canning. But with regard to the latter, the recently published *Diary of the first Duke of Buckingham* contains a most curious statement.* Before leaving England on a continental tour, the Duke of Buckingham, full of personal hopes and aspirations, sought an interview with George IV. This was in the month of July, 1827, and his majesty then gave him a full account of all that had taken place in the preceding April, when it became necessary to find a successor to Lord Liverpool. It would be foreign to our present purpose to investigate the subject at any length. But our readers may remember that the Duke of Wellington positively denied in the House of Lords that the king had ever asked him to be premier. George IV. assured the Duke of Buckingham that he had pressed this post upon the duke. But what is, if possible, still more strange, is that the king distinctly admitted that he himself had nominated Canning; that he had been driven to this step by the behavior of Peel and Wellington, which resembled only the dog in the man-

* "Private Diary of Richard Duke of Buckingham and Chandos" (1862), vol. i. cap. I.

ger; that it was they who had forced Canning upon him, and not Canning himself. It is true that the Duke of Buckingham, with characteristic caution, reposes no implicit faith in his sovereign's veracity. But it is difficult to understand what motive the king could have had for deceiving him; and it is difficult also to understand why he should have preferred Mr. Canning, unless he *had* suffered provocation. In Wellington's correspondence with Canning on this subject, we can detect traces of distrust; and he may possibly have betrayed some irritation in the king's presence. But that is comparatively beside the mark. Did the king offer him the Treasury? and did the behavior of himself and Mr. Peel drive the king into Canning's arms? According to the Buckingham Diary we must answer both these questions in the affirmative. Yet this answer involves a slur upon the character of Wellington, which, after his own express public statement, which would certainly, if inaccurate, have been at once contradicted, we cannot for a moment think possible. Here especially, then, is seen the need of a careful and conscientious editor. We doubt how far it is conducive to the cause of truth to publish these statements to the world without a syllable of comment or explanation. We cannot, however, complain of any want of impartiality in the editor of this Diary; for reflections of the Duke of Buckingham himself, which positively invite misconstruction, have been left as they were, written down without any of those qualifying remarks which should in fairness have been applied to them.

The memoranda of Sir Robert Peel contain a curious intimation that the days are gone by when a political leader could influence his party by consultation. "Formerly," said he, "a minister had nothing to do but to ascertain the disposition of a few leading personages, and if they went with him his success was certain. But if I had attempted to take the Conservative party into my confidence concerning the repeal of the corn laws, it would have ensured the defeat of that measure." If Sir Robert Peel was right, then this passage becomes at once the *locus classicus* on the subject, as showing at what point the change introduced by the Reform Bill first took effect practically. Whether he was right or wrong is another question; but if

he was right, the repeal of the corn laws is a landmark not only in our economical but also in our constitutional history.

We have said that the looseness with which party connections were regarded in former days no less than in the present, is one of the points brought home to us by a study of these memoirs. Party, in fact, is so artificial an institution, that the flood of self-interest is always straining its barriers. The experience of the last hundred years seems to teach us that rigidity in maintaining political connections is the exception rather than the rule. A strong minister makes converts often by his own moral weight; oftener by the tedium of opposition. The existence of a weak ministry commonly denotes that Parliament is divided into three parties, of which we may be pretty sure that two will make attempts to act together. The vigorous government of Pitt drew numerous young men from his opponents. The feeble government of Addington showed that half the Whig leaders were ready on terms to join the Tories. Fox offered to go over; Sheridan and Erskine all but went; Tierney went. Others, judging less truly that a Whig restoration was at hand, quitted the Tories for the Whigs; and among these were the Grenvilles. Addington himself, who joined the Whig ministry of 1806, was actuated perhaps by other motives; and it is conjectured by Mr. Twiss that he did so at the king's command, and in his capacity of "king's friend." At the same time it is clear that he gave great offence to the Tories, for we find in Plumer Ward's Diary, that Lord Lonsdale threatened to deprive Mr. Perceval of his seat if he united with Lord Sidmouth. The reunion of the Grenvilles with the Tories in 1819, and the support of Mr. Canning by the Whigs in 1827, may be cited as proofs that the great confusion of parties which has prevailed of late years is not peculiar to this epoch. There is a certain class of men in politics who can only hold out a certain time: even if they do not want place, they do not like the irksomeness of always belonging to the minority. To read every morning in the newspapers the same distortion of one's principles, and the same defamation of one's party; to hear every evening in the world the same mockery of one's hopes, and affected wonder at one's blindness; to experience this from day to day,

and from year to year, is no doubt a severe trial. There are public men of the present day whom sheer disgust at this position has driven into the arms of the Liberals; to find out, perhaps, when it is too late, that they had better have waited rather longer. But so it is:—

“——ut assidua saxa cavantur aqua:”

the perpetual dropping of cold water upon all they either say, think, or do, is more than many men can bear. They give in, and hence the origin of mere tergiversation and treachery than is to be found in mere material selfishness.

The mistaken calculations of the old race of statesmen with regard to the duration of ministries, and their blindness to the influence of opinion, are well illustrated by the tone of all the Whig memoirs during the Addington, Portland, and Perceval administrations. We are continually being told it is impossible that Addington can stand; that Portland is doomed; that Perceval must strengthen himself or go. Indeed this kind of vaticination was of frequent recurrence throughout Lord Liverpool's administration: yet during the whole of this time ministers had large majorities in the House of Commons, and clearly possessed the confidence of the country. At every general election the same majority was returned; and not one of the ministers aforesaid really left his post in consequence of parliamentary weakness. It is often said that Addington did so; yet Fox, who seems on this point to have been wiser than his colleagues, was in the habit of saying that Addington's ministry was the most popular since the king's accession.* This opinion is in perfect harmony with his own offer to coalesce, and lends additional weight to the arguments employed by Lord Stanhope to show that Pitt could not have forced Fox upon the king in 1804, even if he had tried: for that he still had Addington to fall back upon, with an assured parliamentary majority, though not quite so large as had been usual. There were in those days no means of weighing that subtle social force of public opinion with which we are now so familiar. But for all this it existed in great strength throughout the reign of George III., and many a Whig statesman might have been saved from

bitter disappointment, could he only have divined its import.

The mistakes of editors have been tolerably well illustrated in the course of our preceding remarks. But we cannot warn our readers too strongly against this fertile source of error. No man is justified in undertaking the duties of an editor who is unwilling to go through the labor of completely mastering his subject. Omissions, indeed, are sometimes so marked, that but for the character of the writers concerned, we might suppose them to be intentional. There are statements about Fox in Lord Malmesbury's Diary, which Lord Russell, in editing the Fox Correspondence, has entirely omitted to notice, though they throw much light on his behavior. He has, as we have said, adopted Horace Walpole's venomous abuse of the Tories, while he treats as unworthy of serious consideration every word he says against the Whigs. This particular piece of injustice is not so dangerous as some, because Walpole is in most men's hands, and the inconsistency of which his lordship has been guilty can hardly fail to arrest their notice. But there are many editorial delinquencies against which it is impossible to be on one's guard. Explanatory notes are only part of an editor's labor in publications of this class. A far more important one is the *selection* of papers to be printed. If he err in this so as to convey a one-sided impression of either events or persons, he has done a wrong more difficult to be repaired than the mistake of a year or two in a statesman's tenure of office, or in the list of posts which he has filled. Yet we occasionally find that a letter is printed, while the reply, which would have qualified or entirely destroyed its effect, is withheld. What can be worse than this? Sometimes, again, an editor takes upon himself to state the purport of letters which he has looked at, but manifestly misunderstood, keeping back the documents themselves; and editors constantly forget, both in their treatment of the text which they are editing, and in the illustrative information which they draw from other sources, the differences between charges which have been made to a man's face, and the idle gossip which, embodied in private letters by a political rival in a moment of spleen, is dragged to light and paraded as history, after the means of contradicting it have perished; blackening,

* “Life of Lord Sidmouth,” vol. ii. p. 274, note.

perhaps, the memory of one who never even suspected that such imputations had been made against him.

The editor of Rose's Diary has been instrumental—not, we think, designedly—in circulating not a few serious misconceptions. Among many stabs at the memory of Canning occurs the following: Speaking of the year 1806, he says, “reading Mr. Canning's letter at the beginning of this year, and seeing how ready he was to desert his colors, nobody can be surprised at finding him before the end of it again in office.”* Now here is both a misrepresentation of principles, and a misstatement of fact. The ministry in office at this time was Lord Grenville's. The followers of the late Mr. Pitt, with one or two exceptions (of whom George Rose was one), had banded together to keep the Grenvillite section of the Cabinet in Pitt's footsteps, and to help Lord Grenville in forcing this policy upon Fox. Had it been thought conducive to this end that one or more of them should even take office under Lord Grenville, such a step would not have been desertion of principle, but the truest and most disinterested support of it. But the truth is that Canning did *not* take office before the year was out. The Grenville ministry was dismissed in March, 1807, and Mr. Canning never held office under Grenville. He neither did what he is said to have done, nor, if he had done it, would he have sinned as he is said to have sinned. Mr. Harcourt draws a totally erroneous inference from a circumstance which never took place. Yet it is in this fashion that the characters of our public men are permitted to be blundered away!

We entirely acquit Lord Colchester of doing any intentional injustice to the memory of Lord Eldon. But we cannot help saying that a note was required at page 529 of his first volume, where the sentiments of Mr. Addington towards Lord Eldon in reference to the part played by the latter in the events preceding Mr. Pitt's return to power are described without comment. Lord Stanhope refers to this question in his “Life of Pitt,” and reminding his readers that both Dean Pellew, the biographer of Lord Sidmouth, and also Lord Brougham, have bitterly reproached Lord Eldon for his share in this transaction, quotes a letter from Lord Gren-

ville to the Marquis of Buckingham, which completely rebuts the imputation. The letter is to be found in the “Courts and Cabinets of George III.,” which was published in 1857, and was therefore accessible to Lord Colchester, whose work has appeared subsequently. To explain what we mean, we quote a few lines from the last-mentioned diary. The date is October, 1804.

“In March last the chancellor had a *tête-à-tête* dinner with Mr. Pitt, of which he acquainted Mr. Addington a month afterwards; and after Mr. Addington had resolved upon his own resignation in order to give the king a freer choice of a ministry, the chancellor delivered to the king a letter from Mr. Pitt, in which there were expressions injurious to Mr. Addington. Against this proceeding Mr. Addington remonstrated with the chancellor on the night before the new ministry was formed; and told him at a cabinet meeting that to have done so was unpardonable.”

It appears even from Mr. Addington's statement that the letter was not delivered until after Mr. Addington had resolved upon his own resignation; but what the editor should have here added is, that the chancellor did not present the letter to the king until after he had been requested by him as *Mr. Addington's own suggestion* to ascertain the views of Mr. Pitt. When Mr. Pitt communicated these views to Lord Eldon for transmission to the king, was he to refuse to deliver them because they were unfavorable to Mr. Addington? The supposition is absurd. Pitt's letter is perhaps too strongly worded, but that was no fault of Lord Eldon.

Other comparatively trifling instances may be adduced, to show that Lord Colchester has not consulted quite as carefully as he ought to have done the contemporary memoirs of the time. At page 100, for instance, of the second volume, he prints some strong expressions employed by Lord Sidmouth against Canning immediately before the resignation of the Grenville ministry; but he has failed to notice that in a letter written by Lord Eldon to his brother,* only one fortnight later, it is stated that the whole body of Pittites had resolved to support Mr. Canning in the difference between him and Lord Sidmouth. Lord Eldon is not a very willing witness, so that the assertion is probably quite true; while the fact shows that

* Vol. II. p. 306.

* Twiss's “Life of Eldon,” II. p. 22.

there was a large number of able and honorable men who entertained a view of Mr. Canning's conduct vastly different from Lord Sidmouth. Again, at page 329, in referring to the debate which took place on Mr. Horner's Bullion Committee, we merely find the names of the speakers given. It would have been worth Lord Colchester's while to have looked at Horner's own account of this debate, where we find that Canning spoke with extraordinary effect, surprising Horner by the easy mastery which he displayed over all the subtleties of the subject, as well as by his power of clothing solid argument and sound technical knowledge in lively and brilliant diction. Horner was especially capable of appreciating this talent; others, unfortunately, are too apt to suppose that deep waters never sparkle, and that rhetoric and logic are never to be found together. Horner's testimony is the more interesting, because it has always struck us that this peculiar combination was Canning's distinguishing excellence. He combined more clearness of exposition with more splendor of style than any English statesman of his day. He could make a speech upon bullion both "as interesting as a Persian tale" and as business-like as a banker's book.

We might quote innumerable examples of this class of oversights; but we have given enough to make our readers understand our meaning, and they must judge for themselves of the intrinsic value of such errors. One point, however, is quite clear,—that, in order to avoid them, editors of such papers must go through a great deal of patient labor. We have given our readers some idea of the dimensions attained already by this branch of literature; but it cannot be expected, nor, indeed, is it desirable, that it should stop where it now is; for the system being once set in motion, our only security for truth is in having as many different specimens as possible, although we hope such papers in future will be more carefully weeded. During the next twenty years it is hardly to be doubted but that a long succession of memoirs will be gradually unfolded in illustration of the last twenty. The Bishop of Bath and Wells has remarked, with equal force and truth, in the preface of his publication, that "whoever reads the history of the past aright, or accurately ob-

serves the motives and actions of the men of his own time, must be aware how large a deduction ought to be made from the imputation cast upon public men by their contemporaries writing or speaking under the influence of party-spirit or personal animosity, and probably with very imperfect knowledge of the circumstances and motives of their adversaries." It is manifest that no editor of political memoirs can do full justice to his subject, or avoid the liability of grievously misleading the world, without collating at least as many kindred works as we have here enumerated. Otherwise, he is merely the agent in publishing to the world at large the opinions of a particular individual, which derive their chief value from the absence of intent to publish, and are recorded without any of that circumspection or reserve which is necessary to a public statement. What, therefore, the diarist has left undone, it is the business of the editor to supply,—to verify mere rumors, compare different authorities, contrast predictions with events, while making due allowance for the passions and interests of the writer. Against receiving any memoir, which lack such editorial supervision, as trustworthy authorities on past history, we once more caution all our readers. Taken in the mass, they contain much genuine ore, but it can only be separated from the dross by the care of one who is conscientious enough to perform his work thoroughly. The process will doubtless be long and irksome; but it is too obvious to contend for, that if these memoirs are to be utilized for purposes of history, it must be carefully and exhaustively performed.

We cannot conclude without calling attention to the singular contrast which continually presents itself to us, in the perusal of political memoirs, between the raw materials and the finished product of parliamentary government. The middle-aged well-rouged female, in short petticoats, drinking a pot of porter behind the scenes, is not more different from the beautiful and buoyant creature who bounds upon the stage as Columbine, than is the statesman as he appears in history from the statesman as he appears in private memoirs. No man could rise from any lengthened study of these volumes without being conscious that the uppermost impression on his mind was one of littleness,

selfishness, and dissimulation. Yet beneath this impression lies embedded the old belief that during the period embraced by them, some of the world's greatest men moved upon the stage of English politics and gave their tone to the books we have been reading. How could such great men have been involved in such small doings? and which are we to take as the right standard of measurement—the pettiness of conduct which depended wholly on themselves, or the greatness of results in which fortune and the blunders of opponents confessedly had a large share? Generally speaking, upon points of this nature the world agrees to a kind of compromise. The greatest of men, it says, will be found to have a weak point somewhere; we must not allow ourselves to be surprised, or to change our opinion of his greatness, because it happens to be detected. We can only say that the student of political memoirs must have recourse to this compromise very often, though there is one consideration which may be allowed to qualify the effect of such writings. It has been said of many statesmen that they were seen to most advantage in private life—

“in that happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for power.”

But in the diaries and correspondence which constitute political memoirs, we see them neither in private life nor public. We see a

mixture of the two. We see public affairs under the process of private arrangement; and it is just at such a time that the personalities of public life, the selfishness, the rivalries, and the malice rise to the surface, while nobler and deeper springs of action disappear from view. We must not, therefore, accept the general level of sentiment maintained in these papers for the *whole* of any man's way of thinking upon State transactions. We must be careful also of mistaking the style in which grave subjects are occasionally discussed for real levity or indifference to the public interests. Partly, perhaps owing to the simplicity of the English character, and our tendency to keep our strongest emotions out of sight, we often find the tone which is proper to a man's private and domestic concerns imported into the discussion of political principles. Finally, there is the exactly opposite danger to be guarded against,—that, namely, of imputing to affectation or insincerity the use of a loftier phraseology than common, which by men long accustomed to address Parliament on great questions may often be employed with unconsciousness. In a word, to read political memoirs with advantage, we must be prepared to make many allowances and to give ourselves a great deal of trouble; otherwise, we are in danger both of mistaking the drama of history, and of misjudging the statesmen who played in it.

AUTHORS AND CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.—Writing a book, as we may believe, was once a serious undertaking, and a man anxiously counted its cost before he took the plunge. He had to satisfy himself that he had something to say which had not been said before; or, if it had been said before, that he could say it in a wiser and better manner. The few who read in those days read slowly and carefully, and no book could hope to secure their attention without some originality of thought or information. But all that is past and gone, and a new order of things reigns in its stead. Men and women now rush into print, as ducklings take to the water, for all the world reads, and reads very rapidly. The appetite of the public for varied food of the lightest kind, which may be easily bolted, is enormous, and the commissariat service for the supply of this want is carried on by the circulating libraries. Everywhere they have sprung up, and

their organization embraces the remotest parts of the kingdom. On that day, however, when the great account shall be closed, and every child of Adam be debited with what is his, a terrible score, we fear, of “*métiers*” missed and wasted hours will have been recorded against Mr. Mudie, and the class of which he is the most conspicuous member. Were it not for them, how many a man and woman now desperately working the poorest vein of sentiment, or painfully bringing into a hard world the tiniest of little jokes, would have been doing simple addition sums at a desk, or mending a baby's stocking, with profit and comfort to all concerned therein! The bookmaker is the child and darling of the circulating library, and a dutiful child it is. The entire surface of the earth is scoured by the little creature in search of sustenance for the author of its being.—*London Review*.

From The Spectator.

MR. RUSSELL'S DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH.*

MR. RUSSELL'S Diary is the heaviest blow yet administered to English sympathy with the South. He went out as the *Times* correspondent in the very beginning of the war, with his mind on the whole slightly biassed in favor of the South. He says it was a *tabula rasa*, but that is a phrase; for no correspondent, however impartial, is ever unconscious of a wish to find the opinion of the journal he represents, in essentials correct. To the last hour of his stay, he never imbibed any prejudice in favor of the Federal side. He disliked all Yankee peculiarities, disbelieved in all Yankee bombast; saw the worst side of Yankee officials, and satirizes mercilessly the ignorance, incompetence, and vanity of Yankee statesmen. But Mr. Russell, whatever his personal bias, possesses one faculty in a degree not granted to any other *litterateur*, and we suspect in great measure beyond his control. His mind is a photographic plate, which cannot pervert the outlines of any scenes visible through the lens. Much of this may be, and we believe is, due to a high sense of personal honor. It would have been much pleasanter for him not to have explained the condition of the army in the Crimea, infinitely easier to have remained silent on the shortcomings of English officers in India towards the natives. In both cases he braved the obloquy and the attacks of men who were for the time being his own comrades, and in the second instance without the faintest inducement beyond his own sense of right. The poor camp followers whom his descriptions protected, had neither thanks nor rewards to offer, never heard of his letters, and would probably have despised him for his philanthropy. People at home were not by any means thankful to have all that dirty linen washed in public, and people in India became as savagely critical as it is in the nature of the habitually apathetic Anglo-Indian to be. Still he persevered, with this at least for reward, that the educated classes in England, often criticising his style, and always doubtful as to his opinions, rely on him implicitly for any statement of facts. That reliance will, in this instance, tell heavily against the South.

* *My Diary North and South.* By W. H. Russell. Two Vols. Bradbury and Evans.

Mr. Russell has repeated no libels against the slaveholding interest. He does full justice or more than justice to their chiefs, and is eager to specify the high qualities which slavery throws into such terrible relief. He sketches no Legrees, draws no pictures in sepia, tells us as little about the slaves as in a slaveholding state is consistent with fidelity. Yet no account of Southern life, not even Mr. Olmsted's, has ever demonstrated so conclusively that slavery and modern civilization cannot be made to co-exist. Order may be established, but it must be the order of a camp, enforced by terrible penalties, and allowing no scope or opportunity for even the theory of freedom. That order has not yet been instituted, and throughout the South slavery has, according to Mr. Russell, produced its natural consequence, contempt for human life.

The system culminates on the Mississippi, where, if anywhere, we might expect to see the domestic institution in its perfection. Louisiana is full of great planters, French and English, has two great staples, and is controlled by an aristocracy better educated and better born than the majority of whites out of Virginia and Maryland. Yet New Orleans was described by its sheriff as "a hell upon earth," which nothing would ever cleanse except a law making it penal to carry arms. The prisons are as bad as those which John Howard visited and reformed, prisoners under capital sentence being confined in full view of the female maniacs, and the elections openly influenced by men who argue with the revolver. "The other night, as I sat in the club-house, I heard a discussion in reference to the operations of the Thugs in this city, a band of native-born Americans, who at election times were wont deliberately to shoot down Irish and German voters occupying positions as leaders of their mobs. These Thugs were only suppressed by an armed vigilance committee, of which a physician who sat at table was one of the members." In Jackson, again (Mississippi), the "average is a murder a month," and the conversation left on Mr. Russell the impression that "the very air seemed to become purple as he spoke, the land around a veritable 'Aceldama.' There may, indeed, be security for property, but there is none for the life of its owner in difficulties, who may be shot by a stray bullet from a pistol as he

walks up the street." Mr. Russell was warned that the bullets of his revolver should be large, for otherwise a man, even if wounded, might rip him up. "Many illustrations, too, were given of the value of practical lessons of this sort. One particularly struck me. If a gentleman with whom you are engaged in altercation moves his hand towards his breeches pocket, or behind his back, you must smash him or shoot him at once, for he is either going to draw his six-shooter, to pull out a bowie knife, or to shoot you through the lining of his pocket. The latter practice is considered rather ungentlemanly, but it has been somewhat more honored lately in the observance than in the breach. In fact, the savage practice of walking about with pistols, knives, and poinards, in bar-rooms and gambling-saloons, with passions ungoverned, because there is no law to punish the deeds to which they lead, affords facilities for crime which an uncivilized condition of society leaves too often without punishment, but which must be put down, or the country in which it is tolerated will become as barbarous as a jungle inhabited by wild beasts." The great planters, the real governing men of the South, dislike this state of affairs as much as Englishmen could do. They want order on the French system, but they admit the impossibility of getting rid as yet of the rowdy element through which, in fact, they govern. They themselves, moreover, act on a ferocious idea of the necessity of the duel; and Mr. Russell met one man, a senator, who had killed five men; and heard a frightful story of another who, after what seems to Englishmen a deliberate murder, has been appointed to a high office under the Confederate Government. Of the former gentleman Mr. Russell draws the following extraordinary picture:—

"His face was one not to be forgotten—a straight, broad brow, from which the hair rose up like the vegetation on a river bank, beetling black eyebrows—a mouth coarse and grim, yet full of power, a square jaw—a thick argumentative nose—a new growth of scrubby beard and moustacho—these were relieved by eyes of wonderful depth and light, such as I never saw before but in the head of a wild beast. If you look some day when the sun is not too bright into the eye of the Bengal tiger, in the Regent's Park, as the keeper is coming round, you will form

some notion of the expression I mean. It was flashing, fierce, yet calm—with a well of fire burning behind and spouting through it, an eye pitiless in anger, which now and then sought to conceal its expression beneath half-closed lids, and then burst out with an angry glare, as if disdaining concealment."

Imagine being such a man's slave! All alike expressed a bitter hatred and contempt for Yankees, a free press, and republican institutions, and were full of a vain-glorious confidence that the South would thrash the North in every engagement, and control England and Europe through the monopoly of cotton. Even Mr. Benjamin, the Jewish Attorney-General of the new Government, an able and unusually frank speaker, could not conceive that England could survive the failure of her cotton supply. All believed that slavery was a divine institution, and expressed themselves ready, if necessary, to perish in its defence. Oddly enough, too, all asserted that the negroes were the happiest people on the face of the earth, a fact which Mr. Russell takes it on himself to question a few score times through his book. He gives few stories of slaves, but the general impression he leaves is that the whole slave race—except, perhaps, in Maryland—is weighed down with a permanent incurable sadness, overworked, badly fed, and deprived of the slightest opportunity of developing their faculties, or establishing any distinction between themselves and the beasts of the field. They work always in dead silence, crouch when a white man speaks to them, and affect profound ignorance about the present war. Their labor is, moreover, far more profitable than it is believed to be in Europe, a field hand on a sugar plantation frequently earning his whole cost in a single year. The great planters are consequently a really wealthy class,—men, for example, giving £300,000 for an estate; and they are devoted to the institution which, as they feel, secures at once their position and their fortunes. Mr. Russell satisfied himself that the slave trade was still carried on, though—perhaps, to any great extent, and saw himself negroes who had been "run" by a captain, who, after securing them, dared his partners to claim their share of men procured by a capital crime.

The sketches of the north in the *Diary* are valuable chiefly for a number of kit-cat

sketches of prominent individuals touched with exceeding skill. President Lincoln is too well known to need repetition, but we must quote the portrait of General McClellan, till the last few weeks the idol of the North, and still the hope of the Democratic party.

"Ho is a very squarely built, thick-throated, broad-chested man, under the middle height, with slightly bowed legs a tendency to *embonpoint*. His head covered with a closely cut crop of dark auburn hair, is well set on his shoulders. His features are regular and prepossessing—the brow small, contracted, and furrowed; the eyes deep and anxious-looking. A short, thick, reddish moustache conceals his mouth; the rest of his face is clean shaven. He has made his father-in-law, Major Marcy, chief of his staff, and is a good deal influenced by his opinions, which are entitled to some weight, as Major Marcy is a soldier, and has seen frontier wars, and is a great traveller. The task of licking this army into shape is of herculean magnitude. Every one however, is willing to do as he bids: the President confides in him, and 'Georges' him; the press fawn upon him, the people trust him; he is 'the little corporal' of unfought fields—*omnis ignotus pro mirifico*, here. He looks like a stout little captain of dragoons, but for his American seat and saddle. The latter is adapted to a man who cannot ride; if a squadron so mounted were to attempt a fence or ditch half of them would be ruptured or spilled."

Mr. Russell's account of Mr. Seward confirms the impression left by the Secretary of State's despatches. He is a man of some ability, and more shrewdness, in whom patriotism has taken a form which can only be described as self-conceit. He would die for his country very likely, but he firmly believes that the Union "could whip the universe," and the more severe the reverses of the North, the greater becomes Mr. Seward's acerbity towards the rest of the world.

We have left ourselves no space for further extracts, but we cannot part from Mr. Russell without a cordial recommendation of his *Diary*, which, as a readable book, our review of it does injustice. The two volumes are perfect mines of anecdote, all characteristic, all excellently told, and all pervaded by a spirit of tolerance and simplicity, which is of itself sufficient guarantee for their truth. Mr. Russell has ventured on no opinion as to the result of the war; does not bore us with the history of the con-

stitutional questions involved, but simply paints what he saw, without malice, but with exceedingly little extenuation. His *Diary* is consequently as pleasant and as intelligible as a gossip letter from an old friend, recalling scenes and people with which and whom the reader has passed a life.

To the Editor of the North American and U. S. Gazette.

I HAPPEN to have preserved a leader of the *London Times*, of precisely two years ago, which I venture to ask you to reprint. It is an admirable history of the course of the South in regard to slavery, showing how exact the knowledge of the writers for that journal was of the political contests in this country before the war broke out. One would think that Englishmen who have suffered themselves to be led by this same journal to the support of the slaveholders' rebellion, would be covered with confusion on looking back to this summary of the facts of the controversy thus given by the *Times* itself. The cause of the quarrel is here stated precisely as our own Northern writers have always stated it: "The North is for freedom, the South is for slavery." "The North is for freedom of discussion, the South represses freedom of discussion with the tar-brush and the pine fagot." "The South has become enamored of her shame." "Every compromise which the moderation of former times had erected to stem the course of this monster evil has been swept away, and that not by the encroachments of the North, but by the aggressive ambition of the South." And then follows an enumeration of these Southern aggressions, which your readers will perceive is, as far as it goes, correct. The list could have been most readily extended.

What a contrast does this vigorous and truthful statement present to the language of the leading journal of England from the moment the South pushed its aggressions to the point of actually beginning war upon the North! Surely, a line of conduct more unprincipled and unscrupulous has not been taken by any newspaper of our time. Let your readers judge. E. Y.

Philadelphia, Jan. 7, 1863.

"The State of South Carolina has seceded from the Union by an unanimous vote of her Legislature, and it now remains to be seen whether any of the other Southern States will follow her example, and what course the Federal authorities will pursue under the circumstances. While we wait for further information on these points, it may be well to consider once again the cause of quarrel

which has thus begun to rend asunder the mightiest confederation which the world has yet beheld. One of the prevalent delusions of the age in which we live is to regard democracy as equivalent to liberty, and the attribution of power to the poorest and worst-educated citizens of the State as a certain way to promote the purest liberality of thought and the most beneficial course of action. Let those who hold this opinion examine the quarrel at present raging in the United States, and they will be aware that democracy, like other forms of government, may co-exist with any course of action or any set of principles. Between North and South there is at this moment raging a controversy which goes as deep as any controversy can into the elementary principles of human nature and the sympathies and antipathies which in so many men supply the place of reason and reflection. The North is for freedom, the South is for slavery. The North is for freedom of discussion, the South represses freedom of discussion with the tar-brush and the pine fagot. Yet North and South are both democracies—nay, possess almost exactly similar institutions, with this enormous divergence in theory and practice. It is not democracy that has made the North the advocate of freedom, or the South the advocate of slavery. Democracy is a quality which appears on both sides, and may, therefore, be rejected as having no influence over the result. From the sketch of the history of slavery which was furnished us by our correspondent in New York last week, we learn that at the time of the American Revolution slavery existed in every State of the Union except in Massachusetts; but we also learn that the great men who directed that Revolution—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Patrick Henry, and Hamilton—were unanimous in execrating the practice of slavery, and looked forward to the time when it would cease to contaminate the soil of free America. The abolition of the slave trade, which subsequently followed, was regarded by its warmest advocates as not only beneficial in itself, but as a long step towards the extinction of slavery altogether. It was not foreseen that certain free and democratic communities would arise which would apply themselves to the honorable office of breeding slaves, to be consumed on the free and democratic plantations of the South, and of thus replacing the African slave trade by an internal traffic in human flesh, carried on under circumstances of almost equal atrocity through the heart of a free and democratic nation. Democracy has verily a strong digestion, and one not to be interfered with by trifles.

"But the most melancholy part of the

matter is, that during the seventy years for which the American confederacy has existed, the whole tone of sentiment with regard to slavery has, in the Southern States, at least, undergone a remarkable change. Slavery used to be treated as a thoroughly exceptional institution—as the evil legacy of evil times—as a disgrace to a constitution founded on the natural freedom and independence of mankind. There was hardly a political leader of any note who had not some plan for its abolition. Jefferson himself, the greatest chief of the democracy, had in the early part of this century speculated deeply on the subject; but the United States became possessed of Louisiana and Florida, they have conquered Texas, they have made Arkansas and Missouri into States, and these successive acquisitions have altered entirely the view with which slavery is regarded. Perhaps as much as anything, from the long license enjoyed by the editors of the South of writing what they pleased in favor of slavery, with the absolute certainty that no one would be found bold enough to write anything on the other side, and thus make himself a mark for popular vengeance, the subject has come to be written on in a tone of ferocious and cynical extravagance which is to an European eye absolutely appalling. The South has become enamored of her shame. Free labor is denounced as degrading and disgraceful; the honest triumphs of the poor man who works his way to independence are treated with scorn and contempt. It is asserted that what we are in the habit of regarding as the honorable pursuits of industry incapacitate a nation for civilization and refinement, and that no institutions can be really free and democratic which do not rest, like those of Athens and of Rome, on a broad substratum of slavery. So far from treating slavery as an exceptional institution, it is regarded by these democratic philosophers as the natural state of a great portion of the human race; and, so far from admitting that America ought to look forward to its extinction, it is contended that the property in human creatures ought to be as universal as the property in land or in tame animals.

"Nor have these principles been merely inert or speculative. For the last ten or twelve years slavery has altered her tactics, and from a defensive she has become an aggressive power. Every compromise which the moderation of former times had erected to stem the course of this monster evil has been swept away, and that not by the encroachments of the North, but by the aggressive ambition of the South. With a majority in Congress and in the Supreme Court of the United States, the advocates of slavery

have entered on a career the object of which would seem to be to make their favorite institution coterminous with the limits of the Republic. They have swept away the Missouri Compromise, which limited slavery to the tract south of thirty-six degrees of north latitude. They have forced upon the North, in the Fugitive Slave Bill, a measure which compels them to lend their assistance to the South in the recovery of their escaped bondmen. In the case of Kansas they have sought by force of arms to assert the right of bringing slaves into a free territory, and in the Dred Scott case they obtained an extrajudicial opinion from the Supreme Court which would have placed all the territories at their disposal. All this while the North has been resisting, feebly and ineffectually, this succession of Southern aggressions. All that was desired was peace, and that peace could not be obtained. While these things were done the South continued violently to upbraid the Abolitionists of the North as the cause of all their troubles, and the ladies of South Carolina showered presents and caresses on the brutal assailant of Mr. Sumner. In 1856 the North endeavored to elect a President who, though fully recognizing the right of the South to its slave property, was opposed to its extension in the territories. The North were defeated, and submitted almost without a murmur to the result. On the present occasion the South has submitted to the same ordeal, but not with the same success. They have taken their chance of electing a President of their own views, but they have failed. Mr. Lincoln, like Colonel Fremont, fully recognizes the right of the South to the institution of slavery, but, like him, he is opposed to its extension. This cannot be endured. With a majority in both Houses of Congress and in the Supreme Court of the United States, the South cannot submit to a President who is not their devoted servant. Unless every power in the Constitution is to be strained in order to promote the progress of slavery, they will not remain in the Union; they will not wait to see whether they are injured, but resent the first check to their onward progress as an intolerable injury. This, then, is the result of the history of slavery. It began as a tolerated, it has ended as an aggressive institution, and, if it now threatens to dissolve the Union, it is not because it has anything to fear for that which it possesses already, but because it has received a check to its hopes of future acquisition."

THE more the text of the President's Message is considered, the higher must be our appreciation of its calm thoughtfulness, so different from the rowdiness we were wont

to receive from Washington when Pro-Slavery Cabinets were in the ascendant. President Lincoln speaks of the attitude assumed towards the United States by European Governments without irritation, strong in the justice of the cause he represents, and in the power of the great people over whom he rules. He speaks without acerbity even of the rebels who have done so much to bring calamity upon the country; and we believe, were the miscreants of the Confederacy at his feet to-morrow, Mr. Lincoln would merely bid them depart and try for the future to be wiser and better men. When we recollect the rancorous hate entertained in this country toward the Indian rebels, we feel humiliated that this "village attorney," this "rail-splitter from Illinois," should have shown himself so superior to the mass of monarchical statesmen. If some Confederate Gorgei should be found to lay down his arms and yield up the cause of the rebels, in place of the massacres of Arad, we should have a feast of brotherly kindness, Mr. Lincoln addressing the rebels as wayward children. He truly acts and speaks as the father of his country; and yet this man, so kind and merciful — lenient even to a fault — is made the sport and butt of all the idle literary buffoons of Britain. The day will come when the character and career of Abraham Lincoln will get justice in this country, and when probably even his causeless assailants will blush for the share they took in lampooning a noble, brave man, who in a fearful crisis possessed his soul in patience, trusting in God, and "that in His own good time and wise way all will be well." Too truly does he say that "the fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation." There can be little doubt what the verdict of future generations will be if President Lincoln proceeds to the end of his career as he has begun. Before two years of his administration has been completed, he has reversed the whole constitutional action of America on the subject of slavery. He has saved the territories from the unhallowed grasp of the Slave Power; he has purged the accursed institution from the Congressional District; he has hung a slave-trader in New York, the nest of slave pirates; he has held out the right hand of fellowship to the negro Republics of Liberia and Hayti; and he has joined Great Britain in endeavoring to sweep the slave-trade from the coast of Africa! There can be no doubt of the verdict of posterity on such acts as these. Within the light of the fiery trial of which the President speaks another light has shone clear and resplendent — the torch of Freedom — to which millions of poor slaves now look with eager hope.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC and Political Register for 1863.

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MUTILATIONS.

Is a poet always liter-
 Ary as he would appear ?
 Are his verses never bitter,
 When they might be sweet and clear ?
 Is he not sometimes opinion-
 Ated when he nothing knows ?
 Like a spoilt and favored minion,
 Lording o'er his little foes.

Are his dreamy musings dedi-
 Cated to the cause of truth,
 Seeking ever to be ready
 To promote some good, forsooth ?
 Does he write that he may bene-
 Fit you with his sober verse ?
 Or, that he may please the many
 And that he may fill his purse ?

Does he never seem to deco-
 Rate his rhymes in borrowed tone—
 Other people's thoughts re-echo-
 Ing as if they were his own ?
 Cares he if they rouse your risi-
 Bility, or make you sad ?
 Cares he if they make you dizzy ?
 Cares he if they drive you mad ?

Now methinks you paint the poet-
 Aster, not the poet true ;
 Through his best disguise he'll show it
 In each line he brings to view.
 But the poet loves the beauti-
 Ful and good in all around ;
 Firm and earnest in his duty,
 Thus he with success is crowned.

Learn a lesson, ye who'd culti-
 Vate the Muse as poets do ;
 Words are meaningless if multi-
 Plied without an end in view.
 Oh ! a love the poet cherish-
 Es for all that's true and brave ;
 Poetaster's rhymes must perish,—
 Genius lives beyond the grave.

THE SONG OF THE HUMBUGGED HUS-
LAND.

SHE's not what fancy painted her—
 I'm sadly taken in ;
 If some one else had won her, I
 Should not have cared a pin.

I thought that she was mild and good
 As maiden o'er could be ;
 I wonder how she ever could
 Have so much humbugged me.

• They cluster round and shake my hand—
 They tell me I am blest :
 My case they do not understand—
 I think that I know best.

They say she's fairest of the fair—
 They drive me mad and madder.
 What do they mean by it ? I swear
 I only wish they had her.

'Tis true that she has lovely locks,
 That on her shoulders fall :
 What would they say to see the box
 In which she keeps them all ?

Her taper fingers, it is true,
 'Twere difficult to match :
 What would they say if they but knew
 How terribly they scratch ?

THE SONG OF THE DAISY.

I'm a delicate daisy, and all the day long,
 When the bee from his hive to the garden takes
 wing,
 I watch him intently, and list to the song
 That a bee, when 'tis jocund, will cheerfully
 sing.

Oh ! what is 't to me that the daffydowndilly
 Is fairer and taller and sweeter than I ?
 To envy the great would be idle and silly,
 A daisy I've lived, and a daisy I'll die.

In the morning, when Phœbus is tinging with
 gold
 The tops of the trees, and of chimneys the
 pots,
 To drink in the dew all my buds I unfold,
 For of dew the young daisies are regular sots.
 What though of the garden I am not the pride ?
 For gaudier flowers though coldly passed by,
 In my humble condition I'd rather abide—
 Yes ! a daisy I've lived, and a daisy I'll die.

They sell me for little ; the fact I must own—
 A penny is all they demand for a root—
 And often I perish before I'm full blown,
 When stifled with London's unbearably soot.
 No matter ! I'd rather the window adorn
 Of a snug little parlor that's next to the sky,
 Than in the bouquet of a cold one be worn,
 Who'd leave thee, too-delicate daisy, to die.

THE SONG OF THE BUTTERCUP.

I'm a saucy Buttercup—yes, 'tis true,
 And a lazy life I gleefully lead,
 Where the active heifers each other pursue
 In playful gambols across the mead.
 The Clover may have a sweeter scent,
 Of its scarlet tint the Poppy may boast,
 But I with myself am quite content,
 Then "Hail to the Buttercup !" be the toast.

The London Pride has a longer stem,
 The Scarlet Runner grows more tall,
 But what does the Buttercup care for them ?—
 No ! the saucy Buttercup laughs at them all.
 The Sunflower wears a gaudier coat,
 There's more refinement about the Pink ;
 But seize the wine-cup each thirsty throat,
 And to the Buttercup drink, boys, drink !

CONCLUSION.—CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE next day dawned amid the agitations natural to such a crisis of affairs. Almost before it was daylight, before Susan had woke, or the young stranger stirred upon her sofa, Miss Smith, troubled and exemplary, had returned to see after her charge. Miss Smith was in a state of much anxiety and discomfort till she had explained to Mrs. Vincent all the strange circumstances in which she found herself; and the widow, who had ventured to rise from Susan's side, and had been noiselessly busy putting the room in order, that her child might see nothing that was not cheerful and orderly when she woke, was not without curiosity to hear, and gladly took this opportunity, before even Arthur was stirring, to understand, if she could, the story which was so connected with that of her children. She ventured to go into the next room with Miss Smith, where she could hear every movement in the ante-chamber. The widow found it hard to understand all the tale. That Mrs. Hilyard was Mildmay's wife, and that it was their child who had sought protection of all the world from Susan Vincent, whom the crimes of her father and mother had driven to the very verge of the grave, was so hard and difficult to comprehend, that all the governess's anxious details of how little Alice first came into her hands, of her mother's motives for concealing her from Colonel Mildmay, even of the ill-fated flight to Lonsdale—which, instead of keeping her safe, had carried the child into her father's very presence—and all the subsequent events which Miss Smith had already confided to the minister, fell but dully upon the ears of Susan's mother. "Her daughter—and his daughter—and she comes to take refuge with my child," said the widow, with a swelling heart. Mrs. Vincent did not know what secret it was that lay heavy on the soul of the desperate woman who had followed her last night from Grove Street, but somehow, with a female instinct, felt, though she did not understand, that Mrs. Hilyard or Mrs. Mildmay, whatever her name might be, was as guilty in respect to Susan as was her guilty husband—the man who had stolen like a serpent into the Lonsdale cottage and won the poor girl's simple heart. Full of curiosity as she was, the widow's thoughts wandered off from Miss Smith's narrative; her heart swelled

within her with an innocent triumph; the good had overcome the evil. This child, over whom its father and mother had fought with so deadly a struggle, had flown for protection to Susan, whom that father and mother had done their utmost to ruin and destroy. They had not succeeded, thank God! Through the desert and the lions the widow's Una had come victorious, stretching her tender virgin shield over this poor child of passion and sorrow. While Miss Smith maundered through the entire history, starting from the time when Miss Russell married Colonel Mildmay, the widow's mind was entirely occupied with this wonderful victory of innocence over wickedness. She forgot the passionate despair of the mother whose child did not recognize her. She began immediately to contrive, with unguarded generosity, how Susan and she, when they left Carlingford, should carry the stranger along with them, and nurse her clouded mind into full development. Mrs. Vincent's trials had not yet taught her any practical lessons of worldly wisdom. Her heart was still as open as when, unthinking of evil, she admitted the false Mr. Fordham into her cottage; and made a beginning of all the misery which seemed now, to her sanguine heart, to be passing away. She went back to Susan's room full of this plan—full of tender thoughts towards the girl who had chosen Susan for her protector, and of pride and joy still more tender in her own child, who had overcome evil. It was perhaps, the sweetest solace which could have been offered, after all her troubles, to the minister's mother. It was at once a vindication of the hard "dealings" of Providence, and of that strength of innocence and purity, in which the little woman believed with her heart.

The minister himself was much less agreeably moved when he found the governess in possession of his sitting-room. Anything more utterly vexatious could hardly have occurred to Vincent than to find this troubled good woman, herself much embarrassed and disturbed by her own position, seated at his breakfast-table on this eventful morning. Miss Smith was as primly uncomfortable, as it was natural for an elderly single woman, still conscious of the fact that she was unmarried, to be, in an absolute *tête-à-tête* with a young man. She, poor lady, was as near blushing as her gray and composed non-

complexion would permit. She moved uneasily in her seat, and made tremulous explanations, as Vincent, who was too young and inexperienced to be absolutely uncourteous, took his place opposite to her. "I am sure I feel quite an intruder," said poor Miss Smith; "but your mother, Mr. Vincent, and little Alice—and indeed I did not know I was to be left here alone. It must seem so odd to you to find a lady—dear, dear me! I feel I am quite in the way," said the embarrassed governess; "but Mrs. Mildmay will be here presently. I know she will be here directly. I am sure she would have come with me had she known. But she sat up half the night hearing what I had to tell her, and dropped asleep just in the morning. She is wonderfully changed, Mr. Vincent—very, very much changed. She is so nervous—a thing I never could have looked for. I suppose, after all, married ladies, however much they may object to their husbands, can't help feeling a little when anything happens," continued Miss Smith, primly; "and there is something so dreadful in such an accident. How do you think it can have happened? Could it be his groom, or who could it be? but I understand he is getting better now?"

"Yes, I believe so," said Vincent.

"I am so glad," said Miss Smith, "not that if it had been the will of Providence—I would make the tea for you, Mr. Vincent, if you would not think it odd, and I am sure Mrs. Mildmay will be here directly. They were in a great commotion at Grange Lane. Just now, you know, there is an excitement. Though she is not a young girl, to be sure it is always natural. But for that I am sure they would all have come this morning; but perhaps Mr. Fordham——"

"Not any tea, thank you. If you have breakfasted, I will have the things removed. I have only one sitting-room, you perceive," said the minister, rather bitterly. He could not be positively uncivil—his heart was too young and fresh to be rude to any woman; but he rang the bell with a little unnecessary sharpness when Miss Smith protested that she had breakfasted long before. Her words excited him with a touch beyond telling. He could not, would not ask what was the cause of the commotion in Grange Lane; but he walked to the window to collect himself while the little maid cleared the table,

and throwing it open, looked out with the heart beating loud in his breast. Were these the bells of St. Roque's chiming into the ruddy sunny air with a confused jangle of joy? It was a saint's day, no doubt—a festival which the perpetual curate took delight in proclaiming his observance of; or—if it might happen to be anything else, what was that to the minister of Salem, who had so many other things on his mind? As he looked out, a cab drove rapidly up to the door—a cab from which he saw emerge Mrs. Hilyard and another figure, which he recognized with a start of resentment. What possible right had this man to intrude upon him in this moment of fate? The minister left the window hastily, and stationed himself with a gloomy countenance on the hearth-rug. He might be impatient of the women; but Fordham, inexcusable as his intrusion was, had to be met face to face. With a flash of sudden recollection, he recalled all his previous intercourse with the stranger whose name was so bitterly interwoven with the history of the last six months. What had he ever done to wake so sharp a pang of dislike and injury in Vincent's mind? It was not for Susan's sake that her brother's heart closed and his countenance clouded against the man whose name had wrought her so much sorrow. Vincent had arrived at such a climax of personal existence that Susan had but a dim and secondary place in his thoughts. He was absorbed in his own troubles and plans and miseries. On the eve of striking out for himself into that bitter and unknown life in which his inexperienced imagination rejected the thought of any solace yet remaining, what malicious influence brought this man here?

They came in together into the room, "Mrs. Mildmay and Mr. Fordham"—not Mrs. Hilyard: that was over; and, pre-occupied as the minister was, he could not but perceive the sudden change which had come over the Back Grove Street needlewoman. Perhaps her despair had lasted as long as was possible for such an impatient spirit. She came in with the firm, steady step which he had observed long ago, before she had begun to tremble at his eye. Another new stage had commenced in her strange life. She went up to him without any hesitation, clear and decisive as of old.

"I am going away," she said, holding out

her hand to him, "and so I presume are you, Mr. Vincent. I have come to explain everything, and see your mother. Let me see your mother. Mr. Fordham has come with me to explain to *you*. They think in Grange Lane that it is only a man who can speak to a man," she went on, with the old movement of her thin lips; "and that now I have come to life again, I must not manage my own affairs. I am going back to society and the world, Mr. Vincent. I do not know where you are going, but here is somebody come to answer for me. Do they accept bail in a court of honor? or will you still hold a woman to her parole? for it must be settled now."

"Why must it be settled now?" said Vincent. He had dropped her hand and turned away from her with a certain repugnance. She had lost her power over him. At that moment the idea of being cruel, tyrannical to somebody—using his power harshly, balancing the pain in his own heart by inflicting pain on another—was not unagreeable to the minister's excited mind. He could have steeled himself just then to bring down upon her all the horrible penalties of the law. "Why must it be settled?" he repeated; "why must you leave Carlingford? I will not permit it." He spoke to her but he looked at Fordham. The stranger was wrapped in a large overcoat which concealed all his dress. What was his dress, or his aspect, or the restrained brightness in his eyes to the minister of Salem? But Vincent watched him narrowly with a jealous inspection. In Fordham's whole appearance there was the air of a man to whom something was about to happen, which aggravated to the fever-point the dislike and opposition in Vincent's heart.

"I will be answerable for Mrs. Mildmay," said Fordham, with an evident response on his side to that opposition and dislike. Then he paused, evidently perceiving the necessity of conciliation. "Mr. Vincent," he continued, with some earnestness, "we all understand and regret deeply the inconvenience—I mean the suffering—that is to say, the injury and misery which these late occurrences must have caused you. I know how well—that is, how generously, how nobly—you have behaved——"

Here Mr. Fordham came to a pause in some confusion. To express calm acknowledgments to a man for his conduct in a

matter which has been to him one of unmitigated disaster and calamity, requires an amount of composure which few people possess when at the height of personal happiness. The minister drew back, and with a slight bow, and a restraint which was very natural and not unbecoming in his circumstances, looked on at the confusion of the speaker without any attempt to relieve it. He had offered seats to his visitors, but he himself stood on the hearth-rug, dark and silent, giving no assistance in the explanation. He had not invited the explanation—it must be managed now as the others might, without any help from him.

"I have seen Colonel Mildmay," continued Mr. Fordham, after a confused pause. "If it can be any atonement to you to know how much he regrets all that has happened, so far as your family is concerned—how fully he exonerates Miss Vincent, who was all along deceived, and who would not have remained a moment with him had she not been forcibly detained. Mildmay declares she met with nothing but respect at his hands," continued the embarrassed advocate, lowering his voice; "he says——"

"Enough has been said on the subject," said Vincent, restraining himself with a violent effort.

"Yes—I beg your pardon, it is quite true—enough has been said," cried Fordham, with an appearance of relief. Here, at least, was one part of his difficult mediation over. "Mildmay will not," he resumed, after a pause, "tell me or any one else who it was that gave him his wound—that is a secret, he says, between him and his God and another. Whoever that other may be," continued Fordham, with a quick look towards Mrs. Mildmay, "he is conscious of having wronged—him—and will take no steps against—him. This culprit, it appears, must be permitted to escape—you think so?—worse evils might be involved if we were to demand—his—punishment. Mr. Vincent, I beg you to take this into consideration. It could be no advantage to you; the innocent shall not suffer—but—the criminal—must be permitted to escape."

"I do not see the necessity," said Vincent, between his teeth.

"No, no," said Mrs. Mildmay, suddenly. "Escape! who believes in escape? Mr. Vincent knows better. Hush, you are a

happy man just now—you are not qualified to judge; but we know better. Escape!—he means from prisons and such like,” she continued, turning to Vincent with a half-disdainful wave of her hand towards her companion. “But you know, and so do I, that there is no escape—not in this world. I know nothing about the next,” said the strange woman, curbing once more the flush of excitement which had overpowered her as she spoke—“nothing; neither do you, though you are a priest. But there is enough of retribution here. The criminal—Mr. Vincent—you know—will not escape.”

She spoke these last words panting, with pauses between, for breath. She was afraid of him again; his blankness, his passive opposition, drove her out of her composure. She put her hands together under her shawl with a certain dumb entreaty, and fixed upon him her eager eyes. They were a strange group altogether. Miss Smith, who had still lingered at the door notwithstanding Mrs. Mildmay's imperative gesture of dismissal—out of hearing, but not out of sight—suffered some little sound to escape her at this critical moment; and when her patroness turned round upon her with those dreadful eyes, fled with precipitation, taking refuge in Mrs. Vincent's room. The table, still covered with its white cloth, stood between that dismayed spectator before she disappeared finally, and the little company who were engaged in this silent conflict. Beside it sat Mrs. Mildmay, with a renewed panic of fear rising in her face. Fordham, considerably disturbed, and not knowing what to say, stood near her buttoning and unbuttoning his overcoat with impatient fingers, anxious to help her, but still more anxious to be gone. The minister stood facing them all, with compressed lips, and eyes which looked at nobody. He was wrapt in a silent dumb resistance to all entreaties and arguments, watching Fordham's gestures, Fordham's looks, with a jealous but secret suspicion. His heart was cruel in its bitterness. He for whom Providence had no joys in store, to whom the light was fading which made life sweet, was for this moment superior to the happy man who stood embarrassed and impatient before him; and generous as his real nature was, it was not in him, in this moment of darkness, to let the opportunity go.

“The innocent have suffered already,” said Vincent, “all but madness, all but death. Why should the criminal escape?—go back into society, the society of good people, perhaps strike some one else more effectually? Why should I betray justice, and let the criminal escape? My sister's honor and safety are mine, and shall be guarded, whoever suffers. I will not permit her to go.”

“But I offer to be answerable for her appearance,” said Fordham, hastily. “I undertake to produce her if need be. You know me. I am a—relation of the family. I am a man sufficiently known to satisfy any magistrate. You have no legal right to detain her. What would you have more? Is not my guarantee enough for you?”

“No,” said Vincent, slowly. The two men stood defiant opposite to each other, contending for this woman, whom neither of them looked at, for whom neither of them cared. She, in the mean time, sat still in an agony of suspense and concealed anguish, with her eyes fixed on Vincent's face. She knew very well it was not of her that either of the two was thinking; yet it was her fate, perhaps her very life, which hung trembling in the balance. A smothered sighing sob came from her breast. She was silenced for the first time in her life. She had escaped her crime; but all its material consequences, shame and punishment, still hung over her head. After God himself had freed her from the guilt of blood—after the injured man himself had forgiven her—when all was clear for her escape into another life—was this an indignant angel, with flaming sword and averted face, that barred the way of the fugitive? Beyond him, virtue and goodness, and all the fruits of repentance, shone before the eyes which had up to this time seen but little attraction in them—all was so sweet, so easy, so certain, if but she were free. Her worn heart sighed to get forth into that way of peace. She could have fallen on her knees before the stern judge who kept her back, and held over her head the cloud of her own ill-doings, but dared not, in her paroxysm of fear and half-despair. A groaning, sighing sob, interrupted and broken, came from her exhausted breast. Just as she had recovered herself—as she had escaped—as remorse and misery had driven her to yearn after a better life, to be cast down again into this abyss of guilt and punishment! She

trembled violently as she clasped her poor hands under her shawl. Composure and self-restraint were impossible in this terrible suspense.

Her cry went to Fordham's heart; and, besides, he was in desperate haste, and could afford to sink his pride, and make an appeal for once. He made a step forward, and put out his hand with an entreating gesture. "Do you hear her?" he cried, suddenly. "You have had much to bear yourself; have pity on *her*. Let her off—leave her to God. She has been ill, and will die, if you have no mercy. You who are a minister——"

In his energy his overcoat fell back for a moment; underneath he was in full dress, which showed strangely in that gray spring morning. Vincent turned round upon him with a smile. The young man's face was utterly pale, white to the lips. The bells were jangling joy in his ears. He was not master of himself. "We detain you, Mr. Fordham; you have other affairs in hand," he said. "I am a minister only—a Dissenting minister—unworthy to have such an intercessor pleading with me; but you, at least," cried poor Vincent, with an attempt at sarcasm, "do not want my pity; there is nothing between us that requires explanation. I will arrange with Mrs. Mildmay alone." He turned away and went to the window when he had spoken. There he stood, with his back to them, listening to the bells of St. Roque's, as they came and went in irregular breaks upon the wind. His heart was bursting with wild throbs of bitterness and despair; it was all he could do to keep the tumult down, and contain himself in that flush of passion. He turned away from them, and stood gazing out at that tedious window into the blank world. What did it matter? Let her escape if she would—let things go as they might; nothing was of any further importance—certainly on earth—perhaps even in heaven.

"I will go away—I can do you no good—I should only lose my temper; and time presses," said Mr. Fordham, with a flush of resentment on his face, as he turned to the anxious woman behind him. What could he do? He could not quarrel with this angry man in his own house on such a day. He could not keep happier matters waiting. He would not risk the losing of his temper

and his time at this moment of all others. He went away with a sensation of defeat, which for half an hour materially mitigated his happiness. But he *was* happy, and the happy are indulgent judges both of their own conduct and of others. As for the minister, he was roused again when he saw his rival jump into the cab at the door, and drive off alone down the street, which was lively with the early stir of day. The sun had just broken through the morning clouds, and it was into a ruddy perspective of light that the stranger disappeared as he went off towards Grange Lane. Strange contrast of fate! While Fordham hastened down into the sunshine to all the joy that awaited him there, Tozer, a homely, matter-of-fact figure in the ruddy light, was crossing the street towards the minister's door. Vincent went away from the window again, with pangs of an impatience and intolerance of his own lot which no strength of mind could subdue. All the gleams of impossible joy which had lighted his path in Carlingsford had now gone out, and left him in darkness; and here came back, in undisturbed possession, all the meaner circumstances of his individual destiny. Salem alone remained to him out of the wreck of his dreams, except when he turned back and discovered *her*—the one tragic thread in the petty history—this woman whose future life for good or for evil he held in his avenging hands.

Mrs. Mildmay was still seated by the table. She had regained command of herself. She looked up to him with gleaming eyes when he approached her. "Mr. Vincent, I keep my parole—I am waiting your pleasure," she said, never removing her eyes from his face. It was at this moment that Mrs. Vincent, who had from the window of Susan's chamber seen the cab arrive and go away, with some curiosity, came into the room. The widow wanted to know who her son's visitors were, and what had brought them. She came in with a little eagerness, but was brought to a sudden stand-still by the appearance of Mrs. Mildmay. Why was this woman here? what had she to do with the minister? Mrs. Vincent put on her little air of simple dignity. She said, "I beg your pardon; I did not know my son was engaged," with a courtesy of disapproving politeness to the unwelcome visitor. With a troubled look at Arthur, who looked excited and gloomy

enough to justify any uncomfortable imaginations about him, his mother turned away somewhat reluctantly. She did not feel that it was quite right to leave him exposed to the wiles of this "designing woman;" but the widow's own dignity was partly at stake. All along she had disapproved of this strange friendship, and she could not countenance it now.

"Your mother is going away," said Mrs. Mildmay, with a restrained outcry of despair: "is no one to be permitted to mediate between us? You are a man and cruel; you are in trouble, and you think you will avenge yourself. No, no—I don't mean what I say. Your son is a—a true knight, Mrs. Vincent; I told you so before. He will never be hard upon a woman: if I had not known that, why should I have trusted him? I came back, as he knows, of my own will. Don't go away; I am willing you should know—the whole," said the excited woman, with a sudden pause, turning upon Vincent, her face blanching into deadly whiteness—"the whole—I consent; let her be the judge. Women are more cruel than men; but I saved her daughter—I am willing that she should hear it all."

She sat down again on the seat from which she had risen. A certain comfort and relief stole over her face. She was appealing to the general heart of humanity against this one man who knew her secret. It might be hard to hear the story of her own sin—but it was harder to be under the stifling sway of one who knew it, and who had it in his power to denounce her. She ceased to tremble as she looked at the widow's troubled face. It was a new tribunal before which she stood; perhaps here her provocations might be acknowledged—her soul acquitted of the burden from which it could never escape. As the slow moments passed on, and the minister did not speak, she grew impatient of the silence. "Tell her," she said, faintly—it was a new hope which thus awoke in her heart.

But while Mrs. Mildmay sat waiting, and while the widow drew near, not without some judicial state in the poise of her little figure, to hear the explanation which she felt she was entitled to, Tozer's honest, troubled face looked in at the door. It put a climax upon the confusion of the morning. The good butterman looked on in some sur-

prise at this strange assemblage, recognizing dimly the haze of an excitement of which he knew nothing. He was acquainted, to some extent, with the needlewoman of Back Grove Street. He had gone to call on her once at the solicitation of the anxious Brown, who had charge of her district but did not feel himself competent to deal with the spiritual necessities of such a penitent; and Tozer remembered well that her state of mind had not been satisfactory—"not what was to be looked for in a person as had the means of grace close at hand, and attended regular at Salem." He thought she must have come at this unlucky moment to get assistance of some kind from the minister—"as if he had not troubles enough of his own," Tozer said to himself: but the deacon was not disposed to let his pastor be victimized in any such fashion. This, at least, was a matter in which he felt fully entitled to interfere.

"Good-mornin', ma'am," said the worthy butterman; "good-mornin', Mr. Vincent—it's cold, but it's seasonable for the time of year. What I wanted was a word or two with the pastor, ma'am, if he's disengaged. It aint what I approve," continued Tozer, fixing his eyes with some sternness upon the visitor, "to take up a minister's time in the morning when he has the work of a flock on his hands. My business being such as can't wait, is different; but them as are in want of assistance, one way or another, which is a thing as belongs to the deacons, have no excuse, not as I can see, for disturbing the pastor. It aint a thing as I would put up with," continued Tozer, with increasing severity; "the charities of the flock aint in Mr. Vincent's hands; it's a swindling of his time to come in upon him of a morning if there aint a good reason; and, as far as I am concerned, it would be enough to shut my heart up again' giving help—that's how it would work on me."

Mrs. Mildmay was entirely inattentive to the first few words of this address, but the pointed application given by the speaker's eyes called her attention presently. She gazed at him as he proceeded, with a gradual lightening of her worn and anxious face. While Mrs. Vincent did all she could, with anxious looks and little deprecatory gestures, to stop the butterman, the countenance of her visitor cleared by one of those

strange, sudden changes which the minister had noted so often. Her lips relaxed, her eyes gleamed with a sudden flash of amusement. Then she glanced around, seeing with quick observation not only the absurdity of Tozer's mistake, but the infallible effect it had in changing the aspect of affairs. The minister had turned away, not without a grim, impatient smile at the corner of his mouth. The minister's mother, shocked in all her gentle politeness, was eagerly watching her opportunity to break in and set the perplexed deacon right. The culprit, who had been on her trial a moment before, drew a long breath of utter relief. Now she had escaped—the crisis was over. Her quick spirit rose with a sense of triumph—a sensation of amusement. She entered eagerly into it, leaning forward with eyes that shone and gleamed upon her accuser, and a mock solemnity of attention which only her desperate strain of mind and faculties could have enabled her to assume so quickly. When the buttermilk came to a pause, Mrs. Vincent rushed in breathlessly to the rescue.

"Mr. Tozer—Mr. Tozer! this lady is—a friend of ours," cried the minister's mother, with looks that were much more eloquent of her distress and horror than any words. She had no time to say more, when the aggrieved individual herself broke in,—

"Mr. Tozer knows I have been one of the flock since ever Mr. Vincent came," said the strange woman. "I have gone to all the meetings, and listened faithfully to the pastor every time he has preached; and would you judge me unworthy of relief because I once came to see him in a morning? That is hard laws; but the minister will speak for me. The minister knows me," she went on, turning to Vincent, "and he and his mother have been very charitable to a poor woman, Mr. Tozer. You will not exclude me from the Salem charities for this one offence? Remember that I am a member of the flock."

"Not a church-member as I know," said the sturdy deacon—"not meaning no offence, if I've made a mistake—one sitting, as far as I remember; but a lady—as is a friend of Mrs. Vincent's—"

Here Tozer paused, abashed but suspicious, not disposed to make any further apology. That moment was enough to drive

this lighter interlude from the vigilant soul which, in all its moods, watched what was going on with a quick apprehension of the opportunities of the moment. All her perceptions, quickened as they were by anxiety and fear, were bent on discovering an outlet for her escape, and she saw her chance now. She got up wearily, leaning on the table, as indeed she needed to lean, and looked into Mrs. Vincent's face: "May I see my child?" she said, in a voice that went to the heart of the widow. The minister's mother could not resist this appeal. She saw the trembling in her limbs, the anxiety in her eye. "Arthur, I will see to Mrs. Mildmay. Mr. Tozer has something to say to you, and we must not occupy your time," said the tender little woman, in whose gentle presence there was protection and shelter even for the passionate spirit beside her. Thus the two went away together. If there had ever been any revengeful intention in Vincent's mind, it had disappeared by this time. He, too, breathed deep with relief. The criminal had escaped, at least out of his hands. He was no longer compelled to take upon himself the office of an avenger.

CHAPTER XL.

"I HOPE, sir, as I haven't said anything as gives offence?—it was far from my meaning," said Tozer; "not as the person—is a church-member, being only a seatholder for one sittin', as is down in the books. I wouldn't have come over, not so early, Mr. Vincent, if it wasn't as I was wishful to try if you'd listen to reason about the meetin' as is appointed to be to-night. It aint no interest of mine, not so far as money goes, nor nothing of that kind. It's you as I'm a-thinking of. I don't mind standing the expense out of my own pocket, if so be as you'd give in to make it a tea-meetin'. I don't know as you'd need to do nothing but take the chair and make yourself agreeable. Me and Brown and the women would manage the rest. It would be a pleasant surprise, that's what it would be," said the good buttermilk; "and Phæbe and some more would go down directly to make ready: and I don't doubt as there's cakes and buns enough in Carlingford, Mr. Vincent, sir, if you'd but bend your mind to it and consent."

"I am going out," said Vincent; "I have

—something to do ; don't detain me, Tozer. I must have this morning to myself."

"I'll walk with you, sir, if I aint in the way," said the deacon, accompanying the young man's restless steps down-stairs. "They tell me miss is a deal better, and all things is going on well. I wouldn't be meddlesome, Mr. Vincent, not of my own will ; but when matters is settling, sir, if you'd but hear reason ! There can't nothing but harm come of more explanations. I never had no confidence in explanations, for my part ; but pleasant looks and the urns a-smoking, and a bit of green on the wall, as Phæbe and the rest could put up in no time ! and just such a speech as was agreeable to wind up with — a bit of an anecdote, or poetry about friends as is better friends after they've spoke their minds and had it out—that's the thing as would settle Salem, Mr. Vincent. I don't speak, not to bother you, sir, but for your good. There aint no difficulty in it ; it's easier a deal than being serious and opening up all things over again ; and as for them as would like to dictate——"

"I am not thinking of Salem," said the minister ; "I have many other things to distract me ; for Heaven's sake if you have any pity, leave me alone to-day."

"But you'll give in to make it a tea-meetin' ?" said the anxious butterman, pausing at his own door.

Tozer did not make out the minister's reply. It is difficult to distinguish between a nod and a shake of the head, under some circumstances—and Vincent did not pause to give an articulate answer, but left his champion to his own devices. It seemed to Vincent to be a long time since Fordham left his house—and he was possessed with a fever of impatience to see for himself what was being transacted down yonder in the sunshine, where the spire of St. Roque's appeared in the distance through the ruddy morning haze. The bells had ceased, and all was quiet enough in Grange Lane. Quite quiet—a few ordinary passengers in the tranquil road, nursemaids and children—and the calm green doors closing in the concealed houses, as if no passion or agitation could penetrate them. The door of Lady Western's garden was ajar. The minister crossed over and looked in with a wistful, despairing hope of seeing something that would contradict his conclusion. The house was basking

in the spring sunshine—the door open, some of the windows open, eager servants hovering about, an air of expectation over all. With eyes full of memories, the minister looked in at the half-open door, which one time and another had been to him the gate of paradise. Within where the red geraniums and verbenas had once brightened all the borders, were pale crocuses and flowers of early spring—the limes were beginning to bud, the daisies to grow among the grass. The winter was over in that sheltered and sunny place ; Nature herself stood sweet within the protecting walls, and gathered all the tenderest sweets of spring to greet the bride in the new beginning of her life. It was but a glance, but the spectator, in the bitterness of his heart, did not lose a single tint or line ; and just then the joy-bells burst out once more from St. Roque's. Poor Vincent drew back from the door as the sudden sound stung him to the heart. Nothing had any pity for him — all the world, and every voice and breath therein, sided with the others in their joy. He went on blindly, without thinking where he was going, with a kind of dull, stubborn determination in his heart, not to turn back in his wretchedness even from the sight of the happy procession which he knew must be advancing to meet him. A pang more or less, what did it matter ? And for the last time he would look on Her who was nothing in the world to him now—who never could have been anything —yet who had somehow shed such streams of light upon the poor minister's humble path, as no reality in all his life had ever shed before. He paused on the edge of the road as he saw the carriage coming. It was one of those moments when a man's entire life becomes apparent to him in long perspective of past and future, he himself and all the world standing still between. The bells rang on his heart, with echoes from the wheels and the horses' feet coming up in superb pride and triumph. Heaven and earth were glad for her in her joy. He, in his great trouble, stood dark in the sunshine and looked on.

It was only a moment, and no more. He would have seen nothing but the white mist of the veil which surrounded her, had not she in her loveliness and kindness perceived him, and bent forward in the carriage with a little motion of her hand calling the atten-

tion of her unseen bridegroom to that figure on the way. At sight of that movement, the unhappy young man started with an intolerable pang, and went on heedless where he was going. He could not control the momentary passion. She had never harmed him—never meant to dazzle him with her beauty, or trifle with his love or break his heart. It was kind as the sunshine, this sweet bridal face leaning out with that momentary glance of recognition. She would have given him her kind hand, her sweet smile as of old, had they met more closely—no remorseful consciousness was in *her* eyes; but neither the bells, nor the flowers, nor the sunshine, went with such a pang to poor Vincent's heart as did that look of kindness. It was all unreal then—no foundation at all in it? not enough to call a passing color to her cheek, or to dim her sweet eyes on her bridal day? He went down the long road in the insensibility of passion—seeing nothing, caring for nothing—stung to the heart. No look of triumph, no female dart of conscious cruelty could have given the poor minister so bitter a wound. All her treasured looks and smiles—the touch of her hand—her words, of which he had scarcely forgotten one—did they mean nothing after all? nothing but kindness? He had laid his heart at her feet; if she had trodden on it he could have forgiven her; but she only went on smiling, and never saw the treasure in her way. And this was the end. The unfortunate young man could not give way to any outbreak of the passion that consumed him; he could but go on hotly—on past St. Roque's, where flowers still lay in the porch, and the open doors invited strangers, to the silent country, where the fields lay callow under the touch of spring. Spring! everlasting mockery of human trouble! Here were the hedges stirring, the secret grain beginning to throb conscious in the old furrows; but life itself standing still—coming to a sudden end in this heart which filled the young man's entire frame with pulsations of anguish. All his existence had flowed towards this day, and took its termination here. His love—Heaven help him! he had but one heart, and had thrown it away; his work—that, too, was to come to nothing, and be ended; all his traditions, all his hopes, were they to be buried in one grave? and what was to be-

come after of the posthumous and nameless life?

CHAPTER XLI.

WHEN the minister fully came to himself, it was after a long, rapid walk of many miles through the silent fields and hazy country. There the clouds cleared off from him in the quietness. When he began to see clearly he turned back towards Carlingford. Nothing now stood between him and the crisis which henceforward must determine his personal affairs. He turned in the long country road, which he had been pursuing eagerly without knowing what he was doing, and gazed back towards the distant roofs. His heart ached and throbbed with the pangs that were past. He had a consciousness that it stirred within his breast, still smarting and thrilling with that violent access of agony—but the climax was over. The strong pulsations fell into dull beats of indefinite pain. Now for the other world—the neutral-colored life. Vincent did not very well know which road he had taken, for he had not been thinking of where he was going; but it roused him a little to perceive that his homeward way brought him through Grove Street, and past Siloam Cottage, where Mr. Tufton lived.

Mrs. Tufton was at the window, behind the great geranium, when the minister came in sight. When she saw him she tapped upon the pane and beckoned him to go in. He obeyed the summons, almost without impatience, in the languor of his mind. He went in to find them all by the fire, just as they had been when he came first to Carlingford. The old minister, in his arm-chair, holding out his flabby white hand to his dear young brother; the invalid daughter still knitting, with cold blue eyes, always vigilant and alert, investigating everything. It was a mild day, and Mrs. Tufton herself had shifted her seat to the window, where she had been reading aloud as usual the *Carlingford Gazette*. The motionless warm air of the little parlor, the prints of the brethren on the walls, the attitudes of the living inhabitants, were all unchanged from the time when the young minister of Salem paid his first visit, and chafed at Mr. Tufton's advice, and heard with a secret shiver the prophecy of Adelaide, that "they would kill him in six months." He took the same chair, again

making a little commotion among the furniture, which the size of the room made it difficult to displace. It was with a bewildering sensation that he sat down in that unchangeable house. Had time really gone on through all these passions and pains, of which he was conscious in his heart? or had it stood still, and were they only dreams? Adelaide Tufton, immovable in her padded chair, with pale blue eyes that searched through everything, had surely never once altered her position, but had knitted away the days with a mystic thread like one of the Fates. Even the geranium did not seem to have gained or shed a single leaf.

"I have just been reading in the *Gazette* the report of last night's meeting," said good Mrs. Tufton. "O Mr. Vincent, I was so glad—your dear mother herself, if she had been there, could not have been happier than I was. I hope she has seen the *Gazette* this morning. You young men always like the *Times*; but they never put in anything that is interesting to me in the *Times*. Perhaps, if she has not seen it, you will put the paper in your pocket. Indeed, it made me as happy as if you had been my own son. I always say that is very much how Mr. Tufton and I feel for you."

"Yes, it went off very well," said the old minister. "My dear young brother, it all depends on whether you have friends that know how to deal with a flock; nothing can teach you that but experience. I am sorry I dare not go out again to-night—it cost me my night's rest last night, as Mrs. Tufton will tell you; but that is nothing in consideration of duty. Never think of ease to yourself, my dear young friend, when you can serve a brother; it has always been my rule through life——"

"Mr. Vincent understands all that," said Adelaide; "that will do, papa—we know. Tell me about Lady Western's marriage, Mr. Vincent. I dare say you were invited, as she was such a friend of yours. It must have made an awkwardness between you when she turned out to be Colonel Mildmay's sister; but, to be sure, those things don't matter among people in high life. It was delightful that she should marry her old love after all, don't you think? Poor Sir Joseph would have left a different will if he had known. Parted for ten years and coming together again! it is like a story in a book——"

"I do not know the circumstances," said poor Vincent. He turned to Mr. Tufton with a vain hope of escaping. "I shall have to bid you good-by shortly," said the minister; "though it was very good of the Salem people not to dismiss me, I prefer——"

"You mean to go away?" said Adelaide; "that will be a wonderful piece of news in the connection; but I don't think you will go away: there will be a deputation, and they will give you a piece of plate, and you will remain—you will not be able to resist. Papa never was a preacher to speak of," continued the dauntless invalid, "but they gave him a purse and a testimonial when he retired; and you are soft-hearted, and they will get the better of you——"

"Adelaide!" said Mrs. Tufton, "Mr. Vincent will think you out of your senses: indeed, Mr. Vincent, she does not mind what she says; and she has had so much ill-health, poor child, that both her papa and I have given in to her too much; but as for my husband's preaching, it is well known he could have had many other charges if his duty had not called him to stay at Salem; invitations used to come——"

"Oh, stuff!" said the irreverent Adelaide—"as if Mr. Vincent did not know. But I will tell you about Lady Western—that is the romance of the day. Mr. Fordham was very poor, you know, when they first saw each other—only a poor barrister—and the friends interfered. Friends always interfere," said the sick woman, fixing her pale eyes on Vincent's face as she went on with her knitting; "and they married her to old Sir Joseph Western; and so, after a while, she became the young dowager. She must have been very pretty then—she is beautiful now; but I would not have married a widow, had I been Mr. Fordham, after I came into my fortune. His elder brother died, you know. I would not have married her, however lovely she had been. Mr. Vincent, would you?"

"Adelaide!" cried Mrs. Tufton, again in dismay. The poor minister thrust back his chair from the table, and came roughly against the stand of the great geranium, which had to be adjusted, and covered his retreat. He glanced at his conscious tormentor with the contemptuous rage and aggravation which men sometimes feel towards a weak creature who insults them with im-

punity. But she did not show any pleasurable consciousness of her triumph; she kept knitting on, looking at him with her pale blue eyes. There was something in that loveless eagerness of curiosity which appalled Vincent. He got up hastily to his feet, and said he had something to do and must go away.

"Good-by, my dear brother," said Mr. Tufton, slowly, shaking the young minister's hand; "you will be judicious to-night? The flock have stood by you, and been indulgent to your inexperience. They see you never meant to hurt any of their feelings. It is what I always trained my dear people to be—considerate to the young preachers. Take my advice, my beloved young brother, and dear Tozer's advice. We do all we can for you here, and dear Tozer is a tower of strength. And you have our prayers; we are but a little assembly—I and my dear partner in life and our afflicted child—but two or three, you know—and we never forget you at the throne of grace."

With this parting blessing Vincent hastened away. Poor little Mrs. Tufton had added some little effusion of motherly kindness which he did not listen to. He came away with a strange impression on his mind of that knitting woman, pale and curious, in her padded chair. Adelaide Tufton was not old—not a great many years older than himself. To him, with the life beating so strong in his veins, the sight of that life in death was strange, almost awful. The despair, the anguish, the vivid uncertainty and reality of his own existence, appeared to him in wonderful relief against that motionless background. If he came back here ten years hence, he might still find as now the old man by the fire, the pale woman knitting in her chair, as they had been for these six months which had brought to the young minister a greater crowd of events than all his previous years. When he thought of that helpless woman, with her lively thoughts and curious eyes, always busy and speculating about the life from which she was utterly shut out, a strange sensation of thankfulness stole over the young man; though he was miserable he was alive. Between him and the lovely figure on which his heart had dwelt too long, rose up now this other figure which was

not lovely. He grew stronger as he went home along the streets in the changed light of the afternoon. Siloam Cottage interposed between him and that ineffable moment at the bridal doors; presently Salem, too, would interpose, and all the difficulties and troubles of his career. He had taken up life again, after that pause when the sun and the moon stood still and the battle raged. Now it was all over, and the world's course had begun anew.

Mrs. Vincent was looking out for him when he reached his own door. He could see her disappear from the window above, where she had been standing watching. She came to meet him as he went up to the sitting-room. There was nobody now in that room, where the widow had been making everything smile for her son. The table was spread; the fire bright; the lamp ready to be lighted on the table. Mrs. Vincent had been alarmed by Arthur's long absence, but she did not say so. She only made haste to tell him that Susan was so much better, and that the doctor was in such high spirits about her. "After we come back from the meeting you are to go in and sit with your sister for an hour, my dear boy," said his mother. "Till that was over, we knew your mind would be occupied, and Susan would like to see you. O Arthur! it will make you happy only to look at her. She remembers everything now; she has asked me even all about the flock, and cried with joy to hear how things had gone off last night—not for joy only," said the truthful widow, "with indignation, too, that you ever should have been doubted—for Susan thinks there is nobody like her brother; but, my dear, we ought to be very thankful that things have happened so well. Everybody must learn to put up with a little injustice in this world, particularly the pastor of a flock. If you will go and get ready for dinner, Arthur," said Mrs. Vincent, "I will light the lamp. I have taken it into my own hands, dear; it is better to put it right at first than to be always arranging it after it has been put wrong. Dinner is quite ready, and make haste, my dear boy. I have got a little fish for you, and you know it will spoil if you keep it waiting; and I have so much to tell you before we go out to the meeting to-night."

Vincent made no answer to the wistful,

inquiring look which his mother turned to his face as she mentioned this meeting. He went away with an impatient exclamation about that lamp, which seemed to him to occupy half her thoughts. Mrs. Vincent was full of many cares and much news which she had to give her son; she was also deeply anxious and curious to know what he was going to do that night; but still she spared a little time for the lamp, to set the screw right, and light to a delicate evenness the well-trimmed wick. When she had placed it on the table, it gave her a certain satisfaction to see how clearly it burned, and how bright it made the table. "If I only knew what Arthur was going to do," she said to herself, with a little sigh, as she rang the bell for the dinner, and warned the little maid to be very careful with the fish; "for if it is not put very nicely on the table Mr. Vincent will not have any of it," said the minister's mother, with that feminine mingling of small cares and great which was so incomprehensible to her son. When he came back and seated himself listlessly at the table, he never thought of observing the light, or taking note of the brightness of the room. To think of this business of dinner at all, interjected into such a day, was almost too much for Arthur; and he was half disgusted with himself when he found that, after all, he could eat, and that not only for his mother's sake. Mrs. Vincent talked only of Susan while the little maid was going and coming into the room; but when they were alone she drew her chair a little nearer and entered upon other things.

"Arthur, I had a great deal of conversation with Mrs. Mildmay; she told me—everything," said the widow, growing pale. "O my dear! when God leaves us alone to our own devices, what dreadful things a sinful creature may do! I said you would do nothing to harm her now when Susan was safe. Hush, dear! we must never breathe a word of it to Susan, or any one. Susan is changed, Arthur; sometimes I am glad of it, sometimes I could cry. She is not an innocent girl now. She is a woman—O Arthur! a great deal stronger than her mother; she would clear herself somehow if she knew; she would not bear that suspicion. She is more like your dear papa," said the mother, wiping her eyes, "than I ever

thought to see one of my children. I can see his high-minded ways in her, Arthur—and steadier than you and me; for you have my quick temper, dear. Wait just another moment, Arthur. This poor child dotes upon Susan; and her mother asked me," said poor Mrs. Vincent pausing, and looking her son in the face, "if—I would keep her with me."

"Keep her with you! Let us be rid of them," cried the minister; "they have brought us nothing but misery ever since we heard their names."

"Yes, Arthur, dear; but the poor child never did any one any harm. They have made her a ward in Chancery now. It should have been done long ago, but for the wickedness and the disputes; and, my dear boy," said Mrs. Vincent, anxiously, "I will have to leave Lonsdale, you know; my poor child could not go back there; and we will not stay with you in Carlingford to get you into trouble with your flock," continued the widow, gazing wistfully in his face to see if she could gather anything of his purpose from his looks; "and with my little income, you know, it would be hard work without coming on you; but all the difficulty is cleared away if we take this child. I was thinking I might take Susan abroad," said the widow, with a little sigh; "it is the best thing, I have always heard, after such trouble; and it would be an occupation for her when she got better. My dear boy, don't be hasty; your dear father always took a little time to think upon a thing before he would speak; but you have always had my temper, Arthur. I won't say any more; we will speak of it, dear, in your sister's room, when we come home from the meeting to-night."

"I think you had better not go to the meeting to-night; there will be nothing said to please you, mother," said the minister, rising from the table, and taking his favorite position on the hearth-rug. His mother turned round frightened, but afraid to show her fright, determined still to look as if she believed everything was going well.

"No fine speeches, Arthur? My dear boy, I always like to hear you speak. I know you will say what you ought," said the widow, smiling, with a patient determination in her face. Then there was a pause. "Perhaps you will give me a little sketch of what you are going to say," she went on, with a

tender artifice, concealing her anxiety. "Your dear papa often did, Arthur, when anything was going on among the flock."

But Arthur made no reply. His clouded face filled his mother with a host of indefinite fears. But she saw, as she had seen so often, that womanish entreaties were not practicable, and that he must be left to himself. "He will tell me as we go to Salem," she said in her heart, to quiet its anxious throbbing. "Perhaps you would like to have the room to yourself a little, dear," she said aloud. "I will go to Susan till it is time to leave; and I know my Arthur will ask the counsel of God," she added, softly, just touching his hand with a tender momentary clasp. It was all the minister could do to resist the look of anxious inquiry with which this little caress was accompanied; and then she left him to prepare for his meeting. Whether he asked advice or not of his Father in heaven, the widow asked it for him with tears in her anxious eyes. She had done all that she could do. When the minister was left to himself, he opened his desk and took out the manuscript with which he had been busy last night. It was the speech he had intended to deliver, and he had been pleased with it. He sat down now and read it over to himself, by the white-covered table, on which his mother's lamp burned bright. Sheet by sheet, as he read it over, the impatient young man tossed into the fire, with hasty exclamations of disgust. He was excited; his mind was in fiery action: his heart moved to the depths. No turgid Homerton eloquence would do now. What he said must be not from the lips, but from the heart.

CHAPTER XLII.

Mrs. VINCENT was ready in very good time for the meeting; she brought her son a cup of coffee with her own hand when she was dressed in her bonnet and shawl. She had put on her best bonnet—her newest black silk dress. Perhaps she knew that device of Tozer, of which the minister yet was not aware; but Arthur for once was too peremptory and decided for his mother. She who knew how to yield when resistance was impossible, had to give in to him at last. It was better to stay at home, anxious as her heart was, than to exasperate her boy, who had so many other things to trouble him. With

much heroism the widow took off her bonnet again and returned to Susan's room. There could be little doubt now what the minister was going to do. While she seated herself once more by her daughter's bedside, in a patience which was all but unbearable, her son went alone to his last meeting with his flock. He walked rapidly through Grove Street, going through the stream of Salem people, who were moving in twos and threes in the same direction. A little excitement had sprung up in Carlingford on the occasion. The public in general had begun to find out, as the public generally does, that here was a man who was apt to make disclosures not only of his opinions but of himself wherever he appeared, and that a chance was hereby afforded to the common eye of seeing that curious phenomenon, a human spirit in action—a human heart as it throbbed and changed—a sight more interesting than any other dramatic performance under heaven. There was an unusual throng that night in Grove Street, and the audience was not less amazed than the minister when they found what awaited them in the Salem schoolroom. There Phœbe Tozer and her sister-spirits had been busy all day. Again there were evergreen wreaths on the walls, and the stiff iron gas-lights were bristling with holly. Phœbe's genius had even gone further than on the last great occasion, for there were pink and white roses among the green leaves, and one of the texts which hung on the wall, had been temporarily elevated over the platform, framed in wreaths and supported by extempore fastenings, the doubtful security of which filled Phœbe's artless soul with many a pang of terror. It was the tender injunction, "Love one another," which had been elevated to this post of honor, and this was the first thing which met Vincent's eye as he entered the room. Underneath, the platform-table was already filled with the *élite* of the flock. The ladies were all in their best bonnets in that favored circle, and Tozer stood glorious in his Sunday attire—but in his own mind privately a little anxious as to the effect of all this upon the sensitive mind of the minister—by the side of the empty chair which had been left for the president of the assembly. When Vincent was seen to enter, it was Tozer who gave the signal for a burst of cheering, which the pleased assembly, newly aware of the treat thus provided for it,

performed heartily with all its boots and umbrellas. Through this applause the minister made his way to the platform with abstracted looks. The cheer made no difference upon the stubborn displeasure and annoyance of his face. Nothing that could possibly have been done to aggravate his impatient spirit and make his resolve unalterable, could have been more entirely successful than poor Tozer's expedient for the conciliation of the flock. Angry, displeased, humbled in his own estimation, the unfortunate pastor made his way through the people, who were all smiles and conscious favor. A curt general bow and cold courtesy was all he had even for his friends on the platform, who beamed upon him as he advanced. He was not mollified by the universal applause; he was not to be moved to complaisance by any such argument. He would not take the chair, though Tozer, with anxious officiousness, put it ready for him, and Phæbe looked up with looks of entreaty from behind the urn. In the sight of all the people he refused the honor, and sat down on a little supernumerary seat behind, where he was not visible to the increasing crowd. This refusal sent a thrill through all the anxious deacons on the platform. They gathered round him to make remonstrances, to which the minister paid no regard. It was a dreadful moment. Nobody knew what to do in the emergency. The throng streamed in till there was no longer an inch of standing-ground, nor a single seat vacant, except that one empty chair which perplexed the assembly. The urns began to smoke less hotly; the crowd gave murmurous indications of impatience as the deacons cogitated—What was to be done?—the tea at least must not be permitted to get cold. At last Mr. Brown stood up and proposed feebly, that as Mr. Vincent did not wish to preside, Mr. Tozer should be chairman on this joyful occasion. The Salem folks, who thought it a pity to neglect the good things before them, assented with some perplexity, and then the business of the evening began.

It was very lively business for the first half-hour. Poor Mrs. Tufton, who was seated immediately in front of the minister, disturbed by his impatient movements, took fright for the young man; and could not but wonder in herself how people managed to eat cake and drink tea in such an impromptu

fashion, who doubtless had partaken of that meal before leaving home, as she justly reflected. The old minister's wife stood by the young minister with a natural *esprit de corps*, and was more anxious than she could account for. A certain cloud subdued the hilarity of the table altogether; everybody was aware of the dark visage of the minister, indignant and annoyed, behind. A certain hush was upon the talk, and Tozer himself had grown pale in the chair, where the good buttermilk by no means enjoyed his dignity. Tozer was not so eloquent as usual when he got up to speak. He told the refreshed and exhilarated flock that he had made bold to give them a little treat, out of his own head, seeing that everything had gone off satisfactory last night; and they would agree with him as the minister had no call to take no further trouble in the way of explanations. A storm of applause was the response of the Salem folks to this suggestion; they were in the highest good-humor both with themselves and the minister—ready to vote him a silver tea-service on the spot, if anybody had been prompt enough to suggest it. But a certain awe stole over even that delighted assembly when Mr. Vincent came forward to the front of the table and confronted them all, turning his back upon his loyal supporters. They did not know what to make of the dark aspect and clouded face of the pastor, relieved as it was against the alarmed and anxious countenances behind him. A panic seized upon Salem: something which they had not anticipated—something very different from the programme—was in the minister's eye.

The Pigeons were in a back seat—very far back, where Mrs. Vincent had been the previous evening—spies to see what was going on, plotting the Temperance Hall and an opposition preacher in their treacherous hearts; but even Mrs. Pigeon bent forward with excitement in the general flutter. When the minister said "My friends," you could have heard a pin drop in the crowded meeting; and when, a minute after, a leaf of holly detached itself and fluttered down from one of the gas-lights, the whole row of people among whom it fell thrilled as if they had received a blow. Hush! perhaps it is not going to be so bad after all. He is talking of the text there over the platform, in its evergreen frame, which Phæbe trembles to

think may come down any moment with a crash upon her father's anxious head. "Love one another!" Is Mr. Vincent telling them that he is not sure what that means, though he is a minister—that he is not very sure what anything means—that life is a great wonder, and that he only faintly guesses how God, being pitiful, had the heart to make man and leave him on this sad earth? Is that what he says as he stands pale before the silent assembly, which scarcely dares draw breath, and is ashamed of its own lightness of heart and vulgar satisfaction with things in general? That is what the minister says. "The way is full of such pitfalls—the clouds so heavy overhead—the heavens, so calm and indifferent, out of reach—cannot we take hands and help each other through this troubled journey?" says the orator, with a low voice and solemn eyes. When he pauses thus and looks them all in the face, the heart of Salem fails. The very gas-lights seem to darken in the air, in the silence, and there is not one of the managers who does not hear the beating of his own heart. Then suddenly the speaker raises his voice, raises his hand, storms over their heads in a burst of indignation not loud but grand. He says "No."—"No!" exclaims the minister—"not in the world, not in the Church, nowhere on earth can we be unanimous except by moments. We throw our brother down, and then extend a hand to him in charity—but we have lost the art of standing side by side. Love! it means that you secure a certain woman to yourself to make your hearth bright, and to be yours forever; it means that you have children who are yours, to perpetuate your name and your tastes and feelings. It does not mean that you stand by your brother for him and not for you!"

Then there followed another pause. The Salem people drew a long breath and looked in each other's faces. They were guilty, self-convicted; but they could not tell what was to come of it, nor guess what the speaker meant. The anxious faces behind, gazing at him and his audience, were blank and horror-stricken, like so many conspirators whose leader was betraying their cause. They could not tell what accusation he might be going to make against them, to be confirmed by their consciences; but no-

body except Tozer had the least conception what he was about to say.

The minister resumed his interrupted speech. Nobody had ventured to cheer him; but during his last pause, seeing that he himself waited, and by way of cheering up their own troubled hearts, a few feeble and timid plaudits rose from the further end of the room. Mr. Vincent hurriedly resumed to stop this, with characteristic impatience. "Wait, before you applaud me," said the Nonconformist. "I have said nothing that calls for applause. I have something more to tell you—more novel than what I have been saying. I am going to leave Carlingford. It was you who elected me, it is you who have censured me, it was you last night who consented to look over my faults and give me a new trial. I am one of those who have boasted in my day that I received my title to ordination from no bishop, from no temporal provision, from no traditionary church, but from the hands of the people. Perhaps I am less sure than I was at first, when you were all disposed to praise me, that the voice of the people is the voice of God; but, however that may be, what I received from you I can but render up to you. I resign into your hands your pulpit, which you have erected with your money, and hold as your property. I cannot hold it as your vassal. If there is any truth in the old phrase which calls a church a cure of souls, it is certain that no cure of souls can be delegated to a preacher by the souls themselves who are to be his care. I find my old theories inadequate to the position in which I find myself, and all I can do is to give up the post where they have left me in the lurch. I am either your servant, responsible to you, or God's servant, responsible to him—which is it? I cannot tell; but no man can serve two masters, as you know. Many of you have been kind to me—chief among all," said Vincent, turning once round to look in Tozer's anxious face, "my friend here, who has spared no pains either to make me such a pastor as you wished, or to content me with that place when he had secured it. I cannot be content. It is no longer possible. So there remains nothing but to say good-by—good-by!—farewell—I will see you again to say it more formally. I only wish you to understand now that this is the decision I

have come to, and that I consider myself no longer the minister of Salem from this night."

Vincent drew back instantly when he had said these words, but not before half the people on the platform had got up on their feet, and many had risen in the body of the room. The women stretched out their hands to him with gestures of remonstrance and entreaty. "He don't mean it; he's not going for to leave us; he's in a little pet, that's all," cried Mrs. Brown, loud out. Phæbe Tozer, forgetting all about the text and the evergreens, had buried her face in her handkerchief and was weeping, not without demonstration of the fact. Tozer himself grasped at the minister's shoulder, and called out to the astonished assembly that "they weren't to take no notice. Mr. Vincent would hear reason. They weren't a-going to let him go, not like this." The minister had almost to struggle through the group of remonstrant deacons. "You don't mean it, Mr. Vincent?" said Mrs. Tozer; "only say as it's a bit o' temper, and you don't mean it!" Phæbe, on her part, raised a tear-wet cheek to hearken to the pastor's reply; but the pastor only shook his head, and made no answer to the eager appeals which assailed him. When he had extricated himself from their hands and outcries, he hastened down the tumultuous and narrow passage between the benches, where he would not hear anything that was addressed to him, but passed through with a brief nod to his anxious friends. Just as Vincent reached the door, he perceived, with eyes which excitement had made clearer than usual, that his enemy, Pigeon, had just got to his feet, who shouted out that the pastor had spoken up handsome, and that there wasn't one in Salem, whatever was their inclinations, as did not respect him that day. Though he paid no visible attention to the words, perhaps the submission of his adversary gave a certain satisfaction to the minister's soul; but he took no notice of this nor anything else, as he hurried out into the silent street, where the lamps were lighted, and the stars shining unobserved overhead. Not less dark than the night were the prospects which lay before him. He did not know what he was to do—could not see a day before him of his new career; but, nevertheless, took his way out of Salem with a

sense of freedom, and a thrill of new power and vigor in his heart.

Behind he left a most tumultuous and disorderly meeting. After the first outburst of dismay and sudden popular desire to retain the impossible possession which had thus slid out of their hands—after Tozer's distressed entreaty that they would all wait and see if Mr. Vincent didn't hear reason—after Pigeon's reluctant withdrawal of enmity and burst of admiration, the meeting broke up into knots, and became not one meeting, but a succession of groups, all buzzing in different tones over the great event. Resolutions, however, were proposed and carried all the same. Another deputation was appointed to wait on Mr. Vincent. A proposal was made to raise his "salary," and a subscription instituted on the spot to present him with a testimonial. When all these things were concluded, nothing remained but to dismiss the assembly, which dispersed not without hopes of a satisfactory conclusion. The deacons remained for a final consultation, perplexed with alarms and doubts. The repentant Pigeon, restored to them by this emergency, was the most hopeful of all. Circumstances which had changed his mind must surely influence the pastor. An additional fifty pounds of "salary"—a piece of plate—a congregational ovation—was it to be supposed that any Dissenting minister bred at Homerton could withstand such conciliatory overtures as these?

CHAPTER XLIII.

BUT the deputation and the increased salary and the silver salver were all ineffectual. Arthur would not hear reason, as his mother knew. It was with bitter restrained tears of disappointment and vexation that she heard from him, when he returned to that conference in Susan's room, the events of the evening. It came hard upon the widow, who had invited her son to his sister's bedside that they might for the first time talk together as of old over all their plans. But though her heart ached over the opportunity thus thrown away, and though she asked herself with terror, "What was Arthur to do now?" his mother knew he was not to be persuaded. She smiled on Tozer next morning, ready to cry with vexation and anxiety as she was. "When my son has

made up his mind, it will be vain for any one to try to move him," said the widow, proud of him in spite of all, though her heart cried out against his imprudence and foolishness; and so it proved. The minister made his acknowledgments so heartily to the good buttermilk, that Tozer's disclaimer of any special merit, and declaration that he had but tried to "do his dooty," was made with great faltering and unsteadiness; but the Nonconformist himself never wavered in his resolve. Half of Carlingford sat in tears to hear Mr. Vincent's last sermon. Such a discourse had never been heard in Salem. Scarcely one of the deacons could find a place in the crowded chapel to which all the world rushed; and Tozer himself listened to the last address of his minister from one of the doors of the gallery, where his face formed the apex and culminating point of the crowd to Mr. Vincent's eyes. When Tozer brushed his red handkerchief across his face, as he was moved to do two or three times in the course of the sermon, the gleam seemed to the minister, who was himself somewhat excited, to redden over the entire throng. It was thus that Mr. Vincent ended his connection with Salem Chapel. It was a heavy blow to the congregation for the time—so heavy that the spirit of the buttermilk yielded; he was not seen in his familiar seat for three full Sundays after; but the place was mismanaged in Pigeon's hands, and regard for the connection brought Tozer to the rescue. They had Mr. Beecher down from Homerton, who made a very good impression. The subsequent events are so well known in Carlingford, that it is hardly necessary to mention the marriage of the new minister, which took place about six months afterwards. Old Mr. Tufton blessed the union of his dear young brother with the blushing Phœbe, who made a most suitable minister's wife in Salem after the first disagreeables were over; and Mr. Beecher proved a great deal more tractable than any man of genius. If he was not quite equal to Mr. Vincent in the pulpit, he was much more complaisant at all the tea-parties; and, after a year's experience, was fully acknowledged, both by himself and others, to have made an 'it.

Vincent meanwhile plunged into that world of life which the young man did not know; not that matters looked badly for him when he left Carlingford—on the contrary,

the connection in general thrilled to hear of his conduct and his speech. The enthusiasm in Homerton was too great to be kept within bounds. Such a demonstration of the rightful claims of the preacher had not been made before in the memory of man; and the enlightened Nonconforming community did honor to the martyr. Three vacant congregations at least wooed him to their pulpits; his fame spread over the country: but he did not accept any of these invitations; and after a while the eminent Dissenting families who invited him to dinner, found so many other independencies cropping out in the young man, that the light of their countenances dimmed upon him. It began to be popularly reported, that a man so apt to hold opinions of his own, and so convinced of the dignity of his office, had best have been in the Church where people knew no better. Such, perhaps, might have been the conclusion to which he came himself; but education and prejudice and Homerton stood invincible in the way. A Church of the Future—an ideal corporation, grand and primitive, not yet realized, but surely *real*, to be come at one day—shone before his eyes, as it shines before so many; but, in the mean time, the Nonconformist went into literature, as was natural, and was, it is believed in Carlingford, the founder of the *Philosophical Review*, that new organ of public opinion. He had his battle to fight, and fought it out in silence, saying little to any one. Sundry old arrows were in his heart, still quivering by times as he fought with the devil and the world in his desert; but he thought himself almost prosperous, and perfectly composed and eased of all fanciful and sentimental sorrows, when he went, two or three years after these events, to Folkestone, to meet his mother and sister, who had been living abroad, away from him, with their charge, and to bring them to the little house he had prepared for them in London, and where he said to himself he was prepared, along with them—a contented but neutral-colored household—to live out his life.

But when Mr. Vincent met his mother at Folkestone, not even the haze of the spring evening, nor the agitation of the meeting, which brought back again so forcibly all the events which accompanied the parting, could soften to him the wonderful thrill of sur-

prise, almost a shock, with which he looked upon two of the party. The widow, in her close white cap and black bonnet, was unchanged as when she fell, worn out, into his arms, on her first visit to Carlingford. She gave a little cry of joy as she saw her son. She trembled so with emotion and happiness, that he had to steady her on his arm and restrain his own feelings till another time. The other two walked by their side to the hotel where they were to rest all night. He had kissed Susan in the faint evening light, but her brother did not know that grand figure, large and calm and noble like a Roman woman, at whom the other passengers paused to look as they went on; and his first glance at the younger face by her side sent the blood back to his heart with a sudden pang and thrill which filled him with amazement at himself. He heard the two talking to each other as they went up the crowded pier in the twilight, like a man walking in a dream. What his mother said leaning on his arm, scarcely caught his attention. He answered to her in monosyllables, and listened to the voices—the low, sweet laughter, the sound of familiar names. Nothing in Susan's girlish looks had prophesied that majestic figure, that air of quiet command and power. And a wilder wonder still attracted the young man's heart as he listened to the beautiful young voice which kept calling on Susan, Susan, like some sweet echo of a song. These two, had they been into another world, an enchanted country? When they came into the lighted room, and he saw them divest themselves of their wrappings, and beheld them before him, visible tangible creatures and no dreams, Vincent was struck dumb. He seemed to himself to have been suddenly carried out of the meaner struggles of his own life into the air of a court, the society of princes. When Susan came up to him and laid her two beautiful hands on his shoulders, and looked with her blue eyes into his face, it was all he could do to preserve his composure, and conceal the almost awe which possessed him. The wide sleeve had fallen back from her round beautiful arm. It was the same arm that used to lie stretched out uncovered upon her sick-bed like a glorious piece of marble. Her brother could scarcely rejoice in the change, it struck him with so much wonder, and was so different from his

thoughts. Poor Susan! he had said in his heart for many a day. He could not say poor Susan now.

"Arthur does not know me," she said, with a low, liquid voice, fuller than the common tones of women. "He forgets how long it is ago since we went away. He thinks you cannot have anything so big belonging to you, my little mother. But it is me, Arthur. Susan all the same."

"Susan perhaps, since you say so—but not all the same," said Arthur, with his astonished eyes.

"And I dare say you don't know Alice either," said his sister. "I was little and Alice was foolish when we went away. At least I was little in Lonsdale, where nobody minded me. Somehow most people mind me now, because I am so big, I suppose; and Alice, instead of being foolish, is a little wise woman. Come here, Alice, and let my brother see you. You have heard of him every day for three years. At last here is Arthur; but what am I to do if he has forgotten me?"

"I have forgotten neither of you," said the young man. He was glad to escape from Susan's eyes, which somehow looked as if they were a bit of the sky, a deep serene of blue; and the little Alice imagined he did not look at her at all, and was a little mortified in her tender heart. Things began to grow familiar to him after a while. However wonderful they were, they were real creatures, who did not vanish away, but were close by him all the evening, moving about—this with lovely fairy lightness, that with majestic maiden grace—talking in a kind of dual harmonious movement of sound, filling the soft spring night with a world of vague and strange fascination. The window was opened in their sitting-room, where they could see the lights and moving figures, and, farther off, the sea—and hear outside the English voices, which were sweet to hear to the strangers newly come home. Vincent, while he recovered himself, stood near this window by his mother's chair, paying her such stray filial attentions as he could in the bewilderment of his soul, slowly becoming used to the two beautiful young women, unexpected apparitions, who transformed life itself and everything in it. Was one his real sister, strange as it seemed? and the other——? Vincent fell back and resigned

himself to the strange, sweet, unlooked-for influence. They went up to London together next day. Sunshine did not disperse them into beautiful mists, as he had almost feared. It came upon him by glimpses to see that fiery sorrow and passion had acted like some tropical tempestuous sun upon his sister's youth; and the face of his love looked back upon him from the storm in which it died, as if somehow what was impossible might be possible again. Mrs. Mildmay, a wandering restless soul as she was, happened to be absent from London just then. Alice was still to stay with her dearest friends. The Nonconformist went back to his little home with the sensation of an enchanted prince in a fairy tale. Instead of the mud-colored existence, what a glowing, brilliant firmament! Life became glorious again under their touch. As for Mrs. Vincent, she was too happy in getting home—in seeing Susan, after all the anguishes and struggles which no one knew of fully but herself, rising up in all the

strength of her youth to this renewed existence—to feel as much distressed as she expected about Arthur's temporary withdrawal from his profession. It was only a temporary withdrawal, she hoped. He still wore his clerical coat, and called himself "clergyman" in the Blue Book—and he was doing well, though he was not preaching. The Nonconformist himself naturally was less sober in his thoughts. He could not tell what wonderful thing he might not yet do in this wonderful elevation and new inspiring of his heart. His genius broke forth out of the clouds. Seeing these two as they went about the house, hearing their voices as they talked in perpetual sweet accord, with sweeter jars of difference, surprised the young man's life out of all its shadows—one of them his sister—the other—. After all his troubles, the loves and the hopes came back with the swallows to build under his eaves and stir in his heart.

PYRAMIDS IN TAHITI.—Our repast over, the Tahitian invited me to follow him, and leading the way through an entangled glen, amidst rocks and waterfalls, he came upon an extensive pile of stonework in the form of a low pyramid, having a flight of steps on each side. My surprise was great at the sight of such a structure in an island where the best houses are built of bamboo. I found that on pacing the building it was about two hundred and sixty feet long by about ninety feet broad, and from forty feet to fifty feet high. The foundation of this remarkable structure consisted of rockstones, the steps being of coral, squared with considerable neatness, and laid with the utmost regularity, and the entire mass appeared as compact as if it had been erected by Europeans. The size of many of the blocks is remarkable, but they bear no marks of the chisel, nor is it easy to understand how they were transported by savages, unacquainted with mechanical science, from the seashore to their present position. Who could have raised this imposing mass, was a question that involuntarily arose in the mind. It is scarcely possible that the present race of islanders, or even their ancestors, could have performed such a task. They are unacquainted with mechanics or the use of iron tools to shape their stones with. From all that could be gleaned from the guide and from other natives afterwards, I felt convinced that they knew nothing of its history, for, as it was beyond their comprehension, they naturally said it was built by the gods and was as old as the world.—*Colburn's United Service Magazine.*

ARCTIC BIRDS BELOW QUEBEC.—The lower St. Lawrence has been visited lately by an extraordinary affluence of birds—ducks, wild geese, and other game. They were left undisturbed, on account of the sportsmen being scarce in that region. They took their departure further south at the approach of the December snow storm. They have been succeeded by an unprecedented influx of Arctic birds, seldom, if ever, seen in the Province. These are white partridges and white owls. The former are now as abundant at Rimouski, St. Flaire, St. Fabien du Bic, etc., as pigeons are in the spring. They keep together in large flocks, and are easily approached and killed. The white owls are the terror of the smaller birds, which have disappeared at their approach. The farmers have set traps for them, and destroyed a great number. The people think that this extraordinary arrival of Arctic birds forbodes a severe winter.

THE JEWS OF HAMBURG had until now been subjected to the Rabbinical laws of the Talmud, in all questions concerning marriages and successions. That mode of proceeding has just been abolished by the burgesses of Hamburg, the proposal having been made by two leading men of the bar, both Jews. Among European States there now only remain Holland, Denmark, and Turkey, which maintain a similar exception for their inhabitants of the Jewish faith.

From The Saturday Review.
LADY MORGAN.*

SYDNEY LADY MORGAN, as she delighted to call herself, was one of the most remarkable personages of the present century. Seldom, if ever, have we met with a character in which strength and weakness were more singularly combined. With all her vanity, affectation, and frivolity, she was a warm-hearted woman of genius; and although she paid assiduous court to the lordly or titled oppressors of her country, she was a zealous, disinterested, liberal-minded Irish patriot to boot. Her flowery sentimentality could not hide her depth of feeling and richness of imagination, while the wildest creations of her fancy were built on a solid foundation of good sense. Her worldliness never prevented her from making large sacrifices for her family, whom she tenderly loved, nor from contracting warm attachments for her friends. She had an intense sense of right and wrong—she was always on the side of the oppressed or persecuted—and although her theological opinions were far from orthodox, she was practically a good Christian. She was never free of the corporation of fine ladies in Dublin or London; but she saw a good deal of them; and her reputation caused her acquaintance to be eagerly courted by the leading continental celebrities from the time when she first visited France and Italy until her death. Her reminiscences, therefore, could hardly fail to be worth preserving, nor the story of her life to be worth telling; and the task of preparing her papers for the press has devolved on Mr. Hepworth Dixon and Miss Jewsbury. The history of the publication is given by Mr. Hepworth Dixon in the Preface:—

"Lady Morgan had not only proposed to write her own Memoirs, but had made a considerable progress in her task. A good part of her volume had been prepared under her own eyes for the press; much of the correspondence to be used had been marked; and the copious diaries in which she had noted the events of her life and the course of her thoughts, supplied nearly all the additions which could be desired. Under these circumstances, it appeared to me that Lady Morgan could be judiciously left to tell her own story in her own way.

* *Lady Morgan's Memoirs: Autobiography, Diaries, and Correspondence.* In Two Volumes. London: William H. Allen and Co. 1862.

"In this preparation of her papers, Lady Morgan had received a great deal of valuable assistance from Miss Jewsbury; more than once in her conversations with me she had referred with satisfaction to this assistance, and even expressed a desire, that after her death, Miss Jewsbury should complete the arrangement of her papers. My own choice would have led me, independently, to the quarter pointed out by Lady Morgan, and I have pleasure in bearing witness to the fact that Miss Jewsbury undertook the task with alacrity, glad of the opportunity of working out in some degree her ideas of Lady Morgan's character and work.

"In this labor many eager hands have joined. The services of Lady Morgan's nieces, Mrs. Inwood Jones and Mrs. Geale, have been constant and indispensable."

Miss Jewsbury has done her part admirably—apparently omitting nothing essential to the completion of the character, and adding nothing but what was needed to fill up puzzling chasms or elucidate obscure passages. She has more than carried out—she has improved upon—the wishes and conceptions of her deceased friend. Like the embryo Reynolds or Lawrence who is called in by the popular painter of the hour to finish the draperies or fill in the background of a portrait, she has left ample traces of her own artistic touch on the canvas; and we fully believe that if she had not been checked by affectionate recollections and a pardonable partiality, she would have left more. So acute an observer can hardly have failed to mark Lady Morgan's master-weakness, or not have longed to make larger allowances for it in accounting for the otherwise unaccountable reticences and palpable inconsistencies of the autobiography. Irish in all things, her ladyship was pre-eminently Irish in her facts, for which she depended very little on her memory. It was not that, retaining one impression of a scene or incident, she deliberately stated or wrote down another; but, retaining none, or an imperfect one, she stated or wrote down what was best calculated for immediate effect, most pleasing to her public, or most flattering to herself. She once wrote to Lady Charleville from some town in Warwickshire, to say that she had settled down to finish one of her books in a charming country, in a pretty apartment opening on a conservatory, with a velvet lawn before her door. Returning shortly afterwards from London to Dublin,

Lady Charleville stopped at the place, hunted up the address, and found "Glorvina" in a small lodging in the suburb looking on a cabbage garden.

Paradoxical as it may seem, there was as much self-deception as vanity in this. She had fancied herself into the heroine of one of her own romances, with the accessories, and wrote accordingly. The real and the fictitious were so blended in her, that it gradually surpassed her power to separate them. She could not begin a novel without referring to herself, and she could not refer to herself without beginning a novel. When she was about twenty-seven, a lad fell in love with her. She preserved his letters, which are thus endorsed in her own hand:—

"Francis Crossley, aged eighteen, chose to fall in love with me, Sydney Owenson, aged eighteen. He was then intended for a merchant, but the *Novice of St. Dominic* (which he copied out as regularly as written, in six huge volumes) and its author turned his head. He fled from his counting-house, went to *India* and became a great man."

"Lady Morgan," adds Miss Jewsbury, "when she endorsed these papers, had of course forgotten her own age. It is so sweet to be 'eighteen.'"

It is so sweet to be eighteen—therefore stick to it that you were or are eighteen. It is so sweet to have a velvet lawn and a conservatory—therefore sink the cabbage-garden, and so on through all the pleasant falsifications of a long life. A train is laid for them at the commencement by putting out what has been termed the eyes of biography—namely, dates:—

"In freeing myself from all dependence on the planets, I take the opportunity to enter my protest against DATES. What has a woman to do with dates? Cold, false, erroneous, chronological dates—new style, old style—precession of the equinox, ill-timed calculation of comets, long since due at their stations, and never come! Her poetical idiosyncrasy, calculated by epochs, would make the most natural points of reference in woman's autobiography. Plutarch sets the example of dropping dates in favor of incidents, and an authority more appropriate to the present pages,—Madame de Genlis,—one of the most eminent female writers of any period, who began her own memoirs at eighty, swept through nearly an age of incident and revolution without any reference to vulgar eras 'signifying noth-

ing; ' the times themselves, though 'out of joint,' testifying to the pleasant incidents she recounts and the changes she witnessed. I mean to have none of them."

By a stretch of posthumous vanity, she could not bear that even posterity should know her real age—forgetting that, in default of accurate information on this point, a woman is commonly set down as older than she is. If Miss Jewsbury is right in thinking that Lady Morgan was at least six years older than Sir Charles, she must have been born in or prior to 1776. She was equally reluctant to avow her parentage without investing it with a coloring of romance. So we are told that her father (an Irish actor and manager of the jolly, rollicking sort) was one of Nature's gentlemen, who, born and bred to better things, took to the stage in a freak, to the scandal of his family, and that her Grandmother Sydney, granddaughter of Sir Malby Crofton, was the Queen of Beauty in Connaught. By dint of expatiating on Mr. Owenson's personal advantages and distinguished manners, she at length becomes actually proud of her ancestry, talks of "my father's house," and attributes her good conduct to her birth—*Noblesse oblige*. Unluckily, she lets out that she had written a song for the display of his peculiar talents, "all about kisses and whiskey," and she is obliged to own that this exemplary parent, although tenderly attached to his children, was hopelessly unable to provide for them. And here it is that the distinctive excellence of Sydney Owenson's character shines out. She at once resolved to do for herself and family what the father could not or would not do for them. She would attain independence by her own exertions; she would win comfort and competency, perhaps fame and affluence, by her pen. She thus announces her resolution to her father:—

"Mr. O'F—— has been here; he has told me all; and I have seen your name on the list of Statutes of Bankruptcy. . . . Now, for all this, dear sir, we must relieve you from the terrible expense you have been at for our education. Of *this* I am resolved to relieve you, and to earn money for you, instead of spending the little you will have for some time to come. *I will not go to any school*—where they can teach me nothing I did not know before! I was at the head of my classes at Madame Terson's, and as for Mrs. Anderson—the vulgar creature!—she

is not worth mentioning. *Now, dear papa, I have two novels nearly finished!* The first is *St. Clair*; I think I wrote it in imitation of *Werter*, which I read in school-holidays, last Christmas. The second is a French novel, suggested by my reading *The Memoirs of the Duc de Sully*, and falling very much in love with Henry IV. Now, if I had time and quiet to finish them, I am sure I could sell them; and, observe, sir, Miss Burney got three thousand pounds for *Camilla*, and brought out *Evelina* unknown to her father; but all this will take time. Meanwhile, I want an asylum both for myself and Olivia. . . . Well, Dr. Pellegrini approves of my intention, which is, simply for the present, to go as instructress or companion to young ladies. My books, against which he says there is nothing but my youth—but that will soon cure itself—wont be ready for a year to come."

There is no date to this letter; but the next, in which she speaks of herself and sister as just leaving school, is headed St. Andrew Street, 18—, when she could not have been less than twenty-four. The only key to the mystification is that she altered the date, and that her plan was formed some years before. In pursuance of it, she became governess in the family of Mrs. Featherstone, of Bracklin, with whom she remained till April or May, 1801. *St. Clair* was published at the commencement of that year. Miss Jewsbury's account of it is that it had some success, and in spite of faults and absurdities contained the promise of better things. It was translated into German, with a biographical notice prefixed, in which it was stated that the authoress had strangled herself with an embroidered cambric handkerchief in a fit of disappointed love. No one was less liable to such a catastrophe, although, by her own account, she was annually driving admirers by the score to the verge of suicide. Miss Jewsbury places implicit credence in the *bonâ-fide* existence of a host of lovers, speaking the genuine language of adoration. We have our doubts; for Lady Morgan lived, breathed, and had her being in an atmosphere of factitious gallantry, and liked, to her dying day, to be addressed as the object of devotion. The Irishmen of her youth were not slow to gratify her; and no serious inferences can be drawn from the inflated language they employed to make her believe herself the actual Glorvina of her tale. Her

very publisher, Sir R. Phillips, falls into the same strain:—

"I hope to maintain your good opinion, and that we shall be as much in love with each other twenty years hence as we are now.

"When you compare me to a Jesuit and a Jew, you must be acting under the conviction of the slavery in which I am held by your fascinations! I would resent such treatment if experience in such matters had not taught me that in struggling against female caprice and despotism, the invariable effect is to draw one's chains the tighter and to make them still more galling and potent.

"If I buy the poetry without seeing it, it is obvious that affection gets the better of prudence, and that you, and not the poems, are the chief object of my purchase."

Subsequently to the publication of her first novel, she accepted the situation of governess in the family of Mr. Crawford of Fort William, in the north of Ireland, but quitted them some time in 1803, on finding that "the good folks were determined on going for life to *Castle Tumble-down*"—as she was pleased to christen their mansion. She joined her father and sister at Inniskillen, and there finished her novel of *The Novices of St. Dominic*. When it was fairly copied out, she determined to take it to London herself:—

"In those days the journey was long, and somewhat hazardous for a young girl. There was the sea voyage, and the long coach journey afterwards, from Holyhead to London. She had to travel alone, and she had very little money to help her on her way.

"She used to say to her nieces, in after life, that they—carefully nurtured girls as they were—little knew the struggles and difficulties that she had to encounter in her early days.

"Her first journey to London was in curious contrast to the brilliant visits she subsequently made. When the coach drove into the yard of the 'Swan with two Necks,' in Lad Lane, she had not a notion where to go or what to do next, and sat down upon her small trunk in the yard to wait until the bustle of arrival should have a little subsided. Overcome with fatigue and anxiety, she fell fast asleep. For some time no one remarked her—at last a gentleman who had been her fellow-passenger in the coach saw her sitting there, and he had the humanity to commend her himself to the care of the heads of the establishment, begging that

they would take care of her, and see that she was properly attended to.

"The friend who thus unexpectedly interposed on her behalf, was the late Mr. Quentin Dick. It was the beginning of her acquaintance with him."

This is a somewhat apocryphal anecdote, and so is that which Miss Jewsbury relates in commendation of the book:—

"The *Novice of St. Dominic* was a favorite with Mr. Pitt, and he read it over again in his last illness, a piece of good fortune for a book of which any author might be proud."

We wonder how this curious incident escaped the discriminating inquiries of Earl Stanhope.

Her first decided success was *The Wild Irish Girl*, published in 1806—a national novel, in which she managed to interweave a great deal of curious information, laboriously collected, touching the customs, manners, and local history of Ireland. She justly prided herself on her research, and a little too much on her learning, which was a smattering at best. But she always took care to avoid anachronisms, as well as scenes or traits out of keeping with the country or the time, such as she incidentally points out in a popular rival, who represented an Italian ordering a hot dinner and a fire in the south of Italy in autumn. *Ida of Athens*, published in 1818, produced her "First Taste in Criticism," the title of a chapter, from which we learn that for the "taste" in question—a fierce diatribe in the *Quarterly*—she was indebted to her charms:—

"Croker was one of the Irish crowd of Miss Owenson's adorers, and his vanity led him to believe that his person and address were invincible. Miss Owenson, courted by the most wealthy and accomplished men of Irish society, had no eyes for the briefless barrister; not much patience with his audacities and personalities."

Such was the commencement of a feud which lasted till the death of the aggressor, who certainly had the worst of it, for Counsellor Conway Crawley (in *Florence Macarthy*), is one of the best satirical portraits in the language, not excepting *Rigby* (in *Coningsby*), for which the same original unwittingly and unwillingly sat. A curious mode of attack was put in force against her by the *Quarterly*. In the Index to the seventeenth volume we find:—

"Morgan (Lady), her falsehood, 279; licentiousness, 281; impiety, 283."

In the General Index:—

"Morgan (Lady), her unwomanly brutality, xvii. 223."

"Morgan (Lady), writings of, viewed with disgust by English ladies, xxi. 144."

It is hardly credible that any man calling himself a gentleman could have been guilty of such pitiable and persevering malignity.

Long before this she had become famous, had run the gauntlet of the gay circles of Dublin, and had caught a passing glimpse of the corresponding sets in London—a privilege for which she was mainly indebted to Lord and Lady Abercorn, with whom, for some time prior to her marriage, she was residing as a kind of humble companion to the marchioness. Nothing pleased her more, in her old age, than to have it insinuated that there was "something wrong" between her and the proud marquis; and Miss Jewsbury takes this quite *au sérieux*, remarking, "Altogether, he was about as dangerous a man for a brilliant young woman to be brought near as could easily be found." She had just before remarked, *apropos* of a love-letter deliberately provoked from Mr. Wallace:—

"It was the fashion for all the men to adore her; Sir Charles Ormsby, Lord Guildford, Mr. Archdeacon King, Sir Richard Phillips, even the Marquis of Abercorn; and the crowd of lovers who were always flying about her was the standing joke of Lady Abercorn."

If the Archbishop of Canterbury had been a visitor at Baron's Court or Stanmore Priory, she would have had (i.e., have duly recorded) a flirtation with him. The marriage she reluctantly made with the domestic physician of the establishment suggests a shrewd suspicion that there was more flourish and mockery than earnestness in the proposals of the baronets, king's counsel, archdeacons, and captains. In the autumn of 1811, Lord and Lady Abercorn made up and hurried on a marriage between her and Dr. Charles Morgan, whose letters, during her short absence, express the most ardent and extravagant passion that ever inflamed the breast of an M.D.:—

"O God! O God! my poor lacerated mind! but the horrid task is over, and now dearest woman (for such you are and ever

will be to me) take me to you, your own ardent lover; let me throw myself on your bosom, and give vent to my burdened heart; let me feel your gentle pressure, the warmth of your breath, and the still warmer tear on my cheek. Think, love, of those delicious moments! when all created things but our two selves were forgotten; of those instants wherein we lived eternities."

She thought rather differently of those delicious moments, or was not eager for too frequent a repetition of them, for she confessedly tried to back out:—

"Lady Morgan used to tell, very comically, of her dismay at finding herself fairly caught in the toils. Any romance she had felt about Sir Charles was frightened out of her for the time being, and she said she would have given anything to be able to run away again. Neither was much delay accorded to her. On a cold morning in January, she was sitting in the library by the fire, in her morning wrapper, when Lady Abercorn opened the door, and said, 'Glorvina, come upstairs directly, and be married; there must be no more trifling!'

"Her ladyship took Miss Owenson's arm, and led her up-stairs into her dressing-room, where a table was arranged for the ceremony—the family chaplain, standing in full canonicals, with his book open, and Sir Charles ready to receive her. There was no escape left. The ceremony proceeded, and the Wild Irish Girl was married past redemption."

Whilst the engagement was yet pending, the lord-lieutenant paid an opportune visit to Baron's Court, and was easily persuaded to knight the family physician of his host—an event which materially aided in dissipating the remaining scruples of the "Wild Irish Girl," who was then in her thirty-sixth or thirty-seventh year. Her sister, a pretty and agreeable woman, the wife of a Dublin physician, had already become Lady Clarke by a similar process; and no small alarm was felt by both sisters when the legal right of the lord-lieutenant to confer knighthood since the Union was formally impugned.

The marriage turned out a happy one for both parties; for he was never tired of repeating her praises to herself and others, which she reciprocated by declaring that he was the wisest, brightest, handsomest of his sex. He was a good-looking, good-natured man, with some reading and some talent, who would have passed muster well enough if he had been kept in the background, and

had not tried to imitate the rattling vivacity of his wife. He was also an avowed free-thinker, and lost his few Dublin patients by the sceptical tendency of his opinions. An illustration is boldly given by Miss Jewsbury, which we should not have ventured to supply on our own responsibility:—

"Lady Morgan used to tell in a very droll manner, a story about a visit that Sir Charles paid to Moore whilst he was laid up with the leg of which he complains in the preceding note. Moore was a good Catholic, or at least very orthodox in his opinions; Sir Charles was neither. On this occasion, after examining and prescribing for the leg, he sat down on the bedside and entered into a physiological and metaphysical discussion. Moore, for a time, sustained his part, until he became somewhat hardly pressed, when he exclaimed,—

"'O Morgan, talk no more—consider my immortal soul!'

"'Damn your soul!' said Sir Charles, impatiently—'attend to my argument.'"

As Lady Morgan latterly told the story, on Moore's exclaiming, "Leave me my immortal soul," poor dear Sir Charles wittily replied, "Damn your immortal soul."

After residing a few months with their noble patron at Baron's Court, they set up what turned out a very agreeable house in Dublin. It gained celebrity enough to be hitched into a popular song:—

"Och, Dublin city, there's no doubting,
Bates every city upon the say;
'Tis there you'll hear O'Connell spouting,
An' Lady Morgan making tay."

It was to furnish the house in Kildare Street that she wrote *O'Donnell*, which is still read with interest, the heroine being an ex-governess who marries a duke, and, as usual, was intended for herself. Sir Charles and Lady Morgan visited France in 1815 and 1816, and published the result of their observations in 1817, in two volumes quarto, for which Colburn gave £1,000. The work succeeded, despite, or perhaps because of, the rabid abuse of her old enemy, and was immediately followed by *Florence Macarthy*, in which she paid off old scores with interest. In March, 1818, Colburn proposed to them to visit Italy, and write a work upon it similar in plan and proportions to the one on France, for which they were to receive £2,000. They closed with the offer, and the result was the book which Lord Byron pre-

nounced "fearless and excellent." The *O'Briens and Flahertys* (1827) fully sustained her reputation, although she does little more than reproduce her favorite scenes and characters; but this was her last decided literary success, and we must refer the reader who wishes to ascertain the quality or trace the fate of her remaining publications, to Miss Jewsbury. In 1837 a pension of £300 a year was granted to her by the crown (Lord Melbourne being prime minister), at the solicitation of Lord Morpeth, now Earl of Carlisle. It was stated to be in acknowledgment of her merits, "literary and patriotic." In the course of the same year she removed to London. "Dublin had long been distasteful to her, for Dublin is, after all, a provincial city, and the society lacked the brightness and freedom of a great capital." But she was transplanted too late; and she was never qualified to shine in the refined and fastidious society of a "great capital:"—

"Her manners had not that repose
Which suits the house of Vere de Vere."

Madame de Genlis, who met her in Paris in 1816, says:—

"Her vivacity and rather springing carriage seemed very strange in Parisian circles. She soon learned that good taste of itself condemns this kind of demeanor; in fact, gesticulation and noisy manners have never been popular in France."

Unluckily, she never did learn this. She erroneously fancied that she was expected to entertain the company, be it what it might; and she was fond of telling stories in which she figured as the companion of the great, instead of confining herself to scenes of Irish low life, which she described inimitably. Lady Cork used to say, "I like Lady Morgan very much as an Irish blackguard, but I can't endure her as an English fine lady." Yet she found no difficulty in collecting what she called a brilliant throng in William Street,

Albert Gate. Her little dinners frequently comprised the principal luminaries of the literary world, with a fair sprinkling of the stars of politics and fashion; and she was a delightful companion by her own fireside, with no one present to whom she was anxious to show off. During the latter years of her life, her house derived at intervals a great additional charm from the presence of her nieces, daughters of Sir Arthur Clarke, who looked well, talked well, drew well, and sang to admiration. It was in allusion to his reported engagement with one of them that Rogers said, "Whenever my name is coupled with that of a young lady in this manner, I make it a point of honor to say I have been refused." Like Moore, she has been accused of an inordinate fondness for rank and title, but a plausible defence is suggested by Miss Jewsbury: "The titles and equipages of her own great acquaintance were to her what scalps are to an Indian brave, outward and visible signs of conquest." In other words, social equality with inherited distinction is enjoyed by genius as the criterion or copestone of success. At all events, the moral of her life stands unimpaired by her weaknesses, and no one was better entitled to commend it as fraught with an improving lesson to the rising generation:—

"I would wish to impress on young people who are beginning life as I did, dependent on their own exertions, the absolute need of concentrated industry; a definite purpose, and above all, conduct dictated by common sense, as absolutely essential to give genius its value and its success. No woman, from Sappho downwards, ever fell out of the ranks without finding that her 'self-sacrifice' was only another name for indulged selfishness. 'The light that leads astray' is *not*, and never will be, 'light from Heaven.'"

Lady Morgan was not strong in French; and, by a sort of fatality, almost every sentence of French in these volumes is defaced by a grammatical error or a misprint.

From Philadelphia.
HOW A FREE PEOPLE CONDUCT A LONG WAR.

A CHAPTER FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

BY CHARLES J. STILLÉ.

"History, if it be not the merest toy, the idlest pastime of our vacant hours, is the record of the onward march of Humanity towards an end. Where there is no belief in such an end, and therefore no advance towards it, no stirrings of a Divine Word in a people's bosom, where not as yet the beast's heart has been taken away, and a man's heart given, there History cannot be said to be. They belong not, therefore, to History, least of all to sacred History, those Babels, those cities of confusion, those huge pens, into which by force and fraud, the early hunters of men, the Nimrods and the Sesostriases drove, and compelled their fellows: and Scripture is only most true to its idea while it passes them almost or wholly in silence by, while it lingers rather on the plains of Mamre with the man that "believed God and it was counted unto him for righteousness," than by "populous No" or great Babylon, where no faith existed but in the blind powers of nature, and the brute forces of the natural man."

—TRENCH'S HULSEAN LECTURE,
The Unity of Scripture.

WE have known hitherto in this country so little of the actual realities of war on a grand scale, that many are beginning to look upon the violent opposition to the government, and the slowness of the progress of our arms, as signs of hopeless discouragement. History, however, shows us that these are the inevitable incidents of all wars waged by a free people. This might be abundantly illustrated by many remarkable events in English history, from the days of the great Rebellion down through the campaigns of the Prince of Orange and of Marlborough to the wars which grew out of the events of the French Revolution. War is always entered upon amidst a vast deal of popular enthusiasm, which is utterly unreasoning. It is the universal voice of history, that such enthusiasm is wholly unreliable in supporting the prolonged and manifold burdens which are inseparable from every war waged on an extensive scale, and for a long period. The popular idea of war is a speedy and decisive victory, and an immediate occupation of the enemy's capital, followed by a treaty of peace by which the objects of the war are permanently secured. Nothing is revealed to the excited passions of the multitude, but dazzling visions of national glory, purchased by small privations,

and the early and complete subjugation of their enemies. It is, therefore, not unnatural that at the first reverse they should yield at once to an unmanly depression, and, giving up all for lost, they should vent upon the government for its conduct of the war, and upon the army and its generals for their failure to make their dreams of victory realities, an abuse as unreasoning as was their original enthusiasm.

Experience has taught the English people that the progress of a war never fulfils the popular expectations; that although victory may be assured at last to patient and untiring vigor and energy in its prosecution, yet during the continuance of a long war, there can be no well-founded hope of a uniform and constant series of brilliant triumphs in the field, illustrating the profound wisdom of the policy of the Cabinet; that, on the contrary, all war, even that which is most successful in the end, consists rather in checkered fortunes, of alternations of victory and disaster, and that its conduct is generally marked by what were evidently, when viewed in the light of experience, blunders so glaring in the policy adopted by the government, or in the strategy of its generals, that the wonder is success was achieved at all. The English have thus been taught that the true characteristic of public opinion, in its judgment of a war, should be, not hopefulness nor impatience of immediate results, but rather a stern endurance—that king-quality of heroic constancy which, rooted deep in a profound conviction of the justice of the cause, supports a lofty public spirit equally well in the midst of temporary disaster, and in the hour of assured triumph.

We have had no such experience here. Our people are perhaps more easily excited by success, and more readily depressed by reverses, than the English, and it is, therefore, worth while to consider how they carried on war on a grand scale and for a protracted period. It will be found, if we mistake not, that the denunciations of the government, so common among us of late, and the complaints of the inactivity of the army, have their exact counterpart in the history of the progress of all the wars in which England has been engaged since the days of the great Rebellion. He who draws consolation from the lessons of the past,

will not, we think, seek comfort in vain when he discovers that in all those wars in which the government and the army have been so bitterly assailed (except that of the American Revolution), England has at last been triumphant. It is worth while, then, to look into English history to understand how war is successfully carried on, notwithstanding the obstacles which, owing to a perverted public opinion, exist within the nation itself. These difficulties, although they inhere in the very nature of a free government, often prove, as we shall see, more fruitful of embarrassment to the favorable prosecution of a war, than the active operations of the enemy.

We propose to illustrate the propositions which we have advanced by a study of the series of campaigns known in English history as the Peninsular War. We select this particular war because we think that in many of its events, and in the policy which sustained it, there are to be observed many important, almost startling parallelisms with our present struggle. We have, of course, no reference to any similarity existing in the principle which produced the two wars, but rather to the striking resemblance in the modes adopted by the two people for prosecuting war on a grand scale, and for the vindication of a principle regarded as of vital importance by them.

The Peninsular War on the part of England, as was contended by the ministry during its progress, and as is now universally recognized, was a struggle not only to maintain her commercial supremacy (which was then, as it is now, her life), but also to protect her own soil from invasion by the French, by transferring the scene of conflict to distant Spain. The general purpose of assisting the alliance against Napoleon seems always to have been a subordinate motive. It is now admitted by all historians, that upon success in this war depended not only England's rank among nations, but her very existence as an independent people. The war was carried on for more than five years, and on a scale, so far as the number of men and the extent of the military operations are concerned, until then wholly unattempted by England in her European wars. The result, as it need not be said, was not only to crown the British arms with the most brilliant and undying lustre, but also to retain perma-

nently in their places the party whose only title to public favor was that they had carried on the war against the most serious obstacles, and brought it to a successful termination. Thus was delayed, it may be remarked, for at least twenty years, the adoption of those measures of reform which at last gave to England that place in modern civilization which had long before been reached by most of the nations of the Continent by passing through the trials of a bloody revolution. If we, then, in our dark hours, are inclined to doubt and despondency as to the final result, let us not forget the ordeal through which England successfully passed. We shall find that, in the commencement, there was the same wild and unreasoning enthusiasm with which we are familiar; the same bitter abuse and denunciation of the government at the first reverses; the same impatient and ignorant criticism of military operations; the same factious and disloyal opposition on the part of a powerful party; the same discouragement and despondency at times on the part of the true and loyal; the same prophecies of the utter hopelessness of success; the same complaints of grievous and burdensome taxation, and predictions of the utter financial ruin of the country; the same violent attacks upon the government for its arbitrary decrees, and particularly for the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*; the same difficulties arising from the inexperience of the army; and the same weakness on the part of the government in not boldly and energetically supporting the army in the field. These are some of the more striking parallelisms between the Peninsular War and our own struggle, which a slight sketch of the progress of that war will render very apparent.

The insurrection in Spain which followed immediately upon a knowledge of the intrigues of Napoleon at Bayonne, in April, 1807, by which the royal family was entrapped into an abdication of its right to the throne, and Joseph Bonaparte made king of that country, roused universal admiration and enthusiasm in England. It was thought by all parties that an obstacle to the further progress of Napoleon's schemes of the most formidable character had at last been found. It was the first popular insurrection in any country against Napoleon's power, and con-

sequently, when the deputies from the Asturias reached England imploring succor, their appeals excited the popular feeling to the highest pitch, and the opposite parties in Parliament and the country vied with each other in demanding that England should aid the insurrection with the whole of her military power. It is curious to observe, that when the question of aid was brought before Parliament, Mr. Canning and Mr. Sheridan, who had probably never acted together before on any political question, rivalled each other in their praise of the Spaniards, and in their expressions of hope and belief that Napoleon had at last taken a step which would speedily prove fatal to him. Large supplies were voted by acclamation, and an important expedition, afterwards operating in two columns, one under the command of Sir John Moore, the other under that of Sir Arthur Wellesley, was despatched to the Peninsula to aid the insurgents. It is not our purpose to trace the progress of this expedition, but merely to notice the effect which its immediate results, the retreat to Corunna, and the Convention of Cintra, produced upon popular feeling in England. As we look back on the history of that time, the folly and madness which seized upon the popular mind when the terms of the Convention of Cintra became known, can only be explained by recalling the high-wrought and extravagant expectations of immediate success with which the war had been entered upon. By this Convention, and as the result of a single battle, Portugal was wholly evacuated by the French; yet such were the unreasonable demands of public opinion, that because the whole French army had not been made prisoners of war, the ministry was almost swept away by the outburst, and it could only control the storm by removing the two generals highest in rank. It required all the family and political influence of the third, Sir Arthur Wellesley, to enable him to retain his position in the army. The disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore's army to Corunna, and the easy triumphs of the French at that period throughout all Spain, plunged the English into despair. Going from one extreme to another, men who, only three months before, had quarrelled with the army in Portugal because it had not given them the spectacle of a French marshal and twenty thousand of his soldiers as prisoners

of war at Spithead, now spoke openly of the folly of any attempt at all on the part of England to resist the progress of the French arms in the Peninsula. In Parliament there was the usual lame apology for disaster, an attempt to shift the responsibility from the ministry to the general in command; but the great fact, that all their hopes had been disappointed still remained, and after the explanations of the government the general despondency became more gloomy than ever. It is not difficult in the light of history to see where the blame of failure should rest. Any one who is disposed now to sneer and cavil at the shortcomings of our own administration, to impute to it views short-sighted and impracticable in their policy, and to blame it for want of energy and vigor in the prosecution of the war, has only to turn to Colonel Napier's account of the stupid blunders of the English government, its absurd and contradictory orders, its absolute ignorance not only of the elementary principles of all war, but of the very nature of the country in which the army was to operate, and of the resources of the enemy, to be convinced that had its mode of carrying on hostilities (which was the popular one) been adopted, in six months not an English soldier would have remained in the Peninsula, except as a prisoner of war. The history of this campaign contains important lessons for us; it shows conclusively that the immediate results of war are never equal to the public expectation, and that if this public expectation, defeated by the imbecility of the government, or soured by disaster in the field, is to be the sole rule by which military operations are to be judged, no war for the defence of a principle can long be carried on.

Fortunately for the fame and the power of England, the ministry, although ignorant of the true mode of prosecuting hostilities, had sense enough to perceive that their only true policy was perseverance. They were strong enough to resist the formidable opposition which the events we have referred to developed in Parliament and the country, and, undismayed by the experience of the past, concluded a treaty with the Provisional Government of Spain, by which they pledged England never to abandon the national cause until the French were driven across the Pyrenees. The army was placed upon a better footing, was largely reinforced,

and Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to the chief command. The government, not yet wholly awakened from its illusions, still thought it practicable to reach Madrid in a single campaign, and to that end the efforts of Wellington were directed. It became necessary at first to dislodge Soult at Oporto, and the magnificent victory of the English, gained by the passage of the Douro at that point, went far to revive confidence at home in the invincibility of their army. Yet so clear is it that victory in war often depends upon what, for some better name we may call mere good fortune, that we have the authority of the Duke of Wellington himself for saying that this army which had just exhibited such prodigies of valor, was then in such a state of demoralization, that although "excellent on parade, excellent to fight, it was worse than an enemy in a country, and liable to dissolution alike by success or defeat." Certainly no severer criticism has ever been justified by the inexperience and want of discipline of our own raw levies than that contained in this memorable declaration. A little reflection and candor might perhaps teach us, as it did the English, that nothing can compensate for the want of experience, and that every allowance is to be made for disasters where it is necessary to educate both officers and soldiers in the actual presence of the enemy. Wellington soon afterwards moved towards the Spanish frontier, hoping by a junction with the army under Cuesta to fight a battle with the French which would open to him the road to the capital. The battle was fought at Talavera, and although it has since been claimed by the English as one of their proudest victories, and the name of TALAVERA is now inscribed upon the standards of the regiments who took part in it with those of Salamanca and Vittoria, yet the result was, in the end, that Wellington was obliged to retreat to Lisbon just three months after he had set out from that place, having left his wounded in the hands of the French, having escaped as if by a miracle from being wholly cut off in his retreat, and having lost one-third of his army in battle and by disease. Of course the blame was thrown upon the want of co-operation on the part of the Spaniards. This we have nothing to do with; it is the result of the campaign with which we are concerned. Dependence upon the Span-

iards was certainly, as it turned out, a fault, but it was one of the fair chances of war, and it was a fault in which Wellington, made wise by experience, was never again detected.

When the news of the untoward result of this campaign reached England, the clamor against the government and against Wellington was quite as violent as that excited by the disasters of Sir John Moore's army. The opposition in Parliament took advantage of this feeling to rouse public opinion to such a manifestation as might compel the termination of the war in the Peninsula and drive the ministry from office. The Common Council of London, probably a fair exponent of the opinions of the middle class, petitioned the king not to confirm the grant of £2,000 a year, which the ministry had succeeded in getting Parliament to vote to Wellington. The petitioners ridiculed the idea that a battle attended with such results should be called a victory. "It should rather be called a calamity," they said, "since we were obliged to seek safety in a precipitate flight, abandoning many thousands of our wounded countrymen into the hands of the French." In the opinion of the strategists in the Common Council and of their friends in Parliament, Wellington might be a brave officer, but he was no general; he had neglected the protection of his flanks and his line of communication. When it is remembered, that at this very time, Wellington, profiting by the experience of the past, was diligently making his army really effective within the lines of Torres Vedras, from which stronghold it was in due time to sally forth like a giant refreshed, never to rest until it had planted the English flag on the heights of Toulouse, we may perhaps smile at the presumption of those who, sincere well-wishers to the cause, displayed only their ignorance in their criticism. But what shall be said of those who, knowing better, being quite able to understand the wisdom of the policy adopted by the general to ensure success in the stupendous enterprises in which the country was engaged, yet with a factious spirit and with the sole object of getting into power themselves, took advantage of the excitement of the ignorant multitude to paralyze the energies of the government?

That hideous moral leprosy, which seems to be the sad but invariable attendant upon

all political discussions in a free government, corrupting the very sources of public life, breeding only the base spirit of faction, had taken complete possession of the opposition, and in its sordid calculations, the dishonor of the country, or the danger of the army, was as nothing, provided the office, the power, and the patronage of the government were secured in their hands. It mattered little to them, provided they could drive the ministry from office, whether its downfall was brought about by blunders in Spain, or by the king's obstinacy about Catholic Emancipation, or by an obscure quarrel about the influence of the lords of the bed-chamber. The sincerity of these declamations of the opposition was curiously enough put to the test some time afterwards, when the ministry, wearied by the factious demagoguism with which all their measures were assailed, and understanding perfectly their significance, boldly challenged their opponents, if they were in earnest, to make a definite motion in the House of Commons, that Portugal should be abandoned to its fate. This move completely unmasked their game, and for a time silenced the clamor, for it was perfectly understood on all hands, that deep in the popular heart, undisturbed by the storms which swept over its surface, there was a thorough and abiding conviction of the absolute necessity of resisting the progress of Napoleon's arms, and that the real safety of England herself required that that resistance should then be made in Spain. Still this noisy clamor did immense mischief; it weakened the government, it prolonged the strife, it alarmed the timid, it discouraged the true, and it so far imposed upon Napoleon himself, that thinking that in these angry invectives against the government he found the real exponent of English sentiment, he concluded, not unnaturally, that the people were tired and disgusted with the war, and that the privations which it occasioned were like a cancer, slowly but surely eating out the sources of national life.

In the midst of these violent tumults at home, Wellington was silently preparing for his great work within the last lines of Torres Vedras. It would not be easy to overrate the difficulties by which he was surrounded. He was fully aware of the outcry which had been raised against him; he knew that from a Cabinet so weakened by internal dissensions as to be on the verge of overthrow

from the vigorous assaults of the opposition; and from its own unpopularity occasioned by the failure of the Walcheren expedition, and the disasters in the Peninsula, he could expect no thorough and reliable support. Indeed the government, almost in despair, threw the whole responsibility for the military measures on the Continent on him alone. He accepted the responsibility in a most magnanimous spirit. "I conceive," he writes, "that the honor and the interests of the country require that we should hold our position here as long as possible, and, please God, I will maintain it as long as I can. I will neither endeavor to shift from my own shoulders on those of the ministers the responsibility for the failure, by calling for means which I know they cannot give, and which perhaps would not add materially to the facility of attaining our object; nor will I give to the ministers, who are not strong, and who must feel the delicacy of their own situation, an excuse for withdrawing the army from a position which, in my opinion, the honor and interest of the country require they should maintain as long as possible." Animated by this heroic sense of duty, the commander-in-chief prepared to contend against the 200,000 men under Massena, whom Napoleon had sent to chase him into the sea. He had, to oppose this immense force, only 25,000 English soldiers, and about the same number of Portuguese tolerably organized. Secure within the lines of Torres Vedras, he quietly waited until the want of provisions, and the utter hopelessness of an assault upon his position, forced upon Massena the necessity of retreating. Then instantly pursuing, in a series of battles, of almost daily occurrence, he drove Massena out of Portugal, and reached once more the Spanish frontier in May, 1811, nearly three years after the English had sent an army to the assistance of the Peninsula. Here he rested for a long time making preparations for the siege of Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo, operations requiring time, and the success of which was essential to the safety of the army in its further progress. Still, so little was Wellington's position, military and political, understood in England even at that time, after all the proofs he had given of consummate ability, that public clamor was again roused against the mode adopted by him for conducting the war. As there were no disasters

at which to grumble, people talked of "barren victories," because like those of Crecy and Azincourt, they brought no territorial acquisitions, forgetting then what they have never been weary of boastfully proclaiming since, that these victories were the best proofs that their army was distinguished by the highest military qualities, which, properly directed and supported, were capable of achieving the most glorious results. So profound was the conviction of the immense superiority of the French, both in numbers, and in the quality of their troops, that the public mind was in a state of feverish anxiety, and many of the stoutest hearts gave way to despair.

About this period Sir Walter Scott writes to Mr. Ellis: "These cursed, double cursed news (from Spain) have sunk my spirits so much, that I am almost at disbelieving a Providence; God forgive me, but I think some evil demon has been permitted in the shape of this tyrannical monster, whom God has sent on the nations visited in his anger. The spring-tide may, for aught I know, break upon us in the next session of Parliament. There is an evil fate upon us in all we do at home or abroad." So Sir James Mackintosh, writing to Gentz, at Vienna: "I believe, like you, in a resurrection. because I believe in the immortality of civilisation, but when, and by whom, and in what form, are questions which I have not the sagacity to answer, and on which it would be boldness to hazard a conjecture. A dark and stormy night, a black series of ages may be prepared for our posterity, before the dawn that opens the more perfect day. Who can tell how long that fearful night may be before the dawn of a brighter morrow? The race of man may reach the promised land; but there is no assurance that the present generation will not perish in the wilderness." As if to render the situation more gloomy, if possible, the Marquis of Wellesley, the brother of Wellington, left the ministry upon the avowed ground that the government would not support the war with sufficient vigor. History has stripped his conduct of any such worthy motive, and shown that the real trouble was his anxiety to supplant Mr. Perceval. At the same time, the attack was kept up in the opposite quarter. "No man in his senses," said Sir Francis Burdett, "could entertain

a hope of the final success of our arms in the Peninsula. Our laurels were great, but barren, and our victories in their effects mere defeats." Mr. Whitbread, too, as usual, was not behindhand with his prophecies. "He saw no reason," he said, "to alter his views respecting peace; war must otherwise terminate in the subjugation of either of the contending powers. They were both great; but this was a country of factitious greatness. France was a country of natural greatness." So, General Tarleton "had the doctrine of Mr. Fox in his favor, who wished for the pencil of a Cervantes to be able to ridicule those who desired to enter upon a continental war."*

Thus, from universal enthusiasm in favor of the Spanish War, public opinion, at first manifesting itself through the factious spirit of the opposition, at length spoke through all its organs, in tones of despondency and despair, of the situation and prospects of the country, and simply because there had not been that sort of military success which it could understand, to sustain and direct it. Universal distrust seized upon the public mind; and had it not been for the heroic constancy of that great commander, whose task in supporting the ministry at home was at least as difficult as that of beating the French in Spain, the glory of England had sunk forever.

* The following description of the opposition of that day, taken from the *Annual Register* for 1812, bears so striking a likeness to the peculiarities of the leaders of an insignificant, but restless faction among us, that, omitting the old-fashioned drapery of the proper names, they seem to have sat for the photograph. "It may be remarked as a most singular circumstance, that those persons in this country who profess to have the greatest abhorrence of ministerial tyranny and oppression, look with the utmost coolness on the tyranny and oppression of Bonaparte. The regular opposition do not mention it with that abhorrence which might be expected from them; but the leaders of the popular party in Parliament go further. They are almost always ready to find an excuse for the conduct of Bonaparte. The most violent and unjustifiable acts of his tyranny raise but feeble indignation in their minds, while the most trifling act of ministerial oppression is inveighed against with the utmost bitterness. Ready and unsuspecting credence is given to every account of Bonaparte's success; while the accounts of the success of his opponents are received with coldness and distrust. Were it not for these things, the conduct of Mr. Whitbread and his friends, would be hailed with more satisfaction, and inspire more confidence with the real lovers of their country; for they deserve ample credit for the undaunted and unwearied firmness with which they have set themselves against abuses and against every instance of oppression."

Yet it happens, as it so often happens in the order of Divine Providence, in the moral as in the physical world, that the night was darkest just before dawn. Amidst all this universal despondency and sinister forboding, events were preparing which in a few short months changed the whole face of Europe, and forced back that torrent of revolutionary success which had spread over the whole continent, until it overwhelmed the country where it had its source in complete ruin. The discussions in Parliament to which we have referred, took place in February, 1812. With the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo on the 18th of January of that year, with the fall of Badajoz on the 26th of March, the first battle of Salamanca on the 20th of July, and Napoleon's invasion of Russia in June in the same year, began the downfall of the French Empire.

Wellington at last reached Madrid in August, 1812, more than four years later than he ought to have done, according to the strategists of Parliament and the press. This was all forgotten at the moment, so magic a wand is held by success. The fickle voice of popular applause was again heard, echoing the spirit of confidence which his persistent and undaunted conduct had revived in the hearts of his countrymen. His career of victory, however, was destined not to be unchecked; and when, after his occupation of Madrid, his unsuccessful assault upon the Castle of Burgos rendered a retreat to the Portuguese frontier and the evacuation of the capital a proper military movement, although that retreat was compensated for by the abandonment of Andalusia by the French, in order to concentrate their whole force against him, still the blind multitude could not be made to understand it, and began again to murmur.

It is not now difficult to see that the victory at Salamanca was really what the far-seeing sagacity of Marshal Soult predicted at the time it would become, "a prodigious historical event," that it was the pivot on which at that time hinged the destinies of England, one of those battles of which we see perhaps a dozen only in the whole course of history, which are really decisive of the fate of empires. It completely unloosed the French power in the Peninsula, and prepared the way for the great success of Vittoria, the next year, which gave the *coup de*

grace to the French military occupation of Spain. It is not our present purpose to trace the history of the next campaign, but it is curious to observe the effects produced by assured success upon that public opinion which had shifted so often and so strangely during the progress of this eventful struggle. The opposition, as their only hope of escape from political annihilation, and thinking to swim with the popular current, abused the ministers for not supporting Wellington with sufficient earnestness, complaining that they had taken the advice which they themselves had so often and so eloquently tendered. But it was of no avail. This wretched charlatanism was too transparent to impose upon any one; and of the great party who opposed the war, no one ever after rose to office or power in England. It required a whole generation, in the opinion of the English constituencies, to expiate the faults of those who had sneered at the great duke, and had called the glorious fields of Vimero, Busaco, Talavera, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, and Badajoz, names which had become associated with the proudest recollections of English renown, "mere barren victories, equal in their effects to defeats."

We pass now to the consideration of another class of difficulties inherent in the prosecution of every war, and generally of far greater magnitude than any other,—those connected with the raising of the vast sums of money required for the support of military operations. In this important matter, if we mistake not, there are some striking points of resemblance between the English experience during the war, and our present situation. It is the fashion among many who seek to excite the public alarm on this subject from unworthy, and sometimes, it may be feared, from treasonable motives, to represent the enormous outlay of the nation's wealth which is poured out to save the nation's life, as wholly unparalleled in history. Yet it may be asserted, without any fear of contradiction, that England, with a population then little more than half of that which now inhabits our loyal States, with resources infinitely less in proportion at that time than our own, her manufacturing industry, so far as external outlet was concerned, wholly crippled by the operation of the French continental system, and her own Orders in Council, expended, during every year of the Pen-

insular War, as large a sum as has been required here each year to create and keep up the gigantic force now in arms to put down the rebellion. During the five years that the war lasted, her average annual expenditure exceeded ninety millions of pounds sterling, or four hundred and fifty millions of dollars, which is about the same sum which is demanded of us. No one, of course, pretends to say that this rate of expenditure is not appalling, yet it concerns us to know that it is not unprecedented, and that these vast amounts have been raised from national resources far inferior to our own. It should not be forgotten, also, that they represent the money price of England's independence, and if ours is secured by a far greater outlay, we certainly are not disposed to quarrel with the wisdom of the investment.

The question is, how were these immense sums raised in England? The man who would have predicted, at the commencement of the war with France, that the English national debt would at its close exceed one thousand millions of pounds sterling, and that the country would be able to bear such a burden, would have been regarded as a visionary as wild as he who in this country, two years ago, might have foretold the present amount of our national debt, and have contended that, in spite of it, the public credit would remain unimpaired. The difficulty in England of raising these vast sums was tenfold greater than it is here. Napoleon, looking upon England as the Southern people have been taught to regard us, as a purely commercial nation, undoubtedly placed more reliance for ultimate success upon the instinct of money getting, which would shrink from the pecuniary sacrifices necessary in a prolonged struggle, than upon the mere victories of his army. Hence he pursued, during his whole career, an inflexible purpose of ruining English commerce, and by a series of measures known as the Continental system, endeavored to exclude English ships and English products from the markets of the world. The effect of these measures, although not so serious as he wished and had anticipated, nevertheless crippled enormously the resources of England just at the period when they were most needed.

Taking the three years before the issuing of the Orders in Council and the vigorous

enforcement of the Continental system, which were coincident in point of time with the commencement of the Spanish war, the average annual exports sank from fifty-seven millions to twenty-three millions, taking the average of three years after they had been in operation. Taxes were laid on at a most burdensome rate. The income tax was ten per cent., and besides, specific war taxes amounting to more than twenty millions a year were imposed. Notwithstanding all these taxes, the debt increased more than one thousand millions of dollars during the Peninsular War. Discontent and violence among the laboring classes became universal, and it was remarked that the achievement of the greatest victories in Spain was celebrated in England "amidst a population who had been prevented by the burden of taxation on the absolute necessities of life, from securing a livelihood by the strictest industry, and thus pauperism had been generated throughout the land, a pauperism aggravated by a spirit of pillage, which it required a strong military force to repress." Bankruptcy and ruin fell upon the trading classes, and absolute exhaustion of the resources of the country seemed almost reached. The public stocks had sunk to such a degree that the three per cents., which are now always above ninety per cent., were rarely higher during the war than sixty-five per cent., and so depressed at last had the public credit become, that the last loan of the Continental war, that of April, 1815, was taken by the contractor at fifty-three per cent., and paid for in the depreciated paper of the day; and yet the Chancellor of the Exchequer was congratulated even by the opposition for having made "a good operation." The Bank was in a state of chronic suspension, the buying and selling of gold were prohibited to the public under severe penalties, and yet every gold guinea which was sent by the government to the army in Spain (and nothing else would answer the purpose of money in that country) cost thirty per cent. premium. How England survived all this complication of troubles is one of the marvels of history, but it is not our purpose to discuss that question. The great fact that the money required was somehow raised is all that we have to do with at present. When we have been at war for twenty years, and

are forced, in order to raise the means of carrying it on, to submit to one tithe of the sacrifices which were endured by the English, we may then perhaps begin seriously to consider the money value of the Union.

The lesson which this review of the progress of the Peninsular War teaches, is, it seems to us, one of hope and encouragement, for if it shows anything, it proves clearly that in the support of public opinion, and in the means requisite to maintain a great army, those fundamental essentials of real military success, our government is immeasurably stronger than the English ever was at any period of the war. It teaches also another important lesson, and that is, that there is such a thing as public opinion falsely so called, which is noisy just in proportion to its real influence is narrow and restricted. One of the most difficult and delicate tasks of the statesman is to distinguish the true from this false opinion, the factious demagogue from the grumbling but sincere patriot, and to recognize with a ready instinct the voice which comes from the depths of the great heart of the people, in warning it may be sometimes, in encouragement often, but always echoing its abiding faith in the ultimate triumphs of the good cause.

We have confined ourselves in our illustrations to the discussion of questions as they affected the success of purely military operations, because we feel that *here* our grand business is to clear away the obstacles, real or fancied, which may in any way impair our military efficiency. In military success alone, we are firmly convinced, is to be found the true solution of our whole difficulty, the only force which can give vitality or permanence to any theory of settlement. As the matter now stands, it is idle to hope for either peace or safety until this question of military superiority is unmistakably and definitively settled. Upon this point then, the increase of our military efficiency, which embraces not merely the improvement of the condition of the army, but also, as we have endeavored to show by English examples, and in a greater degree than is often supposed, the support of the government in its general policy of conducting the war, should the efforts of all those who influence public opinion be concentrated.

There is a certain class of men among us, not very numerous, perhaps, but still, owing

to their position and culture, of considerable influence, who, accustomed to find in the European armies their standard of military efficiency, are disposed to doubt whether a force, composed as ours is of totally different materials, can accomplish great results. We may admit at once the superiority of foreign military organization, the result of the traditions of centuries of military experience, digested into a thorough system, and carried out by long-trained officers perfectly versed in the details of the service. Much inconvenience has necessarily resulted in our case from the ignorance of regimental officers, to a greater degree probably, however, from a want of proper care and attention on their part to the troops when in camp, than from any gross incompetency or misconduct on the field of battle. Instances of such misconduct there have undoubtedly been, but, considering the number of the officers and their want of experience, those instances are extremely rare, and when we call to mind the number of officers who have fallen, while leading their men in battle, out of proportion, as it undoubtedly is, with the losses in other wars, we may well palliate deficiencies in this respect, out of considerations for their heroic gallantry and devotion. We do not underrate certainly the value of good officers, but history tells us that great victories have been achieved by armies who were no better led than ours. The incompetency of his officers was one of Wellington's standing complaints in Spain. Most of them knew absolutely nothing beyond the mere routine of garrison duty; they were all what is technically called "gentlemen," for each one had purchased his commission at a high price, but they had had no systematic training in military schools; nearly all of them had had no actual experience of war, and their average intelligence was undoubtedly below that of the men who hold similar positions in our army.* All accounts agree that at

* We have no room to enumerate in detail the complaints made by the duke of the officers of his army. Those who are interested in the subject may consult Col. Gurwood's 4th volume, pages 343, 346, 352, 368, 386, 399, and 407. The whole story is summed up, however, in the general order occasioned by the disorderly retreat from Burgos, in which the duke said "that discipline had deteriorated during the campaign in a greater degree than he had ever witnessed, or ever read of in any army, and this, without any disaster, or any unusual privation or hardship, that the officers

that period the scientific branches of the great art of war were almost wholly neglected in the British army, and such was the happy ignorance of the elements of strategy, that at a court-martial composed of general officers for the trial of General Whitelock in 1808, for his failure at Buenos Ayres, it was necessary to explain to the court what was meant in military phrase by the "right bank" of a river.

It is said again, by those who have the standard of foreign armies always before their eyes, that among our soldiers there is not a proper deference to rank, too much *camaraderie* in short; and that this is fatal to discipline. But it should be remembered that mere formal discipline may be one thing, and the true spirit of discipline another, and yet both may answer the same purpose. The first may be more showy than the latter, but not more valuable to real military efficiency. Everything depends upon the character of the soldier who is to be governed by it. The British army is composed, as we all know, of the refuse of the population, and in the war in the Peninsula it was largely reinforced by the introduction into its ranks of convicts taken from the hulks, who were there expiating infamous offences. With such men, motives based on a sense of duty were powerless. Drunkenness, theft, marauding, a mutinous spirit under privations, and a fierce thirst of license which defied all control in the hour of victory, these were the brutal passions which could only be checked by the equally brute hand of force. But from such a vile herd, made useful only as a slave is made useful, by fear of the lash, to the civilized, sober, well-educated American citizen, animated with the consciousness that he is fighting for a great cause, in the success of which he and his children have a deep personal interest, and who learns obedience because both his common sense and his sense of duty recognize its necessity, how immeasurable is the distance! The American volunteer, in this respect, has not had justice done to his excellence. He is certainly a soldier essentially *sui generis*, and when we hear sneers at his want of discipline, let us remember that although he may not regard his officers as superior beings, yet experience has already shown that in the cheerful performance of his new duties under privations; in his freedom from those vices which in many minds are inseparably associated with the very idea of a soldier; in his courage, endurance, and steadiness in battle; and, more than all, in those higher qualities which are the fruit of his education, general intelligence, and love of country, he presents himself to us as a figure hitherto wholly unknown in military history.

One of the most cruel statements which party rancor has circulated in regard to the condition of the army is, that the rate of sickness and mortality is excessive, and that this is due to the neglect of the government. Fortunately we have the means of showing that these statements are false. From June 1, 1861, to March 1, 1862—nine months—the annual rate of mortality for the whole army is ascertained to be 63 in a thousand, and the sickness rate 104 in a thousand. The returns for the summer campaigns are not yet printed, but it will appear from them, that in the army of the Potomac on the 10th of June, after the battle of Fair Oaks, and while the army was encamped on the Chickahominy, the whole number of sick, present and absent, compared with the whole force of that army present and absent, was 128 in a thousand. During the stay of the army on the Peninsula it lost less than 14,000 men by death from disease and wounds, and the annual sickness rate during the campaign was about that which has for some time prevailed in the whole army, less than ten per cent. of the whole force. It appears, strange to say, that the army was more healthy when in the trenches before Yorktown, than at any other period of the campaign. Compare this with the English experience. We have already said that Wellington lost about one-third of his whole army from malarious fever on his retreat from Talavera: on the 1st of October, 1811, the Anglo-Portuguese army had 56,000 men fit for duty, and 23,000 sick in hospitals; and in the Crimea, while the annual rate of mortality for the whole war was 232 in a thousand, the period of active operations, the last three months of 1854 and the first three months of 1855 shows the

had from the first lost all command over their men, and that the true cause of this unhappy state of affairs was to be found in the *habitual neglect of duty by the regimental officers.*" This is the army of which the duke said later, that "with it, he could go anywhere and do anything," and, good or bad, it saved Europe—in the English sense.

fearful rate of 711 deaths in every thousand men.

It cannot be doubted that to many the most unfavorable symptom of our present condition is the slow progress of our arms. This slowness is more apparent than real, for the history of modern warfare scarcely shows an instance in which so great real progress has been made in the same space of time, and it is manifest that whenever our northern soldiers have had a chance of fighting the enemy on anything like equal terms, they have fully maintained their superiority. It is none the less true, however, that public expectation in this matter has been much disappointed, and it is curious to look at some of the explanations given for it. The Prince de Joinville, in his recent pamphlet, speaking of the battle of Fair Oaks, and of the neglect to throw bridges over the Chickahominy at the proper time, by means of which the whole rebel army might have been taken in flank, and probably destroyed, ascribes the neglect on one page to what he calls *la lenteur Américaine*, which he seems to think always leads our countrymen to let the chance slip of doing the right thing at the right time, and again on the next to "*faute d'organisation, faute de hierarchie, faute de lien, qui en résulte entre l'âme du chef et l'armée, lien puissant qui permet à un Général de demander à ses soldats et d'en obtenir avec un effort ces succès extraordinaires qui gagnent les batailles.*" In other words, General McClellan knowing that he could gain a decisive victory by laying down half a dozen bridges, which, it is stated, were all ready for the purpose, actually refused to order his soldiers to do it, because he was afraid they would not obey his orders. And this is the prince's judgment of an army, which, a few weeks later, according to his own account, fought five battles in as many days, all, with one exception, victories, over an enemy at least double its numbers, and arrived at its new base on the James River in excellent condition, and without the slightest taint of demoralization. This illustration shows the absurdity of ascribing the want of immediate success to *la lenteur Américaine*, a quality, by the way, which we learn for the first time, is one of our national characteristics.

Among the many causes which might be named, all perfectly legitimate, and presenting

no obstacle which a little experience will not remove, we venture to suggest but one, and that is the character of the early military education of our higher officers. The system pursued at West Point, although admirable for qualifying officers for the scientific and staff corps of the army, seems to fail in teaching the young soldier, what is just now the most important quality he can possess for command, the character and capacity of volunteer soldiers. The system of discipline he has been taught is that which governs the regular army, a system modelled upon the English, which is, with the exception of that in use in Russia, the most brutal and demoralizing known in any army in Europe. No wonder, therefore, that when our educated soldiers are suddenly placed in high positions, and with great responsibilities, and when they discover that the sort of discipline which they have been taught is wholly out of place in securing the efficiency of a volunteer army, they are led to doubt whether it can ever be made efficient at all. These prejudices, however, are wearing away before the test of actual experience. Generals are gradually learning that they may confide in their men, even for desperate undertakings; they begin to see in their true light the many eminent qualities of the volunteer; and he, in turn, begins to understand something of that military system which seemed at first so irksome and meaningless to him; and the advance of the army in the essentials of discipline has been proportionably rapid.

There is a good deal of talk about the impossibility of conquering or subjugating the South, which is based upon very vague notions of what conquest and subjugation signify. It is surprising to find how even intelligent men have been imposed upon by this favorite boast of the rebels and their sympathizers. A pretended saying of Napoleon is quoted, that "it is impossible to prevent any people determined on achieving its independence, from accomplishing its purpose;" and it is confidently asked whether any one ever heard of the subjugation of twelve millions of people determined to be free. We reply, that history, ancient and modern, is full of instances of the only sort of conquest or subjugation which any sane man proposes shall be submitted to by the South. No one thinks it possible or neces-

sary, for the purpose in view, to occupy the whole South with garrisons, but simply to destroy the only support upon which its arrogant pretensions are based, namely, its military power. This gone, what becomes of all the rest? and this remaining, where is there any hope of permanent peace and safety to us? For what is all war, but an appeal to force to settle questions of national interest which peaceful discussion has failed to settle; and what is an army but only another argument, the *ultima ratio*, which, if successful in decisive battles, must give the law to the conquered? To say nothing of instances in ancient history, Poland, Hungary, and Lombardy, in our day, were just as determined to be free as the South is, and quite as full of martial ardor; and certainly Prussia, Spain under the Bonaparte dynasty, and the French Empire, are all examples of nations which valued their independence, and had tenfold the resources for maintaining it which the South possesses; yet the capture of Warsaw, the surrender of Villagos, the battles of Novara, of Jena, of Salamanca, and of Waterloo, respectively, settled as definitively the fate of the inhabitants of those countries and their future condition, as if the terms imposed by the conquering army had been freely and unanimously agreed upon by the representatives of the people in Congress assembled. And in like manner, can any one doubt, looking at the present comparative resources of the two sections, that if we should gain two decisive battles, one in the East and the other in the West, which should result in the total disorganization of the two rebel armies, and thus enable us to interpose an impassable barrier between them, we should soon hear a voice imploring in unmistakable accents peace on our own terms? It would not be a matter of choice, but of necessity; a simple question of how far the progress of exhaustion had been carried, and that once settled, and no reason-

able hope of success remaining, the war would not last a week longer. This is the experience of all nations, and our Southern rebels, notwithstanding their noisy boasting, do not differ in their capacity of resistance from the rest of mankind. "Hard pounding this, gentlemen," said the Duke of Wellington to his officers, as he threw himself within one of the unbroken squares of his heroic infantry at Waterloo, "*but we'll see who can pound the longest*;" and the ability of that infantry to "pound the longest" on that day settled the fate of Europe for generations.

Let us bend, then, our united energies to secure, as much as in us lies, success in the field, and that success gained, we may be sure that all things will follow. Let us recognize with confidence as co-workers in this great object all, never mind what opinions they may entertain about the causes of the war and the new issues which its progress has developed, who desire in all sincerity, no matter from what motive, the success of our arms. Upon such a basis, the wider and more catholic our faith becomes the better. "In essentials, Unity; in non-essentials, Liberty; in all things, Charity:" this should be our motto. The only possible hope for the South is in our own divisions. Let us remember that with success all things are possible; without it, all our hopes and theories vanish into thin air. With success in the field, we should not only disarm the rebellion, and rid ourselves forever of the pestilent tribe of domestic traitors by burying them deep in that political oblivion which covers the Tories of the Revolution, and those who sneered at the gallant exploits of our navy in the war of 1812, but also force public opinion abroad, whose faithlessness to the great principles which underlie all modern civilization has been one of the saddest developments of this sad war, to exclaim at last, "*Invidiam gloriæ superasti*."

The Wild Flowers, Birds, and Insects of the Months, Popularly and Poetically Described.

By H. G. Adams. James Hogg and Sons.

THIS is a pleasant little book, full of scraps of poetry, anecdotes, and gossip about country matters. The flowers, birds, and insects of each month are described with faithfulness, and considerable pains has been taken to collect the various references made to each in ancient and

modern poetry. Sometimes we could wish the author's choice in this respect had been a little more select, and now and then we come upon misquotations. Perhaps, too, the tone of the whole book may be a little too sentimental, too full of "nice feeling;" but these are minor defects, which it would be over critical to dwell upon, in a volume replete with entertainment and information for the young.—*Economist*.

From The London Review.
 RUINED CITIES IN AFRICA.*

THE material magnificence of the Roman empire is nowhere so vividly brought before the traveller's eye as in the Regency of Tunis. Whatever the conquerors of Carthage found of Punic art they destroyed, and in its stead raised such stately structures as still mark their rule in almost every one of the provinces. After them came the Arab conquest, and the gradual return of the whole territory, like the rest of Africa beyond Egypt, save only the coast with its towns, to the wild state in which the Carthaginians must have found it. The ruins have, therefore, been scarcely touched since the seventh century but by the hand of time, lighter here than in Europe, and, as they grew out of no older civilization, so no later civilization has moulded and adapted them. In Italy itself Greek art and that of the Etruscans run up parallel till they meet in the Roman, and scarcely anywhere do we see none but purely Roman monuments. Here the earlier remains, whether those of Cyclopean and Druidical styles, which afford matter for most curious speculation, or the small Carthaginian sculptures and inscriptions, are too scanty and too different from the Roman works to distract the attention. You would fancy that it was amid such scenes as these that the French and Belgian painters of our time studied where they produced those realizations of Roman life which astonished us at the Exhibition.

Mr. Davis's name is already known as that of the most successful explorer of Carthage. He has, indeed, somewhat overrated, as discoverers are wont to do, the value of what he there effected, yet he deserves great credit for having labored indefatigably amid much discouragement and difficulty, and achieved more success than any of his rivals. Whatever he may write on Northern Africa is deserving of attention as the work of one well acquainted with the country and people, and zealously interested in its monuments. We shall not find fault with him for a want of solidity in his archaeological knowledge if he gives us an intelligible account of what he observed in the journal here chronicled.

The country to which this volume relates

* "Ruined Cities within Numidian and Carthaginian Territories." By N. Davis. London: Murray. 1862.

is that projection of Northern Africa which corresponds to the ancient provinces of Zeugitana and Byzacena, and to part of Numidia. The Mediterranean washes it on the north and east, giving it a cooler climate than other regions under the same latitudes; on the west is the easternmost part of Algeria; and on the south, the wild country that borders the Great Desert. The whole region is well watered, and rich in pastures and cornfields; on its coasts are fine harbors. Hence the opulence of the territory of Carthage when free, and the value of its corn-supplies to Italy under the empire. Now its resources are neglected; under the Arabs, despite their wars with the natives, and their own changes of dynasty, some faint shadow of its former greatness seemed returning, but the baneful rule of the Turks has reduced it to the lowest condition, and nowhere is there a vestige of independence or indeed of true civilization, save in the tents of the Arabs, who themselves are so injured by association with the Turks, that treachery is common and hospitality rare, and national feeling is so far decayed, that they are gradually accustoming themselves to wish for the condition of their brethren in Algeria, who, though under a far better rule, are being forcibly denationalized by an alien race.

Having landed at Tunis, of which he draws a melancholy picture, Mr. Davis paid a visit to the site of Carthage, and then started for the interior. The party was small, and accompanied by an escort of two mounted gendarmes, whose misconduct was a source of perpetual annoyance. They were constantly endeavoring to use the authority of the Government to levy forced contributions even from the poorest Arabs, and everywhere behaved with violence and oppression. Mr. Davis's knowledge of Arabic enabled him to keep them in some check, but he draws a forcible picture of the misery caused by travellers so escorted, who do not understand the language of the country. We are reminded of our experience in the East by the story of a trial, got up by these men for the purpose of extortion, the unexpected conclusion of which shows that our traveller had read the Apocrypha to some purpose.

The first important site visited was that of Zucchara, where are two temples, and the head of the great aqueduct which supplied Carthage with fresh water. Far more re-

markable were the next striking remains, those at Moghrawah, some distance in the interior, Mr. Davis's remarks upon which are well worth quoting :—

"The ancient remains at Moghrawah are but few, and yet what there is inspires the traveller with a degree of reverence and awe which other ruins do not always do. A sumptuous triumphal arch, a chaste edifice, a graceful column, elaborate ornaments, or exquisite statuary, call forth our admiration, but they limit or fix the period of their own origin. They are associated with a definite age of Rome or of Greece, which classic writers have made familiar to us. We have literature, we have works of art, and we have medals belonging to the same period. The lapse of centuries which has intervened between the recorded past and our day is annihilated, and we find ourselves quite at home among these ruins, and fancy ourselves in the very company of those worthies, those heroes, those sages, those artists who have paced the very ground on which we stand, and who have graced with their presence the very structure which we admire. But to what period do yonder massive stones, planted in the ground by human hands, belong? For what purpose were those monuments raised? Do those immense, rude, and unhewn stones represent the idols of a religion with the nature of which we are totally unacquainted? Are they the remains of a religious edifice? Or have they been placed there to commemorate some particular event in the history of a nation, the very name of which has not even been handed down to us?" (P. 59.)

Such silent records of lost nations, more forcibly than any other monuments, picture to the mind the vicissitudes of empires. Remembering how utterly Punic Carthage has perished, so that its most fortunate explorer found no remains certainly of its time of independence, one is astonished to find that before the Carthaginians there was an older race, yet one wholly distinct, whose rude civilization was cut off by the Punic supremacy, of which every trace was in its turn destroyed by the Romans. Only a vision of the past, a retrospective prophecy, if we may so speak, could show us this succession of dynasties, like that the prophet saw from the heights of Moab.

"In outline dim and vast
Their fearful shadows cast
The giant forms of empires on their way
To ruin : one by one
They tower and they are gone."

For a moment we imagine such a sight; another moment, and we see only the massive stones, that are enigmas alike in Britain and in Africa.

After leaving Moghrawah, the traveller visited Roman ruins at Hammam, the most important of which was a triumphal arch, a not uncommon structure here, and next the interesting remains at Mokhthar, the ancient *Tucca Terebinthina*, among the most conspicuous of which was a mausoleum, one of those descendants of the wonder of *Halicarnassus* which are especially numerous in Northern Africa. At El-Medad, not far beyond, were similar remains and some primeval tombs; and at Thala, the city where Jugurtha kept his treasures, other ruins, some of which appeared to belong to its ancient fortifications. All these monuments yield in picturesqueness to the beautiful Arch of Severus at Hydra, which, though partly inclosed in later masonry, puts its modern rivals to shame, if we may wholly depend upon the sketch in the work. In speaking of this last site, Mr. Davis remarks with some surprise on the lack of Christian monuments in Northern Africa. He attributes this to the effect of Muslim rule; we should rather conclude that here, as in Egypt, finding edifices of the former religion, the early Christians appropriated them, contenting themselves with defacing or concealing the idolatrous figures and emblems. These numerous remains of antiquity were all examined on a single route, terminating just within the French frontier; and the rest of the journey was as much marked by objects of interest. Of these we can but notice one, the most remarkable of all that the traveller describes.

At El-Jem, the ancient *Thysdrus*, is a Roman amphitheatre, third in size of those yet remaining, ranking after the Coliseum of Rome and the Amphitheatre of Verona, and in beauty second alone to the monument of *Vespasian* and *Titus*. The extreme length is four hundred and eighty-nine feet seven inches, and the breadth four hundred and three feet three inches. Few as are the monuments of the African Church, here we are reminded of its noblest days, and forced to the unwelcome comparison that must always be suggested by a retrospect of the faith and fortitude that has almost come to be thought ideal. Mr. Davis found the Arabs demol-

ishing the structure for tombstones, and persuaded them to desist by pointing out that future travellers would be sure to disturb their graves in search of the fragments of the amphitheatre.

One modern city seems to have greatly interested our traveller, the sacred Keyrawán, which rejoices in no less a relic than part of the beard of Mohammed, and has, until lately, not been visited by Franks save in disguise. Its mosques are of great beauty, and dating from an early period. The sketch given in this work makes us regret that Sir Gardiner Wilkinson's drawings of these edifices have not been published.

We have no doubt that Mr. Davis attaches most importance to his account of the monuments; but to our mind the best portions of the work are the descriptions of the population of the country, more especially the half-free Arabs of the interior.

Tunis is under the government of a family who acknowledge the sultan as their suzerain, and its case, therefore, is the same as that of Egypt. The administration is, however, extremely corrupt, the entire power of the government being in the hands of unprincipled Memlooks, who are either white slaves or renegades, instead of native Arabs. But we must observe that Mr. Davis is not strictly accurate when he compares this system with that of Egypt before Mohammed 'Alee. Under the Memlook sultans that country enjoyed the highest prosperity; on their overthrow an aristocracy of Memlooks was allowed to exercise a joint authority with the Turkish Beglerbeg, and this mixed government naturally occasioned innumerable contests, which were only ended by Mohammed 'Alee's grand act of treachery. After the Massacre of the Memlooks the administration of Egypt was in the hands of white slaves as before, only not of the old party, until lately, the wise association of members of the viceregal family, and the moderate views that have rendered Christians eligible for the highest offices, superseded the old system. The consequence, in Tunis, is that every kind of injustice is perpetrated, and the Moorish Arabs, never famous for the higher qualities of their race, have degenerated so far as almost to be worthy of their Turkish rulers. It was only on the French frontier that real

hospitality was tendered everywhere to our traveller, the Algerine Government having very properly given legal encouragement to the Arab national virtue. Hence there is a general wish among the Tunisian Arabs to be under the rule of the French, though their natural repugnance to the race devoid of the dignity and gravity the Arabs most admire, that has conquered their brethren, and the recollection of the Dahra massacre, and the breach of 'Abd-el-Káder's safe conduct (that fatal snare into which the Wahhábee chief, 'Abdallah Ibn-Soo-ood, and so many noble Arabs have fallen), still keep up a smouldering hatred of the French, and many an Arab prefers Turkish misrule to Gallic justice.

The writer's knowledge of the spoken Arabic and of Arab character enable him to give some excellent advice to those who may wish to follow him in his interesting journey. On more than one occasion he owed his safety to an exercise of moderate firmness, and he shows how wrong and unwise it is to treat the Arab thief as an assassin. "Anything like an arm of defence in the hands of a European inspires him with respect, and hence a European ought to be very slow in using it. Threaten, and threaten with effect; but, if possible to avoid it, never fire" (p. 76). He might have added that blood once shed, a mortal feud is established, every relation of the man slain, to a remote degree, being bound to take vengeance, unless restrained by accidentally partaking of the culprit's hospitality.

After the volumes of sporting or sentimental rubbish that are annually produced on the subject of Africa, making one wish that the oblivion-causing lotus could be regularly administered to each departing tourist, we are refreshed by the work of a real traveller, who is courageous without feeling it his duty to prove the destructiveness of civilization, who has an eye for antiquities and an enthusiasm for the past, and who, without the fanatical love of Mahammedanism that characterizes some Anglo-Turks, can see the good side of Arab character. Mr. Davis is of the brotherhood of Belzoni and Layard, and we give him a hearty welcome.

From The Examiner.

London Lyrics. By Frederick Locker.
Pickering.

A CLEVER volume of gossiping verse, wholly without affectation, good-humored, amusing; given to puns that are not seldom as distressing as they ought to be, and to light-hearted comic rhymes, but always unstrained in its cheerfulness, always free from slang, often most happy in the pointing of a couplet or a stanza, and here and there showing glimpses of the poet's earnest sense of truth and beauty. Anybody may take up these Lyrics who desires an hour's idle yet rational amusement by the fireside. Here are two or three pieces that we quote simply because they are the shortest in the book.

"CIRCUMSTANCE.—THE ORANGE.

"It ripened by the river banks,
Where, mask and moonlight aiding,
Dons Blas' and Juan play sad pranks,
Dark Donnas serenading.

"By Moorish maiden it was plucked,
Who through the grove was stealing,
By Saxon sweetheart it was sucked,
—Who flung away the peeling.

"She could not know in Pimlico,
As little she in Seville,
That I should reel upon that peel,
And find my proper level!"

"THE WIDOW'S MITE.

"The widow had but only one,
A puny and decrepit son;
Yet, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The widow's mite.

"The widow's mite,—yes! so sustained,
She battled onward, nor complained
When friends were fewer:
And, cheerful at her daily care,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

"I saw her then, and now I see,
Though cheerful and resigned, still she
Has sorrowed much:
She has—He gave it tenderly—
Much faith—and carefully laid by
A little crutch."

"A SKETCH IN SEVEN DIALS.

Peggy, in her hand a sixpence,
Toddled off to buy some butter
Peggy's pinafore was spotless);
Back she brought it to the gutter,
Useful, radiant, as she thus did,
Ready to be so largely trusted.

"One, two, three small steps she'd taken,
Blissfully she came and tripping,
When, poor darling, down she tumbles
Daubs her clothes (which means a whipping),
Dropping, too, the little slut, her
Pat of butter in the gutter.

"Never creep back so despairing—
Wailing as the weak, 'tis true, do;
All of us start off in high glee,
Many come back just as you do.
Peggy yet to Fate may utter
Thanks, who's cut her bread and butter."

The touch of kindly jesting is seldom absent from Mr. Locker's rhyme for, as he argues,—

"They cannot be complete in aught
Who are not humorously prone;
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone."

For a picture in little of the ins and outs of Mr. Locker's style, his faults, his merits, and his genial philosophy, we may take the following passage from the poem entitled "Bramble Rise," though for its graceful humor and its musical ring we should prefer to quote the lines on "The Old Cradle."

"And has she too outlived the spells
Of breezy hills and silent dells
Where childhood loved to ramble?
Then life was thornless to our ken,
And, Bramble-Rise, thy hills were then
A rise without a bramble.

"Whence comes the change? Our life unfold
How some grow wise, and some grow old:
That all feel time and trouble,
And life's a span is plain: ah, me!
How sad are those who will not see
A rainbow in the bubble!

"And senseless, too, for Mistress Fate
Is not the gloomy reprobate
That mouldy sages thought her;
My heart leaps up, and I rejoice
As falls upon my ear, thy voice,
My frisky little daughter.

"Come hither, pussy, perch on these
Your most unworthy father's knees,
And answer to his seeking;
What makes your infant bosom beat
With frantic joy when up the street
A much-loved friend comes squeaking?

"That monster Punch! vindictive—shabby—
Who snubs his Judy—brains her baby—
As choleric as spleeny,—
I'm told they are,—nay, do not pout,
All rags and timber—out and out
Degraded *fantoccini*.

"Such talk is stuff—a vile caprice
Of rogues who swear our swans are geese:
But reason it or rhyme it,

To hacks who "tread the mill," like me,
These slopes of Bramble-Rise should be
A healthy change of climb it.

"Oh, may you own, my winsome elf,
Some day a pet just like yourself,
Her sanguine thoughts to borrow;
Content to use her brighter eyes,—
Accept her childish ecstasies!
And, need be, share her sorrow!

"The wisdom of your prattle cheers
My heart; and when outworn in years
And homeward I am starting,
Beloved, lead me gently down
To Life's dim strand; the dark waves frown,
But weep not for our parting.

"Though Life is called a doleful jaunt,
In sorrow rife, in sunshine scant,
Though earthly joys, the wisest grant,
Have no enduring basis;
'Tis something in a desert drear,
Where Eden always seems so near,
To find in Puss, my daughter dear,
A little cool oasis!"

We should be glad if there were more
volumes of such readable fugitive verse as
these pleasant City Lyrics of Mr. Locker.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES, the dramatist, died at Torquay on the 30th Nov., in his seventy-ninth year. He was the eldest son of the author of a "Dictionary of the English Language," and a man of eminence both for talent and learning. He received his Christian name in consequence of his connection with the Sheridan family. When only twelve years old, his mind began to display its inherent inclination for that sort of literature in which he afterwards became so distinguished, having composed a play for a company of juvenile performers, of whom he was the leader. Soon afterwards he composed the libretto of an opera founded on the history of the Chevalier de Grillon. At fourteen he wrote the ballad of the "Welsh Harper." Mr. Knowles made his first appearance as an actor on the boards of the Crow Street Theatre, in Dublin, and he afterwards performed in Waterford, Swansea, and various other places. He subsequently assisted his father at the Belfast Academical Institution. While in that city his first dramatic efforts were submitted to the ordeal of public favor. The first of these pieces was "Brien Boroihme," rather a *rifacimento* of a piece by another author than an original play. The next was "Caius Gracchus," first performed in Belfast on the 13th of February, 1815, and acted about eight years afterwards in London with great success. The third of his plays was "Virginus." "William Tell," "The Beggar of Bethnal Green," "The Hunchback," "The Wife," "The Daughter," "The Love Chase," "Woman's Wit," "The Maid of Mariendorpt," "Love," "Old Maids," "John of Procida," "The Rose of Arragon," and "The Secretary" followed in rapid succession. In several of these plays Knowles himself appeared; in some of them he sustained the leading characters. He also delivered courses of lectures at various places, on elocution and kindred subjects. America he visited twice. Under the ministry of the late Sir Robert Peel a literary pension of £200 per annum was bestowed upon him as an acknowledgment by the crown of his labors in the cause of literature. He also wrote some novels and tales, and two works on subjects of polemical

theology, "The Rock of Rome" and "The Idol demolished by its own Priests," both written in opposition to the tenets of the Church of Rome.—*Examiner*.

SHAKESPEARE'S SHYLOCK.—We find in the *Jewish Record*, a journal devoted to the interests of American Israelites, and published in New York, a new version of Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice." The writer, who is himself a Jew, says the play is founded on fact, with this important difference, that it was the Jew who was to forfeit the pound of flesh if he lost the wager. The circumstance took place not at Venice, but in Rome, during the pontificate of Sixtus the Fifth. The Jew lost; the noble demanded the pound of flesh; the Jew demurred and offered money, which was refused. Sixtus, to whom the matter was at last submitted, decided in favor of the noble, with the provision that he should cut exactly one pound of flesh—not one grain more or less, on pain of being hanged. The noble naturally declined the risk; the pope fined both parties in heavy sums for making such a wager. Thus old Shylock's memory is vindicated at last. We fear, however, notwithstanding "the truth of his story," that Shakspeare's will continue to be the popular version of the story.

My best presentations of the gospel to you are so incomplete! Sometimes, when I am alone, I have such sweet and rapturous visions of the love of God and the truths of his Word, that I think, if I could speak to you then, I should move your hearts. I am like a child, who, walking forth some sunny summer's morning, sees grass and flowers all shining with drops of dew. "Oh," he cries, "I'll carry these beautiful things to my mother." And, eagerly plucking them, the dew drops into his little palm, and all the charm is gone. There is but grass in his hand, and no longer pearls.

From The Spectator, 10 Jan.

ENGLISH CHRISTIANITY AND SLAVERY.

THERE is grave political danger hanging over England. The collapse of the American Constitution and the rottenness which has been revealed at the heart of the Northern political system have, owing partly perhaps to the recent unwise comparisons of Mr. Bright and other panegyrists of the United States, and partly to our inordinate national self-esteem, become mere food for self-gratulation and pride. We thank God that we are not as other nations are, nor even as this Yankee; and while we are doing so, by the very act of doing so, we are approaching the very phase and attitude of national character which have reduced the American nation to its present distressed state. What with peans over the wreck of Democracy and the comparative stability of our own wiser institutions, we are rapidly forgetting that no political institutions are noble in themselves; that aristocracy and democracy alike are mere media for human action, and that if the higher springs of that action are dried up, nothing can save us from the same rottenness over which, in America, we so ungenerously glory.

The spirit in which the newspapers that are admitted to represent the higher intelligence of England treat the subject of Slavery fills us, we must say, with profound consternation. We could not have believed for a moment, a year ago, that the *Times* and *Saturday Review* would both in the same week devote their ablest pens to an apology, not merely for Slavery itself, but for the Christian character of that institution. Yet so it is. On Saturday last an article appeared in the columns of the journal which is the boldest pioneer of the pro-slavery reaction in this country, warning the clergy against the appeal of the Emancipation Society; ridiculing as blasphemous the notion of praying for the liberation of the slaves from bondage, and boldly asserting, on the authority of St. Paul, that Christianity repudiates any plan of liberation which is not grounded on the legal consent of their masters. On Tuesday the more cautious *Times*, after many hesitating feelers in the same direction, followed the lead of its aristocratic contemporary, and set its foot down on the proposition that Slavery is no more at variance with the spirit of the Gospel than "sumptuous fare, purple and fine linen." Mrs. Stowe may well ask, in her very telling reply to the address of the women of England on the subject of Slavery sent eight years ago to the United States, how it is that, in that time, our social convictions have managed to change places with theirs in New England,—nay, far

worse than change places, to become apologetic for the principle of Slavery, while theirs never did more than excuse the toleration of it in practice. "Sisters," at that time wrote Lady Palmerston, Lady Buxton, Lady Shaftesbury, and the rest, to the ladies of the United States, "we appeal to you, as sisters, as wives, and as mothers, to raise your voices to your fellow-citizens and your prayers to God, for the removal of this affliction and disgrace [Slavery] from the Christian world." And now, when the only body which has as yet vindicated England from the disgrace of a national sympathy with the cause of Slavery asks, "that in every church and chapel throughout Great Britain an aspiration for their speedy release may rise to a just Heaven," the *Saturday Review*, the principal organ of our aristocratic opinion, lodges an indignant protest against so unholy a purpose, quotes St. Paul to show how justifiable a thing is Slavery, reminds us, not without force, that Mr. Charles Buxton, and many others always supposed to be English advocates of the rights of the slave, deprecate Mr. Lincoln's proclamation as revolutionary and an incentive to servile war,—and in a word contrives to express towards the slaves and the abolitionists with unusual force that subtle spirit of what we may call Christian malignity, with which religious journals generally manage to treat their opponents. The *Times* follows its bolder contemporary on the same track, modestly suggesting that it would be much more Scriptural and Christian in the abolitionists to push the "amelioration of the negro" (we suppose the writer means, of his lot), than his emancipation. But since no amelioration is possible without interposing the protection of the Government between the slave and his master,—and that involves emancipation,—this thoughtful recommendation is, in fact, equivalent to asserting that it would be much more Scriptural and Christian to let Slavery be where it is, and extend where it is not. And, amid all this direct assertion of the Christianity of Slavery, the half-million of English women, whose names at the foot of the address of 1854 to which we have referred filled twenty-six folio volumes, maintain a profound silence. The graceful leaders of English society cannot serve two mistresses; and fashion is now on the side of the Southern aristocracy as, eight years ago, it was on the side of the slave. When the American ladies were passive and indifferent, the English ladies were gracefully enthusiastic, and prayed in public places that their erring sisters might cut off the offending limb. Now that the American ladies are obeying these injunctions, they become indifferent, and are even heard to

murmur, "resist not evil." They have their reward.

But, after all, the inconsistency of the English public, and the audacity of our own journals, are of little moment in comparison with the uncertainty which is being diffused through English thought as to the real attitude of the Divine teaching about Slavery. Is this new gospel of the Christianity of Slavery, are these good tidings that every slave is bound by Christ's law to be a slave forever, rather than set himself free without the consent of his masters, true or not? For ourselves we do not hesitate to say that no religious scepticism of the present day seems to us so monstrous and so atheistic as this; nay, that if the Gospel were weighted with such a condition, it would be one that neither sign nor miracle could prove. It is, speaking relatively, of infinitely little importance whether we live under an aristocracy or a democracy, compared with whether we live under a God who loves freedom, or a Devil who loves Slavery. But, we confess, nothing seems to us more astounding than the assertion that the Divine revelation is indifferent on the matter. No doubt, the Divine education of the Hebrew people never attempted to ignore the actual historical condition of the nation. It recognized, under the strictest possible limitations, the *fact* of Slavery, at an era when no other people had learned to impose any limitation on the power of the master at all. But one of the deepest principles of that political education was the recognition of the *rights* of the slave, of his claim to eventual freedom, of his claim to that spiritual equality in the sight of God which is the root of political freedom—in one word, of his full humanity. The Israelite is reminded, with an emphasis that recurs with a sort of Divine monotony, that for this express purpose "he was a bondsman in the land of Egypt," that he might never neglect the rights of bondsmen or ignore their spiritual freedom. As the nation rises in the scale of civilization, this teaching rises into a solemn teaching that God is the enemy of all Slavery. "Is not this the fast that I have chosen,—to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?" The identification of the Divine Will with human freedom is the drift of all the prophetic teaching, and if conquest and serfdom were the constant discipline of the Israelites, it was to teach them by the slavery of the body, the terrible significance of the slavery of the spirit; it was to break the inner yoke that the outer was imposed.

But what, it will be said, did Christ say to the revolutionary spirit? Did he instigate and justify political insurrection or the

possible liberation of captives? No; for he had to regenerate the inward world before the political forms of society could be regenerated. He proclaimed a kingdom in which all men were equal, and left it to dislodge Slavery by its own inherent force. Neither he nor St. Paul preached an external crusade against institutions; simply because the forces were not yet ripe which could produce better institutions. But he who spoke in his first lesson to his fellow-townsmen of that acceptable year of the Lord in which he should preach the "Gospel to the poor, deliverance to the captives, recovery of sight to the blind, and liberty to them that are bruised," and who said, "this day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears," cannot be said by honest men to have lent even a shadow of sanction to the principle of Slavery. In giving to all men "power to become sons of God," he struck at the root of Slavery; he set free not only men, but Man.

Still, it may be said, if Slavery is tolerated provisionally at *any* era or in *any* circumstances by the spirit of Divine revelation, on the plea that the character must be prepared for freedom before the outward condition is changed, how can the sudden and abrupt stroke of an emancipation policy which lifts at once from abject servitude to absolute freedom, be justified? The reply is obvious. If a policy like the Divine policy were possible in America, it would be the true one,—a gradual passage through serfdom to full freedom,—a complete abolition of all the wickedness of a system which separates families, renders marriage impossible, and education a crime,—a substitution of laws protecting the slave, enforcing his education, admitting him to property-rights,—and so forth, by the usual stages of a steadily emancipating policy, to perfect freedom. But this is *not* possible. The *protégés* of the English people are fighting for the maintenance and *extension* of a form of Slavery to which the Hebrew Slavery was freedom,—of a class of laws as much more wicked than the worst slavery laws of the ancient world, as modern science is superior to the science of the ancient world,—of a species of propagandism which aims at putting the true knowledge of God further and further out of the slave's reach.

The alternative lies, as all Englishmen know, not between gradual emancipation and sudden emancipation, but between sudden emancipation and a system of Slavery growing blacker and blacker unto the perfect night. This is the system for which the authority of Christ is claimed by our modern Pharisees, who shudder with exquisite tenderness at a "fratricidal war" which only kills the body, while they prove on Christian principles that centuries of spirit-

ual fratricide and suicide—for this sort of fratricide involves suicide—would be clearly sanctioned by the Gospel of Christ, the Providence of God, and the genius of an aristocratic people.

From The Athenæum.

NEWS FROM THE GORILLA COUNTRY.

Loanda, September 7, 1862.

HAVING spent five active months in the Gorilla Country, I am in a position to state that M. Du Chaillu has shot neither leopards, buffaloes, nor gorillas; that the gorilla does not beat his breast like a drum; that the kûlu-kamba does not utter the cry of *kooloo*, or anything like it; that the young gorilla in captivity is not savage; and that while M. Du Chaillu affects to have been "a poor fever-stricken wretch!" at Camma (June 1st, 1859), he was really residing in robust health at the Gaboon.

Mongilomba, who is not a native hunter at all, and who was in my service three months as steward and natural-history assistant, duped Mr. R. B. Walker in asserting that M. Du Chaillu had killed two gorillas; nor did he ever accompany that gentleman except in the above capacity.

From the Balengi of the Muni, from the Shekani and Fans of the Gaboon, from the Commi Bakêlê, etc., of the Fernand Vaz, upon the banks of which rivers I have hunted (always unsuccessfully) gorillas. Examining those only who were hunters, and reserving alone such evidence as was corroborative, I have gleaned the following facts respecting this ape of contention. The gorilla dwells only in the densest parts of the forests; he feeds exclusively on vegetable matter, and one kind of grass is a sure indication of his proximity; at noon and eve he approaches the village plantations for the sake of the plantains, occasionally uttering a wild kind of cry, but which in rage (as imitated by Etia) becomes a quick sharp bark. By day, he moves along the ground on all-fours (as, having crawled for hours on their tracks, I can testify), sometimes ascending the trees. By night, he chooses a large tree to sleep in. He is exceedingly wary and keen of scent. When the female is pregnant, he builds a nest (as do also the kûlu-kamba and the chimpanzee), where she is delivered, and which is then abandoned. These nests, several of which I have seen, are simply rude layers of dry sticks, and of small branches evidently torn off the live tree by the hand. With regard to his ferocity, as a rule, when

missed or wounded, he will charge. His charge, from which the natives often escape, being themselves nimble as apes, is made on all-fours. Etia, whose left hand has been severely crippled, informed me that the gorilla seized his wrist with his hind foot, and dragged his hand into his mouth as he would have done a bunch of plantains. Two things are at least certain,—that the gorilla is less feared than the leopard; and the story of the man killed by a gorilla at Camma is a complete fabrication. Traditional accounts of such an incident exist, but nothing of the kind has happened within the memory of man. The tail of the gorilla assuming a boxing attitude, and beating his breast like a drum, originated from Quengueza, and was unanimously refuted by all hunters from the Muni on the north, to the Fernand Vaz on the south. Thus in an obscure African village an old savage could tell a lie, which has blazed through Europe.

The Apingi country, which is the *Ultima Thule* of M. Du Chaillu's explorations, is distant from Gumbi (Ngumbi) four foot-days' journey, in a southerly direction. In tracing the course of the Rembo, however, he adopted a longer route.

His description of the Fans (Bafanh) whom he visited in company with Mr. Mackey, of Corisco, is very good. In ascending the Gaboon to its rapids in the bosom of the Sierra del Crystal, I advanced some distance into their country, and found them gentle, hospitable, but cannibals undoubtedly, as one of them confessed to me. Even the account of their ghoul-like propensities is in one case supported by evidence which I find it impossible to disbelieve.

This book, so strange a *mélange* of truth and fiction, was prepared by a gentleman well known in the New York literary world, from copious notes made by M. Du Chaillu when engaged in these expeditions. And I must do the latter the justice to confess, that from the same sources which afforded me proofs of his impostures, I learn that he is a good marksman; possessed of no common courage and endurance; that he has suffered many privations and misfortunes of which he has said nothing; that his character as a trader has been unjustly blemished; that his labors as a naturalist have been very remarkable; and that during his residence in Africa he won the affection of the natives and the esteem of those who most merit to be esteemed—the missionaries. And a fellow-laborer, though a humble one, may be permitted to regret that, actuated by a foolish vanity or by ill-advice he should have attempted to add artificial flowers to a wreath of laurels which he had fairly and hardy earned.

W. WINWOOD READE.

THE RISING OF THE AFRITE.

SOME months ago, appeared on a page of *Vanity Fair*, a picture with this title. It is in allusion to the three fishermen in the Arabian Nights, who drew out of the sea a bottle closed by Solomon's Seal; upon opening which there arose from it a great cloud of smoke, which gradually assumed the form of one of the Genii.

Davis, Yancey, and Toombs, are the fishermen; their bottle is labelled "Secession;" and the Genius appears as a gigantic black man soaring aloft; his face of passionate sternness raised to heaven, and in each hand a many-headed serpent. The fishermen fall back in dismay. The work appeared in a comic paper, but the effect is sublime.

We recommend to Messrs. Harpers to reprint this wood engraving in their weekly paper, as apropos to the President's Proclamation; or to issue it separately. It would be hung up in many houses, as it now is before us.

The design is by "Stephens" (of whom we have no other knowledge) and does him great honor.

May we advise him to paint it on a scale which shall show the black man at least the size of life. It would deserve a place in Faneuil Hall, as a *sequel* and companion to the painting now there, representing Webster's reply to Hayne, in which the arch traitor, John Calhoun (as the *Globe* characterized him), lowers upon the listening Senate. There is no "Conservative" objection to Stephen's painting, which does not as much apply to the other. Both are "Radical" and patriotic.

After writing this, we examined another ornament of our study called "To-Day." It is from *Vanity Fair* of 24 Nov., 1860, and represents the Prodigal Son asking for his share. This was before he undertook to set the house on fire. It bears the same designer's name, and should be sent to the South in company with the other.

A SYMBOLIC PICTURE.

PEOPLE who are walking in Washington Street are advised to stop at the window of Messrs. Williams and Everett and look at a photograph, from a drawing representing King Cotton and the North, which stands to

the right of the door. It will repay long and careful study. The gigantic figures, which are typical of the Powers, stand with their feet fixed in the continent, and are putting forth all their strength in a death-struggle. They are armed as gladiators, with the short double-edged sword and oval crest, and a cotton boll surrounded by the crown. The crest of the North is an eagle with wings spread. The figure of the king is very remarkable. It is that of a Hercules for strength, but every evil passion has put its mark upon the face, and the muscles are visibly of a different quality from those of the North and draw their strength from a different breeding. The hair and beard of the figure have the thick fleeciness of raw cotton, and add to the monstrous character of the face. The two shields are locked together, so that the struggle is evidently to be final, but the king is in vain trying to force a passage for his weapon beyond the shield which bears the figure of *Justice*. The volcano, the distant thrones, with the device on their basis and the figures which occupy them, must appeal to every thinking man and carry their own lesson. The whole design is full of meaning, which any one may study out who will approach it in the right spirit, and there are few who can grasp all the details at one study even then.—*Transcript*.

A NEW GROUP BY ROGERS was exhibited at the last Artists' Reception in New York. "It represents a trio of Union refugees attempting to escape the horrors of the Southern inquisition, and hastening their step towards the land of the free. The father, a sturdy backwoodsman, and the very picture of a determined patriot, sustains the form of a fragile but beautiful woman, his wife, to whose skirt clings a little boy tremblingly alive to the danger seen and unseen of his new situation. Although scarcely finished as to its minor details, the group is quite effective and spirited, and illustrates most forcibly a phase of the evils of secession which thus far has formed a voice chiefly in the thrilling narratives of Brownlow, Hamilton, and other expatriated Union men of the South."

Copies of the statuette of Booth in *Hamlet* of which we have repeatedly spoken, by the same sculptor, are at Williams and Everett's. The attitude and expression are true to the life, and faithfully represent one of the telling "points" in the tragedian's impersonation.—*Transcript*.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 976.—14 February, 1863.

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☞ We are glad to spread before our readers, in a few pages, the record of the opinions and feelings of the people in England who really *suffer* for want of the cotton which our Rebels keep back. These working men are worthy disciples of the English and French philosophers who have understood this war; they redeem the character of the British Nation,—and are its truest representatives.

The article on Mexico is important.

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THE LESSON OF THE YEAR.

"Go hence, ill Year, with robes that reek of war,
Hands that struck down the labor of our
North;

My curse go after thee beyond the door
That darkens at thy ghastly going forth.

"Away, foul beldame! give the Young Year
room,
What he is like none who await him know;
At worst his looks will mend thy face of doom,
Worse year than thou, the world can never
know."

The Old Year on the threshold paused and
turned,
Red stains were thick upon the shroud she wore,
An awful light in the sunk eyeballs glared
That looked upon me from the darkened door.

And thin and hollow-sounding, as from far,
A voice came to me, sad at once and stern;
"Who art thou, that arraign'st at thy blind bar,
The Power who guides the million orbs that
burn

"About this sphere, where thy poor life is past,
Ephemeral, in ephemeral grief or glee,
That ban and blessing, like a child, darrest cast,
On years that owe not an account to thee?

"God's chastisements and bounties is it thine
To measure with thy staff; weigh with thy
brains?

I work *His* bidding: *His* the will not mine;
Know I how ill dies out, and good remains?

"But ev'n with reverent judgment meet for man,
Marking the doings of the twelve months
gone,

The root of blessing in my bitterest ban
Methinks e'en thy poor wisdom might have
known.

"From civil war's high-heaped and festering
grave,
By means unguessed of those who fight or
rule,

Grows, slow but sure, the freedom of the slave,
While human foresight gapes, a baffled fool.

"In War's rude gripe, what lies, which stoutest
thrust

Of Peace, and all her train, could never shake,
Are shattered into rottenness and dust—
What powers of unguessed nobleness awake!

"What lessons are made clear by War's red
light
To those who fight and those who watch the
strife!

Out of the soil swept bare by battle's blight
What seeds of new strength sudden leap to
life!

"For cotton-dearth, with pain and misery rife,
The blessing hidden in it all must own,
Who see how suffering calls love to life,
How of endurance comes a strength unknown,

"Then curse me not, but bless me; there is
balm
For every bruise that God inflicts on earth;

His ways are in the storm, as in the calm,
In war and misery, as in peace and mirth."
—*Punch*, 10 Jan.

THE PROCLAMATION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SAINT PATRICK, slave to Milcho of the herds
Of Ballymena, sleeping, heard these words:
"Arise, and flee

Out from the land of bondage, and be free!"

Glad as a soul in pain, who hears from Heaven
The angels singing of his sins forgiven,

And, wondering, sees
His prison opening to their golden keys,

He rose a man who laid him down a slave,
Shook from his locks the ashes of the grave,

And outward trod
Into the glorious liberty of God.

He cast the symbols of his shame away;
And passing where the sleeping Milcho lay,
Though back and limb
Smarted with wrong, he prayed, "God pardon
him!"

So went he forth: but in God's time he came
To light on Uilline's hills a holy flame;

And, dying, gave
The land a saint that lost him as a slave.

O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb
Waiting for God, your hour, at last, has come,
And freedom's song
Breaks the long silence of your night of wrong!

Arise and flee! shake off the vile restraint
Of ages! but, like Ballymena's saint,

The oppressor spare,
Heap only on his head the coals of prayer.

Go forth, like him! like him return again,
To bless the land whereon in bitter pain

Ye toiled at first,
And heal with freedom what your slavery cursed.
—*Atlantic Monthly*.

TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

JANUARY 1, 1863.

LINCOLN, that with thy steadfast truth the sand
Of men and time and circumstance doest sway!
The slave-cloud dwindles on this golden day,
And over all the pestilent southern land,
Breathless, the dark expectant millions stand,
To watch the northern sun rise on its way,
Cleaving the stormy distance—every ray
Sword-bright, sword-sharp, in God's invisible
hand.

Better, with this great end, partial defeat,
And jibings of the ignorant worldly-wise,
Than laud and triumph won with shameful
blows.

The dead Past lies in its dead winding-sheet;
The living Present droops with tearful eyes;
But far beyond the awaiting Future glows.

EDMUND OLLIER.

—(*London Morning Star*).

From The Spectator, 8 Jan.

DR. LEMPRIERE'S MEXICO.*

No two works can be at once more like and more unlike each other than Dr. Lempriere's "American Crisis," and his newly published "Mexico." As a specimen of book-making, in which a small portion of original matter swells by extraneous addition to a crinoline-like amplitude, the more recent work is the true brother of the former one, except that its 480 pages have far outstripped the 296 of that. As patterns of what may be called the harum-scarum style of composition, in which everything turns up anyhow,—for instance, a "Summary of Events," narrating the installation of constitutional government, followed without the slightest transition by the items of a posting account,—there is nothing to choose between them. The "Mexico" is, perhaps, if anything, even a trifle more ungrammatical, the very title—*Notes in Mexico in 1861 and 1862, Politically and Socially Considered*, being unrenderable into sense, since the practical character of the work makes it absolutely impossible that Dr. Lempriere should have (as the grammar of the sentence would require) "considered" his own "notes," still less "politically and socially." The new work is moreover distinguished by a sprinkling of Spanish,—of which it is rare to find a single word well spelled,—and by translations from the Spanish, executed (no doubt for want of the writer's superintendence), with such intelligence of familiar English terms that our old friend the "pillar dollar" and his subdivisions are found masquerading as "Colonnade Coin!"

This much being premised, it must now be said that the spirit of the two works is so different, that one would feel happy to accept the latter as the *amende honorable* for the former, were it not that Dr. Lempriere is known to be still advocating in London the cause of his Confederate friends. In Mexico, however, instead of suffering himself to be crammed by some designing Southerner, so as to present nothing but a selection of garbled facts under their falsest aspects, he seems to have opened his eyes and ears, and taken in such an amount of honest fact as a disinterested Englishman was likely to receive without having to exer-

* *Notes in Mexico in 1861 and 1862, Politically and Socially Considered*. By Charles Lempriere, D.C.L. Longmans.

cise any deep penetration. His sources of information are thus in his new work entirely changed, as appear to be his prepossessions; he quotes at length from the *New York Tribune*, speaks of his "good friend Plumb, the *attaché* of the American Legation," deprecates the absorption of Mexico by the Southern States of America, warns England and France that "if they do not in a very few months so ordain matters as to secure the independence of Mexico, the whole will as certainly be in the hands of the Southern States, and become a gigantic Slave State, as any political proposition that was ever broached" (a sentence which the reader must construe charitably, and not interpret as really meaning that all political propositions are to pass into the hands of the Southern States, or become Slave States themselves); and looks forward, on the other hand, with at least equanimity to the solution of the Mexican puzzle being found in the suggestion of Mr. Seward, "that the United States, after obtaining proper securities and territorial liens from Mexico, shall assume the foreign debt of the republic." So that, on the whole—to those who are sufficiently fond of truth to jolt after it on the roughest corduroy roads ever laid down by literary backwoodsman—to swallow it down, when found, "holusbolus," in shape of crudest jottings and cuttings—yea, and to search for veriest needles of it amid hay-trusses of statistics and topography,—Dr. Lempriere's book can really be recommended, as embodying a good deal of wholesome unpleasant truth on an important contemporary question. He will be able to point out to them, that the government of Juarez,—to which we were the first to deal a blow,—is relatively the most stable and the most popular of all those that have followed each other in Mexico for the last forty years." They may learn from him, if they have not already found out for themselves, that of the murders and outrages on our countrymen which we supposed ourselves bound to avenge upon that government, not one has been perpetrated by it, but all by its opponents, the allies and *protégés* of France and Spain; that by these was committed the scandalous outrage upon the British Legation (16th Nov., 1860), when its official seal was broken by order of the infamous Marquez, and \$660,000, the property of English bondholders, taken away. Above all, they

may find reason to doubt the immaculateness of our conduct towards Mexico, and the creditableness of those claims of the British merchant, of which so much has been made against the unfortunate Mexicans. On this point, Dr. Lempriere's explicitness is invaluable:—

"I saw myself the boats' crews of our flag-ship at Vera Cruz bring bags on bags of dollars to be shipped to England by the steamer which brought me home, not one dollar of which had paid a farthing to the Mexican Exchequer. . . . But the real delinquents are our British consulates; they receive and store the specie which comes down from the coast, until a safe opportunity arrives for smuggling it out of the country. All commercial consulships, especially at ports, should be abolished. They are sought and coveted solely as a protection to smuggling. . . . One commercial house on the west coast has acquired immense wealth and immense notoriety by this kind of adventure. . . . The chief was a Spaniard, a colonel in the Spanish army, but got himself named British consul; and then all the family became English. . . . The British consulate is convenient on account of the immunity and local influence it affords; and has been, for upwards of thirty years, a most useful appanage to the mercantile concern, to which it is entirely subservient. . . . The British Government listens to no representation on the subject, and our envoys there have been influenced to connive at and support the infamous system."

Again:—

"The system of smuggling carried on by foreigners on the Pacific coast, and enforced by British men-of-war, deprives the government of nearly all revenue in that quarter, while in the Gulf ports commerce is crippled, and the revenue of the government is, at certain periods, cut down to a low figure by the irregular proceedings and hard exactions of foreign ministers, consuls, and traders. A thorough exposure of the universal system of plunder to which Mexico is subjected in her business relations by foreign officials and traders, and a few capitalists, foreign and native, who mostly reside in the capital, would prove that the government of that country is defrauded out of more than three-fourths of its lawful revenue."

Again:—

"Some years ago there was a public prosecution by the British Legation of a member of Congress (Zarco), and a custom-house officer, because they denounced the infamous smuggling transactions and other disreputa-

ble proceedings of one of our consuls in the Pacific; and pecuniary indemnity was executed and enforced for crimes which in any other country would have been marked by the severest reprobation, and visited with punishment. (Lord Clarendon knows something about this). It was a private letter to him which alone prevented the eternal disgrace of a British force appearing in the Gulf to enforce and support this infamous proceeding; but indemnity was, nevertheless, obtained in hard cash. These cases could be multiplied."

Again:—

"The standard of the British character there has been lowered—immeasurably lowered—in the estimation of the Mexican people, by the conduct of our official representatives. Some of them have been needy and embarrassed, and especially open to corrupt influences. The diplomatic protection was a traffic, and chiefly bestowed on persons who had no legal or legitimate right to it, far less their speculations and interests."

No one can wonder after this at being told (in however indifferent English) that "the working and growth of some of these Mexican claims, which are now advanced under the British flag, is (*sic*) most mysterious and inexplicable, and quite as much (*sic*) disgraceful and disreputable to us as a nation."

And, in short, one may well (making the usual reserves in favor of grammar) agree with Dr. Lempriere that "the policy that England has pursued towards Mexico is inexplicable except in (*sic*) the fact that a few individuals, official and private, control the action of the British Government, and public opinion in England, on Mexican affairs, to the total destruction of the general and legitimate English interests in that country." Could "Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor," be accepted as a line of policy, no more striking instance of such policy has ever been afforded than by Earl Russell, when, after pointing out in express terms the profitless dangers of interference in the internal affairs of Mexico, he signed, on the 31st October, 1861, that "Convention relative to combined operations against Mexico," which could have no other result than such interference. In vain had Mr. Mathew, with his long experience of Mexico and its people, pointed out that the only advisable shape of intervention would be a *protective* one in

favor of the existing Constitutional Government, either by England or the United States, or both, so as to secure to it the peaceable command of the sea-board; in other words, the control of its main available sources of revenue, for the discharge of public obligations and the maintenance of public order. Carried away, apparently, by the hot-headed vanity of Sir Charles Wyke, the Foreign Secretary actually put his hand to a treaty in conjunction with the two powers which had persistently favored the bigoted Church party, with its bands of cutthroats. And, although Spain has recoiled from the work, at least for the time being, although the French Emperor has been compelled successively to abandon the idea of erecting Mexico into a monarchy, and that of handing it over to the government of Almonte, still he is intent upon the work of destroying the Constitutional Government, still he accepts with brazen brow, as his allies, the scoundrel Marquez and his copeers. Meanwhile, the country is given up, as far as the forcible destruction of all authority by foreign hands can do so, to violence and robbery.

But is there even a chance that the French army—apart from all question of the justifiableness of the invasion—can restore order in that distracted country? Cast a glance at the map prefixed to Dr. Lempriere's book. Here is a country covering, we are told, upwards of 2,000 miles in extreme length, upon an extreme breadth of upwards of 1,100, with a coast-line of over 1,600 miles in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, and over 4,200 on the Pacific Ocean and in the Gulf of California, with a northern frontier 1,792 miles long, and a southern of 532. On the 7th January, 1861, the French forces began to disembark at Vera Cruz. Their sole operations hitherto have been confined to a march upon Mexico, a distance of about 256 miles. Of this distance, they had succeeded in getting over 192 miles to Puebla, when they were obliged to fall back (May, 1861) to Orizaba, a retreat of 108 miles, which left them at only about 84 miles from the point of departure. At the rate of 84 miles in, say, 10 months, over what are probably the best roads in the country, when will the imperial restorers of order reach the frontier, over vast tracts where no such thing as a road is to be found? Again, 70,000

men have been found necessary for the march on Mexico alone. How many will be needed to reach the mines of Chihuahua only? France might drain to the very last drop of her life-blood before she could restore order in Mexico by force of arms.

What, then, can be done for Mexico? The very reverse of what France is attempting; the very reverse of what *Times'* correspondents din into the public ear. "With thirty odd years of misrule and murder," writes Dr. Lempriere, "with half its revenue plundered by malversation and smuggling—with scarcely two consecutive years of peace—*Mexico is still rich and flourishing.*" "The people," he says elsewhere, "are docile and easily managed . . . three steamers on the Pacific would effectually stop all smuggling, and ensure an overflowing treasury to any well-regulated administration." "The present government, though really representing the constitutional feeling and strength of the country, is weak and vacillating." Let it be encouraged, and not brutally bullied, as it was by Sir Charles Wyke; let it be helped and strengthened, and not pulled down, as the French may soon have succeeded in doing. On its banner are inscribed all the principles which can assure the future progress of the country—freedom of religion, freedom of the press, local self-government, subordination of the army to the civil power, the suppression of clergy and army privileges, the reduction of the tariff, the suppression of interior duties and passports, colonization, the encouragement of foreign enterprise in every branch of industry. The reactionist party, on the contrary, should it recover power by French aid, threatens to bring back with it the exclusive sway of Romanism, the privileges of the clergy and army, the restoration of confiscated Church property, the censorship of the press, a high tariff, internal duties, the restriction of immigration to Roman Catholic sources, and the establishment of a central dictatorship. In other words, the programme of the Constitutional Government is unmistakably good, requiring only to be realized; the programme of the allies of the French Emperor is radically bad, requiring to be fought against to the death.

But it is probably idle to suppose that Mexico can ever regenerate herself by her own efforts, even if fostered by European

protection. Her ignorant and superstitious population requires an infusion of more vigorous blood. Her clergy, of whom Dr. Lempriere has no hesitation in saying that they are "the lowest order of pretended intellectual beings" he ever saw, have so identified themselves with the cause of murder and rapine, that no wholesome spiritual influence can be expected from them. Nothing but the inpouring of an energetic Anglo-Saxon population, bringing Protestantism with it, under favor of the freedom of worship allowed for the first time by Juarez, can give guarantees that the evils under which Mexico is laboring will be put down. Let it come from England,—when once the dread crisis of Secession is over, let it come from the Northern States of America. Unless rescued by the hands of Anglo-Saxon freemen, it is perfectly true, as Dr. Lempriere warns us, that Mexico must fall into the grasp of the Confederate slave-owners. So late as September last two separate Mexican States had been invaded by Texan Filibusters,—Chihuahua by one Colonel Beller, under the pretext that he was hunting for Apache Indians; the town of Piedras, in Nuevo Leon, by a distinct band of some 120 Americans. Are these secret allies of the French Emperor, or do they simply co-operate together by instinct, the petty man-stealer with the huge despot, like the jackal with the lion?

Meanwhile there are not wanting those in France who believe that in the Mexican expedition, so thoroughly against the grain of French feeling, the Second Empire will find its doom. A story runs that in September last, as some French troops were being embarked at Cherbourg for Mexico, the soldiers discovered that whilst the transports which were to carry them were loaded with salt meat, no potatoes had been shipped for the soldiers' *gamelle*. They remonstrated and were rebuffed, so, as file after file was put on board, the cry rose up "*Vive la Republique*," which used to give us potatoes! *Vive la Republique!*" The ominous cry (not for the first time sent forth of late from the ranks of the army when displeased) had its usual effect. An instant telegram was flashed to Paris, asking advice, and an answer as instantly flashed down granting the sought-for boon. Potatoes were shipped on board every transport; but the soldiers chuckled to each other: "It is still the republic which has given us our potatoes."

With such materials the Third Napoleon undertakes to re-organize Mexico, and his government is now entering into contracts for two years' supplies of provisions for the purpose. "The last laughter laughs the best," says the French proverb. It is difficult to believe that on this occasion the last laughter will be His Imperial Majesty of France. L.

DISTANCE OF THE FIXED STARS.—It is not yet twenty-five years since the distance of a fixed star was measured. This was a star of the sixth magnitude, in the constellation Cygnus, and its parallax was found to be less than four-tenths of a second of space, which corresponds with a distance of 592,200 mean distances of the earth from the sun, and which requires a period of nine years for the transmission of its light.

This great feat was first accomplished in 1840, by that illustrious, self-taught astronomer and mathematician, Friedrich Wilhelm Bessel, after three years of untiring application to the problem, and constituted an important epoch in the history of sidereal astronomy.

The nearest fixed star yet known is the Alpha Centauri, a star of the first magnitude in the southern hemisphere. This star is nearly twenty millions of miles from our sun; a distance which

would require nearly three years for its light to reach down to us.

It was formerly supposed that the larger stars were much nearer to us than the fainter ones; but this is found not to be the case with all of them. The nearest star is of the first magnitude; yet there are stars of the fifth and sixth magnitudes which are a great deal nearer to us than many of the first. The bright star Capella, which is of the first magnitude, is farther from us than the pole star, which is of the third. This last-named star is so distant, that if it were now annihilated, it would still serve as a guide to the mariner for a quarter of a century. Among the innumerable stars which the telescope discloses to us, there may be those whose light is hundreds, and perhaps thousands of years in travelling down to our system.

From Chambers's Journal.

A VICTIM TO SCIENCE.

ON the very first morning, this autumn, that I essayed to leave Sandstone for London at 8.50, I missed the train by exactly two minutes and a half. It was more than a mile from my new residence to the station (without adding in the "miss," which is said to be "as good as a mile"), so I did not think it worth while to retrace my steps, but determined to remain where I was for the 10.5 express. No railway waiting-room with which I am acquainted is a pleasant spot for the passing of spare time; but the apartment devoted to that purpose at Sandstone is peculiarly cheerless. One of its windows looks out on a blank wall about a foot distant from it, and the other on the straight, white, treeless road that leads to the town. The walls are decorated with the usual advertisements; that enormous Bed, with Sent Free by Post printed under it, with which the public is so terribly familiar; Mr. Bass's inverted pyramid; and the sixteen-shilling Sydenham trousers. There is a missionary-box on the mantelpiece, with a halfpenny in it; but that dropped out at the slit so easily, that it did not afford me the least satisfaction in attempting to get at it. There is also a time-table in a neat black frame.

I felt as though I had entered one of those hair-dressing establishments kept by a female, where the proprietress inveigles you into that awful back-room of hers, with the remark, that "the young man will be with you in a minute," which you both know will be half an hour at least. The book-stall was closed, and the man who kept it had fled away immediately after the train had gone. The clerk had shut himself into his mysterious den, and nothing but fire would induce him to open the same again for fifty minutes, I knew. The two porters were playing some game, with which I was totally unacquainted, with a luggage-truck and a turn-table. There were no less than seven severe, uncompromising chairs in the apartment, but I was ignorant both of Low and Lofty Tumbling, and could make nothing of them.

My wife had been urging me to make haste all the time I was at breakfast, for fear I should miss the train. I now regretted that I had hurried myself. My memory

hovered sorrowfully over the marmalade, with which I had not concluded my repast, as usual; my regretful fancy fluttered muf-finward. I drew my cigar-case from my pocket, and was about to strike a light, when my eye lit upon a dreadful writing on the wall, which I had not before observed: "Caution.—Before a full bench of magistrates at Sandstone, on July 9th, Thomas Jones was fined £2 and costs for smoking in a railway-carriage. No smoking is permitted either in the carriages, or in any part of the company's stations." This was a sad blow, indeed, for it was drizzling enough to make the going out of doors unpleasant. I sat down and stared at the sixteen-shilling trousers until I felt all legs. Then I stared out of the window that looked towards the town. Upon the horizon appeared a black speck, which, after a great length of time, developed itself into a man with an umbrella. He moved with all the slowness and deliberation of a geometrical body; the motion of the point produced the line, the motion of the line produced the plane, the motion of the plane produced a very solid old gentleman carrying a carpet-bag.

I was not displeased to find that there was another victim to unpunctuality as well as myself; but being a person of conciliatory disposition, I observed: "I am afraid, sir, that you have arrived a little late for the train."

The stout passenger's pale face became florid for an instant, and his eye dilated with terror; but immediately afterwards he replied, with deliberate calmness: "You are mistaken, sir; I go by the 10.5. There are still five-and-forty minutes to spare, which is sufficient time, though by no means too much. You should be careful, however, in making such alarming observations; you might cause *angina pectoris*."

"I was afraid, sir, that you had missed the 8.50," replied I; "I failed to catch that train myself by but a minute or two."

"Are you, then, one of those imprudent persons who endeavor to *catch the train*?" observed the stranger with unaffected pity. "Permit me to present you with a little work, the perusal of which may tend to prolong a life which you are doing your best to shorten." He selected a small yellow pamphlet from about a dozen others which he carried in a capacious inside-pocket, and

placed it in my hand; its title was *The Influence of Railway Travelling on Health*.^{*} "I give you that," pursued he, "upon condition that you do not read it in the railway-carriage. 'Under the most favorable circumstances,' says Mr. White Cooper, 'there is on railways a vibration requiring incessant efforts on the part of the muscles and adjusting apparatus of the eyes to follow the shaking words, and in proportion as the carriages are ill-hung or the line rough, are these efforts great. There can be no doubt that the practice is fraught with danger.' You will discover in that volume to what conclusion the most eminent men of science have come upon the subject of catching the train. 'I have, like many others,' observes Dr. Forbes Winslow, 'removed my family during the summer season to a watering-place some fifty miles from London, and travelled to and fro night and morning by express train. I have been convinced that the advantage of sleeping by the sea-side, and of an occasional day of rest there, was fully counterbalanced by the fatigue and wear and tear of mind and body incidental to daily journeys over this considerable distance. I went to bed at night conscious that I must rise at a given and somewhat early hour, or miss my train. I am sure that this does not render sleep more sound and refreshing; and every one sleeps best on the Saturday night, when this disturbing element does not exist—since the next is the day of rest. In the same way, breakfast is eaten with this necessity of being in time still on one's mind. Then, like every one else, I had to get the cab or carriage, and go down to the station; to scramble for the morning paper, and get a seat.'"

It is impossible to render in words the gravity and earnestness with which the stout gentleman delivered this quotation. When he had concluded it, I was about to reply, but he held up a plump finger, to entreat my silence, got his breath again, after a short struggle, and continued his discourse.

"Some of the worst cases of dyspepsia I meet with,' writes a gentleman, with large opportunities of observation, 'are amongst persons who habitually hurry over their breakfasts to catch the train, and who have to work their very hardest in the day, that

^{*} Reprinted from the *Lancet*.

they may be at the station in time to get down to a late heavy dinner in the evening. Such people are dissatisfied because the change into the country does not set them up, forgetting that even the healthiest person could not long bear the lives of regularly renewed excitement they lead—their meals, railway journeys, and their business all being done under a condition of excitement and a sense of racing against time.'"

"I have never suffered any of these things myself," said I, "and I have travelled much."

"That is because you are fat," returned the stout gentleman, calmly. "You will probably die of apoplexy, without any previous warning whatsoever. Dilatation and fatty degeneration of the heart are probably already going on within you."

"Really, sir," said I, "these observations are most offensive; and permit me to add, that if I *am* inclined to be stout, you are corpulent to rather an extraordinary degree."

"Now, for goodness' sake, do not excite yourself," returned my companion; "motion and flurry are the very worst things for a man of your habit of body. I am quite aware that I am not thin, but I am by no means so stout as you think. I wear an abdominal bandage, as recommended by Dr. Brown-Sequard, to preclude any danger from locomotion. It is not quite so safe as taking chloroform into the interior, but it is less inconvenient. I wish I had a spare belt to offer you, but I have only one with me. In my carpet-bag, however—— But I perceive there is only twenty minutes to spare. I always secure a carriage for myself, by payment of a crown a week to the guard; if you are willing to accompany me, however, you shall do so. Two persons may occupy the same compartment with safety; but beyond that, the experiment becomes most hazardous. Dr. Angus Smith observes respecting the number of cubic inches of air in a full railway-carriage, capable of decomposing the permanganate solution——"

"The ticket-office is open, my dear sir," interrupted I—a remark which had the desired effect of immediately diverting the stout gentleman from his atmospheric statistics.

"You go first-class," said he, "of course. A good deal of the impurity of the air is retained by the woollen coverings, and is not

given off, but oxidized in its place. In the second and third classes, also, there are often only boards to sit upon, and the vibrations are communicated directly to the system. An eminent chemist once counted no less than ninety thousand vertical movements in a railway carriage between Manchester and London. The tendency of each of these movements is to produce more or less motion in the twenty-four pieces of which the human spine is made up. Subject to concussions due to vertical movement and lateral oscillation, communicated through the trunk, and actually transmitted by the bony walls of the head, when it rests against the back of the carriage, the brain is indeed apt to suffer. Epilepsy ensues; or—Now, *there's* a man I wouldn't travel with, on any account," said the stout gentleman, interrupting himself hastily, and dragging me after him into the carriage. "Look at his wild eye! He has evidently a predisposition to cerebral disease. It is ten to one that he will go mad some day, and very likely destroy some of his fellow-travellers. He is mad already, to be buying one of those cheap papers, the print of which is always dim and imperfect. That tall shambling-looking person, on the other hand, will probably have paralysis; and even that would be disagreeable to a lady, or a passenger of weak nerves."

"You draw a very frightful picture, sir," said I, "of the dangers of Railway Traveling."

"I do not, however, *overdraw* them," returned my companion. "You will find them all, and more, in that little book. But observe for yourself the people on that platform. Do you not see how gray and worn they are. They are habitual travellers, and the habit has aged them, as you see."

"I have only just taken my house at Sandstone," said I, "and therefore I have never seen any of them before. They seem, however, to be for the most part elderly people."

"They *seem* so, sir, but in reality they are nothing of the kind. 'Travelling a few years since very frequently on the Brighton line,' observes one of the leading physicians of the metropolis, 'I became familiar with the faces of a number of the regular passengers on that line. Recently, I had again occasion to travel several times on the same line. I have had a large experience in the

changes which the ordinary course of time makes on men busy in the world, and I know well how to allow for their gradual deterioration by age and care; but I have never seen any set of men so rapidly aged as these seem to me to have been in the course of those few years.'"

"I am myself a pretty constant traveller," replied I, "and you really alarm me. I feel getting old while you speak."

"I assure you, you *look* so," observed my companion with disagreeable frankness.

"Only conceive a man of your size travelling without an abdominal bandage. Why, sir, I never move without all these things."

The stout gentleman opened his carpet-bag, and displayed a complicated apparatus such as I have seen put on by a professional diver before entering the bell. "'A small horse-shoe air-cushion' (like this), says Dr. C. J. B. Williams, 'around the neck of the traveller, and another of larger size around the loins, wonderfully intercept the noise and jarring motion of the carriages. All the motion and the worst of the noise are communicated through the solid walls of the carriages, and the head and back leaning on them, feel the din and movement in proportion as they are imperfectly cushioned. Now, the air-cushion muffles the vibration more completely than any stuffing; and provided it be not too tightly distended, it isolates from much of the surrounding jar the part resting on it. An invalid thus *air-collared* and *air-girt*, with the legs on an easy foot-rest, and a pillow or cushion or two, if needed, to prop up against the rolling or lateral motion, may generally travel in a first-class carriage with ease. The noise might be further excluded by stuffing the ears with cotton-wool, but this causes a sensation disagreeable to some persons.' I do not stuff my ears with cotton-wool at present," explained my companion, bowing as courteously as his defensive armor would permit him to do, "in order that I may enjoy the pleasure of your conversation."

I expressed my sense of this compliment as seriously as I could, although the appearance of my *vis-a-vis* was more ludicrous than anything I had ever beheld out of a pantomime; I could not, however, altogether suppress a smile.

"You will find these precautions are not a laughing matter one day, as you grow fat-

ter," observed my new acquaintance severely. "An eminent hospital surgeon gives the following evidence of what came within his personal experience on a journey from Leipsic to Berlin; it occurs in page one hundred and eleven of the volume I have given you. 'I was travelling in a first-class carriage with a very corpulent man for my companion, upwards of sixty years of age, formerly an officer of rank in the Prussian army. The train was lightly laden, and the carriages loosely coupled, and we had not proceeded far before we found the motion of the carriage most inconvenient, and, indeed, to my fellow-traveller, most distressing, in consequence of the shaking of his enormous abdomen. I placed him in the centre compartment of the carriage, persuaded him to press his feet firmly against the opposite seat, packed him in his seat with greatcoats, etc., but in vain. His cries were piteous, and his aspect, as we approached the end of our journey, really alarming. For the last four or five hours, I sat opposite to him, at his request, endeavoring to prevent his pendulous stomach swaying from side to side with the motion of the carriage. As I was myself subject to the same motion, of course the efforts were not very effectual, although my companion said it was the only ease he obtained. On arriving at Berlin, I took my fellow-traveller to his lodgings in a carriage, at a foot-pace, and placed him under medical treatment.' I think this is a warning to you at least to wear a bandage. Here is an elastic piece of cork large enough to place your feet upon as well as mine; I am only sorry that I have no duplicate of this sheet of india-rubber which I place under my cushion with a horsehair seat atop of it, in order to deaden the vibrations. The royal carriages, and those of the post-office officials, have already been provided with them. As for ventilation, nothing has been done to promote that most important end."

"We can, however, keep a window down," observed I.

"Not if I know it," remarked the stout gentleman somewhat abruptly; "and when you have read that little book, you will know why. It is bad to breathe bad air, but it is worse to fall a prey to pleurisy, pneumonia, and sciatica. Half the pulmonary diseases in Great Britain, sir, are caught through travelling on the railway with an open win-

dow; see pages thirty-four, thirty-five, and thirty-six. If this imprudence be committed on those northern and eastern lines which pass through marshy districts, the results are almost certain to be fatal. Bless my heart and body, here is a cracked glass—there is a crack in this window-pane, upon my sacred word of honor. Guard! guard! —The man pays no attention whatsoever, you observe. Deafness is one of the affections set down by Duchesne and others as frequently following the labors of guards and engine-drivers; and a very serious disqualification indeed. 'Hence,' says Mr. White Cooper, 'the men rather conceal this defect from their employers; and it is probable that a considerable amount of disease of the ears exists among them.' This guard, you see, is perfectly deaf. My cries are unavailing; the train is actually in motion. Oh, goodness gracious me!"

"If you are afraid of that little crack," said I, "why do you not change places, and remove yourself from its fatal neighborhood?"

The stout gentleman frowned and shook his head. "Do not speak to me, sir; I am about to stuff my ears with cotton-wool, as recommended at page ninety-six. You should never converse while the train is in motion—no, sir, nor read;" and with a gentle violence, he took from my hand the pamphlet of which he had made me a present, and thrust it back again into my coat pocket.

The intentions of this victim to science were so obviously humane and considerate, that I did not like to insist upon having my own way. But his silent companionship was certainly not agreeable. After watching him and his wonderful attire for a considerable time, and admiring the movements by which he endeavored to adapt himself to any oscillation of the train, I turned for variety to the window, on the other side of which trees, hedges, and hay-ricks were racing past with their usual distracting agility. The stout gentleman laid his hand upon my arm, appealingly. "Giddiness—nausea—blindness," exclaimed he with emotion.

When we stopped at the next station, he put the window down (as permitted, he said, at page thirty-seven), and explained himself at greater length. "There is nothing so pernicious as looking out upon objects near

at hand, and especially at those white telegraph posts, from which the wires seem to fall and rise in fancied undulations. See Dr. Budd, F.R.S., page—when you get home, sir, when you get home—page forty-four.”

All the conversation that passed between us was compressed into the stoppages (when my friend unplugged his ears), and exclusively confined itself to the precautions and improvements that should be adopted by railway companies or their passengers. At one station, the name of which I inquired of my companion, he took occasion to remark that all the porters should have its title on the bands of their caps, as their ship's name is borne by sailors. “Numbers of persons naturally deaf, or rendered so by railway travelling, would thus be greatly inconvenienced. And it would conduce much, sir, to the comfort of everybody—see page one hundred and forty-eight, if, on some prominent part of the station, there were roughly frescoed a plan of the neighboring town or country.”

“And do you not think,” said I, “that if wet-nurses were provided by the railway companies, at all their termini at least, it would afford much convenience to parties travelling with very young families?”

“That is not in the book, sir,” observed the stout gentleman gravely; “but I quite agree with you that it should be done. The government is criminally sluggish in all matters relating to our locomotion; while the juries in cases of compensation are viciously lenient.”

“And yet they make the companies pay large damages, do they not?”

“They give a little money, sir, but a great deal of insult and inconvenience with it. If my nervous system sustains such a shock in a collision that my pulse rises from 40 to 140 on the least excitement, the medical people retained by the company “consider the character of the pulse to be constitutional.” If I am unfitted for business—see page one hundred and seventeen—and the countenances of my fellow-travellers with terrified eyes (as at the time of the catastrophe) come before me whenever I attempt to do any reading or writing, these same medical persons pronounce me to be ‘enjoying fair average health.’ If my brain has been so disturbed as to cause an affection of the optic nerve, and *all objects to appear yellow to me*, they simply don't believe it; they remark incredulously that ‘they cannot account for the fact of the yellow vision.’”

It would have been idle for me to have reasoned with this unfortunate Victim to Science; and besides we were just arriving at the terminus; but I could not help remarking, as my companion divested himself of his armor, that if a collision, or anything else, should cause such an affection of the optic nerve as to make some objects appear more *couleur de rose* to him than they did at present, I thought it would be a great advantage.

But as my companion had not yet taken the cotton-wool out of his ears, I am afraid that my delicate sarcasm was thrown away.

POISONERS AND POLKAS.—It is said a lady's ball-dress, which (as many of them are) is colored green with arsenic, will in one rattling waltz or polka throw off enough poison to kill a dozen people. As the girl goes whirling round, the arsenic is whisked off her, and in a cloud of powder floats about the room. Now, if ladies will persist in wearing arsenic dresses, a ball will be as deadly and destructive as a cannon ball, and nearly every one who dances will be food for (arsenic) powder. We are past the age ourselves for such gymnastic exercise, but we like to see young people actively enjoy themselves; and we believe that there is nothing they more heartily enjoy, when they are brought together, than a galop or a waltz. For sanitary reasons, too, we think a dance com-

mendable. Sudorification is at times a healthy process, and not many modes of exercise promote it with more certainty and quickness than the dance. We, therefore, trust that poisoned dresses will soon go out of fashion, and that we may hear no more of ladies introducing the arsenic dance of death. However pretty a young lady may look “with verdure clad,” we cannot possibly admire her taste in wearing what is poisonous. If impregnated with arsenic, her dress may prove as deadly as the shirt of Nessus; and were we a young man, we should certainly abstain from choosing as a partner any girl who took to arsenic to make herself look killing—which there is reason to believe she might prove literally to be.—*Punch*.

CHAPTER IX.

A LETTER FROM TILBY.

MAT DROVER had only been about three months acting as waiter at Tilby Hotel, when he wrote the following letter to his uncle, Richard Drover, who still kept the inn at Coyle:—

"DEAR UNCLE,—I don't much like my place here—it don't answer like an ostler. I'd rather be one than waiter, though I'm full light of foot, and as active as any one could wish, but being used to horses all my life long, I cannot get resigned noways to indoor offices. I think if you would come down here to this side of the country you could get on better than at Coyle, which is too near other places where there are coaches passing, and your wagons aint wanted; particularly as the new railroad's just finished, and all going to ruin for coaching. Tilby is delightful in that respect—being one of the outest-of-the-way places ever was known, and most inconvenient for the carriage of goods and transportation of travellers—only one coach at present to London, and no wagons to speak of: so it would be most profitable for you and aunt to settle in this locality. There is a nice spot called 'The Halting Place,' near Mr. Lipwell's place (which aunt, of course, remembers), and it was an inn in former days, but given up of late, and it would do again for an inn, to my mind, uncommonly well. It is to be let, or knocked down, if somebody don't soon take it, and so I'd advise you to be quick in making up your mind: a good many rooms, and only wanting repairs, and to let cheap, with grass for cows, if required. Mr. Lipwell's son, Mr. Oliver, has just been killed in a duel, and ever since his death, the old gentleman don't care for anything, so he isn't as hard to deal with as formerly; but I hear his wife's very sharp, and making new alterations and laws in the place that are not liked at all. It's reported through Tilby, that Mr. Oliver was privately married to a young woman named Price, and she was only an upper servant or governess, and ran away with lots of money and stolen goods, and was never more heard of. I know it for certain, having heard Mr. Oliver himself say so on his death-bed; but it's a great secret, as Mr. Oliver didn't wish it to be known. Dear uncle and aunt, if you come down here I'd mind the horses, as I used, and not be fretting my life out among strangers, who don't care if I was running up and down-stairs till the Day of Judgment, and call me lazy afterwards. So I'll be longing for you to come *at once*. So pray write without further delay to Mr. Lipwell's agent, Thomas Terry, Esq., and conclude when you see the house.

"With love to Margaret and all friends at Coyle, believe me, dear uncle and aunt, your attached nephew,

"MATTHEW DROVER."

This epistle was received with a considerable degree of welcome by the couple to whom it was addressed. They were still looking much as they had looked eight years ago, when first introduced to the reader; but as they were not described then, perhaps we had better here say what they were like, as we shall meet both pretty frequently in the course of this narrative.

Drover was a stout-built man, past fifty, with hair only a little grizzled, and a stolid expression of face; the eyes were neither prominent nor sunk, but they looked oftener sideways than straight before them. He was not a man of much learning, even for an innkeeper, his wife managing much of the accounts and other business of the establishment. It has always struck us as curious how such gruff, brutish sort of men ever prevailed upon any woman to like them sufficiently to marry them; how they ever dreamed of love-making or taking unto themselves helpmates at all. Well, we must only suppose that they were different when they were young. Probably, Dick Drover, at twenty-five, had a softer heart and sweeter expression of countenance than he seemed to have at fifty; just as Mrs. Drover must naturally be supposed to have had a smaller waist, smaller features, and likewise a sweeter cast of face at that age, than she had at this time. Certainly, neither he nor she were prepossessing-looking individuals now; neither did they look particularly contented or happy.

Matthew Drover, the young man from whom they received the above letter, was a nephew whom they had reared since infancy, and he had fulfilled the part of ostler at the inn at Coyle, till, growing weary of his former home, and wishing to better himself by seeking some employment under some other master, he, at length, procured a situation as waiter at the Tilby Hotel—speedily growing tired of his new place, greatly to the satisfaction and amusement of his uncle and aunt.

"I'll engage he'd like to be back idling here," said Mrs. Drover, chuckling. "I told him so. 'Mat,' said I, 'you'll be sorry yet for leaving a good home, where you was

only too well off, with nothing to thwart you, and only a few horses to mind, and a boy to rub 'em down and assist; ' but he would go, and now let him stay there. What's that he says of going to the Halting Place ? ”

Drover read the passage of the letter more distinctly, and then proceeded to read out that portion alluding to Mr. Oliver Lipwell's death and private marriage.

“ Price, did he say the name was ? ” said Mrs. Drover, laying down her knitting, thoughtfully.

“ Yes,—Price,” replied her husband, looking well at the letter.

“ Humph,—married privately,—pshaw ! it's all a lie ! ”

“ Nay, don't say so,” resumed Drover. “ Didn't Mat hear it on his death-bed ? Mat is no fool, nor a liar neither.”

“ Well, even if it was a marriage—what then ? ”

“ A great deal, maybe ; more than you and I can guess at all in a minute, I can tell you,” said Drover, nodding his head at her.

“ If there was hundreds and hundreds at stake—thousands to be gained by any fraud, Richard, I wouldn't—no, I wouldn't lend a hand to it ! ” exclaimed the woman, striking her clenched hand on her knee, in some excitement.

“ Bother, woman ! who's going to ask you ? ”

“ Very well—let it be ; let everything go on quietly now. Take my advice, Richard. We've managed to get over these few back years creditably enough, but if we go raking up what's past, God knows what 'ill come of it ! ”

“ I'm not going to rake up anything,” said Drover, doggedly ; but still holding his nephew's letter, pondering its contents.

“ I don't care to move down to Larch Grove,” continued Mrs. Drover.

“ Then it wouldn't be an ill job,” said her husband ; “ we could get on better there than here undoubtedly ; we haven't made anything to signify the last two years at Coyle here ; I could remember almost every traveller that stopped a night at the inn since May last.”

“ They're all going the other road now, I know,” replied Mrs. Drover, thoughtfully ; “ but, maybe we might be worse off at Larch Grove ; I never knew people better themselves by moving from place to place.”

“ Ay, but don't you see they haven't got any railroad near Tilby ; it's the railroads that are ruining the country.”

“ Ay, and it wont be a hurry till there's a railway at work down at Tilby, too. There isn't a spot anywhere that's free from them. How would you like to go to Larch Grove, Margaret ? ” demanded Mrs. Drover, of a stout, red-faced young woman, who now entered, with arms red and bare from a recent scrubbing and wringing at the wash-tub. “ Here's a letter from Mat, and he wants us all to leave Coyle, and set up an inn in his neighborhood ; ” and the woman laughed heartily as she threw Margaret the letter. Margaret had rather a weakness in favor of her Cousin Mat, and the idea of going towards Tilby did not seem so absurd to her as it evidently did to her mother.

“ Lawks now, mother, and what if we did go down there ? ” she said on finishing the perusal of the letter ; “ it might turn out the luckiest thing in the world ! ”

“ Ah, child, those that haven't luck in one place seldom get it in another,” said Mrs. Drover, shaking her head. “ You and your father may do as you like, and go from Coyle, but it's my belief you wont find yourselves a pennyworth better off at Larch Grove than you are here.”

“ You are always dismal, Patty,” observed Drover, commencing to smoke ; “ but I've made up my mind that Mat's notion is a good one. I'll just set about thinking of the Halting Place, and whatever comes of it, you can throw the blame on him and me.”

“ There will be great satisfaction in that,” said Mrs. Drover, ironically. “ Well, Richard, if you would take more of my advice than you do, maybe——”

But Drover was not going to be preached to : so he took himself out of the house, bringing with him his nephew's letter, which contained much that interested him, though Mat did not dream of the extent of that interest when he wrote it.

CHAPTER X.

THE HALTING PLACE.

THE inn called the Halting Place had long been untenanted. It stood on the roadside, and being now considerably out of repair, it presented a somewhat desolate aspect. Mr. Lipwell had lately been in doubt as to whether he should demolish it altogether, when his

agent informed him that a respectable-looking man was in treaty about it. Had Mr. Lipwell known at first who this person was, he might, perhaps, have demurred about letting the house at all; but it was not till he had partly agreed to his terms that he understood him to be Richard Drover, the inn-keeper, at Coyle: not that Mr. Lipwell ever knew anything against Drover's character; but it was as we have said—he would rather have let the Halting Place to some one else.

The rent was low; the rooms were pretty numerous, and of good size, and with the aid of fresh paper and paint might be made quite comfortable. But Mr. Lipwell refused to repair any portion of the building; he would let it from year to year without giving a lease of it, and the tenant might paint and paper for himself. Drover, after a slight remonstrance with Mr. Terry, the agent, concluded the agreement, and was put in possession of the inn, removing all his goods and chattels from Coyle, as speedily as possible, and advertising his new establishment in the *Tilby Guardian*. Mat Drover now gave up his situation as waiter at the Tilby Hotel, and repaired at once to join his uncle's family at the Halting Place. Drover had only one child living with him, the young woman already introduced to the reader—an elder married daughter, who was known to have been unhappy in her wedded life, was generally supposed to be dead.

The travellers who stopped for more than an hour or two at the inn were not numerous; but it became a halting-place, as in former days, for the Tilby coach on its way to and from London, and horses were changed there, while frequently passengers partook of breakfast or dinner. The wagons which went up to London every week also got considerable employment, and, on the whole, the establishment presented a pretty fair prospect of success.

Owing to its near vicinity to Larch Grove, the Halting Place was a good deal frequented by Mr. Lipwell's servants, and much gossip concerning all that was done at the Grove, whiled away many an evening hour at the inn. One night the conversation turned upon Mr. Oliver Lipwell's death, and on the rumor that he was actually married to a young woman of inferior position, which, somehow, began to gain ground in the vicinity.

"They say she'll surely turn up some of these days to claim her rights," said the Larch Grove butler. "People declare she was seen abroad lately."

"I believe she wouldn't gain much by coming back," observed Drover, supplying his guest with a frothing mug of beer. "Don't they say Mr. Lipwell has everything in his own power as long as he lives?"

"Yes, everything; but the property is entailed on the eldest son; and if there was a chance of an heir to Mr. Oliver, he'd get it in preference to the young lady that's regarded as the heir now."

"Then the property goes to the female as well as the male heir?" said Mrs. Drover.

"Oh, yes; but the male heir comes first, as is always the case. A daughter of Mr. Oliver's would even come in before the master's—supposing he had one—though that would seem unnatural to my mind; but there's many a queer law, no doubt."

"Then what would be done, supposing Mrs. Oliver would pop in some of these days with a fine boy or girl by the hand?" said Drover, grinning, with a spasmodic attempt at jocularity.

"Bother!" said Mrs. Drover, casting a reproachful look at her husband; "there's no miracles now-a-days."

"That wouldn't be such a miracle either," said the butler; "there's more than one person says she was seen in Australia lately; and others declare positively they saw her at New York; so it's likely she's in one or other of those places."

"Ay, or in both, maybe," said Mrs. Drover, in an irritated tone.

"No, but it's more likely what I heard last night," said Jack Plummet, the blacksmith.

"What was that Jack?" demanded Drover, with interest.

"That the two ghosts of Mr. Oliver and herself have been seen going, arm in arm, round the ponds at the Grove at midnight ever since Mr. Oliver was killed."

"Phew!" exclaimed the butler, sceptically. "If the game-keeper catches them ghosts, he'll soon make short work of them! There's an awful lot of poaching going on of late. I hear them say the pheasants are going off like shot; and the trout even are caught away out of the pools as if it was enchantment. Master Hopton is down with

us now at the Grove, and he's mad for fishing. I think he wouldn't mind sitting up at night to catch the poaching chaps himself."

"Ay, but these ghosts are no poachers," continued the blacksmith; "they were seen plain, going to and fro; and she had her hand pressed on her throat this a-way," said the man, clasping his great dark neck with his black fingers.

The conversation was now interrupted by Mrs. Drover overturning a large saucepan on the fire, which caused a general scattering of the company sitting round it; but as soon as they were again seated, the butler once more resumed the subject of the governor and Mr. Oliver Lipwell.

"Do you know, it was said that Miss Price, or Mrs. Oliver, or whatever we are to call her, never went from England at all," he said. "They say David Wynne knows more about her than he chooses to say."

"That may be," observed Mrs. Drover, "Wynne is a very close man, and he and Mr. Lipwell were always as thick as thieves."

"There's different times at the Grove, now, to what there used to be when Wynne was hired there," said the butler somewhat bitterly. "I believe he ruled the house entirely, and every servant had to curry favor with him, and bribe him, or they couldn't have kept their places an hour. I've heard that, great a man as he looks, Wynne would sell his soul for money, if it came to that."

"Ay, and with all his great love for Mr. Lipwell, maybe he'd be the means of ruining him and his yet," said Mrs. Drover, moodily; "those cunning people often get the upper hand over their employers in the end."

"And Wynne is the very cove that could outwit the knowingest man in England," said the butler, who never could forgive Wynne for certain advice he had given Mr. Lipwell concerning the key of the general wine cellar, and the bottling of the wine.

When the few guests had departed from the inn that night, Drover and his wife held a consultation together, before retiring to rest, concerning a rather important matter; and it was arranged that Drover was to proceed to Tilby early next day.

CHAPTER XI.

RICHARD DROVER'S BUSINESS AT TILBY.

DAVID WYNNE had completed his morning round of inspection and fault-finding,

and was leisurely smoking a pipe while he awaited the arrival of the officers of the board, who were to meet that day, when, at about eleven o'clock or so, he was informed that a man named Richard Drover wished to speak with him.

"Send him here, then," said Wynne, who happened to be sitting on an inverted barrel, in his own yard, perfectly at his ease.

Drover soon made his appearance, and he and Wynne shook hands with a semblance of cordiality, though neither looked the other straight in the face.

"Hope you're well, Mr. Wynne," said Drover, smilingly, and with a little obsequiousness.

"Oh, uncommonly well," replied David. "How are you all down your side of the country? Getting on well I hope?"

"Pretty well, thank you—we can't complain much. Considering the lonely situation of the Halting Place, we're doing a pretty smart business; but I think the rent too high—far too high; and Mr. Lipwell should repair the place, and——"

"Mr. Lipwell don't care a trump for having the place let, Drover," returned Wynne, impatiently. "You may give it up to-morrow, and he'll only be delighted, and Mr. Terry too; so never fret about it being on your hands; you can soon get rid of it if you wish."

"Ay, but not without expense, Mr. Wynne," said Drover, flashing his eyes at the paving-stones of the yard, and its walls—everywhere, but in the direction of the man whom he was talking to, and angry with. "It's not easy for a man to move his family and his furniture and horses thirty miles backwards and forwards, without feeling his purse the lighter for it. Give up the Halting Place indeed! No, I believe we'll stay in it, high rent and all, rather than move again."

"So I thought," said Wynne, quietly.

For some time Drover did not mention the reason for which he had come that day to Tilby; but at length, after discussing a great many irrelevant matters, he entered upon the subject of which he had been thinking all the while.

"You'll be surprised, Mr. Wynne," he said at last, "to hear that I have a relative living here since she was an infant. Goodness knows it's with grief I say it."

"Which is that?" asked Wynne, utterly unmoved by the intelligence.

"A grandchild," said Drover, covering his face for an instant with his large hands.

Finding, however, that Wynne was not in the least surprised or excited, he went on more coolly.

"This child, I believe, has gone by the name of Flaggs since she came to the almshouse, and God knows she may keep it for all she deserves to bear her unlucky father's name. So let it be Flaggs all along; I'll not quarrel with it nor try to change it. But you see, Mr. Wynne, I think it my duty to relieve the almshouse of her now when I am able to keep her under my own roof. It is only latterly I heard of her at all. You have heard me speak of my poor daughter Mary that married unknown to me? Well, she's her child!"

"Humph," said Wynne; "and what's to be done with her now?"

"She's to come home to me—to her grandfather and grandmother."

"And why didn't she go to you long ago?"

"Because we knew nothing at all about her. Poor Mary is only dead a short time, and on her death-bed she wrote to me to say how she had left this child some years ago at the Tilby Almshouse, and begging me and her mother to look after it as it advanced in years; so I'm come now to say I'm willing to take her home with me to do what I can for her."

"Well that's a good thing for her, no doubt," said Wynne, looking pretty sharply at Drover. "Mr. Lipwell was speaking the other day of getting her apprenticed to a dressmaker, or taking her over to the Grove to teach her how to wait upon the young ladies. She has grown a wonderful sharp little piece; can read like a parson, and figure, too, as exact as the multiplication table."

"Well, I am rejoiced to hear it—poor child!" said Drover, apparently about to shed tears of thankfulness. "But still, for the present I'd prefer her to come home to me and her grandmother at the Halting Place; and after that she can enter any service Mr. Lipwell might think fit for her. I'll never stand in the way of her advancement."

"And how came it your daughter abandoned her child in this unnatural way for so many years?" asked Wynne.

"It was owing to her being obliged to separate from her husband and go to earn her bread at service, and she couldn't support the infant. You know it was years before I ever spoke to her, since her unfortunate marriage; and I don't mean to excuse her one bit. She gave me grief enough, but that's forgotten now. I've forgiven her, and I'll act upright to the child."

"You must tell all this before the board to-day," said Wynne; "they'll meet here in a quarter of an hour, and I suppose you'll be allowed to take away the little girl. They're not over fond of keeping more than is necessary in the house, and we're pretty full just now. Would you like to see Little Flaggs?"

"Well, Mr. Wynne, I should like to speak a few words to the child."

Accordingly, the little girl was summoned, and soon made her appearance before Drover. She was attired neatly in a dress that had formerly belonged to one of the Miss Wynnes; her hair was smoothly combed, and the bright flush on her cheek denoted that she was in perfect health.

"The very picture of poor Mary!" exclaimed Drover, eagerly catching her in his arms. "Excuse me, Mr. Wynne: but you know what a father feels. You're lovely children of your own; God bless and spare them to you! Oh, dear!" and Little Flaggs was embraced most tenderly, rather to her surprise; no one before having so honored her, except, perhaps, old Suky Sparrow.

"That's your grandfather, Flaggs," said Wynne, abruptly, "and you're to go home at once."

"Not mine, Mr. Wynne," replied the child, wonderingly; "you know I am an orphan, with no relation in the whole world."

"This one has turned up now, though," said Wynne, amused at her evident astonishment; "and you've got a grandmother and aunt, and ever so many relations down at the Halting Place, where you're to live now."

"O Mr. Wynne, is this really true?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands.

"Well, so this man says, and I'm sure he has no reason to wish to support a child like you if there was no truth in the tale."

tionship. Children now-a-days aint so precious that people want to go searching for strange ones in every nook and corner."

Little Flaggs felt that she ought to be very happy and fond of her grandfather, but somehow she fancied he was not a very pleasant, lovable-looking individual. He wore a great brown coat, a good deal soiled, and bearing immense white buttons, a wide-brimmed hat, and very coarse shoes. Of course she could not rationally expect to find him a gentleman; but will not wild, irrational dreams flit through our fancy in spite of our reason and better sense? Would it have been much more strange if a real gentleman in soft raiment had come to claim her thus unexpectedly as a relation, than it was to learn so suddenly that she was to leave the almshouse and go home with this hitherto unknown, unheard-of individual?

The little girl had been petted since infancy among the poor, grumbling, broken-hearted creatures in the almshouse, and this fact rendered her quite an important young person, even in her own eyes. Every one there had loved to see her prettily dressed, and well taken care of; and in particular, she had become an object of attention to David Wynne's mother, to whom she owed her knowledge of hymns and accounts and other useful branches of education. Had she been older than she was, she might have awakened envious feelings among her companions; but so far, she had escaped all censure and malice.

The only members of the almshouse committee who met that day were Mr. Lipwell and Sir Thomas Combely.

"How are you, Mr. Lipwell?" said Sir Thomas, greeting him warmly at the almshouse door.

"Pretty well, thank you, Combely. Rather perplexed just now, thinking what is to be done with my wife's nephew, young Hopton, who is with us now. He refuses to go back to his last school, and wants to go off to sea, but his aunt wont hear of it, and so he is idling away his time at the Grove."

"How old is he?"

"Fifteen or so; time to think of some profession for him. And he cannot afford to lead an idle life; he hasn't got above two hundred a-year, and that, for a young scamp that has already commenced at billiards and cigars, wont go very far. His tastes are all

expensive, and then his aunt wishes to indulge him, till he vexes her, and then she fancies there isn't such a reprobate on the face of the earth."

Sir Thomas laughed, and was not disposed to take a dark view of Master Hopton's shortcomings. Every one knew that his father and mother had died, leaving him very badly off, and that he was now under the guardianship of Mrs. Lipwell, who was his mother's sister.

Mr. Lipwell and Sir Thomas entered the boardroom, and were quickly joined by David Wynne, who was accompanied by Richard Drover. The slightest possible shadow passed over the face of Mr. Lipwell as he recognized Drover; but he gave him a courteous salutation, as became landlord and tenant.

"It appears, sir," said Wynne, after some preliminary conversation, "that Little Flaggs is to leave the almshouse and go home to her grandfather, Drover here; he says she is the child of a daughter now dead."

"Is this the case, Drover?" asked Mr. Lipwell, fixing his eyes full on the man's face.

"Yes, sir," said Drover, respectfully. "She's the child of my daughter, now dead. She married a ruffian, sir—I've no other name for him; but it's a long story that had best be forgotten." And he drew his hand over his eyes.

"Of course, sir, there is no objection to his claiming the child," said Wynne.

"Well I suppose not; but surely we ought to have some other than his own testimony merely, that the little girl is his grandchild. There may be some mistake. He may himself be deceived in the matter," said Mr. Lipwell.

"Very true," added Sir Thomas. "We should have more proof, Wynne, that this child is really the person that Drover takes her for."

Drover glanced quickly from one gentleman to the other with an unsettled look, that might have reminded the observer of the roving expression of the eye of a fox.

"Have you anything or any one to prove that this is your grandchild?" demanded Mr. Lipwell.

"Nothing beyond my own word, sir," said Drover boldly; "but I can tell you the year and the day of the month that she was left

in the almshouse—it was the 13th of July, 18—, a fine warm evening; so my daughter told me.”

“Look in the books, Wynne, just for form’s sake,” said Sir Thomas, “and see if this is correct.”

Wynne moved to the bookcase, and searched through several large volumes piled amongst others of later date; and after great rummaging and turning over of pages, at length hit upon the date of the child’s entrance at the Tilby Almshouse. The note corresponded with Drover’s statement.

“You are right, Drover,” said Mr. Lipwell, who had read the entry with the aid of his gold-rimmed spectacles.

The man smiled a melancholy smile of resignation and satisfaction.

“It’s all settled then, sir?” said Wynne. “Shall I send for Little Flaggs?”

“Oh, there is no necessity for that,” said Mr. Lipwell. “The child’s presence is not required. I suppose, Drover, you will take her home with you at once. I shall write an order, delivering her over to your care.”

“You will treat her kindly, of course,” said Sir Thomas; “we always look to that in sending away our young paupers.”

“People can’t be hard on their own flesh and blood, Sir Thomas,” said Drover, in a melancholy tone. “Man cannot always answer for his conduct, but as far as lies in my power I will try to remember that this is my departed daughter’s child.”

“And don’t visit the sins of her father on her head,” said Mr. Lipwell, smiling.

“Never fear, sir; the innocent sha’n’t suffer for the guilty,” returned Drover, solemnly.

CHAPTER XII.

AWAY FROM THE ALMSHOUSE.

It caused a great sensation among the paupers when it was spread abroad that Little Flaggs was going away. Some of the half-witted or idiotic inmates came flocking round her during the course of the day, looking curiously at her, as if she were about to be translated to a spirit-world; and glimmering in their benighted minds were a few sparks of regretful feelings.

“Will you come back and read to us any more, and tell us of God?” said one poor creature, laying her hand heavily on her shoulder. “And who will sing us hymns

when we’re resting in the evenings, with the stars above us?”

“I may come back, Jenny,” said the little girl, taking the palsied hand, all crooked and rough, between her own soft palms; “but even if I do not, I will not forget you in my prayers.”

The Miss Wynnes, feeling rather excited at the news of Little Flaggs having discovered her grandfather and being about to leave Tilby, grew generous on the spot, and made her many presents of clothes and books; and Mrs. Wynne, senior, bestowed upon her a new Bible and Prayer-book with gilt clasps, besides a variety of well-meaning tracts, likely to improve her religious views if she could only understand them. (Kind Christians, when you write tracts for the ignorant, bear in mind always that hard words and wonderful sentences are utterly useless to them. Let your writing be “yea, yea, and nay, nay,” or something equally simple.) Mrs. Wynne gave the little girl a purse containing a sovereign, accompanied by much sharp advice.

“Recollect,” said she, “that you won’t have the easy life that you had here—just playing about and idling as you liked; but you’ll have hard work, maybe, to do, and scrubbing about the kitchen in your grandfather’s house, quite different from anything you ever had to do here; for an inn is a busy place, never quiet a minute from morning till night; and you will have to be up early and late.”

This did not terrify Little Flaggs in the least; she fancied herself capable of enduring all hardship, if it were only coupled with variety. And would not the inn be charming, with its coaches and wagons perpetually setting off or stopping? It is true that Suky Sparrow had told her some curious stories about inns, which now and then made her feel somewhat doubtful about her grandfather’s calling; and before she went off finally, she brought her mind up to a great pitch of courage that day, and asked Suky in a whisper if murders were not very common at inns; to which Suky replied that it depended on the sort of people that kept them, for that keeping an inn did not necessarily make a person a murderer, which was a very sage observation.

“There’s opportunities of making away with travellers, no doubt, at inns now and

then ; but it's seldom such things are heard of now-a-days," she said, consolingly.

"Maybe they're not found out," said the child, shrewdly.

"Oh, not all ; there's no such things as murders like the way there was in old times."

"Grandfather looks very cross," said Little Flagg in an awful whisper. "When Bunny barked at him he gave him such a kick, and frowned like anything."

"For all that, you must be a good child, and do what he bids you."

"That's not in the Commandments," said the little girl. "It doesn't say you are to obey or honor your grandfather, only your father and mother."

"It means every one you're under the authority of," said Suky, feeling rather puzzled.

"I think not," said Flagg. "If my grandfather told me to do anything that I didn't at all like, I needn't do it."

"Fie ! fie !" cried Suky. But the young lady shook her head with the determination of a somewhat spoiled child ; and then she flung her arms round Suky's neck, in an agony of tears, declaring she would never forget her. The old woman's wrinkled face twitched nervously, and her lip trembled.

Farewell to the large yard and its steaming sooty boiler, its high walls, and the many-barred windows of the almshouse, and the distant view of the "dwelling-house !" Get your little bundle, child, and say good-by ; for the market-car that you are to travel on has already stopped outside the gate ; and Richard Drover is making way for you among great piles of groceries and meat. The sun was flashing its last beams on the windows and chimneys of the almshouse, and the air was all still, save for the murmur of insects dancing hither and thither, when the child emerged from the large gate of the yard, dressed in her best suit, consisting of a gray cotton frock, a brown shawl, a white straw bonnet, and rockspun gloves ; the parting words of the idiot, Sally Bird, yet ringing in her ears, "Good-by, little one ; good-by, little one !"

Tears were in her eyes as her grandfather lifted her into the car. They drove in silence through the town, and passed the quay, where sailors were hurrying to and fro, and coal vessels sending forth their black store ; and then they came out upon

country roads, where the birds were singing their evening songs in the trim hedgerows, among honeysuckles and wild roses. There was a sort of ecstasy, mingled with a feeling of melancholy, in the little girl's mind as these rural sights and sounds fell upon eye and ear.

"How far have we to go now, grandfather ?" she asked, when they had gone about two miles.

"Three times as far as we have gone already," answered Drover. "Are you getting tired ?"

"No ; I like the drive and the scent of the hay. Are there green fields and flowers at the Halting Place ?"

"Fields enough, but not many flowers," said Drover, so gruffly, that Little Flagg said no more for a long time.

The sun went down behind the hills far off, and then a cool breeze sprang up, waving the leaves of trees and the long grass in the meadows. Dogs began to bark, and the moon appeared in the yet bright sky, while here and there a star shot out wherever the young traveller's eye scanned the heavens. Lonely cottages were passed, and comfortable farmhouses, and high gates of the rich and grand, with dark trees flanking them. Everything was growing shadowy and mysterious looking in the fading twilight. The car at length entered an extensive demesne, with a broad road running through it, bounded on either side by fine old trees and pleasant sweeps of park ; then they turned off to a narrow road among tangled woods and heather, where hares and rabbits were startled from rest at the sound of their approach. It was very dark and solemn here, and the wind whistled and cracked in the tree-tops.

"What place is this, grandfather ?" said the child, in a low voice, feeling rather timid lest she might again be answered gruffly.

"It's Larch Grove," said Drover, smacking the whip over the horse's back.

"And what water is that over there ?" she asked, pointing to a dark pool overhung by trees.

"It's a pond—don't you know ?"

"And isn't there something moving round it?—look."

But Drover wouldn't look ; he whipped the horse smartly, and the pond and the

moving object round it, if there was any such, were left behind.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ARRIVAL AT THE INN.

OUT upon the high-road again, almost in utter darkness for about a mile, with bats flying hither and thither through the still warm air, and then down a narrow lane leading by a short cut to the Halting Place. The car stopped, and Little Flaggs became more curious and interested than ever. Her head was a little confused from the long drive, and her limbs seemed cramped, and her feet rather numb; yet still she looked anxiously at the old inn, now standing in the dim light before her. There were not many lights in the windows which glanced darkly in the upper stories, but the lower part of the house presented a more cheerful aspect. Through the open door the blaze of the large kitchen fire gleamed pleasantly; but withal, the general aspect of the hostelry was not brilliant. It had undergone few improvements since it fell into Drover's hands; the utmost that had been done towards repairing it was in the matter of the chimneys, which had been made secure, and the front windows which were restored as to whole panes, though many a dark back-window looked over the yard, dilapidated and ghastly. Very little painting or whitewashing had been done;—in short, Drover had gone to but trifling expense in beautifying either the exterior or interior of the Halting Place since it came into his possession.

Mrs. Drover received the young stranger in the large kitchen of the inn, and did not seem particularly affectionate in greeting her, though she certainly did not regard her with indifference. The face of the strong woman grew pallid, her whole frame trembled as her eye fell upon the tiny figure of the child. She did not kiss or embrace her in any way; she seemed to look upon her as an apparition of horror. Her daughter Margaret and nephew Mat behaved with a greater show of kindness, both endeavoring to make the little girl feel at home among them; but our heroine had an instinctive feeling that she was scarcely welcome there. She scanned the faces of those around her with much acuteness, and perhaps felt more inclined to give her confi-

dence to the harsh-featured grandmother, who hardly accosted her all the night, than to any one else present. On retiring to rest she found that she was to occupy a chamber to herself, a small garret-room at the top of the house, very unlike the large dormitory at the almshouse which she had slept in with many other inmates. The only window in this little apartment was a skylight, broken-paned, and mended in some places with slate-colored paper; her bedstead was of unpainted deal, her bed of fresh sea-weed, smelling strongly of the ocean; and there was very little other furniture in the room. Before getting into bed, the little girl being alone, for some reasons of her own, proceeded to discover if the flooring of this apartment was whole. All around she looked for some aperture in the boards—a rat-hole, a gap of any kind; but in vain. Then she tried if the door had a lock and key; a lock it had, but no key visible, nor bolt, nor any apparent mode of fastening, save the latch. Having made these observations, she composed herself to rest, having shed some tears to the memory of the kind friends at Tilby.

It might have been midnight when she was awakened by a slight noise, a very faint sound at her door, like the turning of the latch. Starting up, she proceeded to the door, guided by the moonlight, which streamed through the window overhead, and tried to open it, but in vain. The door was locked now. A child often reasons keenly. Little Flaggs was perhaps more acute than most young people of her years. Born with a nervous instinct of danger, a mysterious inheritance, which might have been considered a presentiment of overhanging evil, this child, even when at Tilby, surrounded by friends, had sometimes fearful dreams of meeting with a violent end. When stories of murders were related to her, her blood ran cold, her heart grew faint; yet such was her morbid feeling on such subjects, that she preferred these tales to all others—they possessed for her a fascination wild and terrible. So now, as she stood trembling at her locked door, feeling herself a prisoner, filled with strange doubts, a hundred wild fancies flitted through her mind. Instinctively she clasped her neck with her hands. Poor little slender throat! of what avail would it be to injure it?

Fearful of returning to bed, yet shivering with cold and undefined terror, she stood for a long while immovable, listening for any sounds that might strike upon her ear. Soon it seemed to her that there was a noise of footsteps ascending the stairs leading in the direction of her room. They were slow and heavy steps, as though a burden of great weight impeded the progress of the person or persons walking. They ceased for a minute or two upon reaching the top landing, and the little girl knew that the door of the room adjoining her own was opened, and that the person or persons entered it. There was but a slight partition between her room and the next one, which was used as a sort of lumber-room by the Drovers; and seeing that a light as of a candle glimmered through the chinks of this partition, Little Flaggs cautiously approached it, and found that by applying her eye to a large aperture, worn away by time in this partition, she could make a survey of what was going on behind the scenes. What she saw really, or what she fancied she saw that night, had a fearful effect upon her. The height of a diseased imagination could not have conjured up anything more terrible. After looking through the chink for some minutes, her eyesight failed, her head became giddy, and she sank senseless on the ground.

CHAPTER XIV. THE MANOR.

THE merry song of a lark perched on the roof was ringing through the air, and the bright summer sun flooded the little attic chamber with a glorious radiance, when the little girl returned to consciousness. She found herself lying on the floor, cold, and in a strange bewilderment of mind. Had she fallen asleep there and dreamed a most terrific dream? She hardly knew whether such might not have been the case. Very ardently she wished it was. But how could she ever discover the truth? Could she dare to question any mortal in that house as to whether she had dreamed or beheld reality? Shivering and miserable, she crept into bed, and from utter exhaustion fell into a profound slumber. When her Aunt Margaret came to call her, she found it hard to awake her. She shook her and shouted at her, and finally sprinkled a few drops of cold water on her face which made her start up with a frightened exclamation of—

"Where am I?"

"You're here, child. Why are you so scared looking? Get up quick, and learn to milk the cows, for you must help me with the house-work," said Margaret.

With trembling fingers the child dressed with nervous speed, while her eyes would keep wandering ever and anon to the chink in the partition, till at last Margaret's gaze followed their direction, and to her dismay she approached the partition, exclaiming how the mice or something had worn holes in it; adding that they must be mended at once.

Little Flaggs said nothing, but she saw her aunt put her eye to the chink in the partition, and look through it, and she then felt as if she would faint. Had she fainted at all last night, or was it only the dream of a heavy sleep?

"Come, come. What ails you? Staring about as if you expected to see a ghost!" called out Margaret. "I can't wait, if you don't get your wits right, and make haste."

Thus urged the little girl summoned up all her energy to get ready as fast as possible, and was soon out in the fresh air, among singing birds and cackling fowl. Margaret brought her to the inn-yard, the gate of which was wide open, for the wagon that went every week to London, carrying goods, had that morning gone on its way heavily laden, and the track of its mighty wheels could be seen on the ground. An ostler was busy in the stables, rubbing down and talking to the horses, which were clanking their chains; the cows were in the shed waiting patiently to be milked; the numerous fowl were strutting about the yard. All was very rural from the calves that were bleating for their breakfast to the magpie chattering on the house-top, and watching the little chickens following their mother. This was really the country, with green fields and hedges and shady trees. In spite of the dreamlike terror of the past night, Little Flaggs felt the exhilarating influence of the fresh air, perfumed with the fragrance of clover and bean-blossoms. She watched her aunt milking the cows, and feeding the calves and chickens, feeling that she would soon learn to do these things herself.

As the day advanced, people from the village of Larch Grove dropped in at the inn to make inquiries about a certain young man, named Mark Stedman, who was missed from his work that day; but the Drovers said they had not seen him for several days; he did not come often to the inn. He was the son of the game-keeper at Larch Grove

Manor—a youth very active in the detection of poachers, who feared him much. For this reason it was dreaded that some harm might have happened to him through malice or revenge.

"It is not unlikely that some of these poaching chaps may have given him a knock on the head," observed Drover; "but if so, where is the body? After all, I think it's more certain that Stedman has gone off somewhere on a spree. He'll turn up to-morrow or next day."

But to-morrow and next day it was all the same. Mark Stedman appeared no more at Larch Grove. The magistrates in the neighborhood assembled to consult with each other upon his mysterious disappearance, but could come to no fixed conclusion respecting it. There was no one to suspect in particular. When Mat Drover returned from London, whither he had gone with the wagon, he found everybody at Larch Grove talking of young Stedman. But the matter at length dropped off when something else came to occupy public attention. The general conviction was that Mark was murdered, but the excitement attending that conviction died a natural death in time.

When Mrs. Lipwell understood that the little girl from the almshouse, whom she had wished to bring up as a maid for her daughters, was living at the Halting Place as granddaughter of the innkeeper, she sent for her one day to come to Larch Grove Manor; and accordingly the child was despatched to the mansion, which she entered with fear and trembling. Mrs. Grumbly, the housekeeper, who still resided in her official capacity at Larch Grove, received her with civility, scrutinizing her with a sharpness peculiar to her. There was something in the air and appearance of the little girl, as she stood before her, that recalled to her mind the appearance of some one whom she could not then recollect clearly. After the first few moments of the interview elapsed, this resemblance faded away, and Mrs. Grumbly ceased to puzzle herself about it. The heart of the child beat fast when Mrs. Lipwell and her daughters came down to the housekeeper's room to speak to her; but the gentle demeanor of the elder Miss Lipwell won her confidence very quickly. It was hard to think that this young girl, dressed so simply, and so modest looking, was the heiress of all the broad lands round Larch Grove. So far from being proud or overbearing, Maria Lipwell had an extremely humble, retiring manner, and her countenance wore a look of sadness remarkable in one so young. She was not actually pretty, but very sweet-looking. Her air had nothing of that affected humility and condescension which some

great people assume towards their inferiors, the real nature of which is easily seen through. It was rather that of a person who considered herself possessed of more than was her due, and for which she seemed about to apologize in these words: "I am to be the owner of great wealth, far more than I deserve, but I beg you will not hate or envy me for it, as the thought of having power and authority does not give me the happiness which you may imagine it does." She spoke more to Little Flaggs than the other ladies, and seemed particularly interested by her, engaging her to attend her Sunday-School class, and to come every day for an hour or so to the Manor House, to learn fancy needlework from the lady's maid, Jane Hart. Fortunately neither Drover nor his wife objected to their granddaughter complying with Miss Lipwell's requests, and Little Flaggs was permitted to go to Larch Grove as often as she was welcome there, after doing her own household work at the inn. It was always interesting to the Drovers to know what was going on at the Manor House, and whenever their grandchild returned from Larch Grove she was always questioned minutely as to the proceedings there.

"Is it true," asked her Aunt Margaret, one day, "that Miss Lipwell and Mr. Raynor, the young curate at the Parsonage, are carrying on a courtship?"

"I don't know," replied the girl, "but I'm sure it is not, for Mr. Raynor wouldn't be grand enough for so great a lady."

"That's her own business," resumed Margaret; "many a rich heiress takes a fancy to a poor gentleman. Old Peggy Juggs met them walking yesterday through the demesne, and she had the boldness to speak out and tell Miss Lipwell to take care of getting herself into trouble by a courtship that might not please her mother; and though she's half-crazed she says she could see how Mr. Raynor's eyes flashed fire, and Miss Lipwell blushed like a rose, and trembled all over like an aspen."

"Mr. Raynor's a good man, and I like him," said Little Flaggs; "but still I'm afraid he's not a rich enough husband for Miss Maria."

And now it recurred to the girl's mind how she had seen Miss Lipwell that day looking as if she had been weeping, and how she had appeared to take less interest than usual in speaking to her when she met her in Jane Hart's room.

"Old Peggy Juggs was very impertinent to speak in that way to a lady," she said, after a pause.

"That may be," returned Margaret; "but still it would not make her words less true."

From The Spectator.

THE CIRCULATION OF MODERN LITERATURE.

ACCORDING to the *Bookseller*, the leading organ of the publishing trade of Great Britain, the press of this country brought forth during the last twelve months, from the commencement of December, 1861, to the end of November, 1862, no less than 4,828 new books, including reprints and new editions. Of this number—to follow the classification adopted by the *Bookseller*—942 were religious works; 337 represented biography and history; 673 belonged to poetry and general literature; 925 were works of fiction; 216 annuals and serials, in book form; 61 were illustrative of art and architecture; 60 commercial; 278 pertaining to geography and travel; 283 law and parliamentary publications; 129 medical and surgical works; 243 oriental, classical, and philological books; 191 works on grammar and education; 81 naval, military, and engineering publications; 157 books on politics and questions of the day; 104 works on agriculture, horticulture, and field sports; and 148 books devoted to science and natural history. Consequently, religion stands at the head of English literature, and next to religion fiction; while commerce is placed at the very bottom. The conclusion lies near, that either the great Napoleon has said something extremely stupid in calling us a nation of shopkeepers, or that we have very much altered since the days of the great Napoleon. It is not every nation in the world that publishes between two and three religious works and as many romances per day; not to speak of poetry at the rate of thirteen new volumes per week, with an extra quantity hidden in annuals and serials, in crimson cloth and gilt edges.

The flow of this vast stream of literature is very unequal; sometimes rapid like a mountain torrent, and at other periods slow as a caravan creeping through the desert. There is, however, a constant rise and fall of the tide, returning with annual regularity. It is high water at Christmas, and neap tide during the greater part of the summer and autumn; but the ordinary flood sets in about the beginning of September, and lasts far into the new year. During the last twelve months, there were published in the month of January 354 new works; in February,

387; in March, 375; in April, 426; in May, 389; in June, 415; in July, 337; in August, 264; in September, 169; in October, 423; in November, 432; and in December, 848. The greatest variation is caused by novels and religious works, which fluctuate more than any other description of literature. Whereas 169 religious publications were issued in December, the number fell to 41 in the month of August, and to 33 in September; and in works of fiction, including juvenile stories, the variation was still greater, sinking from 233 new books in December to 46 volumes in August, and 41 in September. So that when the snow lies on the ground—or, within the shade of St. Paul's and Paternoster Row, the fog and mud—the great workshop of literature produces seven new books of fiction *per diem*; after which supreme effort the labor of the machine begins to flag, and sinking lower and lower every month, at last gets reduced to the bringing forth of a single book in the twenty-four hours. Unlike fiction and religion, the current of science, law, and commerce continues its course in perennial order. Science flows at the rate of twelve publications a month; law and blue-books run at the speed of twenty-three volumes in four weeks; and commerce creeps along in the most regular fashion with five monthly works. In the latter respect, the fitful vitality of the "Row" is evidently overcome by the tideless force of Cornhill and the Stock Exchange.

There seems a certain connection, not applicable, however, in all points, between the number of books, reprints, and new editions published annually, and the absolute sale and circulation of the various classes of literature. Religion and fiction again stand high in the latter list; but history and biography follow closely, and works of geography and travel in general hold a far larger share of importance than is shown by the annual numbers of this class of books. Mr. Murray sold 30,000 copies of Dr. Livingstone's *Travels*, at a guinea apiece, and ten thousand more at six shillings; while of Captain McClintock's work 12,000 copies were taken by the public; of Du Chaillu's "*Adventures in Equatorial Africa*," 10,000; and of Ellis's "*Madagascar*," 4,000. Messrs. Longman and Co. sold 4,000 copies of Sir J. Emerson Tennent's "*Ceylon*;" 3,300 of the Alpine

Club's "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers;" 1,000 of C. P. Collins's "Chase of the Wild Red Deer;" and 1,500 copies of Captain Burton's "Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah." Of Dr. Krapf's "Travels in Eastern Africa," 1,400 copies were disposed of by Messrs. Trübner and Co.; of E. Seyd's "California," 500; of Ravenstein's "Russians on the Amoor," 800, and of the world-famous imaginary "Travels of Baron Munchausen," illustrated by "Crowquill," 3,000 copies. Considering that all these are high-priced works, it must be confessed that the public taste is very pronounced as regards works of travel. It is certain that there is not a country in the world besides England where 30,000 people would lay down a guinea each to get a copy of a work on African exploration; or where 4,000 purchasers could be found of a publication like Sir J. Emerson's Tennent's "Ceylon," sold at two pounds and a half.

However, great as is the sale and implied circulation of this class of books, it is but small as compared to that of religious works. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. sold 7,000 copies of Archer Butler's "Sermons;" 3,000 copies of Mr. Maurice's "Theological Essays;" 5,000 copies of Proctor's "History of the Book of Common Prayer;" the same number of Roundell Palmer's "Book of Praise," published little more than a month ago; and 2,000 copies of "O'Brien on Justification." The increasing demand for theological works is singularly illustrated in the last-named book, a second edition of which was reprinted after being nearly a quarter of a century "out of print," and 1,000 copies sold within nine months. Messrs. Longman and Co. disposed of 12,000 copies of the various editions of Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of St. Paul;" of 20,000 copies of the famous "Essays and Reviews;" of several thousands of the "Chorale Book for England;" and of 27,000 copies of the two series of "Lyra Germanica," or "Hymn-book for the Sundays and chief festivals of the Christian year." Mr. Murray sold 7,000 copies of the "Aids to Faith," edited by Dr. Thomson, the present Archbishop of York; 6,500 copies of Dr. William Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible;" 2,000 copies of Dr. Hessey's "Sunday, its Origin and History;" 3,000 copies of Dr. Stanley's "Lectures on the Eastern Church,"

and the same number of the same author's "Lectures on the Jewish Church." A new kind of religious literature, highly popular among certain classes of the community, has of late been introduced by Messrs. Strahan and Co., and has in a very short time risen to considerable importance. The works in question are nearly all handsomely bound and illustrated, yet sold at a comparatively low price, and evidently addressed to new portions of the population, whom the spread of education has driven upwards into the great market of literature. Many of these small volumes, neatly bound in cloth, and selling at from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per volume, are sold in immense quantities. A little work called "Life Thoughts" has been sold in 40,000 copies; "Speaking to the Heart," in 20,000; "Thoughts of a Country Parson," in 16,000; "The New Life," in 15,000; "The Still Hour," in 20,000; "The Higher Christian Life," in 25,000; "The Power of Prayer," in 67,000; and other of Messrs. Strahan's publications in a still larger number of copies. The demand for books like these seems a rather notable feature in the modern history of literature.

Next to religious books, novels and other works of fiction have the widest sale; and the latter even stand first in extent of circulation as regards the productions of certain favorite authors, Messrs. Chapman and Hall sold more than 100,000 copies of Charles Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby," and the enormous number of 140,000 of his "Pickwick;" while works such as Mr. Trollope's "Orley Farm" have exceeded a demand of 7,000 copies. More popular still than the last-named author's novels, and closely approaching in circulation to Charles Dickens's works—considering the period past since the first issue—are the productions of the pen of Mr. Thomas Hughes, otherwise "Tom Brown." Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have sold of "Tom Brown's School Days" no less than 28,000 copies, and of the "Scouring of the White Horse," 7,000. Of Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" the same publishers sold 9,000, and of Kingsley's "Two Years Ago" 7,000 copies. Messrs. Trübner and Co. disposed of 3,800 copies of Charles Reade's "Cloister and Hearth," of 3,000 of the old "Tyll Owlglass," modernized by "Crowquill," of 2,500 of "Reynard the Fox," with illustrations by Kaubach; and

of 3,000 copies of the English edition of Lowell's "Bigelow Papers." Mr. Bentley sold 11,000 of Mrs. Wood's "East Lynne;" 52,000 of the "Ingoldsby Legends;" and 65,000 copies of Charles Reade's "Never too Late to Mend;" while Miss Braddon's "Lady Audley's Secret" was disposed of at the rate of 4,000 copies by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers. The effect of price upon the extent of circulation of works of this class is strikingly shown in the sale of Messrs. Longmans recent cheap edition, at 2s 6d., of Mrs. Sewell's "Tales and Stories," already issued in 68,000 volumes, and that of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," published at 4s. 6d., of which 46,000 copies have been sold.

The very large demand for standard works in history and biography is one of the healthiest signs of modern literature. Of Mr. Smiles's "Lives of the Engineers" Mr. Murray sold 6,000 copies of each of the first two volumes, and 4,000 copies of the third, which was published only about a month ago. Of the same author's "Life of George Stephenson," 5,000 copies were sold, and of the cheaper and abridged edition, called "The Story of the Life of George Stephenson," no less than 20,500 copies were required by the public. A still more extraordinary demand has been made for Mr. Smiles's series of biographical sketches called "Self Help," which were sold to the extent of more than 55,000 copies in this country alone, exclusive of a still larger American edition. Mr. Murray also sold 4,000 copies of Motley's "History of the United Netherlands;" 4,500 of the Rev. Mr. Bateman's "Life of Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta;" 2,000 of Mr. John Forster's "Arrest of the Five Members," and "Grand Remonstrance;" 3,000 of Earl Stanhope's "Life of William Pitt;" and 2,000 copies of Rawlinson's "History of Herodotus." Of Mr. Dicey's "Life of Cavour" Messrs. Macmillan and Co. sold 1,300 copies; and Herzen's "Mémoires de l'Impératrice Catharine" were disposed of by Messrs. Trübner and Co. to the extent of 4,500 copies. The list reaches its zenith in the sale of the works of the greatest of English historians. Of Macaulay's "History" Messrs. Longman and Co. sold the astounding number of 267,000 volumes. Here the proportionate sale of his-

tory is striking, though the volumes of Macaulay are reckoned separately.

School books and other educational works, as may be expected, are taken by the present generation in very large quantities. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. sold 30,000 copies of Smith's "School Arithmetic;" 8,000 of the same author's "Arithmetic and Algebra;" 13,000 of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury;" and 8,000 of Todhunter's "Algebra." Messrs. Chambers's educational works are in very great demand, the sale of these cheap and useful books rising to quite extraordinary figures. Of "Chambers's Information for the People" more than 140,000 copies have been sold in this country; and of the educational "Tracts" the gigantic number of 240,000. Previous to the American war, immense quantities of these "Tracts" were also despatched to our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic; on one occasion no less than 60,000 volumes having been sent to New York, to fulfil a single order. Not unfrequently, Messrs. Chambers sent as many as 100,000 volumes at a time to a certain American correspondent. The sale of Messrs. Longman's educational works is likewise very large. Messrs. Longman and Co. disposed of 6,000 copies of Contanseau's "French Dictionary;" 5,500 of Brande's "Dictionary of Science;" 3,000 of Müller's "Lectures on Language;" 11,000 of Roget's "Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases;" 30,000 of Sir J. Herschel's "Outlines of Astronomy;" and 74,000 copies of Maunder's "Treasury of Knowledge." The fact that the same publishers sold no less than 63,000 copies of Eliza Acton's "Modern Cookery for Private Families," is an event which must stand quite by itself, as a set-off against the often-heard slander that English housewives do not understand cooking.

The sale of a work, as is well known, does not always represent its circulation, and it may be interesting, therefore, to add to the above figures a few facts drawn from Mr. Mudie's great book-store, representing the largest circulating library in the world. Mr. Mudie is, at the present moment, the happy possessor of very nearly a million of books—a collection before which that of the famous Bodleian sinks into the shade, and that of the Vatican becomes dwarfish, as far as quantity is concerned. The relative im-

portance of the various classes of English literature shapes itself somewhat differently, as before given, from the point of view of the supporters of this great lending library. During the ten years ending December, 1862, Mr. Mudie added close upon 960,000 volumes to his library, nearly one-half of which were works of fiction. To this immense collection, history and biography contributed 215,743 volumes; travel and adventure, 125,381; fiction, 416,706; and miscellaneous books, including religious, scientific, political, and other works, 202,157 volumes. Of many popular works, in great demand at a particular time, from one to three thousand copies were taken by Mr. Mudie, the highest number being reached in Dr. Livingstone's *Travels*, of which 3,250 copies were added to the library. In the opinion of Mr. Mudie, every book finds, on an average, thirty readers—considerably more, in the majority of instances, as regards novels, and considerably less in the case of scientific and philosophical works. The most popular novels, according to the experience thus gathered, have been "Tom Brown's School Days," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" and next to them, "John Halifax," "Vanity Fair," "Adam Bede," "Two Years Ago," "The Woman in White," "The Caxtons," and "East Lynne"—in a descending scale, according to the order here given. Considering the large basis on which these statistics are founded, they are not without importance for measuring the circulation of modern English literature, and the literary taste of the age.

Modern French literature is infinitely behind that of England, in quality as well as quantity, though on the first look the latter appears not to be the case. While the *Bookseller* brings its monthly list of four hundred, the *Bibliographie de la France* announces, during the same time, its nine hundred or even thousand new works, all fresh from the press. During the period from January 1 to December 20, 1862, the number of books published in France, according to the *Bibliographie*, amounted to 11,484, which gives exactly 957 new works per month. This seems a most formidable quantity of fresh literature, but it dwindles down immensely on closer examination. The French law compels every author or publisher to register whatever appears in

print, and hence the merest trifles, fragments of a pamphlet, and parts of a flying sheet, are entered in the official list, and come to swell the contents of the French *Bibliographie*, far beyond the limits of the more modest as well as honest English *Bookseller*. In reality the France of our days produces not a third of the number of *bonâ fide* books in England; and the superiority of quality as well as quantity need not be insisted on in view of the well-known relation of imperialism to literature. The following facts, however—collected from the very best sources, and guaranteed as such—may give an idea of the circulation of modern French literature.

The "Mémoires" of Guizot have reached a sale of 9,000 copies; the works of Ernest Renan of 3,000, and the novel, a type of its class, called "Madame Bovary," a sale of 22,000 copies. The celebrated "Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" has been sold in 35,000! "Le Cas de M. Guerin," and "Le Nez d'un Notaire," by Ed. About, in 12,000; and the notorious "Fanny," by Ernest Feydeau, in 35,000 copies. The other novels of the last named author have as yet not reached a sale higher than from 5,000 to 6,000; but the disreputable works of Paul de Kock have now an annual demand of from 2,500 to 3,000 copies. The "Histoire de Sybille," an ultramontane romance, by Octave Feuillet, reproduced from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has gone, since October last, through three editions of 2,000 each; and other works by the same author have had still greater success. The last novels of George Sand have had only a sale of from five to six thousand, showing a considerable falling off in popularity. "It is a notable feature of the literature of the day," writes our informant from Paris, "that really good novels, of the Hugo and Sand character, brought out by Lévy, Hetzel, and other first-rate publishers, have a comparatively limited sale. Even books are not liked the engravings of which are too fine and on too white, satin-like paper." The "Mémoires de Rigolboche," not sinning in this respect, have had a sale of above 50,000, though the price was high.

The French edition of Victor Hugo's "Misérables" consisted of 16,000 copies; while 40,000 were printed at Brussels, 3,000 copies of which went to Italy; 2,200 to

Russia; 1,700 to England, the same number to Germany; 800 to Spain; 700 to Holland, and 400 to North America. Of Thiers's "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire" 50,000 copies were published; of Baron Bazancourt's official history of the Crimean campaign, 23,000, and of his history of the Italian campaign, 17,000 copies. The works of Alexander Dumas and Co. sell at the rate of about 6,000 per annum, besides the reproduction in a number of halfpenny papers; and the romances of Eugene Sue, including the "Juif Errant" and the "Mystères de Paris," continue to have a like annual demand. French school books, on the other hand, have a small sale compared with our own educational works. Of the celebrated "Dictionnaire de l'Académie" no more than from 500 to 600 copies are disposed of annually; and from 700 to 800 of Becherelle's "Dictionnaire National Français." As a set off against this, the pamphlet trade is very important, quantitatively speaking, single sheets often rising to a sale of sixty or seventy thousand copies. Of the notorious print, "Napoleon III. et l'Angleterre," 72,000 copies were sold in a few weeks.

There being no real political life in France, the periodical press of the country to a great extent has got into the novelistic and family-magazine condition, and leaders and reviews are swamped in the all-important *feuilleton*. Consequently, the circulation of the chief newspapers—of "leading" newspapers it is impossible to speak—belongs in many respects to the French book-world, and may serve to indicate the public

taste at the present time. At this moment, the *Siccle*, representative of the *épiciér* element, stands at the head of the daily press, with a circulation of 50,000; followed, at a good interval, by *La Patrie*, with 28,000; *L'Opinion Nationale*, with 21,000; *La Presse*, with 19,000; *Le Constitutionnel*, with 18,000; the *Journal des Débats*, with 12,000; *La France*, with 11,000; *Le Temps*, the incomparably best French newspaper of the day, with 7,000; and *Le Pays*, with 6,000 subscribers; The bi-weekly *Figaro* sells 5,000; the weekly *Illustration*, 27,000; the *Monde Illustré*, 22,000; and the penny illustrated paper, *Journal pour Tous*, 70,000 copies. The bi-monthly well-known *Revue des Deux Mondes* has an edition of 13,000; but the *Journal du Dimanche*, with Alexander Dumas & Co., and plenty of "Rigolboche," an edition of 100,000 copies. The provincial journals of France have all a very small circulation; the largest two being the *Journal de Chartres*, with 7,800 subscribers; and the *Gironde* of Bordeaux, with 5,000. Centralization is evidently the order of the day in France, even in journalism—centralization crowned by Alexander Dumas the Great and "Rigolboche."

To say a few words about the circulation of modern German literature might not be uninteresting, did not the limits of the *Spectator*, even with the largest of supplements, put in a decisive veto. In proof of this it will only be necessary to state that there were published within the last twelve months in Germany the overwhelming number of *fourteen thousand new books*.

OLD HICKORY'S STATUE.—Major-General Butler, among other patriotic acts of his while commanding in this department, ordered that the equestrian statue of Jackson, which ornaments Jackson Square, should be finished by placing on the pedestal the inscription originally intended by the committee to whom was entrusted the work of erecting this monument to the memory of the colossal patriot. The general found that the inscription intended for the monument—those memorable words of the Great President, "The Union must and shall be preserved"—had not been placed there, owing to the secession proclivities of those whose duty it was to have seen this important matter attended to, and therefore he ordered the omission to be supplied. And now the words which marked the devotion of

the Old Hero to the Union he loved and venerated have been cut so deeply into the granite pedestal that it will be hard to efface them; and there the motto stands as a rebuke, by the man who saved New Orleans from a foreign foe, to those who would now invite that same foe to wrest it from the glorious American Union.—*New Orleans Delta*.

"It's only once a-year," as the queen said to Dr. Locock.

"With all thy faults I love thee still," as the alderman said to the decayed Chester.

"Your goodness overpowers me," as the gentleman murmured to the champagne, when he couldn't rise from his chair.

From Chambers's Journal.

FIFTEEN YEARS AT THE GALLEYS.

WITH the exception of the very few Englishmen who have obtained the favor of admission to inspect the criminal establishments of France, and the still smaller number who, like myself, have been condemned to a compulsory residence therein, I cannot hope that any who read this will be capable of sympathizing with me in the sufferings I have undergone, since they cannot by any effort of the imagination conceive the horrors of a confinement in those pandemoniums.

I am of English birth and parentage; but my father dying when I was only eleven years of age, my mother was induced to accept the offer made to her by a French gentleman who had married a near relative, and had frequently stayed at our house during his visits to England, to take entire charge of me while I was completing my education. This gentleman, whose name was Evrart, had been on the stage, though he was known by another name there, and by his talents had realized what in Havre was considered a handsome independence. His first wife had been dead about four years when I went to live with him, but he had married again with a woman a little older than himself, who, I believe, had also been on the stage, and, I imagine, failed, for she never spoke of it herself; and the only reason I had for supposing this had been the case, was from something said by her husband when they were holding a discussion on some circumstance of the past. Her principal occupation was writing plays, which, so far as I know, were never acted, but which she used to read to me, as soon as I had acquired sufficient knowledge of the French language to understand them, at every opportunity. Having no children of her own, she adopted the poor little English boy enthusiastically, and was even fonder of me, and more kind to me, than mothers usually are to their children. As soon as I left the academy, I hastened home; and when we had dined we used, if it were the summer, to take a walk a little way into the country, sit down until I had learned my lessons for the next day, and then stroll along on the sea-shore, madame quoting from her own plays, or those of others, apropos of everything we saw. It would have been difficult

to have found a happier family than we were. M. Evrart was happy, because he was no longer called to account for staying out with his friends late at night, and the kindness and attention of his wife to his little requirements when he was at home at first seemed to surprise, and then to delight him. When I first went to reside with them, he rarely went out with his wife, except when we were going to parties, but after a time he regularly accompanied us in our walks, and the information I derived from him was as useful as the intimate knowledge of their language imparted to me by his wife's incessant quotations, and rather more interesting. I mention these things because it will enable the reader to judge how much my sufferings were aggravated by what subsequently happened.

My visits to England were not frequent, but this was not from any want of affection on my part for my family, but because, having no means beyond those I derived from my benefactors, I did not like to employ them in making journeys which always appeared distasteful to them. The climate and mode of living at Havre agreed with my constitution so well that I grew with great rapidity, and by the time I was sixteen years old, I was tall and as strong and muscular as most men. My principal amusement was boating, and very frequently in the summer and autumn have I seen the sun rising after my fishing-line had been dropped in the sea. The man who looked after my boat usually accompanied me, though it sometimes happened that I was unable to get any answer when I knocked at the window of the cottage where he lived; but supposing that he did not wish to get up, I did not give myself the trouble to wait for him, but went down to the shore, unlocked the padlock which attached my boat to the mooring-chain, and went to sea alone. I have since had reason to suppose that he was not always indoors when I knocked. It is necessary that I should here say something of this man, though the knowledge came to me too late to be of any service in averting a tragedy the recollection of which even now, notwithstanding the length of time that has since elapsed, compels me to lay down my pen for a time until my hand is steadier.

This man's name was Philippe Loret, and

he had been landed at Havre from an American vessel in a sad state of health, arising, so some said, from a severe beating he had received from his shipmates, but, as he himself said, from having fallen from the yard to the deck one dark, windy night. After he had recovered his health, he used to get his living on the beach in various ways; and a very precarious living it must have been in those days, for Havre was not then the busy port it is now, nor was it frequented by visitors to anything like the same extent. However, he lived somehow or other until he became the tenant of one of the prettiest cottages near the shore. He had no wife, but a woman kept his house, and to her, I suspect, was due the credit of surrounding it with abundance of flowers, and the neat and clean appearance of everything both within and without. For taking charge of my boat, and going out with me fishing when he had nothing better to do, I gave him seven francs a week, which M. Evrart thought quite enough; but Loret must sometimes have increased this sum considerably by the sale of the fish we caught, all of which I abandoned to him, except such as were required for our consumption at home, and an occasional present to friends or a harbor-official. He performed the duties I required of him well enough, and I was much too happy to feel annoyed at, or even hardly to notice, his usually sulky manner, and his excessive greediness.

When I was sixteen years old, I wrote to my mother to learn whether she had set her mind on my following any particular career; but she declined to interfere, and left the matter to be arranged between myself and the Evrarts. The habit I had acquired of spending several hours a day on the sea had given me a love for that element; and although the idea of a sea-faring life for me was not welcome to my kind friends, they offered no opposition beyond affectionately advising me to weigh well the dangers I should have to encounter. It is possible they may have thought that one voyage would be sufficient to cure my passion for the sea, if they did not awaken my self-love in support of my desire by opposing it. They only insisted on my going as agent or supercargo the first voyage, during which I might learn navigation, and anything else necessary to qualify me to command a ves-

sel, without going through the inferior grades; for it seemed to them perfectly ridiculous that a man such as I was in appearance, if not in age, should be forced to associate with boys and share their occupations.

It was not long before an opportunity offered itself of making a short voyage to Madeira, in company of the son of a shipowner, whom I knew pretty intimately, and it was arranged that I should go, and that we should spend a few weeks in the island. The time passed happily enough. We made numerous pedestrian excursions, and visited every place which strangers usually visit, and a good many beside.

On arriving off the Port of Havre, the wind, of which there was very little, was rather unfavorable to us, and we made but slow way; still we were advancing, when a large French vessel, which was coming out, ran into us, the top of her bowsprit striking our aftermast just in the middle, and breaking it short off. Luckily for us, the rate at which she was sailing was so slow, that, notwithstanding her much superior size, the shock caused her to recoil, and drove us out of her course, so that we escaped without any further damage, and in a little while we were continuing to move towards the harbor. I suppose the collision had been seen from the quay, for several boats put off to us, and among them my own, in which were Loret and another man, whom I had never seen before. The sea being rather rough, and not supposing it would make any difference in the point of time if I landed from the vessel, I did not attempt to enter the boat, but directed Philippe to go ashore and inform M. Evrart that I had returned, and would be at home in the course of a short time. I was, however, mistaken as to the time required for working up to the quay, in consequence of our disabled condition, and it was near midnight when I knocked at our door.

To my surprise there was no light visible at any of the windows; and when I had repeated my knock several times without receiving any answer, I became seriously uneasy, though I could not conceive that anything was the matter, because I had been told by Philippe that he had seen M. and Madame Evrart that day, and they were both quite well. At last I determined on trying to enter the house by another door. One

side of the garden was protected from the street by a wall about seven feet high, the top of which was covered with pieces of glass. I took off my coat, folded it, and laid it on the top to keep the glass from cutting me. In another instant I was in the garden, forgetting, in my anxiety, to remove my coat. I had no difficulty in finding the door, but it was fastened, and I knew the careful manner in which this was done too well not to know that any attempt to burst it open would be useless. I then looked about for a ladder to get up to the balcony which ran along madame's sitting-room, but could not find one; I, however, found a rake, and by hooking this into the rails, I drew myself up until I could reach it with my hands. The rest was easy enough. The window was open, and though the room was in darkness, I was too familiar with the arrangement of everything in it not to be able to walk straight to the table. Always nervous and excitable in matters where those I loved were concerned, those similarly constituted will be able to form some idea of the horror which seized me when my hands, which I held stretched out before me to protect me from coming in contact with any misplaced article of furniture, rested one on the face, the other on the back of the head of a corpse. I did not doubt for an instant that this was the body of my benefactress; in fact, I never thought of it at all, the conviction struck me like a flash of lightning, and I fell to the ground as instantaneously as if I had been shot. How long I remained so, of course I cannot know of my own knowledge, but it would seem to have been between two and three hours. As soon as I became a little conscious, I crawled towards the door, got on my feet, and staggered down-stairs to the street-door, which I quickly opened and ran to the next house and alarmed the inmates, who were a widower named Talbot, his son, and two daughters, young women. All these came rushing down to the street, supposing the house to be on fire, and heard the dreadful news. M. Talbot got a light and returned with me, and the first object which we saw on entering the house was the body of M. Evrart, lying with the head in a pool of blood. Under any circumstances, the sight of a dead body is a painful spectacle, but how much more painful when it is the body of one we love, and from which life has been driven forth by

violence. There was by this time no lack of assistance, and the body was carefully raised and carried into the dining-room, and laid on the table. Inquiry was now made for Madame Evrart, and I told them that she, too, was murdered, and that we should find her body in her sitting-room.

It is not necessary that I should describe the details of what followed; nor attempt to describe my own feelings. I sent a message to the authorities, informing them of what had happened, and then threw myself on my bed, and gave free vent to my grief. Will it be believed that, in spite of my suffering, I fell sound asleep?

When I awoke I found it was broad daylight, and the commissary of police and three of his agents in the room. He asked me to give an account of the matter, which I did as I have described it above. He then left me to indulge my grief alone, and I remained undisturbed during the entire day. It was not until evening that it struck me as strange that nobody had called to express their sympathy with me in my affliction, but then a circumstance occurred which explained it. The door was opened, and the commissary and a party of gens d'armes entered. The former desired me to dress myself and go with them, for that he had been ordered to take me into custody. I doubted at first whether I could have understood rightly what he said, but I was soon made to comprehend. Of course, I felt very acutely the humiliation of being the subject of such a charge, but my grief for the loss of those I had loved so dearly prevented me from feeling it so much as I should otherwise have done. Even when in prison, I felt scarcely any uneasiness as to the result of my trial; it appeared to me so absurd to imagine that anybody could for an instant believe me guilty. Many friends visited me in prison, and these all encouraged the view I took of my situation. Among them was a lawyer named Langenis, in whose office it had been proposed that I should study the law, in the event of my not persisting in going to sea. He undertook the management of my case, and I thought, from the questions he put to me in preparing the brief for my defence, that he doubted my innocence. I tried to induce him to acknowledge this, but he would not. Had he done so, I would have declined his services, and have preferred to

take my trial undefended, which, after all, might have turned out the wiser course.

When the day arrived for my trial, the court was crowded with my friends, those near enough stretching out their hands to shake mine. I felt comforted by this public manifestation of their belief in my innocence to a degree which only those who have lain for weeks under an accusation, however false, can fully appreciate; and I prepared with calmness, and something like curiosity, to hear how the authorities could have made a case out against me sufficient to justify them in arresting me.

I knew the president of the court well, as indeed I did all the principal officials, and I felt a vague apprehension of something I hardly knew what, when I saw the grave expression of their countenances as they looked at me. The jury having taken their seats, and the usual formalities having been gone through, the prosecutor proceeded to read the *acte d'accusation*, which contained a full statement of the case against me; and I was utterly astounded at finding with what infernal art the most trivial circumstances were woven together into a web, which I felt that I could only hope to escape from by the jury refusing to convict me of such a monstrous crime. The following is substantially the case against me as stated for the crown, and it will show how circumstances may be combined to prove an innocent man guilty on apparently the clearest evidence:—

It set forth that, on the night of the murders, I had left the ship *Austerlitz* from Madeira, between eleven and twelve o'clock; that I had been accompanied to within a few yards of my domicile by Louis d'Egville, who there left me, and went to his own home, where he was proved to have arrived before midnight; that from that time until three o'clock the following morning nothing was seen or heard of me; but at that hour I woke the Talbot family to tell them of what had happened; that the commissary of police had found me asleep when he arrived at the scene of the crime, as if nothing had happened; and that he had found my clothes saturated with blood in several places, lying on a chair beside the bed; that I had effected an entrance into the house in a surreptitious manner, was proved by my coat having been found on the top of the wall; that I had then silently drawn myself up to the balcony, which

none but a man possessing great muscular strength, such as I was known to possess, could have accomplished; and that I had then with a mallet, which was proved, by the evidence of the servants, to have always been kept in a toolhouse in the garden, struck Madame Evrart on the back of the head, as she sat at her writing-table, and beaten in her skull, and all this so suddenly that she had not had time to cry out, and had even retained her position in her chair, where she was found seated, with her face resting on her hands, which lay on the table before her. Then I had descended to the lower rooms with the bloody instrument in my hand, and had killed M. Evrart as he was endeavoring to make his escape by the street-door, in the same way as I had already killed his wife, by striking him on the head with the mallet and fracturing the skull, leaving the weapon with which I had committed the murders lying on the floor beside him. As regarded the interval which had elapsed between my entering the house and giving the alarm, God and myself alone could tell how I had employed it; but it was to be presumed that I had spent it in furtherance of the objects which had induced me to commit the crimes with which I stood charged. There was no evidence on that point, because the servants, who were two sisters, had obtained leave from their mistress on the morning of the murder to go to a village a few miles distant to attend their mother's funeral, and did not return until the following day.

Such in substance was the statement of the crown-prosecutor, made without invective, and without appearance of bias against me. At its close, I noticed several of my friends glanced at me doubtfully, as if their faith in my innocence had been shaken, and I began then to realize the dangers of my position.

As soon as the few witnesses had been examined to prove the facts stated, my counsel rose to address the court on my behalf. He gave my version of the affair, dwelt on the absurdity of even supposing that I, their adopted son, with whom they had never had a dispute, could have been guilty of the horrid crime of murdering them. He insisted strongly on the utter absence of any motive I could have had, and concluded by denouncing in severe terms the harsh conduct of the authorities in seizing and imprisoning me

upon no other evidence than appearances, which I had so satisfactorily explained.

The sympathy of those present in my behalf was plainly shown by the attention with which every word uttered by him was listened to. There was not a sound to be heard beside his voice, and if he had stopped when he had finished stating my case instead of attacking the authorities, it is possible that the jury might have been called upon for their decision at once, and have given a verdict in my favor: but, unfortunately, political feeling was strong in France in those days, and Langenis was too ardent a partisan of the opposition, and too weak-minded to forego the opportunity of displaying his talent in oratorical invective. Whether this was really the cause, I know not; but while he was yet speaking, I noticed the official whose duty it was to conduct the prosecution, give a slip of paper to one of the officers of the court, who, upon my counsel resuming his seat, proceeded to read from it a list of names. Most of the persons named were in court, and when interrogated by the president as to whether they had ever heard M. Evrart express dissatisfaction with my conduct, they admitted that they had not, until recently; but that on several occasions during my absence, he had expressed himself very strongly on the subject of my desire for a sea-faring life, and his determination to oppose my wishes with all his power, for that his wife had done nothing but cry ever since I had gone away, and had made his home miserable. Two other witnesses proved that I was aware that both the murdered man and his wife had made a will bequeathing me the whole of the property of each on their deaths; and one or two others were called to prove that I had admitted that the street-door was fastened; and the police-agents to show that there was no trace either in the shape of broken glass or feet-marks of any persons having escaped by the back-door; though, in answer to a question from my counsel, they acknowledged that persons might have passed along the gravel-path to a little door in the wall, and have let themselves out that way, but they had found this door locked, and the key lying on the floor in Madame Evrart's sitting-room.

The effect of Langenis's attack on the authorities was only too apparent in the summing up of the judge. Justice was not done

me on the score of my irreproachable antecedents, and my youth was urged rather as an aggravation of my crime.

When the jury had retired, I buried my face in my handkerchief, and nearly choked myself in my efforts to prevent my sobs from being heard, for I was wounded to the heart by hearing myself spoken of as an assassin. How long the jury seemed absent! At last there was a hush, for an officer of the court appeared conducting the jury. Can anybody conceive the intense dread with which I waited for their verdict? It was *guilty*, with extenuating circumstances based on my youth.

I believe the presiding judge stretched a point in my favor, when he only sentenced me to twenty years of *Travaux forcés*; but for any difference it made to me at the time, he might have sentenced me, as the jailer tried to comfort me by telling me he might have done, *à perpétuité*.

My first place of confinement was the jail-infirmary, where I had plenty of time to grieve over the injustice that had been done me, and to mourn over the loss of my kind friends and the suffering of my poor mother.

The appeal against the decision made on my behalf by my counsel was rejected; and my next move was to the galleys. Now began my experience of what was implied in the sentence of *travaux forcés*. I had thought of hard labor with indifference, if not with a certain degree of satisfaction, for muscular exertion was a necessity for me, and a relief from incessant thought; but I was not prepared for association with the awful companions which that sentence involved, nor for the ruffianly and brutal treatment which I received from the officials. The convicts were divided into gangs of ten, and when the labors of the day were over, we were driven into a cell, where our rations of coarse rye-bread—a great portion of which might have been sawdust, as it was commonly said to be, for aught that appeared to the contrary—had been placed ready for us. The guard of soldiers, with muskets loaded and bayonets fixed, were drawn up just inside the door while the jailer poured out the soup into the tin mug allotted to each prisoner; and when he had finished this, the door was locked and secured, and the felons in the cell were left to their own devices until a certain hour the following morning, varying

according to the time of year. Great God! what horrors were perpetrated during those hours of darkness. Their conversation was of the crimes they had committed, and so far from trying to soften them in the telling, they heightened them, as I believe, for the purpose of producing a greater sensation. Their language chilled my very blood at first; but, after a time, it affected me no more than a tale fifty times told. The gang in which I was first placed consisted of a man who had murdered his father; another, who had stabbed a friend in a wine-shop; a Corsican, who had assassinated a girl through jealousy; three noted bad characters, convicted of robberies with violence; a vile old ruffian, who boasted that on the very day he had been liberated from prison, he had cut the throat of a young girl; the younger of two brothers, who had been convicted of drowning their blind sister to save the expense of her maintenance; a man who was said to have murdered nine persons, including a jailer, but who never spoke a single word in my hearing during the three years that he remained in the same cell; and myself.

I escaped personal molestation for the first two or three nights by feigning illness. The fetters which bound every two or three of us together during the day were unlocked as we entered our cell, and each was left detached until the following morning, so that I was able to lie down on the bench which served as a bed, turn my head to the wall, and pretend to be asleep. It was summer at this time, and a certain amount of light was admitted into the cell through two small grated openings in the wall for about two hours after we were turned into the den. As soon as my associates had finished their soup, they began to gamble in a way peculiar to themselves for portions of the bread they had reserved for this purpose. When it became too dark to continue this, they drew together, and began to talk. Much of their language being *argot*, I did not understand all that was said, but I was too intimately acquainted with the French spoken by all classes not to be able to follow the different speakers; and but for the horrible blasphemies they uttered at almost every instant, I believe I should have felt interested in some of the tales they told of their past life. As it was, I shuddered, and

dreaded the arrival of the moment when it might please one of the more sensitive of the ruffians to regard my keeping aloof from them as an evidence of pride. The time was not long in coming; but I had had time to learn from their conversation so much of their antecedents as enabled me to form some idea of their individual characters, and to decide on the course of action I should take when the occasion came.

From the first day I entered the *bagne*, either by accident, or more likely from wanton brutality on the part of the jailers, I had been fastened to the old ruffian who had murdered the girl. Though talking was forbidden while at work, it was impossible to prevent those chained together from speaking to each other in a low voice, and my chain-mate, as he was called, had frequently spoken to me, while I had steadily abstained from replying.

One night, after supper had been finished, this fellow stood forward and made a kind of oration, stating his griefs against me. He charged me with being too proud to associate with my brethren in captivity, and so forth, and finished by calling upon me for explanations and apologies. I made no answer, but waited as resolutely as I could for what would follow. They formed themselves into a mock court, the president of which called upon me for my defence; and desired me to state the circumstance to which they were indebted for the honor of my presence among them. At first, I thought of remaining silent, but a moment's reflection convinced me that it would be better once for all to take up a position and adhere to it. I therefore, in as few words as possible, replied that I was in there because I had been convicted of having killed my father and mother; that as we had all an equal right to do what we pleased while we were in the cell, I claimed the right for myself of remaining silent, or of speaking, whichever I pleased.

After some conversation amongst themselves, the pretended judge pronounced sentence.

It does not matter what this sentence was, but I was determined to resist its infliction to the last gasp. Already there was a movement towards me on the part of five or six of the band, the fellow who had acted as president keeping his seat on the bench.

He was the man who had murdered his father, and exercised a good deal of influence over the rest on the ground of his being the senior occupant of the cell, and by far the most powerful among them in physical strength. I made a rush at him before the others were aware of my intention, and he had just time to rise to his feet and put up his hands before falling to the ground, his head striking it with such force as to be distinctly heard, although the floor was nothing but an earthen one. I thought this would intimidate the others, but it did not, for making a rush at me altogether, I was so wedged in, that I had not room to use my arms. I felt that my time had come, and that further resistance would be of no use; still this did not prevent me from continuing to resist with all my might; at last, one of the brutes got hold of the upper part of my right arm with his teeth, and held it so firmly that I could not get it away from him. Three or four hands were pressing on my throat, when there was a report of a gun in the cell, something liquid spirted into my face, which caused me to close my eyes, and when I opened them again, my assailants had dispersed to their respective benches, all except one man, who lay at my feet, with the blood pouring from his broken forehead, and *Le Muet*, who had not joined in the attack upon me, and was now standing by the cell-door.

It was evident that the gun had been fired by one of the guard at random, to put an end to the disturbance; but nobody entered the cell to see if any of us had been hurt, so that I could make no appeal to the jailer to be removed to another place. All that night I sat on my bench with my back against the wall, prepared to defend myself in the event of another attack being made upon me. I dared not go to sleep, and yet I more than once found myself growing so drowsy that it required my utmost efforts to prevent my doing so. I tried to distinguish the figure of the dead man, thinking that the horror inspired would keep me wakeful; but it is astonishing how little of that feeling is awakened by the contemplation of the corpse of one who has been killed in an attack on our own proper person. However, the weary night came to an end at last. At the usual hour every one rolled from his bench, except the individual who

had officiated as judge the night before, and the corpse of him who had been shot, which lay just as it had fallen. I watched their movements narrowly, but they seemed to take very little notice of me. When the turnkey threw open the door, I stood back until the last, for fear of what might happen to me if I were mixed up with the rest. Just before me was *Le Muet*, but the jailer put his hand on his shoulder as he was passing out, and pushed him roughly back, pointing at the corpse, and telling him to pick it up, and ordered me to go on with the rest.

Once in the course of the day I had an opportunity of speaking to an official of some importance, and tried to explain what had taken place, and my fears that the attack upon me would be renewed; but he ordered me, in a brutal tone, to be silent; that I had nothing more to fear, and that I was too worthy of the company I was in to be removed elsewhere. My blood boiled at this treatment, for I had not yet realized that, however innocent I might know myself to be, to others I must appear as the murderer of two persons who had shown me nothing but kindness. I replied in a way which so enraged this functionary that, after heaping upon me a volley of curses, he ordered me to be taken where I certainly should not have cause to complain of being molested. The idea which suggested itself to his mind as he gave this order seemed to mollify him, for he laughed and walked away. That night, instead of being marched back to the same cell with the rest of the gang, I was shut up alone in a dungeon where there was no light whatever, so that I passed at once from daylight to total darkness. Everything I touched was wet, and the stench was so strong that I gasped for breath for some time after the door was shut. Tired with the hard day's work I had undergone, I groped my way round the dungeon in search of a place to lie upon, like that to which I had been accustomed for the last few nights, but could feel nothing but the slimy stones going straight to the ground. There being no choice in the matter except standing, I lay down on the filthy floor, and had fallen sound asleep, when I was disturbed by a light shining full on my face. I heard a voice ejaculate: '*Pauvre jeune homme!*' I looked at the man who

held the lantern without speaking, and he was equally silent, but pointed to the ground beside me. I turned over, and found that he had brought me the usual piece of bread, but no soup, only water, which I liked just as well. He did not wait while I ate it, but having called my attention to it, he took the light away, and left me to do that in the dark. The next day I was restored to the cell in which I had been first placed, my chain-companion being now *Le Muet*. So far this was an absolute improvement in my condition, for under the circumstances, there was nothing I desired more than to be spared the conversation of a brutal companion. Not the slightest inquiry was ever made, so far as I know, as to the disturbance of the previous night; whether, which is very probable, we were regarded as such a set of brutal ruffians that it mattered little how one of us finished his career, and that the jailers had means of overhearing what passed in the cells without entering them, which I think they must have had, for I could never discover the opening through which the gun had been fired; or whether, as I have sometimes thought since, the *mute* earned a mitigation of his sentence by acting as a spy, I cannot say, but no allusion was ever made to the death of the one who was shot, or the ultimate fate of the fellow who had officiated as president, who disappeared from the cell the same day with the corpse.

I fully expected that I should be the object of another and more systematic attack, but this was not to be; and as to any single-handed onset, I had nothing to fear on that score, seeing that they had no weapons. Jeers and insults I of course had to encounter, but these I never noticed so long as they were confined to words, and when they went beyond this I had recourse to remedies which were the only effectual ones in dealing with wretches of their species.

For three years I worked on in silence almost as profound as that of the man who was chained to me, the only speech I held being at rare intervals with the directors of the works on which we were employed. At the end of that time my companion disappeared, but whether he was liberated or sent abroad, I never heard. Strange as it may seem, notwithstanding the crimes of

which he had been guilty, I had become so accustomed to his presence, that I felt sorry when he was sent away. Perhaps, too, the fear that the individual who would take his place would be less easy to control, might have some share in inspiring this feeling. For some days I was left alone, and I began to hope that this might be continued as some compensation for my irreproachable conduct, for my reflections while in that horrible hole I have described had led me to perceive how useless would be any attempt at resistance, and that I ought to bear in mind the point of view from which the official mind must regard me. This, though it enabled me to control my temper and not lay myself open to punishment for insubordination, did not prevent me from suffering terribly when I was subjected to the brutal insolence of the officials; and this was not unfrequently the case, for they were so accustomed to treat those under their authority with such peremptory savageness, that they made no distinction between those who did their work cheerfully, and those who did it with dogged reluctance. My hope that I might be left alone was soon upset. One morning, a man but little older than myself, but more heavily ironed, was linked to me. We examined each other's faces attentively. He had a hard and equivocal, though not absolutely bad expression of countenance, and I could not help feeling a kind of interest in learning his antecedents. The predominant expression of his countenance, however, as he looked at me, was perplexity. He did not attempt that day to disobey the rule which forbade talking, but he made up for his silence when we were shut up in our cell for the night. He answered all questions readily, and it was soon known that he had got on extra fetters, because he had once succeeded in making his escape from the prison in which he had been confined before being sent here. The particular offence for which he had been sent here was that of nearly killing a game-keeper; but, according to his own shewing, that was not worse than some other offences of which he had been guilty: on the whole, however, he might have been worse.

I hate croaking, and feel a certain contempt for a man who utters fruitless complaints; so I will say very little more of my

sufferings, and come as rapidly as I can to the period when I became once more a free man.

My length of service did not bring with it any alleviation of my condition. My health did not suffer much, however, in consequence, I suppose, of my being almost always in the open air, and engaged in hard manual labor; but, in spite of my utmost efforts, I could not prevent my mind from frequently dwelling on the different career I might have been pursuing had I followed my friends' wishes, and never undertaken that fatal voyage.

I had been a prisoner for fifteen years, when one Saturday afternoon, as we were sweeping up the yards previous to leaving off work for the day, I was a little startled by the hasty way in which the turnkey came up to me and unlocked the fetter on my wrist. When he had done this, a man who had accompanied him, and whom I had scarcely noticed, came close to me and offered me his hand. I looked intently at him, but though my memory of faces is remarkably good, it was some time before I could trace in the changed face before me the likeness of my friend and counsel, Langenia. We shook hands, with feelings on my side which I did not attempt to analyze. I saw in his changed appearance my youth already gone. The recollection of the dreams of happiness I had once formed, which his presence revived only to prove how helpless now was their fulfilment, gave me such acute anguish, that for the moment I should have felt grateful if death had smitten me where I stood. My philosophy (by which I mean something that appears to me too sacred to be mentioned in speaking of matters of common life) restored my self-command. It had never occurred to me that his visit could have any other motive than a desire to take advantage of his presence in the town to inquire whether I were alive or dead; but when the turnkey presented the governor's compliments, and requested that I would step up to his apartments, it struck me instantly that my innocence had been at last discovered; for though my good conduct might have procured for me a remission of part of my sentence, that remission would not have procured for me a message from the governor couched in such terms. Try all I could, I

found it difficult to walk firmly. The feelings of anger at the injustice of which I had been the victim, the thought of the happiness I had been so unjustly deprived of, and the humiliations and moral tortures to which for fifteen years I had been subjected, all of which I had labored so resolutely to crush out of my memory, overwhelmed me like a flood. A deadly faintness came over me, and had I not caught hold of Langenia's arm, I should have fallen to the ground. There were several gangs of convicts assembled in front of the governor's house, and among them that of which I formed part. The governor himself stood there with several of the higher officials, and came forward to meet me, and shook me heartily by the hand, congratulated me on my innocence being at last discovered, and regretted that I had been made to suffer so much undeservedly. He then called the locksmith to remove the fetters from my legs. The latter was about to unlock them, but the other exclaimed passionately: "Break them! break them! The irons of an innocent man should be broken, and not opened like those of a pardoned thief!"

When this had been done, the governor took me by the arm and led me into his house, followed by several other persons. I was very warmly congratulated by the ladies present, and, indeed, by everybody whom I came near; but we soon retired into the governor's private office that I might receive an account of the manner in which my innocence had been discovered, and which will not take long to relate. I copy it from the statement given me by Langenia.

"The Père Philippart having prepared the mind of Agnes Desnoyers for the announcement that her illness must inevitably end fatally, exhorted her to make full confession of her sins, that she might receive absolution before departing from the world. For some time she steadily refused, and obstacles were thrown in the way of the good father having access to her by Philippe Loret, who scarcely ever left her. Very early one morning Père Philippart was returning from the death-bed of one of his congregation, and in doing so he passed Loret's cottage. There was a light in the sick woman's room, and it occurred to him that she might be in her last agonies; he therefore tried

the door, and found that it was not fastened, and entering, he walked up-stairs. She was quite sensible, and knew him directly, and asked him eagerly if he thought she could live many hours longer. There was a great change for the worse in her appearance since he last saw her, so he told her he thought not. She then begged him very earnestly to receive her confession at once, before Loret's return. This he did; but there was one portion of it having reference to the murder of M. and Madame Evrart, which he told her ought to be put in writing and signed by her, inasmuch as the proof of the innocence of an individual wrongly convicted depended upon it. To this, after much persuasion, she consented. The following is the statement written by the priest at her dictation, and signed by her:—

“ ‘ On the morning of the day on which M. and Madame Evrart were murdered, Madame Evrart called here [at the cottage], and told me that she had given both her servants leave to go home to attend their mother's funeral, and asked me if I would come up to her house and dress the dinner. I promised I would, and as soon as Philippe Loret came in I told him where I was going. He made no objection, and I went. Madame let me in, and I found everything in the house required for the dinner, so that I had no occasion to go out during the day. They dined at five o'clock, and afterwards Madame went up-stairs to her room. Monsieur was not well, and did not go out; and when I took up coffee, which was at about eight o'clock, he was playing at chess with Madame in her room. It was soon after this I heard Philippe calling me, and I went to the window to see what he wanted. He told me he had a message for M. Evrart, but that he wanted to speak to me first, and that I must open the door quietly and let him in. Madame, who seemed very nervous, had ordered me to fasten the street-door very carefully; so after I had let him in, and a young man who was with him, I put up all the fastenings again, and they followed me into the kitchen. Philippe asked me several questions about where M. and Madame Evrart were, and, not thinking any harm, I told him. In a little while, I heard monsieur come down-stairs, and we saw him go towards the bottom of the garden. It was getting dark then, but we could see that he was smoking. In a minute or two he came in-doors. Philippe took a hammer out of his pocket, but the other man said something to him, and he put it back, and picked up a mallet which lay on the floor. Then they

both took off their shoes, and I got frightened; but I did not know what they were going to do. There was a short passage between the kitchen and the hall, and I followed them to see what would happen. M. Evrart was standing with his back to the passage, looking at the street-door. Philippe crept close to him, and struck him on the back of the head with the mallet, and he fell on his face on the floor; then he struck him again several times on the head, and left the mallet beside him, and went up-stairs. I followed him, for I was afraid to remain alone near the dead body. When we went into Madame's room, she was sitting in her chair, her hands on the table, and her face resting on her hands as if she were asleep; only I could see she was dead, because the blood was running from her hair in little streams on to the floor. It was not Philippe who killed her, for she was dead before he went into the room, but the man who came with him, and whom we found searching in a desk which stood on the table. I begged Philippe to let me out of the house, but he refused, and forced me to help them to search the drawers and other places, where it was likely that valuable things might be kept. They opened these places if they happened to be locked with the bunch of keys I had often seen hanging from Madame's waist, and when they had finished, I was made to put the things they had thrown on the floor back carefully, as if they had not been disturbed. I dare say it was a little after ten o'clock when we went into the garden to leave the place. Philippe pulled the house-door to, which fastened itself, then opened the little door in the wall, and he and the other man stood behind it, while I looked out to see if anybody was in the street. There was nobody to be seen, and Philippe told the other man to go on before to his house; then he shut the door and locked it, and threw the key towards the open window of Madame Evrart's room.

“ ‘ We went straight along the road until we came to the footpath leading across the fields to our cottage, so that we got home without meeting anybody. I fell down two or three times going along, for I was crying, so that I could not see. When we got home, we found the man who had murdered Madame waiting for us. Philippe told me to make haste and get the supper ready, while he and André went to see if the boat was lying-off. He came back in about an hour alone, and said that André was watching, and would most likely go on board after he had helped to land the cargo in the cave. I saw there was blood on his blouse and on his hands, and splashes of it on his face. I began to cry again, and he took off his blouse

and put it in the fire, and washed his hands and face. He was very kind to me, and kissed me very much, I went to bed, but he did not, as he said the *Volage's* boat would come in with the tide. I never saw André afterwards, but if you search the ground under the dung-heap, behind the arbor, you will find his body.

"For more than three months from this night I never went outside our garden, for fear somebody might speak to me about the murder; and it was nearly two years afterwards before I heard that young M. Charles had been sent to the galleys for murdering his father and mother. I told Philippe when I got home what I had heard, and it was then he told me that he and André had quarrelled about the money and had fought; that André had tried to stab him, and he had killed him in the scuffle, and buried him behind the arbor.

"I liked M. Charles very much—he was so young and gay, and used to speak to me so kindly, and often brought me pastry and fruit when he came to give orders about his boat; but I loved Philippe like my own soul, and I could not betray him to death, and he knew it, and has always been as kind to me as any man could be; but now that I am about to appear before the great God I must speak, and I have told the whole truth.

(Signed) "AGNES DESNOYERS."

"The Père Phillippart was still praying beside the dying woman when Loret entered the room. The ink was still on the table, and he seemed to comprehend at a glance what had occurred. He came to the bedside and looked steadily at the woman. The poor creature put her hand towards him and murmured in a low tone: "I am dying, my Philippe." After a moment's hesitation, he knelt down by the bedside, and took the hand in his which she offered him, kissed it, and held it for some minutes. Then he laid it on the bed, rose and kissed her repeatedly on the face, and quietly left the room. All this time the priest continued to pray, and when at last he spoke to the woman and receiving no answer, laid his hand on her forehead, he found that only the earthly shell remained—the immortal part had entered upon a new phase of existence. He gently drew down the eyelids, and was about to leave the room, when he found that the door was fastened, and all his strength was insufficient to force it open. He went to the window, but this was too narrow for him to get through, even if it had not been too high for a man

of his age to drop from; and here he remained waiting for somebody to pass to whom he might appeal for assistance. The cottage being beside the sea, and removed a considerable distance from any other, it was not much a matter of surprise to him that hour after hour passed by without his seeing any body. The opportunity came at last, however; but it was near sunset before he was able to lay the confession before the authorities, so that very little could be done in searching for Loret that night. At the first glimpse of daylight the following morning, the principal authority of the town, myself [Langenis], and a body of gens d'armes entered Loret's cottage. We found a woman there whom the priest had sent up the preceding night, but she had seen nothing of the man of whom we were in search. The whole day was spent in looking for him without success, and hitherto he has escaped apprehension. The heap of refuse behind the arbor was removed, and the ground dug up, and about a metre below the surface we found the skeleton of a man, to which still adhered fragments of clothes. In the course of the search we discovered a passage running down into the ground for some distance. It was very steep, and brought us out at last to a small platform, the front of which was planted with shrubs. This platform was on a kind of promontory, up to which the tide flowed to a considerable depth at high-water. One of the gens d'armes suggested the use to which this passage was put, and a further search was made with the object of discovering whether there was or not a storehouse for smuggled goods, which was successful. Behind some growing shrubs an opening was discovered which admitted us into a cave of no great size, and almost filled with contraband articles, chiefly tobacco. We expected to find Loret here, but were disappointed; and we are now pretty certain that he took advantage of the priest's imprisonment to get on board the smuggler, the crew of which he in all probability persuaded that their hiding-place had been discovered, and he has thus made his escape.

"A statement of the whole case was drawn up," added Langenis, "and sent with the confession of Agnes Desnoyers to the home minister, and in the shortest possible time an order was transmitted for your release in the manner which should most clearly prove

the recognition by the government of your innocence; and also that as much of the property which had been left by M. and Madame Evrart as could be recovered, should be restored to you with the least possible delay."

The governor invited me to dine with him, and to stay in his house a few days; but I had such an intense desire to find myself free, in the open fields, that I refused to remain an instant longer than was necessary to get decent clothes to cover me, from a shop in the town. When I had put on the clothes which the tailor brought me, I went to the glass, and I am almost ashamed to acknowledge that I trembled and hesitated before regarding myself therein. At last I had the courage to do it, and what did I see? Instead of the clear, brilliant complexion and rosy cheeks I had seen when I last saw myself in a glass, I was looking at a gray-haired man, with a pale face, covered

with innumerable little wrinkles. My heart swelled, but I turned for consolation where in my long imprisonment I had been accustomed to seek it, and found it.

I accepted from Langenis a sum of money on account of what was due to me, shook hands with him and the governor and, amidst audible expressions of sympathy from all present, with brimming eyes and a sad heart, I stepped into the street, free to go where I pleased. I walked straight along till I reached the open country, where I sat down under a tree growing beside a brook, and with a piece of bread I broke from a loaf I had bought coming along, and the water flowing below me, I made a meal which tasted sweeter than any I had eaten in my life before. I spent the night in thought beneath that tree, looking with wonder and admiration at the stars which had been hidden from my view for so many weary years.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR RENWICK.—Professor James Renwick, LL.D., died at his residence in this city, on 12 Jan. He was born in 1785, was graduated at Columbia College, in this city, in 1807, and in 1820 was elected professor of chemistry and physics in that institution. This post he held till 1854.

In 1838 Professor Renwick was appointed by the Government one of the Commissioners for the exploration of the north-eastern boundary between the United States and New Brunswick, an exploration which led to the Ashburton treaty in 1842. He wrote the biographies of Robert Fulton, David Rittenhouse, and Count Rumford, in Sparks's American Biography; and was the author also of a "Memoir of Dewitt Clinton," published in 1834; of a "Treatise on the Steam Engine;" and a "Treatise on the Practical Application of the Principles of Mechanics." (1840.)

His "Outlines of Natural Philosophy," published in two volumes, in 1832, was the earliest extended work on that subject printed in the United States. He was author also of "Outlines of Geology," and of text-books on Chemistry and Philosophy, for the use of schools.

Mrs. Renwick, the mother of the professor, is mentioned in the "Life and Letters of Washington Irving" as "the lady whose name will be held in honor as the heroine of 'The Blue-Eyed Lassie'" of Burns. She was the daughter of the Rev. Andrew Jeffrey, of Lochmaben, Scotland, and passed the greater part of her life in New York, where her house was a cherished resort of Mr. Irving.

Mr. Renwick had, according to Mr. Pierre Irving, often met Burns at her father's fireside, and beside the "Blue-Eyed Lassie," he made her the subject of another song, "When first I saw my Jennie's Face," not published in the poet's works, the concluding stanza of which runs thus:—

"But gang she East, or gang she West,
'Twixt Frith and I weed all over,
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
She'll always find a lover."

Professor Renwick was one of the contributors to the first *New York Review*, conducted by Messrs. Anderson, Bryant, and Sands, and the *Whig Review*, and one of the earliest members of the Century Club.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

ADVICES FROM LYONS state that the sale of raw silk is difficult there. The merchants of that city, taking into consideration the great increase in the quantity of foreign silk imported into France, have decided on building storehouses for its reception. Japan produces three thousand bales of silk, being more than the produce of France and Italy. The East produces three hundred thousand bales. The greater part of these silks arrive in London by the Cape of Good Hope, but it is expected that when the canal across the Isthmus of Suez is completed, silk from the East will first arrive in France.

From The London Daily News, 2 Jan.

VOICES OF BRITISH WORKING MEN.

It does not properly belong to any one or two classes of the community to maintain the honor and character of the British nation in the eyes of the world. But there is no class which may not aspire to do so when others make default. This duty the working classes of our great towns are now performing in a particular direction, to the advantage of the entire country. To them has fallen, as it has fallen to no other class, the task of asserting, in respect of this American struggle, England's old attachment to the principles of freedom, and its undying hatred to oppression in every form. So our governing classes have willed it, and so it is. It was for them to judge whether they could sincerely hold the ancient language of Englishmen and to take their part. They have accounted themselves unworthy to do so; but the work is not the less done.

Two years ago, when the hearts of men were but little tried, the charity which believeth all things would have said unhesitatingly that the heart of the country was as sound as ever on the subject of slavery. Now, whatever we might wish to think, we are not permitted to believe so. One by one the reserves and disguises of decency have been thrown off. At first sympathy with the Slave Oligarchy was like "the tawny lion, pawing to set free his hinder parts;" now the beast has "broke from bounds, and, rampant, shakes his brinded mane." The courage and fortitude with which the slaveholding caste has upheld the grandest iniquity of the modern world could never have dazzled men whose principles had not been undermined and sentiments corrupted previously. The brutal mob may admire the pirate who "dies game," but we are not fascinated by material virtues displayed in defence of causes which we detest as morally bad. At first the admirers of the South thought it politic to declare their conviction that the triumph of their friends would prove the death of slavery. We forget whether it was two or three days afterwards that this declaration was formally withdrawn. Since then a vague and general repudiation of slavery, accompanied with unbounded eulogy of slaveholders and energetic vituperation of Abolitionists has been held to satisfy the requirements of opinion. Even this for-

mality is now laid aside as unnecessary or useless, and the latest profession which our betters deign to gasp out as their New Year's gift to the world is, "We are not enthusiastic just now for the oppressed or the negro."

Such being the conspicuous result to which the leisured and refined classes have worked their way, it was the turn of the common people, the sons of labor, to speak; and at Manchester they have made a good beginning. Perhaps no speech could be more eloquent than the patience with which the Lancashire operatives have borne a calamity directly due to the American War, notwithstanding the attempts that have been made to stir them up to demand action against the Government of the United States. But as a part of the nation they would be heard. The sympathizers with the Slave Oligarchy will not find much to please them in what was said or what was applauded. For their talk was of the "sacred and inalienable rights of every human being," and of the "common brotherhood of mankind"—words big with the hopes of the many, but an offence and foolishness to the privileged few. The cause which our governing classes delight to honor in their literature, in their public appearances, and in society, the attempt to organize on the American continent a nation having slavery as its basis, is one for which they express their strong detestation. They do not share the unbounded admiration of their superiors for the virtues peculiar to conquerors. And although they had been strongly counselled not to meet and encourage the North in attempting to "subjugate" the South, they were not to be made the dupes of words. They saw the absurdity of pretending that a war to restore a Union of self-governing and equal States was a war of subjugation. The subjugation which came home most vividly to their minds and aroused their indignation was something real. Why should the Lancashire laborers sympathize with the laborers in the Southern States? Why should they not, like the economists, argue that the slavery of Alabama is a part of the complex labor system by which they live, and wish it to go on? Why not assume the languid indifference of the upper classes as to the result of the great struggle? Simply because they are men whose hearts guard their understandings. Perhaps it is

also because, possessing little more than our common humanity, they prize that above artificial distinctions of class or color. At all events, whatever others think is to be said for the slave-owner, in their eyes his offence is the greatest that man can commit against man, the sum and parent of all villainies. It does not matter under what fine names, of old associated with freedom, republic or democracy, the slaveholding caste organizes itself, its character is fixed by the fact that it holds millions of men in bondage, denying to them education, the rights of family, and the rewards of labor. Let it be known at Richmond that whatever favor the Southern oligarchy have found in England, our working classes understand their cause. The "chivalry" have inflicted on honorable industry, by the position assigned to the laborers in their system, a stigma and an insult that will never be forgiven.

The Manchester workmen were not content to dwell in abstractions, but declared in a resolution their "profound sympathy with the efforts of the Government of the United States to maintain the Union in its integrity," and also adopted an address to President Lincoln. We printed this address yesterday for the information of our readers, and we print it again to-day for the honor of Old England and the instruction of all whom it may concern. Let the Scribes who have labored to pervert the moral sentiment of the nation read it. Let the Pharisees who made *soirées* for Mrs. Stowe, when the reputation of a philanthropist involved no responsibility, and whose voice is not now heard except in favor of the slaveholder, read it. Let the epicurean who deems it folly to distress himself about the wrongs of others, read it. And let all who have labored to glorify the slave power, the most monstrous outgrowth of the modern world, read it, and see how vain have been their efforts to corrupt the minds of the working classes, and how wide a gulf is fixed between them and the great body of the people.

THE MANCHESTER WORKMEN'S ADDRESS.

Below is the address to the President of the United States adopted at a meeting of the working men of Manchester, on 31 Dec.

To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:—

As citizens of Manchester, assembled at the Free Trade Hall, we beg to express our

fraternal sentiments towards you and your country. We rejoice in your greatness as an outgrowth of England, whose blood and language you share, whose orderly and legal freedom you have applied to new circumstances over a region immeasurably greater than our own. We honor your Free States, as a singularly happy abode for the working millions, where industry is honored. One thing alone has, in the past, lessened our sympathy with your country and our confidence in it—we mean the ascendancy of politicians who not merely maintained negro slavery but desired to extend and root it more firmly. Since we have discerned, however, that the victory of the Free North in the war which has so sorely distressed us as well as afflicted you, will strike off the fetters of the slave, you have attracted our warm and earnest sympathy. We joyfully honor you, as the President, and the Congress with you, for many decisive steps towards practically exemplifying your belief in the words of your great founders, "All men are created free and equal." You have procured the liberation of the slaves in the district around Washington, and thereby made the centre of your Federation visibly free. You have enforced the laws against the slave trades and kept up your fleet against it, even while every ship was wanted for service in your terrible war. You have nobly decided to receive ambassadors from the negro republic, of Hayti and Liberia, thus forever renouncing that unworthy prejudice which refuses the rights of humanity to men and women on account of their color. In order more effectually to stop the slave trade, you have made with our queen a treaty, which your Senate has ratified, for the right of mutual search. Your Congress has decreed freedom as the law forever in the vast unoccupied or half-settled territories which are directly subject to its legislative power. It has offered pecuniary aid to all States which will enact emancipation locally, and has forbidden your generals to restore fugitive slaves who seek their protection. You have entreated the slave-masters to accept these moderate offers; and after long and patient waiting, you, as commander-in-chief of the army, have appointed to-morrow, the 1st of January, 1863, as the day of unconditional freedom for the slaves of the rebel States. Heartily do we congratulate you and your country on this humane and righteous course. We assume that you cannot now stop short of a complete uprooting of slavery. It would not become us to dictate any details, but there are broad principles of humanity which must guide you. If complete emancipation in some States be deferred, though only to a predetermined day, still, in the interval, human

beings should not be counted chattels. Women must have rights of chastity and of maternity, men the rights of husbands, masters the liberty of manumission. Justice demands for the black, no less than for the white, the protection of law, that his voice be heard in your courts. Nor must any such abomination be tolerated as slave-breeding States and a slave market, if you are to earn the high reward of all your sacrifices in the approval of the universal brotherhood and of the divine Father. It is for your free country to decide whether anything but immediate and total emancipation can secure the most indispensable rights of humanity against the inveterate wickedness of local laws and local executives. We implore you, for your own honor and welfare, not to faint in your providential mission. While your enthusiasm is aflame and the tide of events runs high let the work be finished effectually. Leave no root of bitterness to spring up and work fresh misery to your children. It is a mighty task, indeed, to re-organize the industry not only of four millions of the colored race but of five millions of whites. Nevertheless, the vast progress you have made in the short space of twenty months fills us with hope that every stain on your freedom will shortly be removed, and that the erasure of that foul blot upon civilization and Christianity—chattel slavery—during your Presidency will cause the name of Abraham Lincoln to be honored and revered by posterity. We are certain that such a glorious consummation will cement Great Britain to the United States in close and enduring regards. Our interests, moreover, are identified with yours. We are truly one people, though locally separate. And if you have any ill-wishers here, be assured they are chiefly those who oppose liberty at home, and that they will be powerless to stir up quarrels between us from the very day in which your country becomes, undeniably and without exception, the home of the free. Accept our high admiration of your firmness in upholding the proclamation of freedom.

THE BIRMINGHAM ADDRESS.

The following is the address of sympathy sent from Birmingham, England, to President Lincoln:—

"We, the undersigned, inhabitants of the borough of Birmingham, desire to express our deep and heartfelt sympathy with you in your endeavors to preserve the union of that great and free country over whose destinies you were elected to preside, and whose Constitution you have sworn to defend. The attempts of the Southern States to form—as their leaders unblushingly avow—for the

first time in the history of the world—a confederacy with slavery and the extension of slavery in yet unformed States for its basis, we regard with horror and abhorrence. And we earnestly pray that the Great Ruler of events may strengthen you and your cause, in order that the present unholy contest may be speedily brought to a successful issue; and, as the crown of all, that liberation and freedom, with all their accompanying blessings, may be given to the millions of our colored brethren now in bondage. That you may be the chosen instrument in effecting this glorious emancipation is our earnest hope. And if, in your aspirations for the freedom of the negro, the sympathy and good wishes of all men who love liberty can cheer your heart in moments of doubt and perplexity, you may assuredly feel convinced that such sympathy and good wishes are not withheld. For ourselves, we beg to assure you of our strong belief in the justice of your cause, of our warm sympathy with your noble efforts for emancipation, and of our certain faith in your ultimate triumph. We hold that your cause is the cause of humanity, of religion, and freedom; and in this belief again express our sympathy with you in your present onerous and trying position, and assure you that, whatever may be said to the contrary, the vast majority of English people are anxious for your success in this great and terrible contest."

GREAT DEMONSTRATION IN LONDON.

On the evening of Dec. 31, a grand demonstration in support of the Emancipation policy of the American Government was held in the British Institution, Cowper Street, City Road. The following address to the President of the United States was proposed by the Rev. J. H. Ryland and unanimously adopted:—

To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:—

"SIR,—We who offer to you this address are Englishmen and working men. We prize as our dearest inheritance, bought for us by the blood of our fathers, the liberty we enjoy—the liberty of free labor upon a free soil. We have, therefore, been accustomed to regard with veneration and gratitude the founders of the great republic in which the liberties of the Anglo-Saxon race have been widened beyond all the precedents of the Old World, and in which there was nothing to condemn or to lament but the slavery and degradation of men guilty only of a colored skin or an African parentage. We have looked with admiration and sympathy upon the brave, generous, and untiring efforts of

a large party in the Northern States to deliver the Union from this curse and shame. We rejoiced, sir, in your election to the Presidency, as a splendid proof that the principles of universal freedom and equality were rising to the ascendant. We regarded with abhorrence the conspiracy and rebellion by which it was sought at once to overthrow the supremacy of a government based upon the most popular suffrage in the world, and to perpetuate the hateful inequalities of race. We have ever heard with indignation the slander that ascribes to England sympathy with a rebellion of slaveholders, and all proposals to recognize in friendship a Confederacy that boasts of slavery as its corner-stone. We have watched with the warmest interest the steady advance of your policy along the path of emancipation; and on this eve of the day on which your proclamation of freedom takes effect, we pray God to strengthen your hands, to confirm your noble purpose, and to hasten the restoration of that lawful authority which engages, in peace or war, by compensation or by force of arms, to realize the glorious principle on which your Constitution is founded—the brotherhood, freedom, and equality of all men.”

GREAT MEETING AT SHEFFIELD.

A great meeting was held in the Temperance Hall, Sheffield, Dec. 31. The following resolutions were passed:—

Resolved, That civil war in any country is an unmitigated evil, more especially in America, whose career of prosperity and liberty has been unprecedented; and as the institution of slavery has been the most prominent and influential cause of the war, this meeting is of opinion that the present is a favorable crisis for slavery to be terminated, and thus not only end the war, but give a promising and hopeful prospect to the future, of peace and prosperity both to America and England.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting it is the duty of England, as the recognized enemy of slavery, to give her sympathy and moral influence to the Northern States, to disapprove of the origin and continuance of the slave-owners' rebellion, and by all peaceable means to try to cement a closer and stronger union between this country and the people and government of America.

MEETING AT ISLINGTON.

On the evening of Dec. 29, a crowded public meeting was held in Myddelton Hall, Islington, and the following resolutions adopted:—

Resolved, That the anti-slavery action of the Federal Government during the year now closing, merits the hearty approval of the British public and that this meeting declares its cordial sympathy with the President and people of the United States, who with courage, unabated by difficulty and disaster, continue to struggle for the abolition of slavery either by military authority or by the adoption of a scheme like that proposed in successive messages to Congress.

Resolved, That this meeting strongly recommends to public support the Emancipation Society, having for its object to develop English anti-slavery sentiment, and thereby promote that hearty reconciliation of England and America in the cause of philanthropy and freedom to which this country has been invited by the noble and munificent efforts of the Northern States to assist in relieving the distress inflicted upon English operatives by the slaveholders' rebellion.

From The London Morning Star, Jan. 2.

ENGLISH SYMPATHY TESTED BY POPULAR MEETINGS.

MORE than two months ago Lord Russell expressed to Mr. Adams his belief that English sympathy, as tested by popular meetings, would still be found to be upon the side of the United States. The belief did credit to his lordship's sagacity and knowledge of his countrymen. He might have made the statement in much stronger terms, and yet have fallen short of the truth. He might have said that in all public assemblages an overwhelming preponderance of sentiment would be manifested for the North. The experiment has been made, and with a degree of success that must have surprised some of its promoters. Wherever a vote has been taken upon the question, the sympathizers with the South have numbered about one in a hundred. In most instances, and in assemblies of the largest dimensions, the cause of the North has been sustained with absolute unanimity and enthusiasm. There were three such meetings on Wednesday night—the eve of the day on which the proclamation of freedom was to take effect. The great Free Trade Hall at Manchester, the Temperance Hall at Sheffield, and one of the largest places of public meeting in London, were crowded with working men, who adopted by acclamation addresses to President Lincoln in support of his anti-

slavery policy. Nearly every day for the last month or two we have had to record some similar demonstration of opinion. These meetings have been held in various parts of the country,—in the suffering cotton districts as well as in the prosperous towns of the midland of the southern counties,—and there has been not a single exception to the prevailing sentiment. Nowhere have the advocates of the Confederacy obtained as many supporters as there are Slave States. They have been left in the most ignominious minorities whenever they have ventured upon presenting even an amendment that affected to censure the North for lack of anti-slavery earnestness. Of course it will be said that these meetings do not fairly represent the divided state of public opinion—that they are attended mainly by people who concur with the objects announced—and that the bulk of those who dissent choose to stay away. But they at least show that there is a powerful and active sympathy in the public mind with a cause that has been alleged to have no friends in England—and the adherents of the other cause are bound to attempt counter-demonstrations if they deny the conclusiveness of these.

It is chiefly to the Emancipation Society we owe these meetings. In little more than a month it has organized a committee of remarkable comprehensiveness and significance. The list contains more than two hundred names, headed by that of the greatest of living English philosophers—John Stuart Mill—and followed by those of a greater number of individuals distinguished for intellect and intellectual influence than any similar catalogue published within our time. The universities, the senate, the bar, the press, the pulpit, are represented by men whom no respectable opponent would disparage. They are by no means men of one party, nor of one religious denomination. They are not identical in opinion about the origin or the probable issue of the American contest—about the right of the South to secede, or the power of the North to re-establish the Union. On these points the Emancipation Society is silent, and its members are bound to no agreement. Their Union is based upon the resolution of a preliminary conference, declaring “the importance of adopting means to counteract the

alleged sympathy of this country with the so-called Southern Confederacy of America, and especially to encourage the United States Government in the prosecution of an emancipation policy.” The former of these objects is at any rate quite within the province of Englishmen. It may be proposed without offence to the most sensitive about interference in the affairs of other nations. Neither can it be regarded as at all a superfluous proposal. The assertion of English sympathy with the South had long been so common, and had been so seldom contradicted, that its formal denial became the positive duty of all who disbelieved it. In a little longer time it would have passed into history as among the admitted facts of our generation. Lord Russell’s judgment of his countrymen would have gone for nothing against the perpetual repetition of an opposite assertion. The Emancipation Society has certainly arrested a process so dishonourable to the English character. It has already collected evidence enough that among all classes of our countrymen there is an indignant repudiation of sympathy with a government founded upon the doctrine that slavery is a divine institution. This in itself would be a considerable service to truth and humanity. But England owes a more positive duty both to herself and to America—the duty of offering encouragement to those who are pursuing, amid arduous difficulties, the path which she herself has trodden, with easier steps, to a happy, glorious goal. It should never be forgotten that the United States owe to this country both slavery and the anti-slavery agitation. West India emancipation almost created the Abolitionist party in America. In its earliest days it both suffered from and was aided by English sympathy. Now that it is shaping the policy of the republic, and even wielding the powers of war, it is as much as ever in need of, and as much as ever entitled to, all the moral support that a great people can give. In that belief, the Emancipation Society labors to develop English anti-slavery sentiment, and to convey the expression of it across the Atlantic. Who can disapprove of such an object?—who that is not indifferent to the wrongs of the negro, to the troubles of a kindred people, to the honor of the whole Anglo-Saxon race, can refuse to help? It is a work of the broadest pub-

manity, of the most practical religion, of the most conservative as well as the most liberal policy. The most conscientious friends of peace may unite in it—for it will sustain no less effectually emancipation by voluntary legislation than emancipation by the chances of war. The ministers of religion may help it from their pulpits, or by meetings in their churches, without the least intrusion upon sacred associations—for it aims at cleansing Christian civilization from its foulest blot. The women of our island may help it by doing again, let us say, what they did ten years ago—subscribing half a million of their names to an address of sympathy with American Emancipationists. In whatever method Englishmen give constitutional expression to their opinions or wishes, they may justly utter now the generous desire that peace and freedom may not be divided, but rule together over the whole fair surface of the Western world.

THE PROCLAMATION—A COMPARISON.

REV. N. A. STAPLES, successor to Mr. Longfellow, at the Second Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, has just delivered a discourse on the Emancipation Proclamation, in the course of which he instituted a curious comparison between the reception of the Declaration of Independence in 1776 and of the Emancipation Proclamation in 1863. He said :—

N. Y. Evening Post.

• • • “Our first Declaration of Independence effected little at first. It did not make the colonies independent, simply to declare them so. It was sneered at by Tories in this country and in England. It was called ‘*brutum fulmen*.’ ‘They will do nothing but bring ridicule upon themselves by showing their weakness,’ said Lord Rockford. ‘My Lords!’ said Lord Gower, with contemptuous sneers, ‘let the Americans talk about their natural and divine rights, their rights as men and citizens, their rights from God and nature; I am for enforcing these measures.’

“And what, indeed, were the chances that this Declaration of Independence would come to anything? England was mistress of the seas, and monarch of the land. The colonies had neither arms, nor ammunition, nor navy, nor money, nor forts, nor disciplined troops, nor any federate power of taxation. And, besides, there was no unity

among the colonists themselves concerning the necessity or propriety of such a declaration. Nearly all were still tenderly attached to the mother country; most of them had been born and educated there, and there slept the remains of generations of ancestors. Only a few clear-eyed, thinking men like Adams, Patrick Henry, and Jefferson had accustomed themselves to think of such a bold measure. The masses of the people had never cherished the thought of independence. There was the greatest diversity of opinions and wishes among the various sects. The Quakers believed all fighting wrong. Calvinists breathed the flame of battle as their native air. New York merchants, whose treasures were afloat, and who supplied the English army and navy of Boston, feared the war involved bankruptcy. When the Congress met which gave birth to the Declaration, says Bancroft, ‘It was as hard to say of its members, as of its constituents, whether they were most swayed by regard for the country from which a majority of them sprang, or by the sense of oppression.’ But a few bold men—first of all, the Adamses, and later, Franklin and the rest—insisted that there was no hope for the colonies unless a Declaration of Independence was at once declared; that they could then point to something definite and tangible to labor for; that the different colonies were now bearing their separate burdens, many of them still cherishing the vain hope of reconciliation; nothing could cheer and unite and inspire them with hope and courage but this well-defined prospect of possessing a nation whose cornerstone was liberty and equal rights.

“The fanatics carried their point, and the conservatives stood aghast; the Declaration was written and adopted, and soon became the rallying cry for all the colonies. The frail bark of colonial liberty which had hitherto been tossed hither and thither by hesitating counsels, now steadied and came round to this single star of her destiny, from which she never turned aside in seven years of tears and blood and self-immolation. From that moment there was something to live for, and something to wait for. Parents who now gave their sons to the sacrifice, took heart and hope as they thought of the Promised Land. Wives and mothers sat by their deserted hearthstones through seven cold winters, thinking of absent ones, and warmed their souls with the bright hope that the next generation of mothers would sit by their firesides with their loved ones around them, and none to molest nor make afraid. All the horrors of war only deepened their consecration to the realization of this fair promise. Had there been no vision, the

people must inevitably have perished; but when once the shining form of Liberty had passed before their eyes, they could no longer live for base and ignoble ends.

"And now, friends, I have described to you, with a slight change in time and scenery, the history and hopes of the second great declaration of independence, made on the 1st day of January, 1863, by Abraham Lincoln. Now, as then, the declaration is laughed at by many as mere 'harmless thunder.' Now, as then, the country is divided in opinion; a large and corrupt party still hanker for the flesh-pots of Egypt (the Union as it was), while others seek a better country, even an heavenly (the Union as it ought to be). Now, as then, trade is annoyed by the disturbance of securities, and more anxious for a swift than an honorable and lasting peace. But now, as then, the masses of the people are determined to conquer a permanent peace. Now, as then, the Radicals have carried the day, and Conservatives hold up their hands in holy horror. But now, as then, we shall see the whole struggle simplified, and all its sorrows sanctified by the transcendent brightness of the vision which is to be realized through the struggle and the sorrow. And now, as then, we shall see our great ship of state, so long floundering in the cross seas of divided counsels and uncertain aims, wear steadily round and lay her course to the pole star of Liberty."

LETTING THE CAT OUT.

THE *Mobile Register* for December 6th, somewhat imprudently lets the world into some secrets of British journalism, which show where it is that the *Saturday Review*, the *London Herald*, *Times*, *Standard*, and other pro-slavery journals, get their inspiration. It prints a "private letter" from London, from which we learn that the writers of the *Index*, the rebel organ in England, are also employed on the journals we have named above.

This letter makes some revelations which will be annoying in London.

"The editorial sanctum of the *Index* has become the focus and rendezvous of Southerners in London. It is a seminary of Southern intelligence, and a school of Southern writers, not for its own columns, but for the

other London papers. The cause of the South now engages some of the ablest pens in London. A few months ago these men knew nothing about us, and cared less. Among the contributors and leader-writers for the *Index* are J. B. Hopkins and Percy Gregg, Esqs. Both of them are Englishmen. The former has read a capital statistical paper before the Social Science Congress, on 'The Productiveness of the South,' which has attracted much attention, and made Lord Brougham very angry. The same gentleman has lately written an introduction to the 'South Vindicated,' by General Williams, a book just published in London, in magnificent style, and well received. This work, as some of our readers will remember, was first published under the title of 'Letters during the Presidential Canvass of 1860, in Nashville,' by James Williams, late minister to Constantinople, and was the first book copyrighted under the Confederate States.

"Mr. Percy Gregg is one of the principal leader-writers of the *Saturday Review*, the leading London weekly, and writes admirable Southern articles. He is an editorial contributor to the *Morning Herald* and *Standard*, both of which papers are in effect daily Southern organs.

"The financial writer for the *Index* is Mr. George McHenry, an ardent Southerner, though born in Philadelphia. This gentleman also does yeoman's service to the Southern cause in the *Times*."

Nor can this Southerner in England conceal his contempt for the Englishmen who are so basely serving the rebel cause. He says:—

"The *Times*, friendly to us because it is fashionable to be so, has become a contemptible sheet, and is rapidly failing."

It is thus evident that the ingenious rebels have subsidized—at a cheap rate, probably—writers on the English press; and thus they "make" public opinion for themselves among the aristocrats. But in the mean time the people of England, suffer as they may, recognize the real merits of our cause, and the operatives of Manchester in their recent meetings show how clear is their apprehension of our difficulties, how strong their love for universal liberty.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

CASE OF THE ALABAMA.

From The (Philadelphia) Press, 20 Jan.

It has been the general practice of the British press to ignore the facts and misstate the law in the case of the *Alabama*. Among the London journals, only the *Morning Star* and the *Daily News* have been at all honest in this matter. The *Times* wilfully misapprehends and misrepresents the case which may be put into a nutshell. For example, thus: Mr. Laird, an English member of Parliament, has a large ship-building yard at Birkenhead, close to Liverpool, at which he built a Confederate war-steamer, then numbered "290," since known as the *Alabama*. The American ambassador, Mr. Adams, having received information of the character and intended career of this vessel—namely, that it was to be piratically employed against merchantmen sailing under the United States flag—represented to Lord Russell that she was built in contravention of the Foreign Enlistment Act. He brought this subject before Lord Russell as early as June 23, 1862, declaring that "this vessel has been built and launched from the dock-yard of persons, one of whom is now sitting as a member of the House of Commons, and is fitting out for the especial and manifest object of carrying on hostilities by sea." On July 16th, a case having been laid before Mr. R. P. Collier, a leading lawyer on the Western Circuit, a queen's counsel, judge advocate of the fleet, and counsel to the British Admiralty, and also member of Parliament for Portsmouth, his opinion was as follows:—

"I think the evidence almost conclusive that the vessel in question is being fitted out by the Messrs. Laird as a privateer for the use of the Confederate Government, in contravention of the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act, 59 Geo. III., cap. 69. As the matter is represented to me to be urgent, I advise that the principal officer of the customs at Liverpool be immediately applied to, under 59 Geo. III., cap. 69-7, to exercise the powers conferred upon him by that section to seize the vessel, with a view to her condemnation, an indemnity being given to him if he requires it. It would be proper at the same time to lay a statement of the fact before the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, coupled with a request that Her Majesty's Government would direct the vessel to be seized, or ratify her seizure if it has been made. If the matter were not urgent I should

advise no other steps being taken until it was known whether or not the Government thought fit to interfere; but inasmuch as the Government might not unreasonably take some little time to determine what course to pursue, during which time the vessel might escape, I advise the more prompt remedy."

A week later, Mr. Collier gave a further opinion, that the collector of customs at Liverpool would be justified in detaining the vessel; adding "Indeed, I should think it his duty to detain her, and that if, after the application which has been made to him, supported by the evidence which has been laid before me, he allows the vessel to leave Liverpool, he will incur a heavy responsibility—a responsibility of which the Board of Customs, under whose direction he appears to be acting, must take their share. It appears difficult to make out a stronger case of infringement of the Foreign Enlistment Act, which, if not enforced on this occasion, is little better than a dead letter. It well deserves consideration whether, if the vessel be allowed to escape, the Federal Government would not have serious grounds of remonstrance." But, about this time, the British Government sent instructions to the collector at Liverpool not to exercise the powers of the Foreign Enlistment Act (59 Geo. III., cap. 69), because the affidavits, on which Mr. Collier had founded his opinion, did not seem to be sufficient, in Lord Russell's mind, to warrant the seizure and condemnation of the vessel. At that time, July 22, "Number 290" lay in Birkenhead docks, ready for sea, in all respects, with a crew of fifty men on board. On the 29th July, "Number 290" did sail from Liverpool, without register or clearance, and then—but not until then—Lord Russell despatched an order for her detention. In Mr. Adams's despatch of August 1st, to Mr. Seward, he says: "Lord Russell first took up the case of '290,' the *Alabama*, and remarked that a delay in determining upon it had most unexpectedly been caused by the sudden development of a malady of the Queen's Advocate, Sir John D. Harding, totally incapacitating him for the transaction of business. This had made it necessary to call in other parties, whose opinion had been at last given for the detention of the gunboat, but before the order got down to Liverpool the vessel was gone."

Though the queen's advocate was ill, there were Sir William Atherton, the Attorney General, and Sir Roundell Palmer, the Solicitor-General, to refer to for law, and Lord Russell, at any rate, was in possession of the legal opinion of Mr. Collier, Counsel to the British Admiralty. Between Mr. Adams's first complaint to Lord Russell, and the too late order from the latter to seize "Number 290," there was a *lapse of five weeks*—a sufficient time to allow "No. 290" to escape, to be supplied, while in the Irish Sea, with the muniments of war, and to start, as the *Alabama*, to commit piratical depredations upon United States merchant vessels. In a word, at the very least, Lord Russell, whose lapse of duty is the lapse of the British Government, was as culpably tardy and careless, as he was officiously hasty and over-vigilant, some time before, in the case of the *Nashville*, at Southampton. When Parliament meets, this question will be discussed, no doubt, and in the presence of Mr. Laird, who violated the law in building a Confederate war vessel, and of Mr. Collier, whose opinion, as a lawyer, declared that the vessel ought to be detained by the collector at Liverpool. We should like to hear Palmerston's defence of Russell's neglect of duty; it cannot be very hearty, for these two publicists are rivals, though colleagues, and hate each other with very polite earnestness.

One point must not be lost sight of. Though the order to detain the *Alabama* reached Liverpool after she had ran out to sea, its being sent is an admission by the British Government that she was built and equipped in violation of the law. The *Daily News*, of the 24th December, discussing this topic, declares that it remains for the British Government "to repair, as far as possible, the injury, and to prevent its recurrence. In cases such as this what is to be done? The Confederate Government has violated the sovereignty of this country by getting a man-of-war built in a British port. This is an offence against our national dignity. What is the remedy? Does it not entitle us to demand an apology and compensation? And what compensation can be more fit than the *disarmament of the vessel, and the payment of such damages as may be required to satisfy the claims for the Federal and neutral property which has been destroyed?* If these demands are justified by the law of nations, it is our obvious duty to make them without delay." This is a conclusion at which Lord Russell may not readily arrive, but it is a sound, rational, and inevitable conclusion from the premises.

From The (London) News, 6 Jan.

Is the government of this country so weak that it will allow any foreign power to insult our sovereignty by using our ports as places in which to fit out cruisers against a nation with which we are at peace? Are the ministers or are the people of this country prepared to follow this rule of conduct to its legitimate conclusion? Suppose that some Mexican, Mr. Butcher, should manage to get a man-of-war built at Southampton, and should contrive to get her armed by sending a barque laden with guns to some of the Azores, thence to be transhipped to the Mexican *Alabama*; suppose that some Mexican Semmes should then hoist the Mexican flag, and bear down upon the first French transport conveying reinforcements to Gen. Forey at Vera Cruz, take the soldiers prisoners, sink, burn, or destroy the transport—what would the Emperor of the French say to such a proceeding? Would he be satisfied with the reply that the French must remember that they are at war, and that the prize courts of Mexico are open to them? Would he not have reason to insist that England is bound to see that her ports are not used by either of the belligerents for offensive purposes?

The Emperor Napoleon would no doubt say to the British Government, *Make your choice. Will you have neutrality or war?* If you desire to remain neutral, you must maintain neutrality. Like every other nation you have enacted laws to prevent any one, whether a citizen or a foreigner, from using your ports to equip ships of war to cruise against either of two belligerents. It is your duty as a neutral, to execute that law. Execute that law, and I am willing to remain your friend. But if you are either too weak or not willing to execute it, I must consider you my enemy and declare war against you. It may be, he might add, that there is a difficulty in obtaining evidence to convict those who violate such laws as forbid the fitting out of ships. But that is immaterial. The duty of the British Government is obvious. Their duty is to remonstrate with the Mexican Government which has connived at their citizens' violating the municipal laws of England which have been passed in order to maintain neutrality; and to insist that any vessel which has been so illegally fitted out shall be disarmed. Remembering the power of the French Emperor and the pride of the French nation, there can be no doubt as to the course which would be pursued if any Mexican *Alabama* were to be built in any British port in order to prey upon French commerce or to capture French transports.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 977.—21 February, 1863.

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BOSTON HYMN.

The following is the hymn written by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and read at the great Emancipation meeting in Boston, on 1 Jan.

THE word of the Lord by night
To the watching pilgrims came,
As they sat by the sea-side,
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said,—I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel—his name is Freedom,
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers his statue,
When he has wrought his best.

I show Columbia the rocks
Which dip their foot in the seas
And soar to the air-borne flocks
Of clouds, and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods,
Call in the wretch and slave:
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but Toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great:
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a state.

Go, cut down trees in the forest,
And trim the straightest boughs;
Cut down trees in the forest,
And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,
The young men and the sires,
The digger in the harvest-fields,
Hireling, and him that hires.

And here in a pine state-house
They shall choose men to rule
In every needful faculty,
In church and state and school.

Lo, now! if these poor men
Can govern the land and sea,
And make just laws below the sun,
As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succor men;
'Tis nobleness to serve;
Help them who cannot help again;
Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,
And I unchain the slave:
Free be his heart and hand henceforth
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature
His proper good to flow:
So much as he is and doeth,
So much he shall bestow.

But, laying his hands on another
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim
For eternal years in debt.

Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

O North! give him beauty for rags,
And honor, O South! for his shame!
Nevada! coin thy golden crags
With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race
That sat in darkness long—
Be swift their feet as antelopes,
And as behemoth strong.

Come East and West and North,
By races, as snow-flakes,
And carry my purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,
For, in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark.

Atlantic Monthly.

DELABOCHE'S PICTURE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

FAIR and fearless, sad and stately, dis-crowned
Queen, so queenly yet,
Awing half the bloody rabble for their fiercest
triumph met.

Royal arms down drooping quiet on the dingy
prison dress,—
Royal forehead showing steadfast 'neath the
sorrow-silvered tress.

Wolfish eyes are glaring round her, hatred kisses
insult coarse:
She will neither faint nor falter, yielding to the
torrent's force.

Austria's daughter, France's lady, pleads not to
that common throng:
She will trust to Time and Heaven to avenge
her bitter wrong.

On the cheek no flush of terror,—on the lip no
sobbing breath,
In her calm, contemptuous patience, passing
queenly to her death.
Something in her eye has power even that teas-
ing sea to stem;
None of all those clenching fingers dare to touch
her garment's hem.

Oh, the mighty spell of genius! after all these
troubled years.
At the touch of the enchanter the old drama
claims our tears,
And the fair proud face shines purely, through a
century's reproach,
Telling truth for future ages by the hand of
Delarocche.

—Once a Week.

SUSAN K. PHILLIPS.

From The Spectator.
UNIVERSITY INTELLECTUAL CHARACTERISTICS.

LORD BACON has told us that one of the most valuable additions to true historical literature would be supplied by a constant series of *characters*.

These characters in Bacon's opinion belong to professions and institutions no less than to individuals; and in a continuous series of them, executed by competent hands, we might have valuable materials for such systems of sociology and ethology as Mr. Mill has shadowed out with a kind of prophetic obscurity—so far as they will ever be attainable by man.

It is admitted, in a rough and general way, that there are such distinctive characteristics chiselled into the very substance of men's natures in after life by the social and intellectual training of our several universities. This is felt especially by those persons whose station requires them to pass rapid and decisive judgments upon the characters of men, and in doing so to draw largely upon certain practical generalizations assumed as axioms. The great lawyer, the statesman, the dignified ecclesiastic, has pretty generally his own view of the kind of man likely to be formed by a particular university. An eminent prelate, now deceased, is said almost to have written over the portals of Fulham, "No Dublin man need apply." Among legal men a pretty general prejudice existed against Oxford up to a few years ago. At the present moment the veteran statesman, himself of Cambridge and Edinburgh, who knows public life so thoroughly, is supposed to consider an Oxford man, *ceteris paribus*, rather more likely to succeed in Parliament or diplomacy.

An attempt to bring together some obvious enough characteristics, moral and intellectual, of the greater universities—Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin—may not be without interest and utility. The task might not have been very difficult in the last century. Two representations have been given of university life at that period, one by Bishop Lowth, of excessive brightness; another by Dr. Vicesimus Knox, of repulsive blackness. Perhaps both were true from different point of views; but we fear that the master of Tunbridge School drew more from the life than the professor of poetry. Put-

ting together our information from many quarters (such as "Gibbon's Autobiographies," "Gray's Letters," and "Swift's Life,") we should be inclined to say that Oxford was the most ignorant and bigoted, Cambridge the most drunken and brutal, Dublin the best instructed, yet most savage. At Oxford they drank most port wine, at Cambridge most ale, at Dublin most spirits; at Oxford most bishop, at Cambridge most egg-flip, at Dublin most hot punch. At Oxford a vice-chancellor is said to have been unable to walk in the presence of royalty, when it honored the university with a sudden visit, and we hear of fellows of Magdalen eating and drinking in disgusting rivalry until their stomachs touched the high table! At Cambridge dinner began at twelve o'clock, and drinking at two, with no particular time of cessation. At Dublin the fun seems to have been livelier, and the fighting more ferocious. Even then a few eminent men were always absorbing the better elements latent in the universities. At Cambridge Waterland pursued his theological studies with intensity of purpose and singleness of aim; the poet Gray is the central figure in a group of elegant scholars; Kirke White, the pure and gentle, was reading himself into his grave at a period when Oxford philosophy was represented by two questions in the first part of Aldrich, and Oxford scholarship by such an examination as Lord Eldon has reported. At Oxford, Adam Smith and Southey seem to have been unhappy; but Bishops Horne, Lowth, and Heber, Lord Eldon, and Jones, have spoken well of the place of their education. We are inclined to suppose that Dublin, during this period of darkness, must have been far in advance of her sisters. The fellows and scholars of that university always numbered a succession of eminent men in Church and State. The generous spirit of competition was never extinct, without which a university must soon become a pestilential moral swamp. The names of Berkely and Burke are the most conspicuous; but they by no means stand alone upon the roll of Trinity College.

The beginning of the present century was distinguished by a marked revival of the academic spirit, especially at Oxford. Dr. Cyril Jackson first, afterwards a number of enlightened men, arranged the class-list system. In so doing, with true English tact,

they brought about "no solution of continuity." They accepted the standard of intellectual training which had been traditional in Oxford since the Reformation, and which was accepted without question by all the superior minds in the place. Logic, the Aristotelian ethics, ancient history and politics, a knowledge, rather elegant and intelligent than critical, of the Greek and Latin poets, become the actual, as it had long been the ideal, standard of Oxford teaching.

It will readily be seen that this system accounts for much in the subsequent history of Oxford. Such a course as this, narrow indeed, but admirable in its very narrowness, must create a habit of free thought. A man might have mastered it with exquisite thoroughness, and yet be grossly ignorant in the modern sense of the word. Yet he must have been strong in all his ignorance, ignorant perhaps of facts, but with a mind full of thought and principles. It will be remembered that this recognized current of academical education met with another current of traditional thought—the Anglican Church spirit. The air that blows over Magdalen Tower, as Sir Walter Scott says, has never been favorable to the growth of Puritanism. The Church movement at Oxford has been attributed to we know not what underhand Jesuitism. We rather believe that Newmanism was the birthday of philosophy at Oxford.

It is not ours to tread further upon this delicate ground. It is for stronger and subtler pens, in years that are still future, to trace the records of that new Port Royal in an opposite direction to its prototype, of which Dr. Pusey was the Jansen and Saint Cyran, Manning the Arnauld, and Newman—we were nearly saying—the Pascal. By the will of a king the plowshare was passed over the old Port Royal; by the will of a people, or rather, of God, the plowshare seems destined to pass, in a different sense, over the system which our sturdy Protestantism has been taught to identify with Rome. But history, always just, if always cold, will tell, in the one case, as in the other, of lofty spirits given to God with no grudging devotion; of minds which, from severe self-inspection, learned the secret of an ethical subtlety and refinement unmatched in modern times; of ambition, which might, in some instances, have carried no common

power to no common elevation; but which, in pure love of Christ, stooped to the school and the penitentiary, waiting through all misrepresentation and unpopularity—frowned upon by authority, and hissed alike by the vulgar and the free, for the impartial judgment of the day which is not man's. We have been carried at once beyond our strength and beyond our intentions. We must rapidly pass from causes to effects—from general principles to particular results.

The Oxford man of a few years ago was, as we all know, mediæval, romantic, sometimes Romanizing. If in orders, he restored and ritualized until he brought his parish about his ears. He was so ultra-conservative that Toryism stank in his nostrils, so ultra-orthodox that Mant and D'Oyly. King George the Third and the Protestant religion, were as much hated as the heretics of whom he read in Hooker and St. Augustine, and more despised. There is a wine of the sherry family, on which, when kept in an open cask, a sort of rosy film appears, and forms into buttons of vegetation, which, after twenty-four hours, disappear, but leave behind them a delicate and peculiar flavor. Something like this has been the intellectual influence of Newmanism on many of the best Oxford minds. It has passed away, but it has left a certain fine and indescribable *flavor* behind it. The restorer of churches would no longer go to the stake for a surplice or a lectern. He still loves the chastened splendor and the decent solemnity of the English cathedral. The constant reader, it may be the occasional writer in the *British Critic*, the *Christian Remembrancer*, and the *English Churchman* has learned that Protestantism is something more than a *caput mortuum* of negation—that it has certain imperishable elements of spiritual life. The young lawyer or senator, to whom Spain or the Roman States looked something like the ideal of a Catholic theocracy, and Scotland something like the valley of the shadow of death, has since, perhaps, spoken his burning words for Italian freedom, and listened with pleasure to the eloquence of a Presbyterian divine. The *Guardian* of to-day is much like the best of the papers which, ten years ago, it would have denounced as latitudinarian. Still stranger change! The *quondam* idolator of Laud and Charles the First has become a Liberal—almost a Radical. A good

deal of this may be due to Oxford impressibility. Oxford is the very Bethel of hero-worship; Newman first, then Gladstone, has been her idol for a quarter of a century. She is slow in admiring, but when she does, her admiration soon passes into superstition.

The Oxonian of fifteen or twenty years ago looked forward, in most instances, to a curacy and pupils. If rich, he had ideals which were constantly blossoming into Gothic brick and mortar—a church, a college, a school, a penitentiary. Heaven only knows how much talent and self-devotion has been hidden under the close waistcoat of many who have passed from a first and a fellowship to a country living. At the present day the bar, India, Australia, the diplomatic service, the House of Commons, the counting-house, even the farm and the ship, are gaining more from Oxford than the Church can attract. According to Voltaire's terrible epigram, the Holy Roman empire was neither holy nor Roman, nor yet an empire. Similarly the Oxford theological school is not theological nor Oxonian, and least of all a school. It is simply non-existent. And of the two great "schools of the English Church"—(formerly and justly so called)—one has now not much more to do with the Church directly, however much indirectly, than Eton has to do with the Horse Guards.

Cambridge, so much more traditionally Liberal than Oxford, as Macaulay has taken care to point out, is now decidedly more conservative. Its traditions were not theological, though it numbered Barrow and Waterland, Taylor and Bramhall, among its sons. But Laud and the non-jurors, Butler again, Jones of Nayland, Dr. Johnson ("respectable and insupportable," as a French writer most falsely calls him), Mant, Van Milatent, Howley, Routh, the mild orthodox and quiet learning of the better English clergy, were decidedly Oxonian. Contemporary Oxford has no theologians like Goodwin, Hardwick, Trench, and several others of Cambridge. Mr. Mansel and the clever young prelate who is now Archbishop of York are rather thinkers and speculators than divines properly so called. Mr. Mansel knows more of Aristotle and Kant than of biblical criticism or patristic learning, and Archbishop Thomson's Bampton lectures do not evince much acquaintance with any English theologian but Magee, or with any "fa-

ther" but St. Anselm, and that only in a single treatise.

The best characteristics of the respective universities on their strong side seem to us to be as follows. If a young man aspires to be a man of science or a mathematician, he will of course seek Dublin or Cambridge. If his talent is for minute criticism of the classics, Cambridge must once more bear the palm. If he desires to know moral science extensively, he will enter Dublin; if analytically, at Cambridge; if synthetically, at Oxford. If he would prepare for a public examination, we have little doubt that Dublin would pay him best. To develop the faculties harmoniously, to give subtlety of thought and elegance of expression, to bestow at once classical form, logical acuteness, and ethical refinement, is the glory of Oxford. For a clergyman, Cambridge or even Dublin is now to be preferred. For a lawyer, all three are perhaps equally good. For a tutor, or schoolmaster, simply as a general "grinder" or "coach," Dublin is unrivalled. For a man of letters, Oxford is slightly in advance of Cambridge, and much before Dublin. For a statesman Oxford is the best school of the three.

Each university has also a weaker side. An Oxford man is not rarely "viewy," sentimental, conceited, and unpractical—at the mercy of extreme theories, like the unhappy knights-errant who have followed Newman and Comte. He may be ignorant of elementary mathematics, and incapable of understanding the Newtonian system. A Cambridge graduate is not seldom sharp, self-sufficient, and narrow. A Dublin man is pretty frequently provincial in thought as well as accent, given to what English young men call "bumptiousness," and peculiarly liable to accessions of political and religious fanaticism. The Oxford man at his worst is a prim and conceited *dilettante*,—at his best, a large and liberal thinker. The Cambridge man at his worst exhibits stupid contemptuousness or algebraical pedantry,—at his best he is a cyclopædic scholar like Whewell, a highly cultivated gentleman like Herschel, a finished writer like Trench. The Dublin man at his worst is a vulgar preacher or a bigoted anti-Maynooth agitator; but the good specimens of Dublin education are of first-rate excellence. Oxford and Cambridge would be proud of thinkers like Archer Butler, of writers like Bishop Fitzgerald, of lawyers like Cairns, of orators like Whiteside and Plunket.

From The London Review.
MARRIAGE CARDS.

ENGLAND expects every man to do his duty, excepting, perhaps, clergymen, who can be hardly expected to do it, if they can get anybody else to do it for them; but it has never been said that England expects every woman to do her duty; nor does it appear to be known whether Britannia could conscientiously say that she did expect it, or whether she was ever impartially zealous upon the subject. The time has come, however, for clearing up the doubt. If fugitive symptoms are to be deemed of much importance, a large and highly respected branch of the feminine sex seems almost inclined to give way. The bridesmaids of England have an onerous and a high office to fulfil; and it should be their endeavor to discharge its serious duties without swerving or shrinking from responsibilities. Any indications of a feeling of dissatisfaction or disorganization on this part of our social system are of themselves a species of misfortune. Vague disquiet and unrest among the outlying nationalities of the Continent come to us as familiar phenomena, and we are able to bear up accordingly. The Epirote provinces, men say, perhaps, are at it again. There has been a rising of the tribes in the Caucasus, or the ladies of the Sultan's harem, in a sudden burst of domestic disappointment, have murdered those who are their legal and natural guardians. To such Continental rumors and turmoils the country is accustomed, and it can bear them with Christian equanimity. But a rebellious spirit among bridesmaids is a new and overwhelming catastrophe, and comes from a quarter where all, it was thought, was peace. It has long been clear that something was in the wind. At last open signs of the disaffection have shown themselves in the marriage column of the *Times*, in the shape of a dropping fire of announcements of "No cards." When the first announcement of "No cards" was brought home forcibly to the mind of some friend of the family, who may have belonged to the old school, as he sat after dinner with the paper at his club, it is more than probable that it produced upon him that peculiar old gentleman's feeling of the end of all things being indeed at hand, which is wont suddenly to overcome us when we hear that Tom (just home for the holidays from Eton)

has been smoking a cheroot in the drawing-room, or that Tom's elder brother, who is a puppy in the Guards, has five different kinds of umbrellas for five different kinds of rainy days. Arabella and Fitzsimmons, married at St. George's, Hanover Square, with eighteen bridesmaids in white silk dresses trimmed with swansdown, and a bishop to bestow his blessing on the bride in a voice broken with emotion—and yet "no cards"! This is another of those monstrous innovations which are to be expected from a generation which has no reverence for tradition, or for its elders, or for the decencies of society, and which is inbred with the most latitudinarian and revolutionary ideas. This comes of Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, and what is called the march of intellect. It was to be expected; yes, it was to be expected. It is only another proof that the flood-gates of radicalism are opened and that the landmarks of society are about to be removed. Such may, no doubt, have been the sentiment of the old family friend, called forth in a sudden flash of anger and astonishment, and who can say that they were not such as would do honor to his head and to his heart?

If everybody who married belonged to one little coterie, which knew when a marriage was on the *tapis*, and in which no marriage ever altered the social relations of the "high contracting" parties, marriage cards might be of no especial use. This, however, is not the case. The English world of gentlemen and ladies is a wide one, and is by no means confined to that little world which meets itself nightly at the one most fashionable ball of London. Scotland is not too far to marry into Cornwall. Buckinghamshire would make very little of going through the wedding ceremony with York. Welsh heiresses, unlike Welsh mutton, are a resource bestowed impartially by a kind Providence on all parts of this favored realm alike. A flying golden bridge connects Belgravia and the Hampstead Road. Mayfair has been known to unite itself to Clapham with much apparent satisfaction to itself. How is it possible that marriage cards can cease to be a necessity when such is the state of the social world? Few people belong to a set of gods and goddesses, all of whom are universally known; all of whom are on an equality; and all of whom intermarry only among themselves.

Most Englishmen and Englishwomen of the upper classes have numberless friends and acquaintances in all quarters of the world, who are not likely to hear for a certainty of the great event, and who, when they do hear of it, are glad to be personally informed that the great event changes nothing in old friendships, and that not even on account of new ties is old acquaintance to be forgot. To such as these the absence of marriage cards makes a considerable difference. It is a cold and uninteresting piece of news to learn through the medium of a newspaper gazette that a schoolfellow of one's youth has married out in India. It becomes a very different affair when the white envelope with the whiter cards, tied by the well-known silver cord, appears after its long journey from the other hemisphere upon your breakfast table. Old recollections laid aside for many years are revived; rusty friendships burnished up into warmer and brighter ones; and Brown from Richmond, in return for a white card, sends back a loving wish to Jones upon the Ganges. In theory the wedding-card is particularly well-timed, because it is at a moment of great and absorbing interest to ourselves that it is most important to make our friends feel that we are not too absorbed to think of them. In practice, it is convenient as a means of continuing or dropping an acquaintance. There may be people whom the husband is not desirous of introducing to his wife, or there may be people whose acquaintance the husband does not care to make for himself, and wishes his wife to drop. It is right that every man at the time of his marriage should have this opportunity of selecting his own and his wife's friends afresh, for without it the news will be certainly known to all who are concerned about the bride and bridegroom. This innovation comes from that graceful and ingenious sex which believes that the marriage column is read, next to the Bible, by all classes of the population with perennial vigor. An announcement appearing in the literary gynecæum of the *Times* is as good, we have no doubt, as a notice to all Englishwomen. Unfortunately this is one part of the *Times* which men do not so assiduously prefer at breakfast-time. The idea of making it legal notice to all mankind emanated from no masculine brain. *Dux femina facti*. If it emanated (as it must have emanated) from a woman, we are

obliged to lay the fault on those whose privilege and tearful pleasure it is to deck the victim for the sacrifice, and to despatch afterwards to all who know her the card containing the information of her fate.

The time for despatching the marriage cards has hitherto been understood to be during the dull afternoon that follows the departure of the wedding-guests. We hope and trust that it is not from any unjustifiable feeling as to the exercise or fatigues of a wedding-day that the bridesmaids feel a disinclination to discharge the additional yet simple duty. Nothing could be plainer than that the fatigues of the day do not fall on them. Got up in rich lace or tulle regardless of expense, they occupy a cool and spacious place during the ceremony; and are not crowded into an uncomfortable position among the collective hats of the assembly upon the pulpit steps. They arrive at breakfast fresh and vigorous, not jaded with the incessant toil of protecting one's own hat, and not treading on the rest; a toil to be performed under the exhausting mask of devout attention to the service, and an emotion of sympathy for the performers. Their breakfast is for them a gala hour, instead of pointing to a vista of nightmare and unrest. Their young constitutions now, doubtless, stand drinking champagne and eating all kinds of soups and *entrées* at an hour at which nature stands aghast. They do not feel feebly buffeted, and driven by circumstances over which they have no control, from one glass to another, till agitated at once by the sentiments of the hour, and by the unusual and precocious supply of feverish beverages, they find themselves, when the afternoon is not half begun, in a state of maudlin indigestion. They are not forced to tire themselves out by keeping up a show of gushing sympathy for the united company, which no serious-minded Englishman could possibly consent to feel, if he were not driven half wild by the champagne and the speechifying, both getting into his head together. Then, again, let them look at what men have to go through when they leave the house! What is a man to do at three o'clock in the afternoon, after the agitation and the repletion to which he has been exposed? He cannot walk, for his head is aching with the scene; and he is too sleepy to read; and he cannot bear the noise of the street; and he wants fresh air and to

be let alone. A gloomy cloud prevents him from looking forward to any dinner with even moderate patience. His day is ended prematurely before the evening has begun. He has nowhere to go to, and nothing he cares for in the world that he is fit to do. If any bridesmaid is inclined to repine or to fancy the day has been less pleasant than it might have been, she has only to think of what others have thought it right to suffer, and her lot will presently appear a light one.

At any rate, cheerfulness and industry are the best recipe for feminine discontent. The process of directing and despatching the wedding-cards is the best that is possible for raising the spirits which have been depressed by the gloomy affair of the morning. It is, of course, possible that it is not to save trouble that the abuse of dispensing with this process has crept in. Every family in the world has a certain number of what may be called amphibious friends; that is to say, friends whom one is always wishing at the bottom of the sea, and who ought to be at the bottom of the sea, but who are still always turning up on dry land. The horrid question is whether or no the amphibious friend shall have cards. To send cards to others and not to him, is to slap him smartly and distinctly on the face. To send him cards is more than human nature can endure. The obvious, but unworthy solution of the

difficulty, is to send nobody any cards at all; by which means the amphibious friend is neither insulted nor encouraged. If the "no cards" system be invented to meet this social obstacle, it is still an objectionable one, for the very reason that it leaves the amphibious friend where he was, and does not better matters. It would not make him much worse or more objectionable to go through the ceremony of acknowledging his existence, and the other alternative might have the effect of driving him straight to the water, and thus putting, pleasantly and mercifully, an end to his amphibious character. On all grounds, then, we should wish respectfully, but firmly, that this movement among the bridesmaids should be suppressed. Wedding-cards ought to be spared. If it were not impolitic to suppose that a bridesmaid could understand a dead language, one might employ the words of the poet—*perituris parcite cartis*; but we have no intention, in disputing against fair opponents, to be so unwise as to allow our case to rest upon its pure logical merits. It may be of some service to suggest that suppressing one part of a ceremony is only one step to suppressing another. To-day it is a *coup d'état* against wedding-cards. To-morrow it may—who does not shudder at the thought?—be a *coup d'état* directed against bridesmaids!

MONSIEUR JACK KETCH, HOMME DE LETTRES.—The French are great devourers of *Mémoires*, we are well aware, but we little suspected that their taste would ever sink so low as to devour *Les Mémoires de Mons. Sanson*. The Sansons have held in France the hereditary post of public executioner for ages past. Long before the Reign of Terror, the Calcraft of France was represented by a Sanson. It would seem, however, that business has lately been so bad—the stereotyped tag of *circonstances atténuantes* which a French jury almost invariably appends to its verdict, even in the most flagrant cases has robbed the executioner of so many of his dread perquisites—that the family has in despair been compelled to send in its resignation. Distress has driven the Sansons to adopt as their motto "Live and let Live;" and hence, by way

of eking out a living, the publication of these revolting memoirs. At one time we had our Newgate school of literature that made heroes of thieves and highwaymen. In the like manner, it would seem that the literature of France, after frequenting the lowest of low haunts, and revelling in every possible profligacy and vice has at last gone to the gallows. It has received its final *coup de grâce* from the guillotine. Does it not appear only a just gradation, and fit termination, in scaling the ladder of immorality, that writers like Dumas fils and the authors of *Fanny* and *Madame de Bovary*, should be succeeded by a Sanson? It is the crowning degradation. The last act of justice that Mons. Sanson, before retiring from office, should have performed, ought to have been to burn his own *Mémoires*.—Punch.

From The Spectator.

A ROBINSON CRUSOE PAINTER. *

MR. HAMERTON has in these volumes made a very interesting contribution to the somewhat slender stock of artist literature. The narration of his adventures in search of the beautiful, and the means by which he was enabled to paint from nature on the wildest moors of Lancashire and the Scottish Highlands, in all weathers and at all seasons of the year, may be read with amusement, not unaccompanied with profit, by those who care to know anything of the manner and spirit in which some of our modern landscape painters "go to nature." It was in the autumn of 1856 that the author determined "to put in execution plans of study whose full development would require several years." As a preparatory exercise, he resolves to encamp on the Boulsworth moors "to study heather." For this purpose he contrives a portable wooden hut, composed of panels, capable of being carried separately and united by iron bolts. On each of the four sides of this hut there is a window of plate-glass. The wooden floor, raised some inches from the ground, is carpeted, and the arched roof is covered with waterproof canvas. What cooking the author has to do is performed by means of two spirit lamps, and a hammock, which can be easily rolled up, and suspended against one of the walls of the hut by day, furnishes the sleeping accommodation. Matters being finally arranged, the painter camps on a vast moor, on the frontier line of Lancashire and Yorkshire. On the second night there comes a violent storm of wind and rain, but the hut, beyond leaking a little, answers admirably, and in a very brief time the author becomes perfectly settled down in his new mode of life, though he occasionally bewails his inexperience in cooking, and deploras the fatal necessity of "washing up" the utensils after a meal. Of course, an individual leading this species of life, and having no occupation that the provincial mind can comprehend, must expect to hear some strange rumors concerning himself. Mr. Hamerton was looked on by suspicious gamekeepers as a poacher—the farmers ask him "what he hawks?"

* *A Painter's Camp in the Highlands, and Thoughts about Art.* By Phillip Gilbert Hamerton, Author of "The Isles of Loch Awe." 2 vols. Macmillan and Co. 1862.

Drovers visit his hut in the vain hope that it may turn out to be a novel species of dram-shop, the women suppose him to be a teller of fortunes, and the children fancy him the proprietor of a travelling menagerie. The humor of this position does not seem to strike Mr. Hamerton so much as the fact that he loses caste in the popular estimate, that the rough peasantry treat him with insolence, and consider that, as he is independent of assistance and cooks for himself, he is therefore no gentleman! This is doubtless a sad state of things; but matters become worse when the country people give their opinions on art subjects. It is currently believed that the painter is land-surveying, or, as they express it in the north, "mappin;" but he is considered a very slow hand. He has been wasting a month over a few square yards of a mountain which could have been surveyed in its entirety in a week by men in the adjacent towns; and as for painting, there are plenty of painters who could paint all the wood-work of a farmhouse in a fourth of the time that this one has spent on a yard of canvas! In his solitude, Mr. Hamerton did not lack for visitors, and occasionally these were by no means welcome. One night he was awakened by a loud yell close to the door of his hut, followed by a great deal of strong language. The author sat up in his hammock, and grasping his revolver, waited in silent expectation of an attack. But none followed, the gentleman, whoever he might be, contented himself with cursing in a hearty and vigorous manner until he was tired, and then went grumbling away, leaving the purport and object of his midnight call forever a matter of mystery. The occupant of the hut was apprehensive of a visit from the poachers or "night hunters," as they are there called, a set of determined reckless blackguards, who go in gangs, well armed and disguised, and commit with impunity all sorts of lawless outrages. But fortunately the idea of molesting the painter never entered their heads. By daytime visitors were so numerous as to cause the wish that the place was yet more lonely. The hut was the centre of attraction for miles round—an old woman made a pilgrimage of seven miles to get a glimpse of the hermit painter. Lovers made assignations by the hut, and on Sundays it was surrounded

by crowds of fifty and sixty, who peeped through the windows, and thought themselves well rewarded if they could catch sight of any part of the author's dress or person. Tired at length of these uninvited guests, and having to answer the same questions twenty times a day, the author hit upon a plan of always answering in French—a course which he found attended by the happiest results, and which must have proved a new source of wonderment to the benighted of those regions. Having finished the picture he intended to paint, and being generally satisfied with this experimental trial of camp life, Mr. Hamerton resolves to start for the Highlands. Previously, however, he has two "lifeboats" made on a plan of his own, a hint borrowed from models of the South Sea canoes in the Louvre. The arrangement consists in elongated tubes of galvanized iron, with watertight compartments. Each tube has its rudder—the two rudders being connected with a rod—on the tubes is laid the deck, roomy and steady, so as to allow of a table, easel, or chair being placed on it. The larger of these double boats carries a lateen sail. All things being ready, and having engaged a shepherd lad, who used to "bring the milk" to the hut on the moor, as servant, and packed the boats, the hut, and two additional tents, the author arrives at Loch Awe, and establishes his encampment on a large uninhabited island in the midst of the most picturesque part of the loch, from which can be seen Kilchurn Castle, Ben Cruachan, Ben Anea, and the Pass of Awe. This island, Inishail by name, was formerly occupied by a convent of Cistercian nuns. The ruins of the chapel are yet to be seen, and the people of the neighborhood still bring their dead to be interred here. In this green and quiet isle the painter and his man "Thursday" take up their abode. There is the hut for the master, a square tent with a cooking stove in it for the man, and an old *Criméan* bell tent to serve as a kitchen and storehouse. In the bay the "*Britannia*" rides at anchor, and the "Con-way" is drawn up on the sandy shore of the island. But we cannot follow further in detail the fortunes of our author, but must pass rapidly over his account of how he endeavored, by the aid of numerous thrashings, to teach "Thursday" English, instead

of the horrible *patois* of mingled Lancashire and Yorkshire dialects which that inestimable servant (who always took his chastisement in good part) was accustomed to employ—or how the weather was so hot after a while as to make work next to impossible, and bathing eight times a day and smoking endless cigars the only available occupations—or how the author makes the acquaintance of two mysterious individuals, one with a long beard, and dressed in a Highland coat, French *sabots*, and always smoking a long meerschaum; and the other a swarthy youth, with long black hair; who fish all night on the loch in a tiny boat, and eat a breakfast which would shame even Captain Dalgetty. Nor can we do more than hint how the author and these two personages, being regarded as madmen by the tourists, conspire to frighten the latter by dressing up in outlandish costumes, and rowing after them to the martial strains of a cornet-piston. The first volume contains numerous moving incidents by flood and field that will be found thoroughly readable and entertaining. There is an account, among other things, of a voyage on the lochs with the "*Britannia*"—of the painter's little farm on the peninsula of Innistrynieh, which he established as a kind of *dépôt*, making expeditions at intervals in a thoroughly gypsy manner with the camp—to the bewilderment of his old enemies the tourists—and of a first tour in the Highlands on the back of an ungovernable horse, who on one occasion stopped suddenly, refusing to move. "Turf stood quite still at first, and I thought we should probably have a hard fight for a quarter of an hour; but the battle lasted *seven hours* by my watch, during which time I never once dismounted. A farmer's wife gave me a piece of bread and cheese which I ate in the saddle. I felt it would not do to dismount, and determined to struggle on till I or Turf should be fairly tired out." But the animal was triumphant after all, and his owner, after subsequent freaks of the same kind, was compelled to get rid of him.

All these adventures are told in a clear, frank manner, with a little too much self-importance peeping out here and there, perhaps, but nothing to object to seriously, while the style of writing is easy and perspicuous. The second volume is not so

satisfactory. Not but what there is much that is original and striking in the "Thoughts on Art," but there is perpetually a sense of smarting under undeserved injuries—a morbid sensitiveness to the opinions of the unartistic world coming to the surface which materially interferes with the enjoyment one might have in following out Mr. Hamerton's theories. In a chapter entitled "The Painter in his Relation to Society," he shows us with what universal scorn the painter is looked upon by the world, and, to corroborate his views, brings forward passages from the writings of Scott, Thackeray, Balzac, About, and others. Dr. McCulloch gets a rap over the knuckles for an expression which does not meet with the author's approval, and is witheringly set down as a "wandering geologist." It would be of no use to assure Mr. Hamerton that society has not that contempt for painters, as a class, that he seems to imagine, because he has already made up his mind on the point, and refuses to be comforted. Speaking of his adoption of painting as a profession, he says, "Blinded by no boyish enthusiasm, I knew that to give my energies to its advancement was to close forever the paths of ambition, and to forfeit the respect of men." In another place he asks "why people invariably behave impertinently when they see a painter at work?" and again speaks bitterly of the "degrading occupation of studying from nature." It would be ridiculous to reply to childish petulance like this, or we might point to the names of many living and dead painters in proof of the falsity of Mr. Hamerton's theory. Let us rather see how the author, so anxious for the world's good opinion of his craft and its followers, speaks of his brethren. He tells us more than once that "the majority of artists cannot spell, and would be puzzled to write grammatically." He sneers at Constable, scoffs at poor Haydon, and in speaking of the inconveniences of hotel life for an artist, says, "Ten to one there will be some dirty fellow, who, because he daubs canvas, claims you at once as a brother of the brush, and puts himself on a footing of the most unpleasant familiarity, chaffing you wittily after the fashion of *his class*, and calling you Bill or Jack." Here is Mr. Hamerton using the very language which gives him such offence when applied to him-

self by society. In another place he speaks of his less fortunate brethren, who look at his camping arrangements as they pass by on the top of a coach, as "envious," and other instances might be given, if enough had not been said already, to show that Mr. Hamerton's estimate of painters is not much higher than that which he attributes to society. Mr. Hamerton will not take it as a compliment, but we cannot help finding a remarkable similarity between his writings and those of that "very bad painter" Haydon. Mr. Hamerton has more literary power, and is generally grammatical, but we find the same self-assertion—the same sensitiveness to uncongenial opinion and general combative spirit that are to be found in the works of the unfortunate historical painter. He tells us the most needless details of his previous career, personal prowess, and accomplishments; he is not to be confounded with the common run of painters; he cannot only write, but write either in prose or poetry. "'The landscape of my poem,' 'the Isles of Loch Awe,' were all studied from nature on the spot as carefully as a pre-Raphaelite background." "Poetic fallacy is common to all good word-painting. I could not dispense with it myself. My poems are full of it, and my fallacies are not one whit less absurd than Mr. Ruskin's, when coolly pulled to pieces in a matter-of-fact manner."

Of Mr. Hamerton's professional capabilities we are unable to speak. His volume is not illustrated, nor do we remember his name in exhibition catalogues. We can assure him, however, that we shall look forward anxiously for his picture entitled the "Upper Gates of Glen Etive," on which he tells us he has been working this autumn, not only because he is, as he tells us, "the truest painter of Highland landscape who ever lived," but because we are curious to see a work from the hand of one who describes the "Twelfth process, or finishing," of a picture, in such strange Ruskinese as the following:—

"He (the painter) has quietly reserved a few mighty touches for the very last minute,—reserved them, and foreseen them, for long weeks or months. The hour at last is come when they are to be laid forever on the canvas! all the innumerable multitude of the other touches are waiting for these latest ones, their princes and rulers. Then the spots of pure scarlet, and gold, and azure, are set in their appointed places, and the infinite array of the living tints about them glow and rejoice thenceforth in the gladness of everlasting loyalty."

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

THE LATE SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE.

LITTLE did I think, when correcting the proof of my last paper in *Fraser* (on "Physicians and Surgeons of a Bygone Generation"), in a country town far removed from the smoke and fog of London, that I should so soon have to record the death of the most eminent surgeon of his and our time. Yet so it is. While I was writing of Brodie, whom I had known as a patient for the long period of thirty years, in the last days of October, as "a man equally skilled as surgeon and physician," and wishing him health and length of days, the great surgeon and good man lay upon the bed of sickness—indeed, upon the bed of death—at Broome Park, Betchworth, Surrey, and expired while the proof of my paper was passing through the printer's hands. The distinguished man, who for more than half a century had occupied his days and nights in alleviating and assuaging the pains of the diseased, the afflicted, and the dislocated, not merely of London, but of the empire, was unable to arrest the progress of his own malady, or to do for himself what he had so often done for the highest and lowliest in the land—namely, to effect a cure.

This has been the fate of many celebrated men in both branches of the medical profession. Sydenham and Cooper, Arbuthnot and Abernethy, Mead and Sir Everard Home—Brodie's master—all succumbed to diseases which they had thousands of times subdued in the cases of patients as aged, but less distinguished than themselves. Yet to most of these eminent physicians and surgeons was accorded a length of days beyond the allotted span spoken of by the inspired writer. Mead died at eighty-one, Abernethy at nearly seventy, Cooper at seventy-two, Home at eighty-six, and Brodie in his eightieth year. Of all British physicians or surgeons of whom we read in English history, the professional life of Sir Benjamin Brodie was the longest and the most eminently successful. The career of John Hunter in London practice scarcely amounted to twenty-seven years; Abernethy enjoyed a successful practice of five-and-thirty years; Sir Astley Cooper of fully forty; Sir Everard Home of thirty-eight, while Mr. and Sir Benjamin Brodie's successful professional career exceeded, without a season's interrup-

tion, half a century. During ten years of this period, from 1808 to 1818, he enjoyed a considerable and constantly increasing practice; during another decade—i.e., from 1818 to 1828—he enjoyed a very large and lucrative practice; and in the thirty years between 1828 and 1858, when by defective sight he was forced to retire from the more active pursuit of his calling, he enjoyed a larger and more lucrative business than any of his contemporaries, though Cline, Home, Abernethy, Cooper, Pearson, and Vance, all greatly his seniors, could be classed among them.

The master of Brodie, Sir Everard Home, stood in the relation of brother-in-law to the famous John Hunter (the great anatomist having married his sister), and succeeded to the office of lecturer at the schools in Leicester Square and Windmill Street in 1790, which Hunter had resigned in his favor, that he might devote his time to the composition of a treatise on the blood, inflammation, and gunshot wounds, which were three of the last of the great anatomist's literary labors. Home, the son of an eminent surgeon, like Hunter, whose pupil he became, was a native of North Britain; and when he rose into eminence and became physician to St. George's Hospital, the Hunterian school fell into the hands of Wilson and Thomas. The grandfather of Sir Benjamin Brodie, who, though long settled in London, was also a Scotchman by birth, and married the daughter of a Scotch physician, had one son and one daughter. The son, the father of Sir Benjamin, educated for the Church, became rector of Winterslaw, in Wiltshire, and the daughter (Sir Benjamin's aunt) became the wife of the celebrated Dr. Denman, the author of the *Principles of Midwifery*, and father of the late Lord Chief Justice Denman. It was not therefore, wonderful that, connected by his grandmother and his aunt with the medical profession, young Benjamin Collins Brodie should have early shown a predilection for the profession.

Born in June, 1783, the third son of the Rev. Peter Bellinger Brodie, he received his education under the paternal roof, and was by his father well grounded in classical learning. At the age of fifteen he was an accomplished Greek and Latin scholar, and in his sixteenth year was sent up to the metropolis. The family of Brodie was well acquainted

* See *Fraser's Magazine* for November, 1862, p. 566.

and nearly connected by intermarriages with some of the principal practitioners at the West End; and it is therefore not to be wondered at that the youth should be at once installed at the close of the last century as a pupil of Wilson and Thomas at the Hunterian School of Medicine in Windmill Street. Here, for the space of three or four years, he was an assiduous and careful student, and he left the school with the most flattering testimonials of his earliest professional teachers, to become a pupil of Mr., afterwards Sir Everard Home, then surgeon to St. George's Hospital at Hyde Park Corner. Not merely as a practitioner, but as a medical and surgical writer, Mr. Home at this period stood in the first ranks of the profession. His books *On Ulcers*, *On Diseases of the Prostate Gland*, and his *Lectures on Comparative Anatomy*, are still referred to, I believe, as works of authority; and it should also be remembered that Home was entrusted with the publication of his master's, John Hunter's works, *On the Blood*, *On Inflammation*, *On Gunshot Wounds*, and also of his treatise *On Lucas*, enlarged by materials left by Hunter in an unfinished state. Nor was it merely as a surgical writer and editor that Home stood high. He was the author of many valuable articles in the *Philosophical Transactions* and other scientific miscellanies, so that he was a person of large views and general attainments. Mr. Home soon recognized the industry and acumen of young Brodie, who in a short period became his favorite and most distinguished pupil. When scarcely more than one-and-twenty, that pupil gave lectures on anatomy at St. George's Hospital, and at the comparatively early age of five-and-twenty was appointed assistant surgeon to the institution. With three of the eminent physicians of the hospital—Drs. Warren, George Pearson, and Nevineon—young Brodie was, I have heard, as great a favorite as with the surgeons; and this owed to his rare knowledge of pharmacy and materia medica. For fourteen years—i.e., from 1808 to 1822—Mr. Brodie labored in a subordinate position as assistant-surgeon at St. George's, and in the latter year was elected one of the principal surgeons.

It was probably at this comparatively early period of his life, when under the age of thirty, he acquired that accurate knowledge of disease and diagnosis of which he was so unequalled a master. Like Home, he

became early in life a contributor to the *Philosophical Transactions*; and at the age of twenty-seven received the Copley medal for two physiological papers. In 1810 he was Croonian Lecturer, and in 1819 became Professor of Anatomy and Surgery at the Royal College of Surgeons, an office antecedently filled by his master, Home. This appointment he held till his increasing professional duties obliged him to relinquish it in justice to his patients. In 1823, at the early age of forty, Mr. Brodie, as a practical and scientific surgeon, stood second to no man in the profession. He had not then, indeed, the world-wide repute of Abernethy or Cooper, nor was he referred to, as these gentlemen and Cline were, as a consulting surgeon; but in the practical every-day business of his profession he was considered the most rising and the safest surgeon of his day, the man who was to succeed at no distant time to the eminent renown of his own master, and the three celebrated surgeons I have named in a preceding sentence. So long as George IV. lived, Cline, Cooper, and Keate were his regular body surgeons, but so eminent was the repute of Brodie in 1830, that he was called into attendance on George IV. in his last illness; and soon after the accession of William IV. he was created Sergeant-Surgeon to that monarch. On the 30th of August, 1834, like his old master, Home, and his predecessor, Cooper, he was created a baronet; and on the accession of her present majesty was appointed her Sergeant-Surgeon, as subsequently, on her marriage, he was appointed Surgeon to the late lamented Prince Consort. In addition to these honors he was elected, in consequence of his scientific attainments, as President of the Royal Society, an institution in the council of which men so eminent as Abernethy and Dr. Wollaston were content to sit.

Nor were the governments of the time, whether Whig or Tory, insensible to the eminent merits of Sir Benjamin Brodie. He was appointed a member of various commissions connected with the public health and sanitary reform, and President of the General Committee on Medical Examinations. These were honorary appointments, which, absorbing a good deal of a distinguished man's valuable time; and thus, not wanting those who, in the past, elsewhere, intimated that a *paragon* was

be fittingly conferred on a man so surpassing in his line and so generally useful. But the government were deaf to these appeals; and it was remarked that Sloane, Home, Milman, Pepys, Davy, Halford, Cooper, Hammick, and Holland, were created baronets only; while Blizard, Blicke, Pennington, and others were never more than knights. No peers have been as yet created out of the medical profession, though two coronets were obtained by lawyers who in mature life abandoned physic to woo Themis. These were Sylvester Douglas, Lord Glenbervie, alluded to by Sheridan in the well-known lines—

"Glenbervie, Glenbervie,
What's good for the scurvy,
But why is the doctor forgot?
In his arms he should quarter
A pestle and mortar,
For his crest an immense gallipot."

The other instance was Henry Bickersteth, afterwards Lord Langdale, who was apprenticed to his father, a provincial surgeon, a career soon abandoned by him for the law, in which he rose to be Master of the Rolls, with a peerage in 1836, without ever having been a member of the House of Commons. There can, however, be no good reason why eminent medical men should not be raised to the peerage. Mr. Babbage, in his *Decline of Science in England*, remarks that some of the most valuable names that adorn the history of science in England, have been connected with medicine, and he especially notices Harvey and Jenner. To these might be added John Locke, who long studied and for some time practised medicine. Assuredly men such as Harvey, Jenner, Locke, and Brodie, were better entitled to enter the House of Lords than many who have obtained an entrance there for questionable personal and political services. The late Dr. Parr declared that he considered the professors of medicine as the most enlightened, moral, and liberal class in the community; Pope pronounced them the most admirable and learned of men; and there can really be no good reason why gentlemen so instructed and useful should not be represented in the first deliberative assembly in the world.

It was in the year 1828 I first became a patient of Brodie. He was then in the forty-fifth year of his age, and in the full

meridian of his fame. He lived at this period, and, indeed, as long as I remember London (and dating from my boyhood, I remember it more than forty years), at 16 Saville Row, a house for the last three years occupied by Mr. Barnard Holt, the surgeon. He sat then to see his patients, as to the last he continued to sit, in the front parlor, the male patients being shown into the back parlor or dining-room, where from half a dozen to a dozen or fifteen gentlemen were ordinarily ranged between the hours of ten and one o'clock. The lady patients, also numerous, were ushered up to the two drawing-rooms, both of which were occasionally full, by the same old servant, dressed in black, with a defect in one of his eyes, whom I remember for a period of thirty years sitting in the hall. From the front parlor, or study, there were two modes of exit, one into the spacious hall, the other into the dining-room or back parlor. When the first coming patient was seen, prescribed for, and dismissed with a bow, Sir Benjamin then opened the second entrance into the dining-room or back parlor, and the next in order of priority entered the surgeon's study. It was the custom of the eminent man of whom I am speaking to hear attentively his patient: but if the latter were prelix or wandering in his statement, the sharp and observant practitioner generally became a questioner, and his questions succeeded each other with amazing rapidity. No symptom, no stray word denoting character, temperament, or mental or bodily idiosyncrasy, escaped that keen, cool, searching intelligence, ever quick, ever watchful, ever observant, yet always cautious, always slowly ascending to generalities. If the case were merely medical, a prescription was quickly written, and speedily explained, and the visitor dismissed; whereas, if it were a surgical case, and an operation was to be performed to complete a cure, the operation, if a slighter trivial one, was at once entered on, or a day appointed for it. All appliances were at hand in the small study for the purpose of examining the patient, and, if need be, using the knife, saw, sound, bistoury, or catheter. But though there was a varied choice of instruments, the books in the small library-cases did not appear numerous. It had occurred to me before 1828 to remark the paucity of books at Astley Cooper's in New

Street, Spring Gardens, at Abernethy's in Bedford Row, and also at Mr. Scarlett's chambers in King's Bench Walk. Some ten or twelve years afterwards the same idea entered my mind in attending a consultation at the chambers of the late Sir William Follett. It would appear, indeed, as though the first and leading men among lawyers, physicians, and surgeons, trust not overmuch to books, but chiefly to experience and practice. Sydenham had as large a practice as any man of his time, and he had long studied both at Cambridge and Montpellier; yet he declared that he chiefly owed his success to practice, and that knowledge of the world which he had gained in the civil war as a captain in the parliamentary army. When asked in the zenith of his fame by Sir Richard Blackmore what was the best course of study for a medical student, he replied, "Read Don Quixote—a very good book—I read it still." In a dedication to Dr. Mapletoft, Sydenham has recorded under his hand, "that the medical art could not be learned so well as by use and experience." "He who would pay" (he goes on to say) "the nicest and most accurate attention to symptoms of distempers, would succeed best in finding true means of cure." This was undoubtedly the course followed by Brodie, who, though a scholar and man of profound learning in his profession, yet before all and above all was a man of observation and experience, prudent, cautious, vigilant, patient, and discreet. He knew, with Bacon, "that books must follow sciences, and not sciences books, for the great quantity of books maketh a show rather of superfluity than lack; which surcharge, nevertheless, is not to be remedied by making no more books, but by making more good books." Brodie knew as well as any man of his time that there is a wisdom without studies and above them (to use the words of the same great man) won by observation. If he read in the busiest part of his life, which he did whenever he could find leisure, it was not to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. There are many thousands of book-learned men among physicians and surgeons of all countries, but the men who can heal or cure their patients, or discern their diseases, may be counted by scores only. Nothing is truer than the remark of

Béralde, in reply to Argan, in the *Malade Imaginaire*:—

"Ils savent la plupart de fort belles humanités, savent parler en beau latin; savent nommer en grec toutes les maladies, les définir, et les déviser; mais pour ce qui est de les guérir, c'est ce qu'ils ne savent point du tout. Toute l'excellence de leur art consiste en un pompeux galimatias, en un spécieux babil, qui nous donne des mots pour des raisons et des promesses pour des effets."

Brodie was the very antipodes of this too common type of the professional man. He was the sworn foe of all arbitrary and empirical precepts, of all scholastic subtlety, and founded his conclusions, not on the dicta of those who had gone before him, but on physiological and pathological science. In surgery, as in medicine, he proceeded by induction, and was aided in his practice by a profound and minute knowledge of anatomy. In middle life, and indeed down to 1850, he possessed that *finesse de vue et souplesse de main* which the French school of operators consider so absolutely essential to success. He had always in view the dignity and proper ends of his profession, and next to curing his patients, his great object, as that of his predecessor Linacre, was to rescue physic and surgery from mischievous ignorance and quackery, and to guide the student in the path of real knowledge. Some three-and-twenty years ago, a wretched Irish quack, a native of Doneraile, by name St. John Long, who had been a basket-maker, a jobbing sign-painter, an engraver, a color-grinder to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and, lastly, a portrait painter, in all of which callings he failed, set up as quack in Harley Street. Though the impostor was of forbidding countenance, of hideous expression, and afflicted with an incurable stammer, yet crowds of ladies, old and young, flocked to his house, first to inhale a mixture contained in a mahogany chest, and next to be rubbed with a lotion said to be a panacea for all disorders, male and female. Of the treatment several of the patients died, and among others a Miss Cashin, a beautiful girl of respectable family and considerable fortune. In her last illness Mr. Brodie was called in, but so deplorable was her condition that he could not save her. Long was indicted on the coroner's inquisition, and tried at the Old Bailey, when the evidence given by Mr.

Brodie not only secured the fellow's conviction, but opened the eyes of his dupes and the general public. At the period when the trial took place, the quack was in the receipt of an income of £13,400 per annum, a fact which might be verified by the ledger of the eminent bankers, Sir Claude Scott and Co. It will also be remembered that in Palmer's case the remarkable and conclusive evidence of Sir B. Brodie contributed to a conviction. It may be observed, too, that in reference to the mania on homœopathy, Sir Benjamin combated it in these columns with all the cogency of the clearest reasoning, and he would have favored this miscellany with a paper on mesmerism, had his health permitted. As a teacher, as a lecturer, and as a writer of treatises connected with his profession, his great objects were correctly to observe, and succinctly to describe, symptoms. He entertained a proper but not an undue respect for the authority of those who had gone before him in the profession, but he made to himself no *exceçla*, to use the term employed by Bacon. He was erudite in many walks of learning, but pre-eminently so in all that related to his own profession. But he was too wise and too learned a man—and the terms are seldom convertible—to be pedantic. He possessed so sound a judgment and so robust a common sense, that he preferred experience to authority, and he loved free inquiry so much that he received nothing implicitly. In the application of chemistry to medicine and in a knowledge of medicine, he was, as far as I can presume to judge, above all the surgeons of his day. I have heard eminent surgeons say, and as far as I am competent to judge, say with truth, that his knowledge of anatomy was of the exactest and minutest. They compared him, in this respect, to Desault. He deserved the more credit for this as in his early days subjects were scarce and dear, and not so easily obtainable as in Dublin, for a century on this account the cradle of many great and expert surgeons. Dissection at the close of the last and the beginning of the present centuries, was not, it is true, held sacrilegious, as in the days of Francis I., or impious, as the University of Salamanca held it in the time of Charles V., but surgical pupils sought subjects stealthily in the churchyard and the charnel-house, and many were the armed encounters which the poachers for bodies,

the alumni of the hospitals and the medical and surgical schools, had with the watchmen and the grave-diggers, when the two latter were specially fed by relatives and friends. Brodie, though a man of exquisite common sense, sound judgment, acute intellect, and ready instinct, was not like Fabricius de Aquapende, Harvey, Fallopius, Eustachius, Pecquet, or Willis of Oxford, a great discoverer, but unlike these eminent discoverers, his general faculties, his reason, his judgment, and his imagination, were in perfect equipoise and admirably balanced, and he possessed a metaphysical acumen, a philosophical breadth of view, a power of keen analysis and sound logic, which these men of genius either wanted or did not combine in such proportions as he. Not addicted *jurare in verba magistri*, Brodie was inclined, like Sydenham, to lay the greatest stress on observation and experience, and this was one of the main causes of his eminent success. In physic and surgery, so far as a layman like myself could judge, he had a perfect mastery of his subject, and the greatest clearness in expounding his views. The earnestness and conscientious conviction, and the reality and sincerity of his opinions, shone forth in all he uttered. He was pre-eminently a special man, eminent in pathology, physiology, the science of diagnosis, and the art of discovering and healing diseases, but he had large sympathies and a broad culture, as appears in every line of his *Psychological Inquiries*, and a wide acquaintance with social and civil life in all its phases. Though the engrossing nature of his avocations did not allow him to mix much in society, yet he had a perfect knowledge of men and things, and of the whole outward world, from his extended commerce with patients of all grades and callings. Though reserved, incommunicative, and somewhat taciturn, following the Horatian maxim, '*Quid, de quoque viro, et cui dicas, arpe caveto,*' yet where he took an interest, no man could give better advice on the general conduct of life. Trained in youth and manhood to a knowledge of human character, he had acquired in mature age an intuitive perception into our common nature which appeared marvellous. Yet with this thorough knowledge of mankind and of the world, he was a philanthropist in the best sense of the word, and a thoroughly Christian gentleman. It

was said of Garth, that if there ever was a good Christian without knowing himself to be so, he was the man, and the same remark might be made of Brodie, so unconsciously and unostentatiously did he fulfil every obligation of the Gospel. Aware of the connection between mind and body, he attributed the fretfulness, peevishness, and ill-temper which cultivated men too often exhibit, to the superabundance of lithic acid in the blood, or to organic disease in the viscera. Though he had seen much of the more ignoble and baser side of human nature, yet he was not harsh or cynical, and proclaimed that his individual experience on the whole led him to entertain a better opinion of mankind than that which he should have had if he had studied the subject only in books. He came to the charitable conclusion "that the good very greatly predominates over the evil in life, and that the individual cases in which it is otherwise are but rare exceptions to the general rule."* In his latest work he linked science with the highest and holiest truths, and showed how much there is of the noble, the sublime, and the beneficent in the medical profession, when practised by a man such as he, at once high-minded, honorable, grave, earnest, humane, and reverently religious, without any touch of bigotry or sectarianism.

It was said of Garth, "that no physician understood his art more or his trade less." This was not, in the latter sense, true of Brodie, for he understood physic both as an art and trade, though his practice was always liberal, never sordid. He rarely refused an honorarium from the wealthy and well-to-do, but he saw the poor gratuitously in the early morning, and gave them counsel and advice. I sent to him myself a needy scholar of unprosperous fortunes, for whom he over and over again not only prescribed gratuitously, but finding the man utterly without means, caused his prescriptions to be dispensed by a chemist at his own cost. In the year 1845 or 1846, I sent him a valuable old servant who had been with me for close upon twenty years, and who had lived with a relative of mine for fifteen years antecedently. This excellent woman had deeply cut her finger with a chopper; the wound being neglected, she had sent for a

surgeon apothecary, under whose care inflammation extended. A pure surgeon was called in aid by the apothecary, and the inflammation continued to increase day by day. In this emergency I sent her to the late Sir Benjamin, who advised speedy amputation of the finger, which he was ready then and there to perform. To this the old creature obstinately refused to consent. "Well," said the great surgeon, "I will save your finger, but it will be a slow business, and never of any use to you." For six weeks he saw the patient twice a week at his own house, saving the finger, though it was a useless member. On the evening of the day after Sir Benjamin dismissed his patient, I called at Saville Row, about seven o'clock, in the month of June. The old servant, who had known me for fourteen or fifteen years, at once showed me into the dining-room, where a single cover was laid for Sir B., who had not yet returned from his rounds. There were two decanters on the table, the one containing a couple of glasses of sherry, the other about a glass of port. Presently a carriage arrived at the door, and the master entered. "What! you here, sir; I hope you don't want my aid personally?" "Certainly not," I said, "but I want to write a cheque for your kind services to my cook." "Write a cheque," said the humane and generous man; "indeed you shall do no such thing. Go home straight to your dinner, and leave me to mine." Saying this, he began to quickly disembody his pockets of a quantity of gold, with which they had been freighted between one P.M. and seven P.M.

I might multiply these anecdotes, but hold my hand. One more, and I have done. Being at Paris, in September, 1840 or '41, and feeling ill, I proceeded to the hotel of Sir Benjamin, whose arrival I had read in *Galignani*. He prescribed for me, and I tendered the honorarium. "No, sir," said he, "I am here for pleasure, not on professional business, for recreation is necessary to us all,

"*Lusus animo debent aliquando dari
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.*"

I am only too happy to be of service abroad to one who is an old patient at home."

These are generous and genial traits of a man who was the head and pride of his profession, and who had the reputation of

* *Psychological Inquiries*. By Sir B. C. Brodie, D.C.L. London: Longman and Co. 1862.

knowing the uses and value of money. It is my conviction that Sir Benjamin Brodie realized a larger sum by his profession than any one of his predecessors. He did not receive such large fees for operations as Cooper, but he continued longer in the practice of his profession, and for forty years of his life never had a spare moment. It is said of Lettsom, the famous Quaker physician, that in some years he made £12,000 a year, knocking up three pairs of horses per day. The professional gains of the late Sir Benjamin Brodie must for very many years have considerably exceeded this figure, though they perhaps never came up to the income Cooper netted in one year, which

was over £20,000. In all the domestic relations of life, as husband, father, relative, and friend, Sir Benjamin was exemplary and irreproachable. He married, early in life, the daughter of Mr. Sergeant Sellen, a legal author of some repute, a portrait of whom hung in the dining-room at Saville Row. There is no author from whom Brodie more frequently quotes than Montaigne, who habitually bantered and ridiculed physicians and surgeons. With a quotation from old Montaigne I will conclude a paper already too long.

"Nous appelons les médecins heureux," says the old essayist, "quand ils arrivent à bonne fin."

THE DEARTH OF PAPER—NEW MATERIAL AND MACHINERY.—Though paper now bears an enormously high price, there is no reason in the world, except that the proper machinery is not at hand, why it should not be as abundant and as cheap as it ever was. An abundance of material, which might be had for almost nothing, and which might easily be converted into paper, is annually wasted.

The fibre of the flax plant makes the strongest and best paper. All the fine old books printed before the present century, were printed on paper made from linen rags. At the present time it is estimated that there is enough of this fibre thrown away every year, in the State of Illinois alone, to equal the annual importation of rags from abroad. There the farmers raise enormous crops of flax for the seed only; they beat out the seed from the bolls and throw the rest of the plant away; the labor of dressing the fibre, and the expense of getting it to market, not being compensated by the price it brings.

A machine has been invented by Mr. Gelston Sanford, and patented by Sanford and Mallory, by which from a ton to a ton and a quarter of the flax plant in its natural state may be reduced to tow. It requires no process of rotting for this purpose, but as soon as the stems are dry they are ready for the machine. The tow produced in this manner has, of course, to be bleached by the usual process and reduced to pulp, and it would then become the material of the very strongest and best paper that is made, either for printing or writing. All that is necessary is to have the machines on the Illinois prairies, or wherever else flax is cultivated, and in a few days one might have mountains of tow ready for the paper mills.

It is worth while to look at this machine in operation at the railroad station in White Street, room No. 24. Its iron teeth draw in the flax, or

hemp, break up the stems into fine shives, shake out the woody particles in showers upon the floor, and deliver the fibres without disturbing their parallel arrangement, at the opposite end of the machine, which is hardly as large as a common spinning mill. For the purpose of being made into thread, the rotted flax or hemp has next to be subjugated to a scratching process, but the unrotted plant requires no further preparation for the purposes of the paper-maker.

There is yet another material for making paper, which can be furnished in vast abundance, and which only requires the proper machinery. The cane-brakes in Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee and the contiguous regions, now within the limits occupied by neither armies, and acknowledging the jurisdiction of the United States, may be converted into reams of paper for the daily presses. We have before us samples of this material in three different stages of progress. Blown through an iron tube by steam, the stem of the cane is converted into a tangled mass of brown strings. Another process reduces it to a cotton-like substance as white as snow, which, mixed with water, would be the pulp for paper-making. The third sample is the manufactured sheet, compact, strong, smooth paper, ready for the printer.

All that is needed to make paper more plenty and cheaper than ever before, without dependence upon the cotton fields of the South, is simply the exercise of a little of our Northern ingenuity. That has already begun its work. We learn that several machines for reducing flax to tow have been ordered by the owners of paper mills from Sanford and Mallory, and we are pretty confident that as early as the beginning of another year the stricture which the scarcity of paper has imposed on the press of our country will have passed away.—*N. Y. Evening Post*, 7 Jan.

From All the Year Round.
FELICIA CROMPTON.

"I AM Miss Bessie Crompton, Pim," I said.

I spoke with the dignity of a young lady fresh from a boarding-school. I had been at the Clergy Daughters' School for four years, being educated for the express purpose of becoming a teacher; yet when my allotted term was ended, my sister Felicia, who had been a governess herself, decidedly declined the offer of the lady superintendent to find me a situation, and desired that I should return home at once. Yet though I had been absent so long, only old Pim, our servant, who had been errand-boy to my father's grammar-school longer than I could remember, met me at the station. I was almost ashamed of recognizing him as he waited at the back of the platform, in an antiquated, threadbare black suit of my father's, looking like the embodiment of decrepitude and poverty, and blinking with a bewildered, purblind gaze, at the long train and crowd of passengers, like an owl dragged out into the tormenting light of day. I approached him with a stateliness and distance, to convince bystanders that he was nothing more to me than a servant.

"Lord love you, Miss Bessie, it can't be you!" he exclaimed, instantly reviving from sixty to thirty years of age, "the master himself'll not know you again. If you wouldn't be above it, miss, when we're out of sight, I should like to shake hands with you for this once; if it's not too great a liberty. You gave old Pim a kiss when you went away."

"O Pim! dear old Pim!" I cried, seizing his big hand, covered with a very worn pair of my father's gloves. All the dignity of the Clergy Daughters' School vanished as if it had never been. "I love you just the same, Pim; and I'm coming to live at home again, you know, so we shall have the old times back."

Pim aged into sixty again in a moment, and shook his bended head feebly; halting and flapping as if unable to keep up with my young, impatient step, as he walked a few paces behind me. When I tried to question him about home, he replied reluctantly. Once even he produced a Jew's-harp, and began to twang a doleful tune upon it, as he had been used to do, when, as a child, I had asked him unanswerable questions; but, rec-

ollecting himself, he replaced it in his pocket with a despondent apology, and we walked on without further conversation.

Our home was an old rambling mansion attached to the Elizabethan Grammar School, of which my father had been master for thirty years. The endowment was fifty pounds a year, and the scholars on the foundation were only twelve in number; but, under former masters, the school had won something more than mere local reputation, and one after another had retired, either in possession of a comfortable competency, or with the presentation to a church-living. College Hill, where the school was situated, was one of the oldest and narrowest streets in Tamford, and no thoroughfare of business; the buildings consisting chiefly of a row of decaying houses, property in Chancery, and a large, enclosed quadrangle, entered by an archway opposite the school-house, and surrounded by almshouses for twenty-five aged men. The character of the street depended altogether upon the condition of the school. No surer index was needed than its aspect at noon and evening when the scholars dispersed; if Tamford Grammar School was prospering, the walls echoed to the shrill whoop of school-boys, and the pavements rang with their clattering footsteps, followed by the wrathful maledictions of the almamen. But not a sound was to be heard as we entered it, save the lagging step of a foundationer, who slunk close to the wall, with a sly, insolent, sidelong glance at me, as we passed him. In the dark shadow of the porch, which stretched across the narrow causeway, I saw Felicia watching for me. The pale beams of the wintry sun glistened through the lattice casement of the projecting window of the study over the porch upon my father's snow-white head, which was bowed wearily upon his hands. Neither of them moved as I appeared, but Felicia's beautiful, sad face kindled into a sudden glow, which faded before I had run quickly across the little space between us. When I threw my arms round her neck, she bent her lofty head to mine, and kissed me coldly, without a word of welcome.

We passed on into a bare and empty lobby, across which she led me to our old parlor, so often pictured and repainted by my imagination, that it had become a very pleasant

place; not grand or gorgeous, for Felicia had hinted gently in her letters at a blight of poverty fallen upon us, but at least a tasteful, simple, homelike sitting-room. The paper was discolored with damp, and hung in mouldy shreds from the blank walls. The long, narrow casements were uncurtained, and the boarded floor had no carpet, except a dingy rug on the hearth; a square, uncovered table, where nothing was lying, stood in the centre, and four chairs only broke the straight line of the low lining of wainscot. The room was a large one, and it wore an empty, desolate, and chilling aspect.

"You shiver," said Felicia, in her soft voice, which sounded caressingly though she spoke no words of endearment; "there is a fire in the schoolroom. We generally sit there now."

I had forgotten how low and dark the unlighted passages were, and how bleak-looking the white-washed walls; and, when the massive door of the schoolroom swung heavily from Felicia's hold, I scarcely recognized the lofty and spacious hall. It had the look of a chapel, with its decorated coiling high above us, and the rostrum of black oak surmounted by a sounding-board, which stood at the opposite end; the fixed desks and forms down each side; the horizontal windows with diamond lattices and stone casements far above; the memorial tablets inscribed with the titles of deceased patrons; and the doubtful shadows lurking about the furthest corners, as if it were not worth while for the darkness to leave altogether the ancient room, oppressed me with the solemn, eerie feeling of being in a church at twilight. I had thought of it as a scene of frolic and boyish games; and I turned uneasily to the huge corner fireplace, where Felicia was stirring into a blaze a handful of smouldering embers.

"I thought my father would have come down," I said.

"He is either at his book or asleep," she answered, sighing.

"Felicia," I cried, bursting into tears, "what is the matter? Is this home? Are you always like this?"

Before Felicia could answer, Pim came forward from an obscure corner, and addressed me in a quick, cheerful tone,—

"Ay, little Miss Bessie," he said, "it is

home, but it's not to be always like this. Bless you, the master's going to finish his big book, and we shall all ride in our carriage. Or Miss Bessie'll be certain to marry some grand gentleman, and make our fortunes. And Mr. Edward, in Canada, he'll grow money on his farm; 'specially when I go out to him, as I'm waiting to do as soon as you're all settled here. Lord love you! Whenever I feel a little down in the mouth, I go and read inside Master Garforth's desk. You look here, Miss Bessie, what he's wrote. Here's 'Faint heart never won fair lady;' 'Hope on, hope ever;' 'Never say die;' and this here Latin, my dear, means 'Love conquers all;' and 'While there's life there's hope.' He was a head boy, he was—a regular taw; and his desk's like a chapter out of the Bible to me."

"But, Pim," I said, "I did not know——" And then tears stopped my utterance.

"I could not tell you, Bessie," said Felicia, sadly, "when all your letters were looked at at school. But we were obliged to have a sale to pay our debts; and there are no boys now but the foundationers; and my father, Pim says, is getting on with his book. During my absence as a governess to the children of Colonel Clarke,"—here my sister unaccountably checked herself,— "he sunk deeper into the fatal habit of opium-eating, and now he is so great a slave to it that the instruction of the few poor burgessees' sons who come to school, devolves upon me. Our affairs were bad enough when you went, if you had been old enough to notice. And now, dear, we are very poor, and very lonely."

I suppose Felicia was worn down to this lifeless existence; at least she accepted it with a grave patience peculiar to herself. Her very footstep, languid and inelastic, might have been timed to the measured ticking of the school clock, and her low voice never rose or fell beyond a certain cadence, which bore in its reiterated tone a monotony, as the harping burden of some sorrowful song, like Barbara's song of willo. From the household work to the schoolroom, where the rough scholars grew quiet in her quiet presence, and thence to the almshouses, she passed daily in a dull routine, with a meek acceptance of these duties, to which I could never attain. Only once disturbed by some words of mine, there

came a wistful, longing, weary look into her blue eyes, followed by rare but passionate weeping, before which Pim himself was silenced, and retreated into his own corner of the vast schoolroom, whence he watched her with mute anxiety and distress. My father spent most of his time in the study, amidst a litter of books and papers, where he could sleep in peace unapproached by our presence. Sometimes when I went past the unfastened door, which had neither latch nor lock, singing loudly—for I could still sing when the sun shone brightly without—he would start at the sound, and seize his pen quickly, like a child caught in a fault; but the nerveless fingers relaxed in a moment, and the gray head nodded again over the half-written papers, while I stole away guiltily, with a sense of shame at having seen his miserable disablement and prostration.

Thus a year and a half passed away, taming down the wild pulses of my youth. It was the second winter since I had left school, but a change was coming now—a very slight change, but there was an element of excitement and hope in it. Pim had been seeking constant employment as rural messenger in the post-office, by which he would earn fourteen shillings a week. Another candidate for the office had been recommended, and it was yet uncertain whether he would succeed, and to-night he was gone to hear the final decision. My father had gone to bed, as his custom was, at nine, and I, crouching beside the fire, was watching Felicia, as she paced to and fro into the ruddy gleam of the fire and back to the cold, clear moonlight at the upper end of the hall. There was an impatient tread in her usually measured footstep, and I could see that her little hands, roughened with coarse work, were clenched feverishly together, while at every sound without she turned sharply towards the door, betraying how eager she was for this good fortune, and how in secret she chafed at the privations and narrowness of our lot. She had just paused for a moment beside me, when we heard the twang of Pim's Jew's-harp, and she darted back to the door, but before she could reach it, he entered and closed it after him.

"I've got it," he said, in a voice of agitation; "it's all right. Little Miss Bessie, I'm Her Majesty's Rural Messenger to High

Overton, with fourteen shillings a week. God bless Queen Victoria!"

"It's all right, Miss Crompton," repeated Pim, taking my sister's hand, "all right, my dear. Bless you, we shall be as happy as the day altogether, 'specially of a night, when I'm come home. I shall be back in time for any odd jobs about the house; only I sha'n't see much of the master, Lord love him! It was so uncommonly kind of him to write that beautiful recommendation for me, when he's so busy with the big book. I'm a made man through it, with fourteen shillings a week clear."

"It's all right, my dears," he reiterated; "right to a tittle. Everything's right. But I shouldn't have got it without Mr. Garforth. It's been uncommon difficult to keep my temper over this business. You wouldn't believe it, but this postmaster—he's not a Tumford man—asked me if I was any blood relation to the master."

"And what did you say, old Pim?" I asked.

"Why, I'm afraid I swore a little," he replied, with a deprecating glance at Felicia, who had come to my side; "I'm afraid I said I'd be something'd if I was; but I didn't mean it."

"Pim!" murmured Felicia.

"I couldn't help it," he continued; "he was so uncommonly impertinent, 'specially about my character, though the master himself had written that letter for me. Saving your presence, Miss Crompton, and yours, Miss Bessie, he went so far as to say he'd been told my father and mother weren't married, and that's forty years ago clear."

Felicia's face flushed with a deep crimson, but I could not help laughing.

"That was no fault of yours, Pim," I said.

"Just the remarks as Mr. Garforth made, Miss Bessie. I didn't use any bad language then, Miss Crompton. I only said, 'Sir, it's a awful thing when the Master of us all, who has got wisdom and discretion, begins to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children; but when a man that hasn't got any sort of wisdom, sets about it——' Mr. Garforth said, 'True, old fellow,' to me."

Felicia's hand, lying upon my shoulder, rested there more heavily, as she stood silent, with drooping head and downcast eyes. In all the large moonlit room there was neither

sound nor motion, and I felt a superstitious panic creeping over me.

"What is that Felicia?" I cried.

A low, gentle tapping at the northern door, not as loud as the stroke of a robin's wing against the window, a feeble irregular knock, like the beating of a child's open hand against the iron-studded panels, succeeded by a pitiful wail, which stole into the quiet room, and filled it for a moment with a babyish, pleading tone of trouble. Felicia shivered as she leaned against me, and old Pim stood paralyzed, gazing back to the dark end of the hall; but when a second cry came, a shrill, sharp, passionate scream of fright, I sprang to my feet, and pushing past them both, ran hastily to the door. It was bright clear moonlight, and the shadows alanted across the street, making alternate spaces of light and darkness. Scarcely more soundless and deserted was it than in the daytime; even less so, for as I stopped for a moment looking out, the cry burst forth again, and I saw the form of a little child, pattering swiftly along the pavement, in the deepest shadows of the school walls. I followed the little flying figure, but it fled from me in increased fear—a fear so intense and overwhelming, that when I caught it, and taking it in my arms, sat down on the step of an untenanted house, it was long before all my caresses and soothing could still the vehemence of its sobs. At length it lay passive in my arms, and I looked up to Felicia, who stood before us, the moonlight falling upon her white, grave face, and lending a pale glory to her golden hair, like a halo round the calm forehead of a saint.

"Pim is looking for the woman," she whispered, as if afraid of being overheard; and she stooped down to lay her hand gently on the little head lying languidly on my bosom.

"See how frightened it is, Felicia," I cried, "the poor little bird. Where can it have come from?"

"She has been deserted," answered Felicia, in a bitter tone.

"Deserted? Impossible!" I replied. "What are we to do with it?"

"We cannot talk about it here," she said; "take the child in, Beattie, while Pim and I look everywhere. We must search every corner."

So, with the child sobbing itself to sleep

in my arms, I returned to the old house, and the hearth where I myself had been the last little infant, the youngest born of our family. I felt a deep instinctive love for this wailing, forsaken child; and before Felicia and Pim returned, I had collected a number of unanswerable arguments for adopting her into our household, if they found no clue to account for her appearance.

They came in, utterly foiled. Every nook in the quadrangle had been searched, and the doors of the almshouses tried, often to the great anger of the almsmen within. All the untenanted dwellings in the street were apparently empty, and their doors carefully locked; neither sound nor sight had hinted anything to them. Only one thing could be decided upon, and that we resolved unanimously. The child must remain with us till the morning, and then we should have a private discussion before my father was up, so that we might have a definite plan beforehand, which he would not take the trouble to interfere with.

I employed all my eloquence and arguments in that discussion, pleading with Felicia to let us keep the waif, and Pim lent his voice to mine.

"Who can tell whose child she may be?" I said; "for I am sure she is no common child, Felicia. See what a noble face she has. Are there no marks upon her clothes?"

"None," said Felicia, who was examining them closely; "they are worn and poor, Beattie."

She sighed heavily as she laid down the little garments, and stood undecided for a minute, watching me feed the child with bread and milk, which the child was taking hungrily. "I will be a mother to it, Felicia. God helping me, I will be a better mother than the one that has forsaken it, if that be true."

Felicia, usually so cold and reticent, fell down on her knees before us, and clasped me and the wondering child in her arms, murmuring in a voice that only I could hear, "God forgive the mother; God pardon the poor, wretched, abandoned woman! God help my Beattie!"

Ever after, life wore a different aspect to me. The monotony and gloom were gone. The child, after a day or two of fretfulness, became a merry, laughing, romping little

creature, "gurgling," as Pim called it, about the old house, with a keen enjoyment of the sounding empty rooms. To Pim and me she was a priceless treasure. Even my father would rouse himself to take her upon his knee, and let her fall asleep in his arms, himself yielding to the dreamy lethargy, which now always brooded over him with heavy wings. Only Felicia, allowing herself but a hurried notice of the child now and then, retained the melancholy step and glance of former times. We used to have long conversations about her at night, when Pim returned from his round; canvassing every conjecture that arose in our minds, until the subject became the one absorbing predominant idea of my brain. I no longer avoided the main streets of my native town, nor hurried down by-paths to hide my poverty-stricken appearance.

It was a totally unlooked-for misfortune when Pim fell ill, in the spring succeeding this autumn; but the doctor who attended the almsmen said a few days' rest would set him up again if we could get a substitute for his work. This consisted of a walk into the country of about seven miles, with no very heavy load of letter-bags; only a trustworthy and intelligent person was needed. After many objections raised at home, and some demur at the post-office, I was at last allowed to take Pim's place until he fairly recovered. I was young and strong, and the walk in the pleasant spring mornings and evenings with the long days' rest in the country air, would be good for me. I said to Felicia, the early hour at half-past five in the morning, and the dusk in the evening, would hide me from the curiosity of our townspeople.

But neither of these circumstances availed me in the country, where I met with idle querists who considered me a fair enigma offered for their solution. Yet there was nothing remarkable about me. I was commonplace and insignificant enough to go through my work unnoticed; not like Felicia, who moved and spoke like a disrowned queen. One woman especially, a widow, living about two miles from Tamford, waylaid and catechized me so rigorously, that in a little time I began to suspect her of some sinister meaning. She was born to excite suspicion. Such depths of dissimulation there were in her heavy, slow-moving eyelids; such fraud in the forced smile on her

thin lips; such lines of cunning on her face. She was so humble, too, so affable and insidious; and asked me impertinent questions so delicately, that I found her worming out all the little secrets of our secluded household. I dislike to think of that woman to this day.

"I have a letter for you," she said one evening; "a most important letter, and I wish to see you put it safely into your basket, where you cannot lose it. Not with the others, please; I should like it kept separate, and posted separate, so that you may remember it particularly."

I put it into my own basket to satisfy her, and went on my way homewards, very weary, and thinking only of the rest by the school-room fire, with Felicia and our little child. Pim met me at the entrance of the town to take my light burden from me, and as the child was with him we walked on forgetfully and happily enough, leaving him to proceed to the post-office. Not till I was luxuriating in my anticipated rest, with Felicia waiting upon me and little Bell busily unlacing my boots, did I remember the important letter in my basket.

I recollect it lying there, in the brightest light of our one candle, with the thick, marked characters, unlike a woman's handwriting. An idle feeling of curiosity mingled with my irritation, and I took it up again to examine it more closely. Beneath the thin envelope I deciphered this sentence; "The child is safe enough, at school with the daughters of a clergyman."

Such a clear, decisive clue I had never had before. Mrs. Barnett's inquisitiveness, the strange suddenness of her interest in me, the familiarity and ease with which she had caught the names of our little household, rushed instantly upon my mind. I kept silence; and, before many minutes of thought were passed, I determined to conceal my suspicions from Felicia, and from Pim if possible; for I had begun to doubt his simple capacity, and I resolved to follow out this clue myself. I would waver at nothing that would tend to solve the mystery of Bell's birth. Still holding the letter in my trembling hand, I was rapidly coming to the decision to detain it, when Pim returned, and Felicia took it from my reluctant grasp, and sent him away again to post it.

It is a hard thing to confess a crime;

harder, perhaps more humiliating, when there is something mean in it. A bold, brave, great sin, or a soft, passionate error one can recall with a kind of palliating tenderness and pity for ourselves. When Pim, a few days after my discovery of this apparent clue, was well enough to resume his work, and at my earnest solicitation came home to have some breakfast, bringing his letters with him, which was transgressing a strict rule, and I looked them over, and saw a letter in an evidently disguised handwriting, addressed "Mrs. Barnett, widow, Tamford," with the words, "Try Fazeley," written upon it by the postmaster, do you much wonder, that, having no moment for reflection, I withdrew it secretly from the bundle, and allowed Pim to proceed on his way without it?

The risk of detection was as slight as it possibly could be, for the letter had come in this morning, and the words "Try Fazeley" would lead Mrs. Barnett to suppose that it had been detained in Tamford for one day, that the town letter-carrier might see if it belonged to any one in his delivery. Pim would confirm this opinion if she spoke to him about it. The envelope was not sealed, and could be opened and reclosed readily. Yet I hesitated. I followed Felicia about, afraid of being left alone, and watched her sitting placidly at her stitching, with the child at her feet attempting to sew a piece of cloth, the pretty little features puckered into lines of painstaking. At last she looked up with grave, childish eyes into Felicia's face.

"Will mamma come to-day?" she asked; for I talked often to her of the mother who would come for her some time, and love her more than we could.

"No," answered Felicia.

"I wish she would," sighed the child, wistfully; "I'm so tired."

That decided me. I went back into the schoolroom, where the scanty class of poor scholars had assembled, and seated myself at poor old Pim's desk—the head boy's desk, with its mottoes of hope, which he had appropriated to his own use—and, concealing myself behind the heavy lid, which rested upon my forehead, I unfastened the envelope with a wicked dexterity, and drew out the enclosure, wrapped within a blank paper.

It was nothing whatever but a few shillings' worth of postage-stamps, without a

line of writing. I suppose if I had been a greater adept in crime, I should have been disappointed at this failure of result; but, upon the whole, I was not so. After the first feeling of surprise there came an undercurrent of relief. I had not then violated any private communication. I had been saved from doing Mrs. Barnett the treacherous injury I had designed. When Pim had taken the letter to her, I should feel as if I had done her very little wrong; and, having once tasted the humiliation of dishonor, I should never fall into the same temptation again.

I was obliged to leave it, until the boys were gone, carefully locked up in Pim's desk. The morning wore slowly away, but at length the foundation-scholars were dismissed, and my father prepared to lounge out for his noonday stroll. He was loitering at the school-door, deliberately drawing on his gloves, while I stood beside him, impatient for his departure, when at the turning into College Hill there appeared an extraordinary group, escorted by the returning scholars. The postmaster and a stranger walking briskly towards us, and behind them a policeman, with our poor old faithful Pim. Coming on too quickly to give me a moment's time for thought, they entered the schoolroom after my father, who retreated hastily at the sight of them, and shut the door in the familiar faces of the boys and almsmen clustering round. Their errand was speedily told. A letter containing marked stamps had been posted in London to test the honesty of the town letter-carrier, and had been addressed only to "Mrs. Barnett, Tamford"—selecting that name at random—in the supposition that it would necessarily pass into the hands of the suspected man; but the postmaster, knowing no one of that name except the lady at Fazeley, had put it among Pim's letters for him to try, first, whether it belonged to her. The detective—the pleased and satisfied-looking stranger—had come down to Tamford to learn the success of his experiment, and, upon hearing the postmaster's statement, had repaired to Mrs. Barnett's to reclaim the letter. Finding it was not delivered, he had gone on to High Overton after Pim, whose confused and frightened manner had already condemned him in his eyes. They were come now to institute a search for the missing letter.

"O Miss Bessie," cried Pim, falling upon his knees before me, "have pity upon me, my dear. Don't you say anything to break my heart. It won't be hard to bear if you don't get into trouble, and your mother left you in my charge. Don't speak—don't speak."

I saw it all in a moment—every consequence, every dire dreary result of my fault. Pim's tears were falling fast upon my hands, which he kissed imploringly, while he reiterated his prayer to me to be silent. But I had no power to speak. Suddenly he seemed removed a long way from me, and his words sounded like indistinct mutterings, only I heard him say it was all right now, as I felt Felicia's arms round me, and was conscious of nothing more.

That night, after the dreadful afternoon was over, with its confusion and dismay, and the almost magisterial visit of the mayor and rector, who were trustees of the grammar-school, I had to tell my secret to Felicia—not to my father, he could neither counsel nor aid me. I was unprepared for the terrible paroxysm of anguish into which my shameful confession threw her. It was nearly dark in the schoolroom, for we had had no heart to light a candle, and I could scarcely see her white face. She trembled violently, and spoke in broken sentences.

"What ought I to do, Felicia?" I asked, trying to look steadfastly at our position.

"I cannot tell," she said, wringing her hands; "we ought not to let Pim suffer this for us; he has done so much for us."

"I wish we had one friend," I sobbed, thinking of all our townspeople, who were going about their business and pleasure without any care for us, and we had no one to help us.

"We have a friend," said Felicia, many minutes afterwards, as if she had not dared to mention him before, "and to-morrow I will send for him. Lawrence Garforth, Bessie; but we shall have to tell him all. We will abide by his decision."

It was not strange that I should lie awake all night, scarcely believing that these events were real. I waited through the long and weary hours of the morning for the arrival of Mr. Garforth, who was to decide what I was to do, and the deathlike paleness of Felicia as the time drew near increased my vague apprehensions. It was I who had to

admit him—a grave, stern-looking man, not the head boy I dimly remembered, into whose face I dared not to glance, as I conducted him through the empty lobby to our desolate parlor, where Felicia was waiting for him: Felicia, in her faded dress, but with a soft dawn of color on her delicate face, and with downcast eyelids, which she could not raise as he approached her.

"Felicia—Miss Crompton," he said, eagerly, "I was not prepared for this. Why did you not send for me at once?"

"The trouble is my sister's," she answered, in her cold, quiet tone. "I should not have sent for you on my own account merely."

She drew me to her side with an unusual show of affection; but, as if recollecting herself, pushed me gently away from her, while she told him an abrupt, unvarnished narrative, giving the bare details of our life for the last twelve months, without a word to appeal to his sympathy or interest, until she came to my crime of yesterday. Then she spoke with tears, and with every plea on my behalf which could soften his judgment and reprobation.

"You know," said the lawyer, suddenly and sharply, "that Pim must bear it, if he will, and there seems no doubt about that, poor fellow. Your sister cannot take the consequences of her imprudent act upon herself."

For the first time I met his eyes, which before had been fastened on Felicia's face; deep, tranquil eyes, that won my confidence at once. He saw it, and smiled rather sadly.

"The consequences are worse than the fault," he continued, "and you cannot bear them, child. We cannot lay bare the history of your family before the public. We dare not expose you to the position in which Pim is placed; and the punishment will not be all his."

"But for Pim to be in jail," I cried. "O Mr. Garforth, you do not know what he has been to us, and I would rather bear the disgrace and imprisonment myself a thousand times."

"I know all, little Bessie," he replied; "and knowing all, I decide as I do. Go away now; I wish to speak to your sister alone."

I left them together. I heard Bell's shrill

little voice calling to me from the garden, and I went out to her, under the windows of the parlor, where Felicia was conversing with Mr. Garforth. He was regarding us furtively from one side of the deep embrasure, and I saw him for a moment cover his face with his hands in a quick, mute gesture of trouble.

We went the next day—Felicia and Mr. Garforth and I—to see Pim in the prison at Shawbury. I clung to Mr. Garforth's steady arm, but Felicia walked before us with her smooth, tranquil step, and slightly bended head, as if the long, low passages and jealously locked gates could not move her frigid quietism, nor the thought of seeing Pim a prisoner quicken a throb of her languid pulse. Even when we stopped before the door of his cell, and the turnkey was unfastening the massive lock, she did not turn to us, nor stand on one side for Mr. Garforth to enter first.

Pim was at work when we went in, and looked up shyly, with a glance of shame and despondency, which was changing into one of delight at seeing Felicia and me, when his eyes fell upon Mr. Garforth, and then he started to his feet with a bitter cry.

"O Miss Bessie, you've told," he exclaimed, "and you've told him! I wouldn't have had you tell him for all the world. Anybody but him; anybody but the head boy. He knows enough about us already."

"Come, Pim," said Mr. Garforth, laying his hand on his shoulder, "you forget that the monitor knows everything in school and out. You should have more confidence in me. Do you think I shall ever forget Tamford Grammar School?"

"No, sir; no, Mr. Lawrence," he sobbed, "we can't either of us forget the school; nor Mrs. Crompton, God bless her; and I should be ashamed of seeing her face in heaven if any harm came to the children—any *worse* harm. It was only a young thing's curiosity as cannot leave things alone, but must root them out somehow; and, Lord love you! being here don't hurt me a bit, but it 'ud kill her—a little, delicate, tender creature like her. I've chapel every morning, and it's fetching up my religion better than at home. Besides, it wasn't altogether her fault; she was driven to it."

Mr. Garforth bent his head without speaking.

"And I've been thinking," continued Pim, falling into a reverential tone, "that somehow it's the grandest thing a poor man like me can do, who was born a shame, to bear trouble and disgrace for somebody else, and save them. You see, by having my life a little bit heavier and harder, I can make hers light and easy, as it ought to be. Bless you, when I think I can save little Miss Bessie,—save you, my dear,—I feel as proud as if the cell couldn't hold me. I'm not ashamed of being born; and I sha'n't be ashamed when I stand before the Judge. If I've not done my duty by Miss Crompton and Mr. Edward, I shall have done it by you; and if ever I have a chance in heaven, I shall be bold to tell your blessed mother——"

"But I cannot bear it, Pim," I said, weeping till my words were lost in sobs.

They tried to comfort me, making light of my fault, and the penalty which would fall upon Pim; Mr. Garforth promising every effort in his power to secure a short term of imprisonment. But the case was too clear; the abstraction of the letter, Pim's guilty confusion when it was demanded from him, his evasive answers, and the discovery of it open in his own locked desk, formed an unbroken and conclusive chain of evidence. Mr. Garforth spoke eloquently for him, and my father was roused to the exertion of going to the sessions to testify of his long and faithful services; but the sentence could not be otherwise than it was—twelve months' imprisonment as a felon in Shawbury jail.

They told me nothing about it at the time, for I was too ill to bear the knowledge of it. Life ebbed so low that for long it was doubtful whether it would ever swell buoyantly again with the full tide of youth and health. Even after it had turned, with a fitful and wavering increase of strength, Felicia spoke of Pim with caution, and read fictitious letters to me, written in his name by Mr. Garforth, for they dared not tell me that Pim could only write once a quarter, so full of his quaint, pleasant, chattering cheerfulness, that they seemed like Pim's own kindly voice. I learned some of the secret of Felicia's endurance in my helplessness, and in our whispered conversations I told her of it feebly, how the fire and impatience of my youth was quelled forever by the memory of

my fault. Often, too, when little Bell was lying in my arms, her warm cheek nestling against mine, I used to wonder to Felicia about her parentage and future life, the more so as Mr. Garforth had ascertained that the words in Mrs. Barnett's letter referred to a nephew of her own at school in Shawbury. Sometimes my incoherent fancies would weave curious webs of romance for her, and Felicia's patient, pitying eyes would shine down upon me with a look of tenderness, which never beamed from them upon any one else.

Not even upon Mr. Garforth, as I discovered when I came down-stairs, and he visited us regularly every evening for an hour, always manifesting towards Felicia a kind of sorrowful esteem and thoughtfulness, while me he treated like the fretful, unreasonable, childish invalid that I was, soothing or laughing at me as my mood required. It was he who went to see Pim after the first six months of his imprisonment were over, when I was not considered strong enough to bear the wintry journey; and it was he who stood beside us as our friend, when the last oblivious sleep, which blotted out all unkind remembrance of the lethargic past, fell upon our poor father. He was with us, with me alone, though we thought my father was sleeping in his chair beside us, when we looked up, and found the eyelids weighed down, and the nerveless hands folded in a slumber from which there was no awaking.

That was a little while before the long vacation, and Mr. Garforth secured for us the shelter of our old home, until a new master should be elected for Tamford Grammar School. Pim's term would end a few days before we should have to leave the school-house, and Felicia and Mr. Garforth held private consultations, from which I was excluded; though I guessed their purport—that he had won, or would win her at last, to be his wife. I said to myself, and to little Bell, a hundred times a day, how glad I should be to call Mr. Garforth my brother. Yet why did my voice falter, and my heart fail me? Why, with the shadow of my father's death falling upon me, did I seem dimly conscious of a less defined but deeper shadow? Why did I feel every day that my fault, which Mr. Garforth knew, must shut me out forever from his love and honor?

I was sitting at his old desk one evening,

thinking sadly enough of him and poor Pim, with the long lines of evening sunlight slanting through the high windows, as they had done many summer afternoons upon the boys at their tasks, when Mr. Garforth entered, after a prolonged interview with Felicia. I understood his animation, his rapid step of excitement, as he paced the flagged floor to the place where I was sitting, and, gently displacing me, took his old monitor's post, and looked round with eyes full of memory. I could see him as the head boy, with command over his fellows, sweeter and more absolute than any authority now; and as the bashful boy-lover, courting yet shrinking from the glance of the master's daughter. Those days were come back again, he was living over the past once more; while I stood beside him, scarcely daring to glance at the abstracted man, with the first keen, agitated conviction that I loved him.

"Sit down by me on the form, Bessie," he said; "I have many things to say to you."

He moved a little way to make room for me, and I obeyed him, without word or look.

"The old home is broken up," he continued, softly, "and you will have to turn out of it, little Bessie. Pim cannot return to Tamford—never could if your father had lived; so he must go to Edward in Canada at last."

I planted my feet firmly on the bar of the desk to keep myself from trembling visibly.

"And Felicia will go with him," he resumed.

"Felicia!" I cried.

"Yes," he said, with an air of constraint; "Colonel Clarke, the brother of Sir John Clarke, in whose family she was governess, has left her a legacy of one thousand pounds, which in Canada will make her an independent woman."

"Oh, I understand it all now!" I exclaimed. "My poor Felicia, my darling, patient Felicia; she loved Colonel Clarke; they loved one another. And is he dead?"

"He is," was the brief answer; and after a pause he continued: "So Felicia and Pim will go to Canada, but they consent to leave you behind, if you can think of any friend you could stay with happily. Think, Bessie. Could you be happy with me?"

I could only bow down my head upon the hand lying on the desk before me, murmur-

ing the word "Happy" over and over again, as our child had done when she could only speak a few lisping syllables.

"Let us go to Felicia," I said, a long time afterwards, when the evening brightness was fading away; and he led me along the passages trodden by children's feet to the parlor, where we found her sitting in the twilight, with little Bell lying languidly in her lap. She smiled brightly when Mr. Garforth told her of our betrothal, and put the child down to take me into her arms.

But Bell, the little, excitable, sensitive child, as if foreboding some separation, wept bitterly, and I could not comfort her, though Mr. Garforth, who had never fondled her before, tried playfully to soothe her. Ever since my protracted illness, her merry ways had changed into a listless and pensive quietness. Of late, whenever I was not with her, she had been used to climb up to the window, and press her tiny face against the panes in wistful watchings for the mother who never came, until my heart ached at having filled her with a hope that now was less likely to be realized.

During the next month, while we were busy making preparations for the intended emigration as soon as Pim was released, and for my dwelling with Mr. Garforth's mother until our marriage, I found courage at last to approach the tacitly forbidden theme, and besought him to let me keep the child with me; but he refused this, my first request, with a brief decision that silenced me at once, though it awoke a dread of him, and of the time when I should be left alone to his stern authority. A reserve sprang up between us. But my adopted little one was declining now visibly and surely, and every other interest was engrossed in my care for her. Perhaps that low ebbing of my life which she had seen with the bewilderment and vague fear of childhood; or the mysterious sleep she had witnessed in my father, when he did not awake at the sound of our crying; or the oppression of Felicia's sadness, that had so often weighed me down; all, and privation and care, had burdened the young heart till it shuddered at life, recoiling from it, dimly conscious of its struggles.

It was the evening I had been looking forward to so long, and Mr. Garforth was gone to Shawbury to bring Pim home once again to the schoolhouse. Through many hours of the day I had carried the darling child—a light burden now—to and fro in the deserted schoolroom, resting now and then, but only for a few minutes, for she would lie in no other arms than mine. Felicia followed us unceasingly, with hopeless and helpless eyes seeking mine to ask unutterable questions. She was asleep now upon

my lap, as she had slept the first night we had found her; and Felicia, on a low chair upon the hearth, had buried her face from all sight and sound, in an attitude of motionless anguish. The room was as still as it had been then, except for the moan of the child; yet they entered so noiselessly, with such a solemn hush of care, that I did not know they were come, until Mr. Garforth laid his hand upon my head, and I looked up into poor old Pim's face stooping over us, with tears streaming down his pale and sunken cheeks.

"The Lord love her!" he said; "the dear Lord love her, and keep her forever!"

"Pim," I whispered, "I do so long for the poor mother to be here. The child ought to die in her arms, not mine."

I spoke so softly that the child in its sobbing slumber did not move; but Pim groaned aloud, and stretched out his hands beseechingly to me, while he cast an awe-stricken glance at Felicia. I too, gazed with terror at the tall, slender, bending figure, gliding towards me with an air of indescribable pleading and humiliation.

"O Bessie, Bessie," she cried, sinking to my feet, and hiding her face in my dress, "I never wanted you to know it; but"—I could hear her heart beat—"but, little Bell is——" She whispered the rest passionately into my ear.

Even at that moment, with the awe and shock of this confession, I looked to Lawrence. His tranquil face smiled back upon me a grave and quiet comfort, while he laid his hand once more gently upon my head.

"Speak to her," urged Pim; "tell her that you'll not cast her off. For your mother's sake, forgive her; God knows what she has suffered. Speak to her, or she'll die, Miss Bessie."

"Little Bell's dear mother is come at last," I said, and the wonderful childish eyes kindled with a strange glow as they gazed up fixedly into mine. "Call your mother, little Bell."

"Mother," breathed the faint voice, and a smile like a feeble moonbeam upon some little mountain stream, glimmered on her face as she turned her wistful eyes away from me in earnest expectation—not vainly, for Felicia was bending over her with the sacred love and anguish of a mother gleaming through her familiar features. The child was satisfied, and lifting feebly her little fingers, let them flutter for a moment playfully upon the mother's forehead, and the golden hair falling over it; but the effort lasted only for a moment. A distant forgetting look passed over her innocent face, and once again she spoke to Felicia;

"Good-by, mother," she whispered, with the faintness of death.

From St. James's Magazine.
A NEW COMEDY OF ERRORS.
BY THE HERMIT OF BELORAVIA.

THE day-dreams of my youth, though I have to look back for them through a vista of more than fifty years, how brilliant they seem! I recall them, and they return to me like a sunrise; in truth, they formed the aurora of my existence, and made my horizon beautifully Turner-esque. I call to mind the glow and variety of color which invested all my prospect, as, in the golden leisure of adolescence, I surrendered myself to the fairy influence of the imagination, in my favorite lounging-place when I resided in town—a grassy knoll in one of the shadiest portions of Kensington Gardens, near the grand walk, or mall.

At the period to which I am about to refer, these ornamental grounds had become the favorite promenade and lounge of people of fashion in London for the season, to a much greater extent than they have been since; for the walks were almost exclusively given up to the enjoyment of pedestrians possessing an indisputable claim to what were then imperative social requisites—birth and breeding. Here and there a tradesman's family might be observed unobtrusively threading their way among the throng; and occasionally a few city bucks displayed there their finery and their assurance; but the bulk of the company was unmistakably aristocratic.

Here might be seen most of the celebrities of the day—fashionable or political. Here were sure to be seen the belles of the season, striving, by means of fresh air and exercise, to bring back to their pale cheeks the roses which the late hours of last night's ball had driven away. Here, too, languidly lounged the beaux of the season, as much exhausted by laborious idleness as by habitual dissipation. Here strode the military or naval hero, whose success in his career was established on the sign-boards of the public-houses; and here might be observed all other aspirants for popular favor, from the statesman to the quack doctor, including, of course, the popular preacher, the great tragedian, "the man of the people," and the principal singer at the Italian Opera.

I have often reclined at full length upon the sward, watching the various groups as they moved along the path before me, catch-

ing glimpses of their character with their costume; and there seemed an almost endless variety of both. I looked with as much pleasure as surprise when the country squire would make his appearance in a forgotten fashion, with laced cocked hat, short wig, embroidered coat with deep cuffs, long waistcoat, small black cravat, silk breeches, stockings, and shoes, bearing a china-headed cane in one hand, and with his daughter leaning on his arm. The young lady, in a simple shallow hat with a narrow brim, known as a "gypsy," a long stomached gown laced at the bodice, with short sleeves, terminating at the elbow in a wide ruffle, and swelling all round by means of a hoop—she looked the picture of rustic grace, and he of old-fashioned respectability.

Surtouts, or very long-tailed coats, however, were worn generally by the younger gallants; the skirt long, and bearing a liberal display of gilt buttons and braid. Scarlet waistcoat, ornamented with narrow gold lace, were much in vogue, as well as buckskin breeches; they also wore close-fitting boots, generally with spurs, and carried rattans or riding whips; the hair was concealed by a high-crowned hat, except behind, where it was tied in a pigtail.

The younger ladies wore broad-brimmed hats, ornamented with large bows of ribbon; their hair was powdered, frizzled at the sides, and fell in curls behind. They often wore riding-habits of the length of ordinary dresses.

The sporting gentleman was distinguished by his long green coat, having a high collar and short cuffs, his tight buckskin breeches descending to the ankle, and buttoned above as well as below the knee, as well as by his low top-boots and heavy riding-whip.

They passed along, the lively ones talking and laughing merrily, the grave-looking, dignified and reserved, courteously giving salutations to their acquaintances or walking by persons to whom they did not care to be known, with studied indifference. The ancient dowagers and venerable bachelors, in the fashions of their youth, might be seen earnestly gossiping on the tittle-tattle of the hour, or as eloquently declaiming against the degeneracy of the rising generation.

I liked most to watch the young ladies belonging to the fashionable seminaries that had been established in the neighborhood.

These were very select, exclusively for finishing the education of the daughters of persons of wealth and position. I was aware, therefore, that they were as well worth knowing as many of them unquestionably were well worth admiring. There did not, however, seem much chance of my becoming acquainted with any one of them; for they filed past me, looking fresh, innocent, and happy, and totally indifferent to my presence,—one or two sometimes taking a furtive glance in my direction, as though to ascertain whether I was as intent upon the book I held as I appeared to be.

Slight as this foundation was, it sufficed for many a day-dream. I lived upon these stray glances, built upon them the most magnificent *châteaux en Espagne*, and flourished as much upon the airy diet as upon the aerial architecture. Nothing came of it. Day after day passed. I beheld these beautiful girls, who never failed—for the most beautiful were invariably the most inquisitive—to glance at my recumbent form and open volume of "Sir Charles Grandison;" but they quietly continued their promenade, and were soon lost to sight, but not to memory. How many heiresses have I dreamt of marrying on the strength of those random glances! What golden visions of mingled rank, fortune, and beauty, have visited my pillow—hours after the lovely pageant had faded from my view! What glorious prospects of fame, of grandeur, and of dignity, have followed on the receding footsteps of that graceful company! They proved entirely unsubstantial; and, to get out of the way of such delusions, I retired to a more private part of the Gardens, where I hoped to be able to enjoy my reading without the interruption of such Alnaschar speculations.

The place I now selected was in a grove of tall trees, and under the spreading branches of one of these I lay with my book, sometimes surrendering myself to the charms of the fashionable fiction, sometimes watching the deer that then grazed in the park, and sometimes observing the children feeding the ducks in the pond within a few yards of my position.

I had been so absorbed in this occupation, that I had not perceived the approach of a small band of young ladies, who, attended by two teachers or governesses, had taken

possession of the grove, apparently without being aware of my presence. The first announcement I had of their neighborhood was given in a chorus of laughing exclamations, and glancing round the trunk against which my back had been leaning, I beheld five singularly beautiful girls, dressed most elegantly, playing the game of "puss in the corner," while two fashionable-looking matrons were sitting on the grass at a short distance, encouraging them with shouts as joyful as their own.

I never saw a more charming picture. The younger ladies were all full grown, of unmistakable social superiority, and no doubt were receiving the final accomplishments and refinements intended to fit them for the elevated position they were expected to fill. One of the elder ladies—still in the prime of life—possessed remarkable personal attractions, and her demeanor and general appearance indicated a lady thoroughly qualified to perfect the most ambitious aspirant for fashionable distinction. Her companion appeared to be a few years her junior, was less stylish in her manner, but was well dressed, and evidently well bred. Both were in high good-humor, and called to the girls by their christian names, so that I very shortly was able to distinguish them individually, and knew which was referred to.

I have seen many paintings that represented the pastimes of courtly youth and loveliness, but the most charming Watteau fell short of the grace expressed in the game at romps I beheld performed by that "bevy of fair women." I was thoroughly fascinated. What I had seen before in the casual glances that had been so suggestive to my imagination, could not for a moment be compared to the marvellous attractions displayed in the graceful movements, the unstudied attitudes, the exquisite expression of face, and the musical cadence of voice, that now charmed both my vision and my ear.

Could I help the day-dream that opened before me like an alluring mirage, as I fixed my fascinated gaze on one and then on another? That divinity in the open gown and richly laced petticoat, who was called Charlotte, should be my heiress, and place me on the lofty pedestal I earnestly desired to mount. A few moments later I chose to be indebted for all the best gifts of life to this elegant creature in the Ransleigh family.

Presently my imagination roved from the lovely Madelina to the beautiful Susan, in the sky-blue saque, whom I selected as my guardian angel and benefactress. Anon I could not resist the charms of the arch and playful goddess in the polonaise, whom I had heard appealed to as Louisa. Again I was in the seventh heaven of ecstasy and gratitude, under the rosy auspices of that model of tenderness and modesty called Georgiana, distinguishable by her long silken hair, partly confined by a spotted therese. In short, I was, as it were, in a circle of dreams, that recommenced as soon as it concluded.

But what could be the use of my remaining where I was? The result must be even more unsatisfactory than that produced by the stray glances from the fair promenaders in the grand walk. There my innamoratas had seen me, at any rate;—I might have made some little impression upon them: but here I was altogether in the background, unheeded and unseen.

Yet, to make my vicinity known seemed likely to be attended with more hazard than I could induce myself to risk. The scene was too fairy-like to continue were any mortal interruption attempted. The delightful game at romps would stop in a moment, and the exquisitely charming players would rapidly retire far beyond the scope of my observation. I could not betray myself; I remained behind the tree as still as death, but with every nerve in my youthful frame as full of life as of love.

Fortune rewarded my patience in a manner that a mind the most suggestive of fortuitous resources could never have imagined. With a suddenness that was almost supernaturally startling, the happy game ceased, and in place of the joyous mirth that had hitherto prevailed, the most agonizing shrieks rent the air; the laughing faces became terror-stricken, and the whole group made a frantic rush towards their elder companions, who rose from their seats, screaming loudly, evidently as frightened as themselves.

I sprang up bewildered and confused, without knowing why; but as I gained my feet, and glanced in the direction in which the ladies were gazing, as they clung to each other, I observed a rough ill-conditioned mongrel running, with protruding tongue and fiery eyes, into the grove, and making

direct for the screaming girls and their equally frightened attendants. At the same time I caught the sound of distant shouting, and could discern a mob of boys and men, mostly armed with heavy sticks, following, but too far off to be of the slightest assistance.

I had no weapon of any kind, nor was there anything near of which I could have made use. The screams redoubled in violence as the rabid creature, foaming at the mouth, sprung at the nearest of the horrified group. Before, however, his fangs had time to close upon his victim, I had leaped from my concealment, between the frenzied girls and the object of their alarm, and with all my force had dealt a kick at his head, which hurled him against the nearest tree. While he was quivering under the shock, I seized him by the ears and tail; then, taking a few quick steps and a spring, flung the carcass into the deepest part of the pond, where it instantly sunk, and was seen no more.

The children and nursery-maids had scattered in all directions, and when I came back to the ladies, most of whom were still under the influence of their fright, I was met in a manner for which I was totally unprepared.

"Here's the gallant laddie!" exclaimed the younger of the matrons to the other, and leaving her hysterical companion, she sprang forward, and flung her arms around my neck. "Ye've done a gude deed the day, and none o' us is like to forget it. Ye'll just gang home wi' my sister and the lassies, and we'll, may be, be better able to show our sense of the obligation ye ha' put us all under, than it's possible in the like o' such a place as this."

I modestly replied, expressing my gratification at having been near enough to interpose in time, but disclaiming any merit in the deed. The "lassies" were evidently too deeply affected to speak; they were trying to suppress their sobs, but looked the gratitude they felt. The other lady now came forward, and seizing my hand in both her own, pressed it warmly.

"If you will have the kindness to accompany me," she said, with a slight Scottish accent, her voice trembling with emotion, "you will afford us all a very great pleasure. Please to give me your arm. My dear girl, walk home as quickly as you can."

The young ladies proceeded in school fashion, the sister helping to make the third couple, behind which the principal and myself followed. I should have been astonished at the novel position in which I found myself, but my companion, by degrees recovering her spirits, talked to me incessantly, and in a manner so friendly and so animated, that my attention was completely absorbed. I could not help seeing that all the members of the fair rank and file before me, kept constantly turning their heads round, perhaps to nod at their good-humored, yet dignified instructress; perhaps, suggested vanity, to look at the fortunate youth whom she was leading to their maiden domicile—a rare distinction, I felt assured.

When we arrived at the gates of the park, an apology was made to me for the carriage not being in waiting. I was perfectly content with my position, and walked on with increasing satisfaction, till we stopped at a large gate in one of the West End squares, through which we entered into a courtyard, having a carriage-drive before a large mansion. As I passed into the hall, everything I saw assured me that I was in an establishment of the most fashionable character. Servants in a handsome livery came forward, but my guide followed her youthful charges up a broad staircase, carpeted with crimson cloth, till we came to a handsome suite of drawing-rooms, furnished with as much taste as luxury.

It was lucky we arrived when we did, for almost immediately afterwards it came on to rain, and the clouds gave every indication of a settled down-pour, likely to last for hours. The weather did not affect my spirits; I was too much pleased with my position to care for out-of-door influences; indeed, I could not help congratulating myself on my singular good fortune. In my most flattering day-dreams I had never imagined myself an inmate of what was evidently a "Finishing Establishment for Young Ladies," on an unprecedentedly expensive scale,—under the same roof with five of the most attractive heroines who ever conferred immortality on prose fiction; of whom, moreover, every one, I was convinced, was not only an heiress, but was entitled by birth to the highest social privileges.

In less than half an hour we had all sat down to a capital luncheon, served on plate;

indeed, the luxury, apparent in everything that fell under my observation, assured me that only families of large wealth could send their daughters to so exclusive an establishment.

I must own that I could not see what "finishing" the pupils required, and felt curious to know what they could have to learn; for, as far as I could judge, they were thoroughly accomplished, and it seemed to me to be full time that they took their destined places in the circle they were so well fitted to adorn.

If, by the way, there had been any delay in this transplantation of the pupils, they were all quite indifferent to it. Though at first they talked of the escape they had had, they presently began to laugh at their terror. In short, a reaction commenced as they sat around the pleasant meal, and before it had concluded they were in the highest spirits, complimenting me on my heroism, and joking about the nature of the obligation they had incurred.

As they continued to be called by their christian names, I, when I had occasion to address them, was obliged to do the same; but to avoid appearing familiar, I added the prefix "Miss," which amused them exceedingly.

When luncheon was over, I was about to retire, but the weather continuing very stormy, my hostess easily persuaded me to stay. She then asked her pupils if they could not contrive something by way of entertaining me. There was a hurried consultation, and then they all laughingly ran out of the room.

I was conversing with the principal and her sister, each rivalling the other in the liveliness of her remarks, when the folding-doors suddenly opened, and a gigantic figure, with a profusion of sandy hair round a face remarkable chiefly for a very freckled complexion, stalked in, clad in the Highland costume, and bearing a set of silver-mounted bagpipes.

"It's only our piper," said my hostess to me, noticing my stare of astonishment.

For what possible purpose could such an instrument be required in such an establishment? I asked myself, and of course asked in vain. The grim figure saluted my companions with a solemn genuflection, which they returned with a friendly nod; and

then, ensconcing himself in a recess, he commenced a skreel, which startled me by the piercing loudness of its tone. After a few horrid sounds of this kind, he began to play a brisk dance tune.

He had not proceeded beyond the first few bars, when a side door opened, and in rushed what I at first took to be a squad of young soldiers, in a garb familiar to me as the uniform of a newly raised Scottish regiment, called the Gordon Fencibles. Greatly to my surprise, on a nearer approach I recognized the lovely faces of the young ladies who had so recently quitted the apartment.

Though amazed at the metamorphoses, amazed still more at such strange proceedings in a place I thought must be sacred to the feminine proprietress, I was really bewildered when the fair troop rushed at me, seized me by the arms, and sportively dragged me into the centre of the room.

"It's just a six-handed reel the lassies are spiering for," observed the sister; "so ye need na be fashed."

In a moment they had all got into a line, having me in the centre; the tune recommenced, and they began moving their nimble feet rapidly to the inspiring measure, throwing their graceful arms about, snapping their fingers, adjusting their bonnets, and going through all the lively manœuvres employed by Scottish dancers performing that national dance.

Could it be a dream? I thought, as I stood facing the peerless Charlotte, looking doubly fascinating in the plaid and philibeg, tartan stockings, and silver buckles to her delicate shoes. A strong pair of arms whirling me round assured me that I was wide awake, and I found myself in front of the lovely Madelina, rendered a thousand times more lovely by her picturesque dress and animated gestures. Another whirl sent me spinning, till I faced the exquisitely charming Susan, looking like a Highland Hebe, as she maintained her saltatory exercise. Out of my admiration I was again forcibly ejected, and came before the arch features of the lively Louisa, lighted up with an animation that ought to have softened the stoniest heart; and I was delivered out of this temptation by another vigorous twirl, which brought me *vis-à-vis* with the modest, tender, graceful Georgiana,—the most dangerous to gaze upon of them all.

A company of frantic Bacchantes could not more completely have surrendered themselves to the delirious ecstasies of their worship, than did my fair companions to the wild enjoyment of their present pastime. They turned, they bounded, they bent forward, they stooped sideways, they waved their arms and patted the floor with their feet, laughing—I may say screaming—an hilarious chorus to the piercing music of the merry pipes.

Can this be the approved method of finishing young ladies of high connections? I asked myself over and over again, as I turned from the animated face of each youthful beauty to their equally demonstrative instructress.

My bewilderment presently subsiding a little, I addressed myself heartily to my cavalier duties. The figure was familiar to me, as the dance was a favorite one at the time; so in a very few minutes I took my full share of the exercise, and acquitted myself in a manner that not only won me enthusiastic plaudits from all the ladies, but drew a grim smile upon the cherubimic cheeks of the iron-visaged piper.

Completely as I entered into the spirit of the scene, I could not help thinking it a strange exhibition for a finishing establishment for young ladies about to enter the most exclusive portion of fashionable society; but the open encouragement given by the teachers to their madcap pupils convinced me that it was a part of a regular course of "calisthenics," or of something of that kind.

While the fun was waxing most fast and furious, a liveried domestic made his appearance at the folding-doors, and said something which the wild music and the wilder mirth prevented me from hearing. Suddenly my fair partners ceased their evolutions and their merry clamor, and with scared looks rushed in a body out of the room by the side entrance. The piper ceased. The two matrons then rose and proceeded quickly into the anteroom, at the end of which I could see them, through the opening folding-doors, courtesying very lowly to a venerable dame and two or three younger females who had just entered.

"Hist!" cried a voice.

I turned sharply round—the piper had disappeared—and I beheld the head of an

old man projecting through another door, which I had not before noticed. Half the person was presently thrown forward, and a hand beckoned me mysteriously.

Involuntarily I answered the summons, and was soon in an adjoining chamber.

"They're awaiting to see ye," said an elderly, gentleman-like person, in a confidential whisper; "so ye must e'en gang wi' me for a wee half-hour."

I followed my conductor down a staircase, under the impression that I was about to re-join my fascinating partners. I was very shortly undeceived. On descending to the ground-floor I was conducted along a passage into a spacious apartment, comfortably, though more plainly furnished than those I had quitted. The door closed behind me, and I found myself in the presence of a group of dignified personages, who greeted me with an eager cordiality as I entered, one or two with so strong a Scottish accent that I could scarcely understand what they meant.

With my usual quickness of comprehension I immediately set them down as the professional staff attached to the institution. The Frenchman in the black suit was, of course, an abbé who taught the modern languages—the tall gentleman in the green coat was the professor of moral philosophy—the little dapper figure in the long riding-coat and stiff pigtail was the dancing-master—the stately lady in the chintz gown, the music-mistress—and the tall, stiff, half-pay-captain-looking individual, in the red waist-coat, and whiskers to match, was the drilling-master.

Their faces overflowed with smiles. Their tongues were eloquent with kindness and commendation. They referred to my timely interposition to rescue "their ladies," as an act of heroism that gave me a claim to their life-long devotion. They rivalled each other in the demonstrative earnestness of their admiration; but the dignified instructress in thorough-bass appeared to be gushing over with gratitude for the service I had rendered the establishment.

I felt exceedingly confused under an ordeal so completely unexpected. I really did not know what to say. At last, when all the company were hanging upon my words like so many ardent searchers into futurity awaiting the responses of an oracle, I blurted out,—

"Will you have the goodness to inform me whose school this is?"

A bomb-shell bursting in a dovecote could scarcely have produced greater commotion than did this most unlucky question. They all recoiled as if each had received a shot. Their several physiognomies changed their expression in a singularly marked contrast. They looked astonishment, horror, indignation, shame, and rage.

"*Une école!*" cried the abbé, with a withering glance. "*Mort de ma vie!* vat do you mean, monsieur, by such gross affront of me?"

"A school!" shrieked the portly gentleman, blazing with fury and contempt; "why, Mr. Thingembob, what in the world do you take us for?"

"A schule!" shouted the fiery-whiskered half-pay captain, looking as ferocious as a cannibal after a protracted fast. "Do ye ken what ye say, ye graceless ne'er-do-weel? Had I but my gude claymore, I'd cut ye in twa wi' no more remorse than if ye were a chicken with the pip."

The others strode towards me with scowling brows and clenched fists. In truth, they looked so menacing that an apprehension suddenly seized me that I must have been inveigled into a private madhouse; and, on the impulse of fear, I rushed to the door, opened it, and ran along the passage towards the hall, as fast as I could.

"The Duchess of Richmond's carriage!" shouted a stentorian voice.

I stopped suddenly at the foot of the principal staircase. Looking up towards the first landing, where stood a splendid group of sculpture, I noticed the peerless Charlotte descending, robed as I had seen her in the Gardens. She was alone. She caught sight of me immediately, and her face became radiant with smiles. She held out her gloved hand. At a bound I was at her side.

"I thought you had become tired of our company, and had gone away."

Every word thrilled me like a gentle shock of electricity. I took the offered hand, and led her down the stairs, and through the hall, and under the portico, murmuring something incoherently. The rain had ceased, and the sun was shining brightly. I was just in time to see the scarlet liveries of a royal carriage passing out of the gates of the courtyard. From the other, a splendid equipage dashed

up to the entrance. Three tall footmen, in magnificent liveries, jumped from the back and opened the door.

I led forward my beautiful companion. She sprang into the vehicle, but scarcely was she seated, and the door closed, when she put out her hand, as if for a parting shake.

"The duke will be delighted to make your acquaintance," she said, in a soft, musical voice; "be sure to pay us an early visit."

I bowed over, and reverently kissed the hand I held, but not a word was I able to utter, so great was my flurry and excitement. The next minute she was lost to my view. I could only see the clustering footmen, as the brilliant equipage passed into the square.

"The Lady Sinclair's carriage!" was shouted from the hall as I re-entered the house. Involuntarily I glanced upwards, and there beheld the lovely Madelina, absolutely inviting me to join her. It did not take two seconds to bring me on the same stair.

"Where have you been hiding yourself?" she asked, placing her arm within mine, in a quiet, matter-of-course way, that to me was as fascinating as her charming features. "I could not tell what had become of you."

Nor could I have told, at least, rationally, what had become of myself. She did not appear to notice my embarrassment, but kept talking, in the kindest tone of voice, as we passed through the domestics out of the entrance door.

"Any of the servants will tell you where Sir Robert Sinclair lives," she murmured out of the carriage window. "We shall be glad to see you whenever you are passing that way."

The vehicle was hardly out of sight when I turned back.

"The Duchess of Manchester's carriage!" came from a stentor in plush, as I rapidly passed by him, having caught sight of a descending figure on the staircase. In a moment the exquisitely charming Susan welcomed me with both hands extended.

"I thought you would not leave us without saying good-by," she said, as if I had been an old friend. "I should have regretted parting from one who has laid me under so heavy an obligation, without an opportunity of expressing my grateful sense of it. But the duke will do this for me better than I can do it for myself. Of course you will come

and be introduced to the duke—say to-morrow, at noon?"

I was ready to promise anything, though in a state of mind that was far from conducive to a careful performance. I was, however, obliged to repeat the promise before her equipage was driven away.

"The Marchioness Cornwallis's carriage!" rang out through the hall as I leaped up the stairs, three at a time, to meet the lively Louisa. She recognized me with the silvery laugh that had attracted me towards her when I lay behind the tree, watching and listening, as if spell-bound.

"O you naughty fellow!" she exclaimed, "what in the world could have made you hide yourself, when your presence was so much desired? Now hand me to my carriage without stopping to invent an excuse."

I went through the same process in identically the same state of bewilderment.

"Have the goodness to remember that we breakfast at ten," she added, putting her laughing face half out of the still open door of her equipage; "and mind that you don't keep the marquis waiting, for he will be dreadfully impatient to see you after I shall have told him to-day's adventure."

I bowed in acquiescence as she disappeared.

"The Duchess of Bedford's carriage!" bawled the footman, as another magnificent vehicle drove up. Scarcely had I heard the announcement when I found myself escorting the graceful Georgiana—the youngest, the freshest, the most lovable of that matchless group of youthful beauties. She placed her arm in mine with a look of pleasure that made the modest, tender expression of her features radiant as an angel's. But she did not address me till she was about to place her foot upon the carriage step, when she gave me her hand.

"We shall expect you," she said, as though she were addressing a brother. "My husband would blame me very much if I did not insist on your giving him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with you. *Au revoir!*"

I thought I perceived a blush mantling her fair cheek as she acknowledged my bow, when the horses dashed forward. I stood still under the portico.

"Am I asleep or awake?" I asked myself. "It must be a day-dream. I am still under the favorite tree in Kensington Gar-

dens, and these duchesses are, of course, the ideal creations of a very vain and very suggestive imagination."

If anybody had rudely knocked me over the head, I might have got summarily rid of my delusions; but as I went back through the hall, the double row of liveried servants bowing to me as I proceeded, increased my perplexity and confusion. Once more I rushed up the staircase. I *would* fathom the mystery by which I felt so thoroughly bewildered.

Unannounced, I rushed into the drawing-room. The sisters were sitting together, laughing heartily. They rose as I entered. I began to stammer out an apology. This only increased their mirth for a moment or two. Then each took me by an arm, and made me sit between them.

"You've made a little mistake," said the elder matron, in a manner likely to place me at my ease; "but nothing could be more natural. To-day is my birthday, and my daughters, who are all married, came to breakfast with me this morning, after which they enticed me and their aunt, who is staying here, to enjoy an hour of the fine weather in Kensington Gardens. There, getting into a retired place, free, as they fancied, from observation, they must needs disport themselves like so many schoolgirls. They had arranged the subsequent dance, in compliment to me and the regiment I was mainly instrumental in raising; but while it was proceeding, we were interrupted by a visit from her majesty Queen Charlotte, and their royal highnesses the princesses."

This explanation increased my amazement tenfold.

"May I ask," I stammered out, "whom I have the honor of addressing?"

The beautiful face seemed about to lose its temporary gravity.

"She's no exactly a schulemistress," observed the sister, with evidently an enforced seriousness; "and ye quite scandalized Mrs. McTaggart, the housekeeper, and the upper servants, when ye put sic an affront upon them as to take them for teachers and dominies, and sic like."

"Then pray tell me who it is to whom I must apologize?" cried I, starting up.

"Na, na!" exclaimed the warm-hearted Scotchwoman; "ye meant na offence, laddie, and ye did us a grand service. The mistake's just no mair than a joke to laugh at, and we'll be fast friends fra this day, for your gallantry in getting us a' so well quit o' that horrid beast."

I was still too much embarrassed to do more than stare at the kindly speaker.

"I'm Lady Wallace, of Cragie," she added, "and this is my sister, **THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.**"

The mystery was at once cleared up. I had often heard of the beautiful duchess, and her still more beautiful daughters, for they had for many seasons been "the observed of all observers" in the world of fashion; but I had never seen them. My part in this Comedy of Errors, therefore, had been easy enough.

At last I was permitted to make my adieux. Her grace sent me a handsome *cadeau*, and never failed to treat me with the greatest possible kindness when I chose to make one in the very large circle of her friends, that assembled either in Scotland or in London. As for her daughters, whenever I met either of them subsequently, I was sure to be reminded of the incidents of that brightest day of my youth, when I added to the number of my friends the handsome portion of the peerage to be found in that matchless family group.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

THE dædal fanes of rosy light
Are clinging round the amber dawn,
And crimson isles of verdure bright
Lie bathed in odor freshly drawn.
The vesper fire of vernal touch
Ascends with starlike foot the snow,
While hearts of gold that love too much
Are cradled fair in sleep below.

Undying crimson swells and curls
O'er limpid wild and lustrous bay,
And shower on shower of crystal pearls
On music's pinions glide and stray.
From fairy harps the faintest string
Is left to deck thy golden hair,
And Beauty's own eternal spring
With sweeter pang is quivering there.

—Punch.

From Good Words.

MEDITATIONS IN ADVENT.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

I.

It seems very difficult to conceive that the usual course of this world should ever be broken in upon by such an event as the coming of our Lord. It forms one of the most startling contrasts possible, to place side by side the common every-day thoughts of all of us about things around us, and the reality of the appearance of our Lord Jesus Christ in the midst of us. Of what is this a sign? On the one hand, do not let us press it further than is fair. I suppose something of the kind is the case with us about all very solemn things. We all know we must die; but a sentence of death, or the discovery of that fatal necessity imminent on us, would be to any of us a rude shock to our ordinary habits and thoughts. We all believe the holy articles of our faith; but there are times in the lives of us all, times of which we have no reason to be ashamed, when the mention of these solemn points of our belief would come in strangely and incongruously. So that I think we must not hold the fact with which we set out to be in itself a sign of irreligion. It is rather, perhaps, a necessity of our nature. God has so made us that we are necessarily taken hold of and possessed by the things about us. The things that are not seen are of infinitely more importance; but it is the things that are seen which are present and nearest us. We must make an effort to look at the one; the other we cannot help seeing. And so it is, that while God has constituted us beneficently in this respect, so that this tendency of our nature is good for us in the main, — good for our preservation in life, good for our enjoyment of life, good for our success in life — yet, like all our other natural tendencies and habits, it needs correcting, needs elevating, needs to be interfered with for the purposes of our best and highest life. For we are not, while in this present state, to be the slaves of outward things; and by far the greater part of our existence will be passed in another state than this, even an eternal one.

Thoughts like these, naturally arising out of the great subject of Advent, seem to lead us to shape our meditations thus: The difficulty of realizing our Lord's coming, as

necessarily belonging to our ordinary life in this world; and the necessity of realizing the Lord's coming, as belonging to the better part of our life here, and to our higher life hereafter. May God guide and bless us while we think on these two things.

"Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come." This is our belief. But *when?* and *how?* How many centuries have sped by since these words were written! How many more may drag on before they are fulfilled! Where in our own days, where in days future, can we assign a time when we can realize the fact of His coming? Shall it be while earth is at peace, amidst the steady labors of the arts, and while man's thoughts are even and undistracted? Shall the merchant on the exchange, the student at his desk, the traveller on his journey, the mother in her family duties, the children in their school or at their play, be startled with the cry of His approach? So seem some places in Holy Scripture to teach us; and yet how difficult to imagine it! What do any of us expect less, than such a surprise to such employments? What seems more unlike God's ways of dealing with man during all these centuries, than that such a sudden crash should break in upon this settled order of things, which He has so far established, that it is our duty to Him to see it maintained, and to keep its place among ourselves? Well, but let us then take the other alternative. Shall that day come upon us amidst fierce wars and distresses, when men's passions are let loose, and their thoughts have lost balance? Shall the ears of the wild combatants in the battle-field be pierced by the shout of the archangel rising over the din of their conflict? Shall the lurid glare of burning homes usher in the conflagration of the heaven and the earth? Shall anguish and mourning be already upon mankind before that sign shall appear in heaven at which all the tribes of the earth shall mourn? This again seems not inconsistent with the testimony of Scripture in other places. But in that case, how difficult to imagine God's faithful people waiting and praying; how must their thoughts be distracted, and their Saviour put out of their sight by the dire necessities of the time! If the Christian prays against sudden death, if he dreads the passing from perhaps a light jest, or a trifling thought, or a festal mo-

ment, to the presence of his God, who would expect that the Church shall then, so to speak, be taken at a disadvantage, when fierce passions are raging even in bosoms whose law is forgiveness, and the ordinary means of grace are suspended? Again, if we put the alternative as to different times of our ordinary life, we shall find it equally difficult to give reality to our expectations of the Lord's coming. Hear what the poet sings of it:—

"At midnight when mankind is wrapt in peace,
And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams:—
To give more dread to man's most dreadful
hour,

At midnight, 'tis presumed, this pomp will burst
From tenfold darkness: sudden as the spark
From smitten steel: from nitrous grain the
blaze.

Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no
more!

The day is broke, which never more shall
close!"

Now as to this,—we know that "that day will come as a thief in the night; and to some it must, like the thief, come in the night itself. But it is impossible to apply this to all mankind, seeing that night and day share our globe alike, and such a consideration entirely prevents any general application of such a description, or of any description of men's occupations, except on the largest scale, when it shall overtake them. They shall be "eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, buying and selling, planting and building;" these shall be their general employments over the whole earth; on such things shall their thoughts be; but to give any detailed description of the circumstance as applicable to all men is, from the above reason, impossible. Then again, as to the *place* where the Lord shall come, how difficult it is to form any idea in our minds which may at all accord with the facts and laws of nature to which we find ourselves subjected! He shall come and be seen by all; by all at the same moment; so that the very conditions of our senses will be changed, the very foundations of the earth broken up, all present hindrances removed. All the channels of thought and perception must be different, before such a thing can be. And here we seem to have arrived at the true reason of the difficulty which we find in conceiving this matter,—that it does not belong to our present state or perceptions; we shall be

changed before we are conscious of it; in that change, all incongruity will pass away; after it, all surprise will have vanished in its surpassing greatness. Our eyes will see the Lord, but not these eyes, whose vision is limited by so brief a space; not these, which find obstacles in matter intervening; not these, which weep earthly tears, and glance aside at earthly vanities. Our ears will hear the voice before which heaven and earth shall flee away; but not these earthly organs, ever hearing amiss, unable to distinguish the good from the vain. Our hearts shall beat high at the joy of our Lord's approach; yet not these feeble ones, the strongest of which would be arrested in its vital course by terror at the very adjuncts of his coming: but other and more blessed ones, even new hearts, able to welcome all his glory, and to respond to all his love. We shall be changed—through the grave or without the grave—all changed, so that earth will be different to us, time will be different, other men will be different, ourselves will be different; for He that sitteth on the Throne will have made all things new.

The difficulty, then, in conceiving the coming of the Lord is incident to our present state, belongs to the imperfection of our present faculties, and to their necessary connection with the things of sense and of this world. We shall never lose it. As long as we are in this state, it will be a strange thing to us that the Lord should come and put an end to this state, and break up all the habits and associations of the world which lies about us.

Now this difficulty affects the unbeliever in one way, and the Christian in another. It confirms the unbeliever in his unbelief. "Where is the promise of his coming? for all things remain as they were from the beginning of the creation." This is the language of the unbeliever; in the days of St. Peter, and in our days. The stability of Nature and her laws, the difficulty of conceiving the Lord's coming in upon and interrupting the present order of things, is to them a reason for disbelieving altogether that He will come: for setting at naught the hopes of the Christian Church, and expecting that this world is to last forever as it is.

On the Christian believer, the effect is very different. He, if he be wise, does not

pretend in this matter to be differently situated from other men. Their difficulties are his difficulties. He can no more realize the dread and sudden event than they can. Where it is to be, how it is to be, these are mysteries to him as to others. But what is his conclusion from these difficulties and mysteries? Is it this, that he should relax his hold on belief in the great fact itself; that he should let go his faith in him who hath promised, and cease to look and wait for the coming of the Lord? Nay, if I know anything of the ordinary course of the working of the Christian's thoughts, it is the direct reverse of this. The certainty of the event itself is beyond doubt. All Scripture is pledged to it; our Lord's own most sacred word is pledged to it again and again. If the assurance, "He that shall come will come," had never been written, it would yet have been virtually written over and over again, that He will come, and will not tarry. Here there can be no giving way. This at least is an article of his faith: and without believing this, he could not be the Christian which he is. What then is his inference from this difficulty on which we have been treating? from the fact, that is, that this solemn coming of his Lord is a matter not belonging to the state of time, not easily occurring to, nor grasped by, our present senses and faculties? What can it be but this,—that it needs so much the more to be thought upon, to be made matter of earnest meditation, to be surveyed in all its great bearing on his thoughts and desires, on his affections and determinations? Seeing these things are so, "What manner of men," as St. Peter asks, "ought we to be?" Seeing it is certain that this present state of things will come to a sudden end by the Advent of our Lord, how ought we to think of men and things around us; how to make our plans; how truly to enjoy life; how to deny ourselves; how to feel God's presence about and over us; how to war against sin and evil; how to perform the various duties of our stations for which we shall on that day be called to account? For this is another result of that of which we have been speaking: that our preparation for that day must rather consist in the things that are, than in those which are to be. Its events are great, and beyond our comprehension: strange, and removed out of our experience. If we were always to be dwelling on them,

ever speculating on them, we should be forsaking our line of practical good, and unfitting ourselves for God's work which lies in every man's path of life. Nay, the attempt would be vain; vain, as we saw, for any worthy comprehension which it would give us of that day; vain, for any imagined success in throwing off the realities of this state in which we are. For the *present*, which lies about a man, wraps him like a garment, and gives the form and semblance to all his thoughts and deeds; the age in which a man lives in the very flesh and blood of his personal being, and he can no more divest himself of it and be separate from it, than he can divest himself of those and be separate from them.

In our daily work, then, it is that we must prepare for Christ's coming; in the occupations of this day, for the account of that day; by living more purely, more truthfully, more charitably; living more in prayer, more in consciousness of God's presence, more in the cleansing power of the Lord's blessed Atonement, and by the guidance of his indwelling Spirit.

One thought may perhaps have been in some minds, as they have been reading these lines, and it is this, Will not the Lord's coming, to most of us, in all probability be the day of our own death? And would it not be more profitable to be preparing us for that, than to speak to us of an event which may be far distant, and probably will not come on the earth in our time at all? To this question there are two answers,—answers which ought to be ever impressed on a Christian's mind. First, the view of things proposed by the inquirer is not that taken in Holy Scripture, which is the rule and pattern of our teaching. There we do not hear anything of preparation for *death*. I doubt whether one text can be found in which we are exhorted to make such preparation, *as such*. But the constant note, the continually recurring exhortation is, to be prepared for the Lord's coming. So that if we would teach as God's Word teaches, as our blessed Lord and his apostles taught, we cannot do as the inquirer would have us. Our second answer goes to the reason of the thing, and in fact gives the account and lays open the foundation of the former. He who is prepared for the Lord's coming is necessarily also prepared for his own death. The

greater includes the less. He who so lives, so thinks, so speaks, so works, in his daily life, as to be ready for the sign of the Son of man in heaven, and the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, will not be found unready when the summons is heard in a softer tone, and comes with more previous warning. If he can meet the Lord amidst the flaming heavens and the gathering dead, he will not be loath to obey his call when its dread reality is tempered with all gentle and kindly alleviation—with the gradual approaches of sickness and infirmity, and the tender solaces of loving friends and watchful attendants. But, on the other hand, he who has forgotten his Lord's coming, and has simply been careful about readiness for his own dismissal, will ever be too liable in the lesser thing to have neglected care for the greater; and he will also be wellnigh certain to have lowered his standard of attainment, and narrowed his sympathies, unworthily; in taking thought for himself, to have forgotten the great Body of which he is a member; in minding his own safety, to have forgotten the glory of his Lord—nay, his very Lord himself.

For—and with this thought we will draw to a close—there is nothing that so much takes a man out of himself; nothing that so much raises and widens his thoughts and

sympathies; nothing that so much purifies and elevates his hopes, as this preparation for the coming of the Lord.

One word more. And it is on words occurring in a text already more than once referred to, "Yet a little while." I said it was not good to speculate, not good to give scope to the roving fancy, as to the great event, its manner, or its time. Still these words, "Yet a little while," should be impressed on every mind. Could we look at the future as we do on the past,—could we estimate the interval of time between the Lord's first and second coming, as we shall do when we look back on it from the eternal state,—how short it would seem! And how short it really is to Him who inhabiteth eternity! "Yet a little while,"—long perhaps to us, distracted with our petty interests, harassed with our unresting cares, biassed by our cherished prejudices, but in itself, and in our real lifetime, short indeed. And if but a little while, how much the more important! How fall should it be of life's work, life's seed-time, life's decision!

Oh let us live it for God and for good; let us live it for the day which shall end it; let us live it as we shall wish we had done when we see the Son of man on his Throne, come to judge the world!

THE GREAT TIENN-CHING-CROW.—The Emperor of China, it seems, like Mr. Lincoln, has been troubled with an inefficient general. He says in a late imperial edict, that Tienn-Ching-Chow, commander-in-chief in the Kouei Tcheou, "has been accused of presenting us incorrect reports, and of not having opposed with sufficient energy, through negligence, the brigands who were devastating our provinces." He examined the charges, found them more or less true, but as the great Tienn-Ching-Chow had performed some services, "silence was observed as to the accusations against him, for we still hoped to have reason to be pleased with his conduct." The edict proceeds:—

"We decided that this general should be informed of our desire of seeing him change his conduct. If he had understood all the greatness of our clemency, he would have endeavored to have only merited our praises, and to have

thus repaired his faults. If he had acted so, he would not have made us repent of having merely addressed reproaches to him which were only intended for his good. On the twelfth moon of last year—that is to say, six months ago—we ordered him to take the field to punish the brigands who infest Tong-Tchenn and Che-Tsien, towns of the first order. We did not expect to hear that not a single soldier was sent there. This general, now idle, lives quietly in the chief town of his province, without thinking of anything but his own comfort, and no longer shows himself on the fields of battle. He sets at naught our will. Too confident in our magnanimity, he completely forgets himself. He is young, and his conduct is nearly at an end."

In other words, we presume that the emperor meant to chop his head off, which would doubtless "serve him right."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

From Punch.

THE TWO GEORGES.

SCENE—*The Elysian Fields.*

Shade of King George III. What—what—what? Yes—yes—yes. It is Mr. Washington. Don't avoid me, don't avoid me, don't avoid me. No ill feelings here, you know.

Shade of Mr. George Washington. I beg your majesty's pardon. I was, I believe, lost in thought, and did not observe whom I was approaching. I offer your majesty my best new-year congratulations on the prosperity of your illustrious descendants.

Sh. Geo. III. Thanks, thanks, thanks. Very genteel of you, I am sure, but you were always a gentleman. Yes, all goes well in the tight little island—my granddaughter is the best of queens, my great-granddaughters are the best of princesses, and my great-great-grandbabies are the best of babies. Nothing to say against that, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing.

Sh. Geo. W. The condition of the British Empire must indeed be highly satisfactory to her former ruler. I regret that, *mutato nomine*, I cannot say the same thing of another nation.

Sh. Geo. III. Didn't like to mention it first, no, no, no, no. But as you have mentioned it, no harm in saying that there seems to be rather a pretty kettle of fish on the fire in America.

Sh. Geo. W. It is so, sire, and to avail myself of your majesty's very graceful and elegant illustration, I fear there is no fairy to step out of the wall and say, "Fish, fish, fish, art thou in thy duty."

Sh. Geo. III. Ha! Very good, very good. Remember that story—saw it in a pantomime with Charlotte at Old Drury—we were very fond of pantomimes, Charlotte and I—great fun to see the clown burn his friend with the hot poker—very good, very good, very good. Suppose you didn't care about pantomimes, eh, Mr. Washington? Too clever for such things. But what's all your cleverness done for America, eh, eh, eh?

Sh. Geo. W. I own myself disappointed with results, your majesty, and I wish that the American people had not been such obstinate Tories.

Sh. Geo. III. Eh! what? Eh! what? Eh! what? American Tories? Come, come, come, come, a little too good that. American Tories? No, no, that won't do, Jacobins, radicals, levellers, atheists, destructives, what you like, but not Tories, everybody knows that, everybody knows that.

Sh. Geo. W. I must, at the risk of being charged with obstinacy, a quality very repugnant to your majesty, adhere to my words.

Sh. Geo. III. What? what? Tories, Tories. What d'ye mean, Master George?

Sh. Geo. W. I mean, your majesty, that if like Englishmen, the Americans had taken a few revolutions quietly and by instalments, they would not now be murdering one another by the thousand.

Sh. Geo. III. I don't see, I don't see.

Sh. Geo. W. Your majesty was good enough to come among us about forty years ago. Since that time England has emancipated the Dissenters—

Sh. Geo. III. Yes, yes, bad fellows, Dissenters, no doubt of that, except Quakers—and Quakeresses—bad people, Dissenters.

Sh. Geo. W. Has emancipated the Papists.

Sh. Geo. III. Yes, yes, very wicked thing to do—sooner have lost my head at Whitehall.

Sh. Geo. W. Has reformed her Parliament.

Sh. Geo. III. Yes, yes, and quite needless; great mistake, let in the mob, ruined the country.

Sh. Geo. W. Has abolished the Corn Laws.

Sh. Geo. III. Yes, yes, cruel thing to the farmers. I was a farmer myself, they should never have done it if I had been alive.

Sh. Geo. W. Has adopted Free Trade.

Sh. Geo. III. Yes, yes. Awful error, find it out some day.

Sh. Geo. W. And has ceased to admit that she did anything wrong in removing the head of a king who forgot his duty. Come, your majesty, those little matters, spread neatly over forty years, seem to me to make up a series of revolutions in Church and State affairs.

Sh. Geo. III. Well, well, well. Yes, yes, yes. If you put it that way, I don't know that you haven't got something to say for yourself; Yes, you hinted that I was obstinate, I understood you, Mr. George, but I don't mind allowing that you have something to say.

Sh. Geo. W. Yes, sire, and perhaps I may say one thing more while you are in an assenting temper. But for all these revolutions, I might not have had the honor of congratulating your majesty just now upon the prosperity and security of your Royal House. As for America—we must wait and see.

[Vanishes.]

Sh. Geo. III. Eh? eh? eh? He's bolted. Thought I was going to have a victory over him, and he has turned the tables and gained one over me. I don't mind owning that, as there's nobody to hear me. Yes, yes, yes, yes, there's a good deal to be said on that side. Very rude of him, though, now I come to think of it. I'll go and ask Billy Pitt what he says. Six revolutions in forty years. A disagreeable way of putting the matter—very disagreeable—so I'll go and tell it to Charlotte. [Exit.]

NAVAL ORDNANCE.

THE elaborate and able report of Capt. Dahlgren, Chief of the Naval Bureau of Ordnance, has appeared in the Northern papers, but its great length and the pressure of departmental reports on our attention have not permitted us either to find room at present for this important report or time for a careful perusal of it. A friend, however, very conversant with the subject, and feeling much interest in it, has furnished us with the annexed notice of the report.—*National Intelligencer*.

"The Report of the Chief of the Ordnance Bureau of the Navy, Capt. Dahlgren, is a very able paper, and presents a most thorough and comprehensive summary of the history and present condition of our naval armament and defences. No such document has ever before emanated from the Ordnance Department, embodying so much information, in language so brief and simple that it may be characterized as the very concentration of written thought.

"It discusses the subject of iron-clad vessels, of cast and wrought guns and projectiles, of rifle and round shot, and the comparative destructive effects of these projectiles upon the iron armor. It decides that, if penetration alone be the paramount consideration, rifle shot will have the advantage; but if the concussion and shattering of the plates and wood casing behind them (vastly more destructive to the ship, and likely to end in a short engagement) be the object desired, then the swift heavy round shot will give the direct penetrating blow best adapted to do the work. It shows, what is especially important, that his own model gun of 11-inch calibre, weighing only 16,000 lbs., has proved superior in relative endurance, as to weight of metal and charges of powder, when brought into comparison with the celebrated wrought iron gun of Sir Wm. Armstrong, which weighed 27,000 lbs.; that is, it will do greater comparative execution, and carry a shot 80 lbs. heavier than it should be relatively, and 13 lbs. absolutely, than the British gun. The Armstrong under these circumstances has burst, whilst the Dahlgren, with nearly the same number of rounds, exhibited no signs of failure. The projectile of the former weighs 156 lbs. and of the latter 169 lbs. No better argument can be brought in favor of cast iron guns, whose material is distributed in the manner adopted by Capt. Dahlgren—combining the elements of ordnance power to a greater extent than

that of any other gun ever made—as to their efficiency, durability, and safety; and with the improved method of giving greater tenacity to the metal in its treatment by the founder, it is believed that if the British Government will put aside prejudice, and be willing to follow a little in our track, it will ere long, with the approval even of Sir Wm. Armstrong and Sir Howard Douglas, discard wrought iron guns, breech-loaders, and all from the service. Such is the tendency of the latest experience, and Capt. Dahlgren, with his practical skill and unsurpassed facilities for experimental researches on the largest scale, cannot fail to bring out many new facts in furtherance of such a result. Some statements may have been expected from him in relation to the wrought iron guns of large calibre recently manufactured in this country, some of which had shown great powers of endurance. But it is probable the experiments have not been sufficiently carried out to lead to any well-authorized deductions, such as the fabricators themselves might desire to make public, until they have further improved their processes, and are enabled to produce guns of uniform quality. Nothing could be more unexpected than the results obtained in the use of wrought and cast iron shot of large calibre. It was said on high authority that had the wrought iron shot been used by the *Monitor*, the *Merrimac* could easily have been sunk. Capt. Dahlgren has demonstrated, by recent trials of the best kind of projectiles in the 11-inch guns, that the 'theory promulgated is directly at variance with the facts,' and that, although the cast iron shot breaks, and the wrought iron is only crushed, the latter lodges in the four-and-a-half inch plate, while the former 'passes completely through the plate and nearly through the wooden backing of twenty inches, making a large hole, and badly cracking the plate.'

"We have had time and space to allude to only a few of the important statements of Capt. Dahlgren's report. The whole is deserving the most careful consideration, and we commend it to all as the most concise, thorough, but plain and practical narration of all the important facts connected with the present condition of naval armaments of the United States, as well as of other maritime nations. No one can doubt that in the selection of the chief officer of the Bureau of Ordnance a man of the most eminent qualifications has been found; one who has introduced many improvements into the service, and has acquired a wide reputation as an author."

CANADIAN OPINION.

A DISTINGUISHED Canadian writes to a gentleman in this country as follows:—

"This is the Great Revolution of the century, and upon it hangs the fate of civilization. The great statesmen and the philosophers of 1776 spoke to humanity at large of the inalienable rights of all, and founded on the virgin soil, almost a wilderness, not a nation merely, on the Old World pattern, but a 'Continental Republic,' a 'Continental Union.' The field was broad and unoccupied, and upon it was to be tried the grand experiment of fusing all races of men into one universal family of peaceable, unarmed, unguarded, unshackled, self-governing and industrious freemen. The sad and barbarous history of Asiatic and European continents, with their confusion of tongues and multiplicity of petty, jealous, rival and ever-warring neighboring nations, periodically decimated by tyrants and conquerors, and famished by the daily spoiler, was to be shunned with horror, and the blessings of a higher and more perfect civilization secured to myriads of fellow-men throughout the whole extent of this new continent by the instrumentality of uniting many into one—*E Pluribus Unum, Nova Constellatio*.

"Is there a man who has read the history of the Old World, who has studied the course of events in North America, *ay, and of South America, too*, for a couple of centuries, and yet can believe that God has not ordained a new system for human society, or who can doubt the issue, or who would allow this crisis to stop at its threshold and cry Enough? Perish, I say emphatically, a million, two millions, any amount of this generation, and its dirt of gold, if Divine Justice requires that amount of sacrifice to wash away the sins of the nations; but let Humanity and Liberty triumph, and the unity of the free continent be secured and perpetuated!"

LECTURES ON THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

WE directed attention recently to the excellent tract of Mr. Stillé wherein he draws an historical parallel between the Peninsular War and the American Rebellion; deriving therefrom encouragement, based on historical truth, for the ultimate success of the national cause. We also gave a synopsis, a few days since, of a sermon by Mr. Staples of Brooklyn, wherein he points out a remarkable coincidence between the first reception and the subsequent influence of the Declaration of Independence, and that which

has attended the Proclamation of Freedom, and may reasonably be expected to result therefrom.

These and other instances suggest how much light and warmth the Union cause may draw from the records of the past; and especially from the history of our own Revolution. A course of lectures on this subject is in process of delivery at Boston, before the Lowell Institute, by Professor George W. Greene. They have been eminently successful, riveting the attention and eliciting the applause of large and discriminating audiences. Familiar as the subject is in its general aspects and character, few, except historical students, are acquainted with its most significant details or aware of its philosophical scope. Perhaps there is no man in the country better fitted to expound and illustrate the history of the American Revolution than Professor Greene. It has been the study of his life; abroad and at home he has had rare facilities for investigation; moreover, he has in his possession the correspondence, journals, and other papers of his grandfather, General Greene, which are the most valuable and authentic documents as regards the military history of the war, in existence, and they have never been published. These advantages, combined with his ability as a writer and his wide attainments as a student of general history, render Professor Greene not only master of his subject, but peculiarly able to give it fresh, interesting, and complete in a series of lectures. He wisely ignores the formal and chronological method, and takes each branch or department by itself—the military history, the diplomatic history, the congressional history, etc., each forming the theme of a distinct and elaborate discourse.

Our object in referring to this course of lectures is to suggest their delivery in this city. It is too evident that we need, here and now, to have our pride and principle, as American citizens, renewed; levity, impatience, and treason itself too often breathe from the lips of the timid or reckless, while those of the loyal, who are destitute of moral courage, exhibit a faint heart or a compromising spirit. Now we can imagine no better tonic for these social maladies than the lessons of history; and especially those of the American Revolution ably enforced; while all intelligent citizens would find therein an intellectual treat and moral encouragement in the present crisis.—*N. Y. Evening Post, 26 Jan.*

THE RED SEA CANAL—DISCOVERY OF ANTIQUITIES NEAR ALEXANDRIA.

A PRIVATE letter from Alexandria, in Egypt, which has been put into our hands, gives the view taken by an intelligent American of the practicability and importance of the great enterprise, now auspiciously begun, of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez. We copy a passage or two relating to that subject, and also to certain antiquities lately discovered in the vicinity of Alexandria:—

"I have lately returned from the works on the Suez Canal. It is, as President Lincoln says, 'a big job;' but it is certain to succeed, and it will bring back the trade of the world near the channel from which it was diverted by the discovery of the passage of Good Hope. A volume would be necessary to describe what I saw. All the eminent living engineers who have examined the work are unanimous in favor of its practicability. A vast amount of work has been done. The company has surmounted the political and intriguing opposition of England, which hindered them a long time; it has built scores of miles of fresh water canals to serve Nile water to laborers and irrigate and fertilize their lands; it has built its foundries, workshops, storehouses and dwellings at different stations; it has built up towns along the route; it has finished a canal half-way across the isthmus, and next year it will complete a canal large enough to transport all the coal which the steamship companies have now to carry at so great an expense around the Cape of Good Hope, or by rail across Egypt to Suez. After this preliminary canal, the larger canal for ships will be finished in three or four years. The objections to the practicability of a harbor on the Mediterranean, and as to the encroachment of sand on the channel, are, in the judgment of engineers, pure fudge. Nor does there seem any embarrassment in regard to money. The Viceroy, who is probably the richest sovereign in the world, is its strongest supporter, and will not, in my opinion, permit the enterprise to fail. The estimated cost for the entire work is \$40,000,000.

"They have just been laying what is called an American railway between here and Ramleh, a seaside suburb of the city. The excavations have disinterred a large quantity of remains of the era of the Ptolemies and the Romans; massive substructions of brick and stone, long and well-preserved Roman granite blocks, like the Russ pavement, marble and granite pillars, mutilated busts and statues, big water pipes in good order, a foot and a half in diameter, etc. The extent of

the old city's rubbish is vast. I can well believe Pliny, who says that the circumference of Alexandria was fifteen miles, including a population of over 600,000. The Saracen captain who burned the big library said he could not describe its richness and beauty, that it had four thousand palaces, four thousand baths, and four hundred theatres and places of amusement. Even the Romans only placed it second to their great capital, the eternal city.

"About two years since an underground chapel of the second or third century was found here, hewn from solid rock. It was evidently designed for secret funeral service. It has a passage with a row of catacombs on each side. There was a well covered with a stone. At one end of the chapel, opposite catacomb passage, the wall was scooped, and a stone bench was cut out, evidently for the priest, behind whom was painted, in rude Byzantine style, a picture of the Lord's Supper. On other parts of the wall were full-length portraits of the apostles and prophets, and over all the paintings were crabbled Greek inscriptions, mentioning the subjects. In one place, I observed, it was a passage from the Evangelists. The Arab stone-hewers who discovered the chapel were about breaking it up for building materials, when the Russian consul-general, as the representative of the Greek Church, interfered and saved it, though considerably damaged. In fact they have almost obliterated the features of the portraits. This chapel, which has been opened since the guide-books were published, is not generally known by travelers. It is in the same hill on which stands Pompey's Pillar."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE POPE AND ITALY.

A NUMBER of diplomatic documents relating to Italy have been published in France. It appears that M. Pasolini, when pressed on the subject of Rome, *did* reply that the Italian Government would not re-open negotiations, as the French Government seemed by its last resolution to leave them no hope of a satisfactory arrangement. He added, however, that Italy intended to remain "hand in hand" with France. It also appears that the British ministry during the Christmas *fêtes* strongly pressed the Pope to leave Rome, and even offered him, as an asylum, the Governor's Palace in Malta. They expressed, moreover, through Mr. Odo Russell, their belief that the Pope might speedily be obliged to regret that he had not accepted the offer. It was a curious

one to emanate from a strictly Protestant Government which only last Session explained that it had not interfered because the matter concerned rather the Catholic than the Protestant world. Of course, the Pope, if he chooses, may reside anywhere within the British dominions; but we should imagine that at Malta, a military station crowded with bigoted Maltese, and still more bigoted Irish soldiery, he would be a decided and very dangerous nuisance. Gibraltar would be a much better residence, as, in the event of too much trouble, we might hand him, and the rock, and the "lizards," all over together to Spain.—*Spectator*, 17 Jan.

THE Revolutionary Committee in Rome has issued a very able new year's proclamation to the Romans on the promised Papal reforms. It expresses Roman gratitude both to the power which gives and to the power which has solicited these reforms, with considerable force: "Romans,—an overwhelming foreign force has added yet another year to the history of your servitude, to the lamentable series of your misfortunes. But, as a solace to your sorrows, pretended administrative reforms are promised you—that is to say, the partial and ephemeral carrying into effect of a new law promulgated at Gaeta as far back as 1850, a modification of the postal regulations, and a slight change in the administration of the lottery. This is what the generous Government of France has obtained from the Pontiff and the Holy College after thirteen years of military occupation; this is what the Pontiff and the Holy College have been able to concede to the generous Government of France in requital of its maintenance of the temporal power in Rome against the will of the Romans. Romans, you should be equally grateful to him who obtains and to him who gives to you such a benefit." — *Spectator*, 17 Jan.

HOLY SEPULCHRE.

"FRANCE, Russia, and the Porte have agreed to an arrangement which will be ap-

plauded by all Christendom." The state of the dome of the Holy Sepulchre, threatening to tumble about the heads of the pilgrims, awakened contemporaneously "the solicitude" of the French and Russian Emperors' Governments. The two Cabinets agreed to ask the consent of the Porte to construct a new dome. The Porte entered into the holy plan with an ardor worthy almost of the Papacy, or of St. Peter himself when he outran St. John on the way to the sepulchre. It claimed the right of the territorial sovereign to participate in the expense. And so the three powers are to keep triangular watch over each other as they build the roof of the empty sepulchre; and the Christian powers try with the aid of the Turk, to find a new verification of the prophecy that the Cross came to produce, not peace on earth, but a sword.

DAVIS vs. NEGROES.

A SIGN of the times is a proclamation issued by Mr. Davis on 23d Dec., in which he decreed that "all negro slaves captured in arms shall be at once delivered over to the States to which they belong," and that the like orders be executed in all cases with respect to all officers found serving in company with slaves. By the State laws all slaves in insurrection are liable to death, as are all white men aiding them, and the *Index*, the organ of the South in London, thus interprets the decree: "It is not to be imagined that a regiment of negroes would, when captured, be put to the sword. The officers would probably be hanged with as little ceremony as our Indian heroes showed towards the captured accomplices of Nana Sahib; a few of the men would likewise be hanged as an example to the rest; the majority would simply return to the condition from which they were taken, and in which, till evil advisers came among them, they were happy." In the same decree Mr. Davis sentences General Butler to be hanged for executing Mr. Mumford—who had, three days before his entry, pulled down a Federal flag—and all officers serving under his command, for no reason at all.—*Spectator*, 17 Jan.

TREASON'S LAST DEVICE.

"Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate.
You common cry of curs, whose breath I loathe
As reek o' the rotten fens."

—*Coriolanus.*

"Hark! hark! the dogs do bark."
—*Nursery Rhyme.*

Sons of New England, in the fray,
Do you hear the clamor behind your back?
Do you hear the yelping of *Blanche* and *Tray*,
Sweetheart and all the mongrel pack?
Girded well with her ocean crags,
Little our mother heeds their noise;
Her eyes are fixed on crimson flags:
But you—do you hear it, Yankee boys?

Do you hear them say that the patriot fire
Burns on her altars too pure and bright,
To the darkened heavens leaping higher,
Though drenched with the blood of every
fight;
That in the light of its searching flame
Treason and tyrants stand revealed,
And the yielding craven is put to shame,
On capitol floor or foughten field?

Do you hear the hissing voice which saith
That she—who bore through all the land
The lyre of Freedom, the torch of Faith,
And young *Invention's* mystic wand—
Should gather her skirts and dwell apart,
With not one of her sisters to share her fate:
A Hagar, wandering sick at heart;
A Pariah, bearing the nation's hate?

Sons, who have peopled the gorgeous West,
And planted the Pilgrim vine anew,
Where, by a richer soil caressed,
It grows as ever its parent grew,
Say, do you hear—while the very bells
Of your churches ring with her ancient voice,
And the song of your children sweetly tells
How true was the land of your fathers'
choice;—

Do you hear the traitors who bid you speak
The word that shall sever the sacred tie?
And ye, who dwell by the golden Peak,
Has the subtle whisper glided by?
Has it crossed the immemorial plains,
To coasts where the gray Pacific roars,
And the Pilgrim blood in the people's veins
Is pure as the wealth of their mountain ores?

Spirits of sons who, side by side,
In a hundred battles fought and fell,
Whom now no East and West divide,
In the isles where the shades of heroes dwell;
Say, has it reached your glorious rest,
And ruffled the calm which crowns you there—
The shame that recreants have confest,
The plot that floats in the troubled air?

Sons of New England, here and there,
Wherever men are still holding by

The honor our fathers left so fair,—
Say, do you hear the cowards' cry?
Crouching amongst her grand old crags,
Lightly our mother heeds their noise,
With her fond eyes fixed on distant flags;
But you—do you hear it, Yankee boys?
EDMUND C. STEDMAN.
Washington, Jan. 19, 1863.
—*Tribune.*

THE REVEILLE.

In the course of the late patriotic lecture by T. Starr King, he recited the following stanza written, and not before published, by F. B. Hart of San Francisco:—

HARK! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum—
Saying "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick
alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel;
War is not of Life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?
But the drum
Echoed "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the
solemn sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest—subjugation—
Even greater ills become?
But the drum
Answered "Come,
You must do the sum to prove it!" said the
Yankee answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb—
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered "Come,
Better there in death united, than in life a ree-
reant—Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, an-
swered, "Lord, we come!"

COACHMAN OF THE "SKYLARK."

the good old times, before railways were
n, the "Skylark," on the — and
— road, was the fastest coach, and its
r, Joseph —, the best and smartest
hman in England. The "Skylark" has
; ago gone the way of all coaches; and Joe
now landlord of the "Horns," at —,
are long may he flourish !]

Air—"Four High-mettled Steeds."

Ye passengers so bothered,
Who snore in rattling trains,
By dusty vapor smothered,
Awake, and hear my strains !
I'll tell you of the good old days,
Forever past and gone,
Before your pestilent railways
Had spoiled all sorts of fun,—
When Joe, with light but steady hand,
Did four high-mettled steeds command,
And well was known, through all the land,
The Coachman of the "Skylark."

Can any greasy stoker
With dashing Joe compare ?
He was a jovial joker,
And company most rare.
Then wind and weather we defied,
We scorned your well-glazed car,
And gladly on the box would ride,
To smoke a mild cigar
With Joe, whose light but steady hand
Did four high-mettled steeds command ;—
Oh ! well was known, through all the land,
The Coachman of the "Skylark."

Where your long, dismal tunnel
Gropes through yon lofty hill
(A pitch-dark, noisome funnel,
That might Old Harry kill),
We, on the "Skylark" used to glide
Up from the smiling vale,
And on the mountain's heathy side
The freshening breeze inhale,
While Joe, with light but steady hand,
Did four high-mettled steeds command ;—
Oh ! well was known, through all the land,
The Coachman of the "Skylark."

Where yon embankment ugly
Has marred the pleasant scene,
A little inn stood snugly
Beside the village green :
'Twas there the "Skylark" stopped to dine,
And famous was the cheer ;
Good were the victuals, old the wine,
And strong the foaming beer
For Joe, whose light but steady hand
Did four high-mettled steeds command ;—
Oh ! well was known, through all the land,
The Coachman of the "Skylark."

And one dwelt in that valley
Would make a desert shine :
The sparkling eyes of Sally
Eclipsed her father's wine.
Oh ! where's the flinty heart that could
Withstand that lovely lass,
As smiling at the bar she stood,
And filled a parting glass

For Joe, whose light but steady hand—
Did four high-mettled steeds command ;
Oh ! well was known, through all the land,
The Coachman of the "Skylark."

Those days are gone forever—
The "Skylark" is no more ;
And poor old Joe shall never
More drive his coach-and-four.
Then let us to the "Horns" repair,
And, with a flowing bowl,
Let's strive to banish grief and care,
And cheer the good old soul
Of Joe, whose light but steady hand
Did once four mettled steeds command,
When well was known, through all the land,
The Coachman of the "Skylark."

W. J. M. R.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE ENGINE-DRIVER TO HIS ENGINE.

Air—"The Iron Horse."

Put forth your force, my iron horse, with limbs
that never tire !
The best of oil shall feed your joints, and the
best of coal your fire ;
So off we tear from Euston Square, to beat the
swift south wind,
As we rattle along the North-West rail, with the
special train behind :—

Dash along, crash along, sixty miles an hour !
Right through old England flee !
For I am bound to see my love,
Far away in the North Countrie.

Like a train of ghosts the telegraph posts go
wildly trooping by,
While one by one the milestones run, and off
behind us fly :
Like foaming wine it fires my blood to see your
lightning speed,—
Arabia's race ne'er matched your pace, my gal-
lant steam-borne steed !

Wheel along, squeal along, sixty miles an hour !
Right through old England flee ;
For I am bound to see my love,
Far away in the North Countrie.

My blessing on old George Stephenson ! let his
fame forever last !
For he was the man that found the plan to make
you run so fast :
His arm was strong, his head was long, he knew
not guile nor fear ;
When I think of him, it makes me proud that
I am an engineer !

Tear along, flare along, sixty miles an hour !
Right through old England flee !
For I am bound to see my love,
Far away in the North Countrie.

Now Thames and Trent are far behind, and
evening's shades are come ;
Before my eyes the brown hills rise that guard
my true-love's home.

Even now she stands, my own dear lass ! beside
the cottage door,
And she listens for the whistle shrill, and the
blast-pipe's rattling roar :—

Roll along, bowl along, sixty miles an hour !
Right through old England flee !
For I am bound to see my love,
At home in the North Countrie.

W. J. M. R.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE LADY AND THE KNIGHT.

THE LADY.

As motes in the sky,
See the birds fly !
Where is the bird will fly higher ?
Here on my wrist,
As I hope to be kissed,
Is the tercel that never will tire !

See his bold brown eye !
Ting-a-ling ! let him fly !
Sir Knight, lo ! while I am speaking,
He is over them all,
He is king of them all :
He flutters and scatters them shrieking.

Sir Knight, every man
Will do what he can :
Of two brave ones, my glove to the stronger !
Wert thou foremost to-day,
Only fail in one fray,
I am his, and not thine any longer !

THE KNIGHT.

As we dash to the prize,
The flash of fair eyes
Beholding, may yield us a thrill ;
But, ladies, 'tis true,
Not from you, nor for you,
Is man's courage to die or to kill.

Ye are seated around
The tourneying-ground,
And we bow as our lances we level ;
But, when horse meets horse,
Oh, the teeth-setting force
Is some frenzy from God or the devil !

Hurrah for the wars !
'Tis the red god Mars
That stirs to the mood superhuman ;
In the soul of a man
That will do all he can
Must be more than the love of a woman !
—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE LONG-AGO.

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore,
Fiercely beat and mounted high :

Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe ;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years ;
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow,
Oh ! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago !

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong—
Still the weight will find a heaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its haven,
And the past its Long-ago.

THE WINTER'S MORN.

Artist unseen ! that, dipped in frozen dew,
Hast on the glittering glass thy pencil laid,
Ere from yon sun their transient visions fade,
Swift let me trace the forms thy fancy drew !
Thy towers and palaces of diamond hue,
Rivers and lakes of lucid crystal made,
And hung in air hoar trees of branching shade,
That liquid pearl distil ; thy scenes renew,
Whate'er old bards or later fictions feign,
Of secret grottos underneath the wave,
Where nereids roof with spars the amber cave ;
Or bowers of bliss, where sport the fairy train,
Who, frequent by the moonlight wanderer
seen,
Circle with radiant gems the dowy green.

A STORM IN THE COUNTRY.

So we
Cosily nestled in the library,
Enjoyed each other and the warmth of home.
Each window was a picture of the rain :
Blown by the wind, tormented, wet and gray,
Losing itself in cloud the landscape lay ;
Or wavered, blurred, behind the streaming pane ;
Or, with a sudden struggle, shook away
Its load, and like a foundering ship arose
Distinct and dark above the driving spray,
Until a fiercer onset came, to close
The hopeless day. The roses writhed about
Their stakes, the tall laburnums to and fro
Rocked in the gusts, the flowers were beaten low,
And from his pigmy house the wren looked out
With dripping bill : each living creature fled
To seek some sheltering cover for its head :
Yet colder, drearier, wilder as it blew,
We drew the closer, and the happier grew.
BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 978.—28 February, 1863.

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NEW BOOKS.

DIARY FROM 4 MARCH, 1861, to 12 Nov., 1862. By Adam Gurowski. Boston: Lee & Shepard. [We have just arisen from this book. Having begun to read, we could not lay it down till the last word. See a review of it in No. 971.]

THE REBELLION RECORD: a Diary of American Events. Edited by Frank Moore, Author of "Diary of the American Revolution." Part 26. G. P. Putnam, Publisher; Charles T. Evans, General Agent, New York.—This part contains portraits of Commodore Theodorus Bailey and Major-General Joseph Hooker, the fine face of the latter looking like Bishop Eastburn inspired. Part 25 begins the fifth volume. The four completed volumes contain: 1. A full and concise Diary of Events, from the Meeting of the South Carolina Convention in Dec., 1860, to the Capture of New Orleans, inclusive. 2. Over One Thousand Official Reports and Narratives of all the Battles and Skirmishes that have occurred during the War. 3. Over Five Hundred Songs and Ballads, both loyal and rebel. 4. Forty-seven Portraits, engraved on steel, of the most celebrated men of the time, and Twenty-six Maps and Plans of Battles. 5. Over Three Thousand Incidents and Anecdotes of Personal Daring and Bravery.

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WHEN slavery first, at Hell's command,
Rose rampant o'er the Atlantic main,
This was the charter of the land,
From jail and coffin swelled the strain.
"O'er serfs, not men, our banner waves,
This land forever shall hold slaves."

In regions far less blessed than thee,
From human forms old fetters fall,
Thy choice perpetual chains to see,
Ever to hear the lashes fall.
March shameless on, your banner waves
Over ten thousand freemen's graves.

Thy hand no nation free shall shake,
No Christian tongue shall call thee free,
While men a mocking gibe shall make
Of that republic o'er the sea,
Whose soil free streams and ocean laves,
Forever to be tilled by slaves.

On thee shall fall the scornful jest,
That thou didst choose, on corner-stone
Of slavery, the State to rest,
In ignominy standing lone.
March on, huge sham! with banner flying
O'er freedom mocked and true hearts dying.

Trader and driver, keen bloodhound
Shall to thy wretched coasts repair,
With corsair swift from Afric bound,
New victims in its gloomy lair.
Protected by the flag that waves,
Its motto—"ever to hold slaves."

Thou isle, "with matchless beauty crowned,"
"Ye manly hearts," that love what's fair,
Noble and just, is no blush found
When lands like this demand your care?
True Britons never will hold slaves;
Why love the land where that flag waves?

O land which is the polar star
Of liberty the wide world o'er,
O sacred soil, where fetters fall
From limbs that only touch thy shore—
Confessing Freedom's noblest creed,
Wilt thou turn traitor in her need?

O "hearts that breathed," O "words that
burned,"
In mighty British souls of yore;
O men who freedom's lessons learned
From poets, statesmen, now no more,
Cry out from your forgotten graves—
"Love not the land that rests on slaves!"
J. H. R.

—*London Morning Star.*

LETHE.

"A SLEEP and a forgetting" is this birth?
Then what is life but a forgetting too?
Where are our playmates of the early earth,
Our childhood's love, our faith in heaven's
blue?

Year after year dark Lethe's wave
Washes us onward to the grave.

Thief of the priceless Past, relentless stream,
Thy rising mists obscure the morning light,
The cloud-banks of thy whelming currents seem
To steal the stars of memory from the night.
As one by one they disappear,
Like music dying from the ear.

If death, indeed, be a profounder sleep,
A deeper plunge in thy effacing tide,
What hope is there on yonder bank to keep
A recollection of the other side?
If all things are made new, I ween,
We cease to know that we have been.

Give me another creed, and let me dream
That the old faces will not pass away.
Roll back, dull Lethe, let me see the gleam
Of the returning glories of the day;
Let the old loves, behind the veil,
And the old fancies, never fail.

It may be so; for, as with drowning men,
Who strive with agonies of reviving sense,
And, in a moment, live their lives again,
So death may bring a vision more intense
Of what we were and may attain
Beyond the world-encircling main.

It must be so: the form alone can change;
Hidden beneath the crust of Lethe's foam,
The heart awakens to a wider range,
And brings the Past from echoing caverns
home.
Roll on, thou scornful river, roll,
Thou canst not wash away the soul.
—*Spectator.* J. N.

TREASURES.

A CURL of dark brown hair,
Hid in a locket of gold;
A ring set round with pearls,
Of fashion quaint and old.

That locket nestles close
In my bosom, night and day;
That ring—since it left the finger
Of the dear one far away.

The ring I wear for hope,
The locket I wear for faith;
The heart that throbs beneath them
Will be true till my day of death.

Take them both to my lover,
When I am freed from strife;
There are many joined by death,
Who might never be one in life.
KINGSWOOD CLARE.

—*St. James's Magazine.*

From Good Words.

MEDITATIONS IN ADVENT.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

II.

ANOTHER train of thought which suggests itself to us in the season of Advent is this: It is the plain and general testimony of Holy Scripture that at the last awful day every one of us shall be judged for, and called upon to give an account of, the deeds, words, and thoughts of this present state of time: "We must all be made manifest before the judgment-seat of Christ: that every one may receive the things done in his body, whether (it be) good or bad" (2 Cor. v. 10). And even so spoke the Preacher in the Old Testament: "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil" (Eccles. xii. 14). And like the persuasion of that day itself being certain to come, so likewise is this belief accepted by every Christian.

Let us examine this in dependence on God's help. Let us see what difficulties lie about the true understanding of this, as we then did with the other, and endeavor to deduce here also the true estimate and idea which we ought to form of that great final account, and the right and best way of preparing for it.

Now, if we minutely inquire what it is that we really believe, when we say that we shall give account before God of all the deeds, words, and thoughts of this state, we shall find that it is one of the most astonishing things imaginable. One may be very familiar with the words; and that which they express to us may have become a well-known and accustomed thing; but depend on it, there never was anything more difficult to imagine, or to give any conceivable account of. All the deeds, words, and thoughts, of our life on earth, why, where are they? Where are those of any assignable portion of that life? If the Judge is to carry conviction to the hearts of those who shall then be judged, they surely must be in possession at the time of the full consciousness of each act as having been performed by them, of each word as having been spoken, of each thought as having passed through their minds. Take but one example. Suppose the great Judge to arraign me in the matter of one day of my

childhood, and I were charged thus: that at such a time in it, I disobeyed my parents; at such another time I showed envy, or malice, or selfishness, towards my fellows; at such another time I had high thoughts of myself, or rebellious thoughts against God; and suppose all this were to be to me only as a tale that is told, only as something said about another person, and not about myself, I might not, indeed I could not, doubt the assurance, nor deny the arraignment of an infallible Judge; but where, I ask, would be the conviction in my own breast that the Judge of all the earth had done right? Unless I could see and feel at that dread moment all the sinfulness of my then acts; in other words, unless I could put myself into the very circumstances which then surrounded me, how could I give account of, how could I render in myself a true verdict concerning those long past offences? I say, the very circumstances which then surrounded me. For the guilt of my disobedience on that alleged occasion would not appear in its true light, unless I saw and knew how that dear parent was striving to win me by kindness, how prayers were rising for me, and tears were shed over me, by one whose tender heart I was of set purpose wounding; my envy and malice and selfishness, would not be to me what it really was, unless I could see those companions of my childhood again, and recall their fresh young faces, and the tone of voices long, long forgotten; and the exceeding sinfulness of my rebel risings against my God would not come up before me, unless I could again have in me that rich and full tide of exuberant blessedness with which the God of love endows our happy childhood, and which none of us has known since he was a child. And I have taken but one instance — one day or hour long passed away. Think, then, how infinitely this difficulty must be multiplied, when it is not a day nor an hour, nor one frame of mind, nor one set of sins, but every hour of all days of this whole life.

And then, again, take the difficulty in this other light. What do we really know about those deeds, words, thoughts, that we can remember and recall? What, I mean, do we know of them in all their bearings, with all their extenuations, all their aggravations, all their consequences for good or for ill? At such a time, we spoke an unkind word,

we depreciated a good act, we were wanting in reverence for holy things. And our word or our act was like a stone thrown on the pool, and a circle of unhappy influences spread out from it, and then another and then another, even till those were the worse for it who perhaps never heard of it or of us, until time and oblivion smoothed the ripples and effaced the remembrance. But all this who can recall? Who, indeed, even knows? And yet of all this of every item of it, shall we have to give an account. As I sit and meditate on this, I find it one of the most difficult things possible to shape in any way before my imagination. Yet shape it somehow I must, if I would meditate on it profitably.

I see, then, by what we have already taken into account, that two necessities seem to have presented themselves, in order for that day's account to be a just and a complete account. To these we shall have, I believe, by and by, to add a third. But first let us look these fairly in the face, and thus approach that third; and when we have done this, let us inquire whether there is, as far as we can see, any reasonable prospect of these necessary things being done for us, in order to that day's account.

Well, then, our first necessity, in order that we may recognize at all the deeds, words, and thoughts then laid to our charge, is this, that we be at that day cognizant of them as our own. And let there be no mistake as to what this amounts to. It amounts to nothing less than the complete restoration to us of the remembrance of the whole of our lives day by day and hour by hour. Nothing short of this will answer the purpose. What I just now said of one day's sins and one day's events, must be done with regard to every day's sins and every day's events. All our past life must be spread out before us, delineated with far more accuracy than the most perfect map delineates to the traveller the country he has passed through. The delineation must be (for we need not shrink from applying the wonders of science and art to illustrate such a matter) less like a map drawn by common hands, than like a photograph of the way passed over—in which inspection may detect even the minutest plant by the wayside, and the microscope may even find the nest lodged in the cleft of the rock. It must be as complete as this; for if the

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great Judge will
not be in our minds and consciences justified
when he shall speak, and clear when he shall
judge. And we may well say, What a marvellous condition of our future judgment this is! How improbable, most would think; nay, some might even pronounce it impossible. That we should ever stand and look back over life, as a man would look on the wonderful sun-picture just now described; that we should be able to make each day and hour give up its acts and thoughts, which now seem to us as much perished and scattered as the elements of a decayed body which have passed into other bodies,—is not this a wonder passing wonder? Yet I seem to see that, if I have to give up a satisfactory final account of all my thoughts, words, and acts, I must be furnished with this and nothing short of this. But I must have more, very much more, as our former thoughts led us to see. I must have not only the restored memory of all I ever have known, but I must have the knowledge imparted to me of very much that I never have known at all. I shall want not only the forgotten dream restored, but also the interpretation of the dream furnished. Remember what was said about the unknown and untraced consequences of that which we think and do and say. Of all these undoubtedly is our responsibility made up, and by them will our account be swelled. And unless all this is present to me, as well as to my great Judge, in that day, how is the full justice of my sentence to be comprehended by me? or, to put the blessed alternative suggested by the bright hopes of every Christian, how is the full measure of that wondrous grace of the Son of God to be seen by me, how that mighty mercy glorified which has buried my sins in its depths, and magnified itself in my utter unworthiness? So that this is our second necessity, in order for that final account to be what we believe it will be; not only must all memory be restored, but knowledge must be given far surpassing that which the keenest-sighted of men in this state ever attained to; knowledge of facts to which we never had access, of men's thoughts and words and deeds, and the complications of their private resolves, and their social intercourse,

and actings upon themselves and upon one another. And if we ask, To what does this point? what is the least requirement that will satisfy this condition? I answer, and any thinking man might answer, Nothing less than the complete restoration of all that has been done in the state of time; the restoration not merely of each individual man's memory as to all that happened to himself, but of the universal memory of mankind as to all that ever happened to this world. Here, the history of the world is written by men in books; but what is written, even when we have set aside human fallibility, and the amount of the writer's own individual bias and misrepresentation, is but a very small portion of that which has really been done—only the barest outline, so to speak, with a figure here and there, of a picture which should have been absolutely filled in with life, and crowded with action. There, God will have written the history of his own world; written it without a defect or omission, without a flaw or misrepresentation; and written it for all to read. If this be not so, how can those grander responsibilities ever be understood, which we all solemnly believe to exist? How shall the great moral account of nations and of churches ever be given in the sight and hearing of the universe, unless the bearings of human policy and the consequences of human delinquencies, on a larger scale than any individual account could take in, be open for all to see?

There seem, then, to be two requisites for the reality and the justice of our great final account: the full restoration of memory, and the opening of the book of knowledge, so that there has been nothing hid that shall not be known.

But now comes up before us the third condition, which I just now anticipated. Suppose both those others to be fulfilled, all memory restored, all knowledge of fact laid open, yet more even than these would be wanted. If I had them both, and yet were no fairer judge in my own case than I am now, I could not recognize in myself the justice of the Judge, nor could I glorify him, as I humbly believe I shall do, for his mercy. We have, in this present state, no clear views of justice at all. The rights and wrongs of men are measured by a standard altogether inadequate to their apportionment. And if

this is so in the case of other men abstractedly, much more is it so of ourselves, much more is it so of other men, when they come into contact with ourselves. Probably no man yet ever passed a right judgment on an act of his own. Give way to ordinary vanity, and we are disposed to defend all our acts, and make them seem better; check ordinary vanity, and in the very pride of conscious self-abasement, we lash ourselves too severely, and vilify the past that we may congratulate ourselves on the present.

All this will need setting right, in order for that final account to be a true and a just one. We must see things as God sees them, before God's judgment of them will cause us to lay our hand on our mouth and own him to be right. We must look upon ourselves divested of selfishness, upon others without all that antagonism which we feel to them as obstacles to our self-esteem, in order to know and feel fully, that both we and they have our true meed at the hands of the great Dispenser of all men's doom, if, as we know, in that day the first shall be last, and the last first. It is only thus that the first can subside into the last without bitter disappointment: only thus that they can see the last pass by them without envy and murmuring: only thus that the last can go up higher without losing their humility.

It seems, then, that the restoration to all men of a perfectly righteous standard of judging both themselves and others, is another necessary condition, in order that that final account may be a reality for us, and produce its solemn effects; for bliss, and, we might have said, for woe also.

And now let us see whether we possess, in the present state of things, any however faint indications that these conditions are possible or probable for us.

First, as to the entire restoration of the individual memory. What is it to forget? What, but to have lost our mental grasp on something which once we held within it? If this grasp have been but recently lost, the fact escaped may generally be found with but little trouble. If some time have elapsed, more trouble is required; and not unfrequently no mental effort will serve to recall that which is gone from us. But is it therefore altogether gone? Can we confidently say this of anything that ever has been within the mind? What can seem more entirely

passed away than a trivial conversation of years back, to which no particular interest attached then, which we never had reason for remembering, and of which we might fairly say, that it never would again be recalled? Yet shall some unexpected turn in a road, some unusual conjunction of natural objects, some affection of some one of our senses, where we never expected it, bring back to us every word which passed in that trifling conversation. Where was that all these years? Clearly it was ours, not gone from us, though eluding the grasp of conscious recollection. Who has not heard of the first language of those who have left a foreign land of their birth in infancy, long and entirely forgotten, returning again in all its fluency during the delirium of fever? Where was that, while it was forgotten? Feebleness of the frame and of the brain brings tendency to forget; old age renders the mental grasp less active, less retentive; but who can tell whether, when the soul escapes from the worn-out machine, it may not possess, at once and without effort, that plenitude of memory of which we are treating, as a requisite for an account being given of the things in the body? Of the probability of our second condition there might be even perhaps more reasonable doubt. That the whole record of time should be restored to the race of man, seems beyond all example or analogy. Yet even this may not be so. The divine inspiration by which the early historical books of Holy Scripture were written must at all events have been something of this kind. Matters unknown to the historian are related by his pen. Facts and precepts of which God alone was cognisant, are described by him. If we ask, how? The only Christian answer is, that God put them into his mind: opened the eyes of his perception, so that these facts came to him not through the outward senses, but by direct revelation. Thus it was that St. Paul, too as he expressly tells us, received from the Lord the gospel history, which he himself had never witnessed; and we are led to expect something of this kind by that apostle when he speaks of the blessed state as one where we shall know even as we are known; or as it should rather be as we have long

been known by God. There is no antecedent improbability in this intuitive consciousness of all matter of fact being that in which our perfect knowledge there will differ from our imperfect and partial knowledge here.

In conceiving and expecting our third condition, the possession of a perfect and unerring standard of right and justice, there is far less difficulty. I say nothing of the progress of Christian life, and maturity of gifts of the Holy Spirit, because I am speaking of that which must be common to all men; which must exist in order to the full condemnation of the lost, as well as to the entire fruition of God on the part of the blessed. But I will recall to you things of which we have all heard, and which some at least have witnessed; how sometimes in an instant, in the presence of solemn realities, the veil which hid truth and justice drops off, and a man sees things as they are. When death is known to be approaching, the meanest man's words put on oracular truth; the unforgiven one is called to the bedside, and the justice of the long-rejected plea is allowed. When death has called away a parent or a friend, then first our own disobedience, then first our own ingratitude and unkindness, puts on its true appearance; and generally when it is too late to do good, we see the good one might have done. All this seems to show us, that in a man, down in the depths of a man, there does exist somewhere this true estimate which we want; and that it needs but the removal of all the obstacles which now stand in its way, the corruption of our flesh and the seduction of the world, for it to be universally seen and recognised.

It does not then appear impossible, it does not even seem improbable, that these three conditions of the reality and justice of the final account may be one day fulfilled in every one of us. There has not appeared to-day any reason why that solemn account may not in every case as completely condemn the sinner, and justify the servants of God,—why it may not, in the sight of men and angels, as entirely vindicate God's justice, and manifest forth his mercy, as any passage of Scripture assures us it will.

From The Christian Remembrancer.

1. *The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich. A Long Vacation Pastoral.* By Arthur Hugh Clough. Oxford: Macpherson. 1848.
2. *Ambarvalia.* Poems by Thomas Burbidge, and Arthur H. Clough. London: Chapman and Hall. 1848.
3. *Poems.* By Arthur Hugh Clough, sometime Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. With a Memoir. Macmillan and Co. Cambridge and London. 1862.

THE name which appears at the head of this article, has during the past year made the round, so to speak, of our serial literature; the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* being, perhaps, the only periodicals which have not contained some account of the life and writings of the deceased poet. We are consequently somewhat late in the field, and our readers may be disposed to turn away from the discussion of a subject that has already been so amply ventilated. We would submit, however, to their judgment the consideration, that literary criticism, however able, does not exhaust the problems suggested by this name; that it may be possible to consider from a different point of view some of the questions mooted in connection with it; and that if our way of looking at them shall seem to the world somewhat narrow and bigoted, it may not (and we earnestly desire that it shall not), in reality, be inconsistent with fairness or true charity.

Of the critiques which have appeared, some are written from an acquaintance with Mr. Clough's poems only, some claim to proceed from intimate knowledge of their author. The present writer cannot pretend to anything like intimate acquaintance with Arthur Clough; but he was one of many who, though knowing him but slightly, watched with a deep interest his stormy and chequered career.

The chief outward facts of Mr. Clough's life may be briefly summed up as follows: He was born at Liverpool in 1819; was educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold; won the Balliol scholarship at Oxford with singular *éclat* in 1837; obtained a second class in classical honors in 1841, and a Fellowship at Oriel in 1842. In 1848 he resigned his position at Oxford, travelled in France and Italy, and was living in Rome throughout the siege of that city by the French in 1849. Appointed to the Wardenship of University

Hall, London, he found this post as uncongenial to his very peculiar temperament and opinions, as an Oxford tutorship. He resigned it, and went to try his fortunes in America; but the offer of an appointment in the Education Department of the Privy Counsel brought him back to his native country. He married a cousin of Miss Nightingale, and by this lady, who survives him, leaves a youthful family. As secretary to a commission appointed to inquire into military education, he travelled again to Paris, and thence to Vienna. These labors, combined with literary work, and much aid given to Miss Nightingale, overtasked him, and he travelled for health to Greece and Constantinople. During a second tour for health to Italy, he was struck by *malaria*, and died at Florence on the 13th of November, 1861. He has left behind him his poems, some well-executed articles in Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography," a pamphlet (now out of print), and a revised edition of Dryden's "Translation of Plutarch."

With this slight summary as a basis, we proceed to a more detailed criticism upon the life and works of the author.

The letter of Canon Stanley, published in the *Daily News*, of January 9, 1862, gives us a brief insight into the boyhood of Clough at Rugby. Questionable as are some of the assertions put forth in that letter, there can be no dispute, we imagine, about the correctness of the portion relating to his schoolboy days, which Mr. Palgrave has interwoven into the memoir prefixed to the collected edition of Clough's poems:—

"Of all the scholars at Rugby School, in the time when Arnold's influence was at its height, there was none who so completely represented the place in all its phases as Clough. He had come there as a very young boy, and gradually worked his way from form to form till he reached the top of the school. He did not, like some of the more distinguished of his contemporaries, hold aloof from the common world of schoolboy life, with which 'Tom Brown' has made us familiar, but mingled freely in the games and sports of his schoolfellows. He received also into an unusually susceptible and eager mind the whole force of that electric shock which Arnold communicated to all his better pupils. Over the career of none of his pupils did Arnold watch with a livelier interest or a more sanguine hope. By none, during

those last years of school life, or first years of college life, was that interest more actively reciprocated in the tribute of enthusiastic affection than by Clough.*

Clough came into residence at Oxford in 1838, we believe. Many who were personally unacquainted with him heard much about his remarkable powers, either from other Rugbœans, or from his associates at Balliol. His friends used, not unnaturally, to compare him with his distinguished school-fellow, whose words have just been quoted, and the general opinion seemed to be, that, though inferior to Arthur Stanley in power of combination, and in ready reproduction of his stores, he was superior to that brilliant scholar in actual originality. But the high estimate formed concerning him by those who knew him well, was obliged to rest in great measure upon trust. It was true that a scholarship at Balliol was in itself one of the highest, if not the very highest, prize that an undergraduate could win and wear; and it was reported that one of the Fellows of that College had kept the essay which Clough wrote, interleaved it, and made notes upon its various paragraphs. But in subsequent academical contests, Clough was less fortunate. He was believed to have written for the Newdigate prize poem, without success. His eminent school-fellow carried off a series of prizes, such as has seldom fallen to the lot of any university student before or since, the Ireland scholarship, the Newdigate, and three university essays; but Clough did not attain any of these successes, and at the final examination was not ranked in the first class.

Now we believe that few honors are more fairly bestowed than those at Oxford: but mistakes of course will occasionally occur; and even where there is no mistake, it is impossible to regard the adjudication then made as being in anywise a final one. Of two men, *A* and *B*, who appear respectively in the first and second class, *B* may have been the less industrious, and by subsequent zeal reverse their relative position; espe-

cially if, as sometimes happens, *A* is disposed to recline upon what he has achieved. Or, again (and this is a very common case), *B* has had the misfortune to be so imperfectly trained, that such labor as can be compressed into an undergraduate's existence is unable to win for him the position to which his talents entitle him. Or, once more, as Professor Goldwin Smith has observed, examination must be allowed to be a somewhat coarse test of true merit and proficiency. There will always be some who have acquired a kind of knack of so displaying their goods in the shop windows, as to convey the impression of larger stores than they in reality possess; while others, far more richly endowed, are somewhat deficient in the art of producing their goods, as it were, to order, and at a moment's notice. It is a great glory to the remarkable society which has numbered among its Fellows the names of Keble, Davison, Whately, Hampden, Arnold, Pusey, Sir C. Grey, Sir J. Awdry, and many more, that it seems to have discovered the art of forming a real judgment on the intellectual power displayed by the candidates who have sought admission into its circle. In the case of Dr. Newman, of Mr. Clough, of Mr. Arnold, of Mr. Burgon, of Sir A. Grant, Oriel set the class-list at defiance, and how completely has the verdict of that college been ratified.

As, then, Clough did not possess the particular kind of ability which wins many academical prizes (with the very important exception of the Balliol Scholarship and Oriel Fellowship), those who were not intimately acquainted with him, were obliged to take something upon faith, especially before his election at Oriel. Nor, perhaps, at the first glance, did his appearance suggest the presence of such powers as he really possessed. The editor of *Macmillan's Magazine* describes him, not, we think, unfairly, as "a man of very shy demeanor, of largish build about the head and shoulders, with a bland and rather indolent look, and a noticeable want of alertness in his movements." But the forehead was a very noble one. A friend of the writer, who paid particular attention to such matters, used to consider that there was none finer in Oxford, and that was saying much, as the Oxford of 1838-1848 (the term of Clough's residence), was by no means deficient in the outward indications

* An indirect illustration of Clough's prowess in one of the chief Rugby games, that of foot-ball, appeared in the dedication of a little pamphlet on the subject, attributed to a deceased son of Dr. Arnold, the author of "Oakfield." It was inscribed to the heroes of the game, as known in the days of the writer, and among them Clough's name stands conspicuous.

of intellect. There existed, however, one arena which, though very limited, afforded some opportunity for a display of Clough's powers to several who were not within the immediate circle of his friends. About 1840, if we are not mistaken, there was formed a small society for discussion, which from its being originally limited to ten members, was called the *Decade*. It was afterwards enlarged, and one (if not more) of those admitted, when he looked around on those by whom he sat, might well feel with *Ivanhoe* that he "was a young knight of lesser renown and lower rank, assumed into that honorable company, less to aid their enterprise, than to make up their number." Considering, however, that the *Decade* did not last above ten or twelve years, and that the entire number of its members from first to last was probably under thirty, a fair share of influence and celebrity has certainly fallen to the lot of those who composed it.* Two won for themselves an honorable place in the House of Commons, one is the eminently successful governor of a far-away colony, one became head of an English theological college, several have been tutors of leading colleges in Oxford, four are at this moment professors in that university, and professors (we may add) who have made themselves felt far beyond the usual circle of academic influences. Considered as a training-school for public speaking, the *Decade* was decidedly inferior to the general debating society known as the "Union." But the smaller assembly had the advantage of being able to handle more recondite subjects than would have been suitable for the atmosphere of the more numerous one; and its members enjoyed the advantage of listening to several rising men who never addressed the

* Two *jeux de mots* in connection with the Society may possibly amuse the reader. On the occasion of one of its earliest meetings, a scout rushed into the rooms of a member of Exeter College, saying that a gentleman was on the staircase, who wanted to know where would be the meeting of the *Decade* for that evening. The person applied to playfully remarked to a friend, that this misplaced accentuation augured ill for the permanence of the Society. Another member of the last named college, who was disappointed at the kind of discussions carried on at the Society's meetings, said that had he known how dull it was—

πολλὰν κε δέκαδες δνοῖατο ἀγορεύου;
the felicity of this application of Agamemnon's speech (Il. ii. 128), lying in the circumstance that the concluding word was a translation of the speaker's name.

"Union." Here, as elsewhere, there needed something to break through Clough's natural shyness and reserve of manner. But occasions did arise when these impediments to the development and display of his fine powers were scattered to the winds; and at such times it was the opinion of some who were no mean judges, that in that brilliant *coterie* he fairly proved his right to the very first and highest place.

We do not pretend to have enjoyed many opportunities of hearing Clough speak; but we did hear enough to make us believe that the above verdict was not far from the truth. Two great manifestations of his loftiness of tone and force of argument we can more especially call to mind; and after the lapse of more than sixteen years there can, we trust, be no indecorum in dwelling upon them for a few moments.

One of these discussions arose out of a motion to the effect "that Alfred Tennyson is the greatest English poet of the age." This was brought forward by a gentleman of elegant and highly cultivated taste, whose growing influence in Parliament and in the press was destined to be cut short by death at a still earlier period of life than was allotted to Clough. It had, we believe, been expected that a counter-claim on behalf of William Wordsworth would be urged by a member bearing a name associated with the Lake country, as well as with Rugby; and who has since proved a special right to have an opinion on such matters. But owing to the accidental absence of this gentleman, the task was undertaken by Clough. It would not be fair to record Clough's judgment upon the present laureate, nor the grounds on which he avowed his preference for Mr. Tennyson's predecessor; especially when we consider that neither "In Memoriam" nor the "Idylls of the King" had as yet been published. But the address he then made was in every respect well calculated to establish the truth of all that his intimate friends maintained concerning him. It was characteristic of the speaker, that, just after his opening sentences, he observed the entrance of two or three who had arrived too late for the speech of the mover. "For the benefit of those members who have just joined us," said Clough, "I will briefly recapitulate the case that has been alleged on behalf of Tennyson." He

then proceeded, with much terseness and admirable fairness, to give a short summary of the speech of his gifted opponent.

The other occasion was of a different character. A motion was proposed to the effect, "that the State ought to make some formal recognition of the growing power of the manufacturing interest." This gave an opening for the expression of some of Clough's strongest and most vehement convictions. In a speech, which electrified some even of those among his audience who were by no means ultra-Conservative, he gave vent to his feelings about the claims of the poor, the duties incumbent upon holders of property, and such like topics. Our recollections of Clough's attitude in this debate enable us thoroughly to understand and appreciate the following portion of Canon's Stanley's letter:—

"Some traits return, now that he is gone, which stamp his image on the mind with a peculiar force. One trait which he shared with Arnold, but from an entirely independent and spontaneous source, and in a degree even more intense, was his sympathy with the sufferings and the claims of the poorer and humbler classes of the community. This, at one period, may have led him into an excessive regard for the more democratic and socialist tendencies of opinion, both here and in France. Many letters, partly playful, partly serious, exist, describing with truly dramatic power, and at the same time generous enthusiasm, his impressions of Paris in 1848 and of Rome in 1849. But this, or at least the outward expression of this, passed away, under the disappointment, which I believe that he felt (somewhat akin to that of the Reformers of the last century), on the futile issue of that year of blasted revolutions. Still the feeling itself was permanent, and one which, even to those who could not enter into it, was touching and edifying in the highest degree. A record of it remains in a striking pamphlet (now probably very scarce) which he published at Oxford, on the Irish famine in 1847, in which (to use his own words):—

"The graces and splendors of composition were thoughts far less present to his mind than Irish poor men's miseries, English poor men's hardships, and (addressing himself to the youth of Oxford) your unthinking indifference. Shocking enough the first and the second, almost more shocking the third. . . . There is one thing about which you must not do as you please. You must not insult God and man alike with

the spectacle of your sublime indifference. The angels of heaven, one might believe, as they pass above those devoted shores, in gazing on that ordained destruction, let fall untasted from their immortal lips the morsel of ambrosial sustenance. If we, as they, were nurtured on other food than our brothers, if no gift of ours could allay those pangs of famine, still methinks this undisturbed, unrestrained fruition were not wholly free of guilt. How much more, when every crumb we touch is abstracted from that common stock, which, in the Eternal Registers, is set down, I fear, as scarcely less theirs than ours."

The great lesson which Clough seemed anxious, in his speech as in the above pamphlet, to impress upon others was, that (to use his own words so far as we can remember them) "the possession of wealth or station was a call, not to self-indulgence, but to self-denial." And if this teaching was combined with an amount of socialism with which we are unable to sympathize, it must be borne in mind that there was little peril in that direction to be apprehended among those whom he addressed. The temptation both among academic authorities and undergraduates would generally lie entirely the other way. On one ground, indeed, there might be room for more dread of Mr. Clough's Chartism than that of most people. There were some young men of his standing who took up language like that of Mr. Feargus O'Connor as a pastime and nothing more. In some cases they might be seen to combine with their democratic speech a more than ordinary appreciation of the attentions of persons of high social standing. But no one who had the very slightest acquaintance with Clough could suppose that he would ever condescend to such trifling as this.

The debates to which we have just referred were calculated to elicit Clough's sentiments in the field of modern politics and literature. His acquaintance with Greek history is, to some extent, exhibited by his contributions to Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography." Without any wish to enter into invidious comparisons, we may point to such articles as those on Agesilaus, Cleomenes I., Demosthenes the general, and Cleon, as among the very best of their kind in that valuable work. It is somewhat singular to find that our author,

despite his democratic tendencies, by no means anticipates Mr. Grote in his attempts to whitewash the celebrated Athenian demagogue.

In the autumn of 1848 appeared Clough's first poetical publication, "The Bothie of Toper-Na-Fuosich," or, as he afterwards preferred to call it, "The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich." In this poem, probably the first thing that will arrest the reader's attention is the metre. It is composed in hexameters. Now hexameters are at the present moment, in mercantile phraseology, "looking up." Within these last few months, two eminent names, associated in the minds of many rather perhaps with science than with literature, have pleaded its cause; the one by precept, the other by example. The paper of Dr. Whewell, in *Macmillan's Magazine* for April, 1862, is an admirable pendant to the translation of the first book of the "Iliad," by his old friend Sir John Herschell, in the *Cornhill Magazine*. These papers, even if we had nothing else to stand upon, would certainly make us hesitate before accepting Dean Alford's bold assertion, that the hexameter "is not an English metre, and it never will be." But if it triumphs, as we think that it eventually may, no slight share in the gaining of that victory ought in fairness to be allotted to Clough. To our ears his hexameters in the "Bothie" have a vigor and nervousness that contrast most favorably with the languishing sweetness of Longfellow's "Evangeline." Dr. Whewell, indeed, asserts that many of the lines in the "Bothie" "are of a most barbarous and dissonant kind, suggested apparently by the author's love of the grotesque." But we must remember that the poem itself includes, and is meant to include, a good deal that is of a grotesque character, and the verse is intended to sink or rise with the subject. The author's great innovation is the adoption of the spondee into the fifth place as the rule, instead of its being (as in Greek and Latin) the rare exception.

We turn from the metre to the subject. Briefly, it may be described as the story of a University Long-Vacation reading-party. The hero, whose political views and ultimate indecision are a transcript of the author's state of mind, after a flirtation with one country girl, becomes engaged to another

of similar condition, although the latter is depicted as a maiden of far higher mind. Once admit that the poet's creation, Elspie, is a possibility among Highland damsels reared in a hut or bothie, and the rest, although not highly probable, is certainly not impossible. The characters of the other young men of the party are admirably sketched, and the wit and humor of the conversations excellent. That some scenes—as, for instance, the Highland gathering in the first book—were mainly colored (not to say actually drawn) from the life, there is, we suppose, little doubt; and we have even heard some personages identified.* The tutor, Adam, is made to play the part of a Mentor, to whom the youthful Telemachus of the party virtually replies throughout: "There is much force in some of your reasonings, but, on the whole, I decline to dissent from you." There is great merit and real originality in many of the metaphors and similes; but, above all, there glows that ardent love of nature which even a casual meeting with the author might enable one to perceive to be one of his ruling passions. Those who, having lived much in mountainous scenery, have been readers of Clough's poems, may probably acquit us of exaggerated statement, if we say that not even Wordsworth himself is truer to the heart of hill-country nature than Arthur Clough. We shall venture to assume that many of our readers are still unacquainted with the "Bothie," and proceed to support our assertions by a few extracts; premising, however, that we shall quote from the earlier edition of the poem. For, even after making due allowance for a natural prepossession in favor of that form which has become familiar to us, we are compelled to think (with an able critic in the *Church and State Review*) that the alterations of the later edition are, on the whole, not felicitous.

The following is from the scene of the banquet. Its motto (and the mottoes throughout are very cleverly chosen) being *Socii cratera coronant*. The *anacoluthon* observable in Sir Hector's address is certainly not a special peculiarity of the after-dinner speaking here described.

* The Marquis of Ayr was said to represent a deceased nobleman, whose title was taken from a town on the river Ayr.

"Two orations alone the memorial song will render;
 For at the banquet's close spake thus the lively
 Sir Hector,
 Somewhat husky, with praises exuberant, often
 repeated,
 Pleasant to him and to them, of the gallant
 Highland soldiers
 Whom he erst led in fight;—something husky,
 but cheery, though weary,
 Up to them rose and spoke the gray but glad-
 some Chieftain :—
 Fill up your glasses once more, my friends—
 with all the honors,
 There was a toast which I forgot, which our
 gallant Highland homes have
 Always welcomed the stranger—I may say, de-
 lighted to see
 Fine young men at my table. My friends! are
 you ready? The Strangers.
 Gentlemen, I drink your healths—and I wish
 you—with all the honors!"—P. 8.

We offer the following as a specimen of Clough's sarcastic views of certain phases of life. We may not be always disposed to endorse these views: but seldom, if ever, can it be asserted that his insinuations are wholly groundless. The present one, for example, is not devoid of a certain degree of countenance from art as well as from real life. Pictures of good boys thus engaged with richly dressed parents may be seen. Of course there is another side to the question, but it is well to have the danger in one direction vividly set before us.

"We must all do something, and in my judgment do it
 In our station; independent of it, but not regardless;
 Holding it, not for enjoyment, but because we cannot change it.
 Ah! replied Philip, alas! the noted phrase
 of the prayer-book,
 Doing our duty in that state of life to which
 God has called us,
 Seems to me always to mean, when the little
 rich boys say it,
 Standing in velvet frock by mamma's brocaded
 flounces,
 Eying her gold-fastened book, and the chain
 and watch at her bosom,—
 Seems to me always to mean, Eat, drink, and
 never mind others."—P. 11.

Our next extract shall be a few lines exhibiting the different accounts of a walking tour by two of the party, Arthur Audley and Lindsay—nicknamed by his companions the Piper.

"And it was told, the Piper narrating and Arthur correcting,
 Coloring he, dilating, magniloquent, glorying in
 picture,

He to matter of fact still softening, paring, abating,
 He to the great might-have-been upsoaring, sublime, ideal,
 He to the merest it—was restricting, diminishing, dwarfing,
 River to streamlet reducing, and fall to slope subduing,
 So it was told, the Piper narrating, corrected of Arthur,
 How under Linn of Dee, where over rocks, between rocks,
 Freed from prison the river comes, pouring, rolling, rushing,
 Then at a sudden descent goes sliding, gliding, unbroken,
 Falling, sliding, gliding, in narrow space collected,
 Save for a curl at the end where the curve re-joins the level,
 Save for a ripple at last, a sheeted descent unbroken,—
 How to the element offering their bodies, down-shooting the fall, they
 Mingled themselves with the flood and the force of imperious water."—P. 22.

We speak under correction, but, so far as we are aware, "the great might-have-been" which we now observe in reviews and magazines is a phrase invented by Clough. A little further on, we have another phrase, "the joy of eventful living," which seems to have become part of the language. The American essayist, Mr. Emerson, has placed it in his "Conduct of Life" without any marks of quotation, probably because he was unaware of the source whence the words came. To have achieved this is something: it is part of the praise bestowed on Giusti by the Italians. We proceed to subjoin part of another passage of a different character, embodying thoughts often hinted at, but seldom so emphatically expressed.

"Grace is given of God, but knowledge is bought in the market;
 Knowledge needful for all, yet cannot be had for the asking.
 There are exceptional beings, one finds them distant and rarely,
 Who, endowed with the vision alike and the interpretation,
 See, by their neighbors' eyes, and their own still motions enlightened,
 In the beginning the end, in the acorn the oak of the forest,
 In the child of to-day its children to long generations,
 In a thought or a wish a life, a drama, an epic.
 There are inheritors, is it? by mystical generation,
 Heiring the wisdom and ripeness of spirits gone by: without labor
 Owning what others by doing and suffering earn; what old men,

After long years of mistake and erasure, are proud to have come to,
Sick with mistake and erasure, possess when possession is idle."—P. 30.

From among many beautiful descriptions of scenery, we select this as an especial favorite:—

"It was on Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright
October,
Then when wackens are changed, and heather
blooms are faded,
And amid russet of heather and fern green trees
are bonnie;
Alders are green and oaks; the rowan scarlet
and yellow;
One great glory of broad gold pieces appears
the aspen,
And the jewels of gold that were hung in the
hair of the birch-tree,
Pendulous, here and there, her coronets, neck-
lace, and earrings,
Cover her now o'er and o'er; she is weary and
scatters them from her.
There upon Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright
October,
Under the alders knitting, gave Elspie her troth
to Philip."—P. 45.

There is more that we would gladly quote; but we must hasten onwards to the consideration of other matters. The "Bothie" reveals the state of utter uncertainty about the great problems of life to which Clough's mind was by this time reduced.

"If there is battle, 'tis battle by night: I stand
in the darkness,
Here in the *mêlée* of men, Ionian and Dorian on
both sides,
Signal and password known; which is friend
and which is foeman?
Is it a friend? I doubt, though he speak with
the voice of a brother.

* * * * *

Yet is my feeling rather to ask, Where is the
battle?

Yes, I could find in my heart to cry, in spite of
my Elspie,
Oh, that the armies indeed were arrayed, Oh, joy
of the onset,
Sound, thou Trumpet of God, come forth, Great
Cause, to array us,
King and Leader, appear, thy soldiers sorrowing
seek thee.

Would that the armies indeed were arrayed, Oh,
where is the battle?

Neither battle I see, nor arraying, nor King in
Israel,

Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation,
Backed by a solemn appeal, 'For God's sake,
do not stir there!'"

The author, we fear, renounced Christianity, and became a kind of Deist. Before we can so much as attempt to analyze any of the causes of this sad fall into scepticism, we

must try to lay down some general principles.

Few facts can be considered as better attested, both by experience and by revelation, than that any earnest awakening of good principle must leave a certain number of men worse than it found them. Patriotism, for example, is a noble sentiment. Can any one doubt but that numbers of the Athenians in the age of Xerxes and in the age of Philip of Macedon, or of Germans living in the year 1813, became far finer and more exalted characters than they would otherwise have been, in consequence of the spirit of self-sacrificing patriotism then evoked. As little can we doubt but that numbers in each case became worse men, more selfish and more treacherous than (humanly speaking) they would have proved in a time of less trying and extraordinary character. Look at a smaller world. Take a parish, where matters have been going on in a sort of semi-careless manner without any great demonstration of religious zeal on the one hand, or any unenviable notoriety. But a young and active rector is appointed to the charge: many good works, hitherto unthought of, are originated; many souls are lifted into a far loftier atmosphere of thought and action; but (melancholy truth) it is wellnigh certain that wickedness will, in some quarters, prove more rampant, more open and unblushing than was the case under the former management. To earthly eyes, some of the people seem to become very decidedly worse. A similar result in both directions follows on any great crisis, as, for instance, the visitation of any Christian city by an earthquake, by the plague or cholera.

Believers in God's Word will readily acknowledge that its pages, if they leave much mystery still hanging round such solemn truths, at any rate recognize them and prepare the mind to look forward to both results. The house of Israel cannot become as the heathen: if they do not rise above the idolaters, they must sink to a far lower depth. The child, whom Simeon takes in his arms, is set for the fall no less than for the rising again of many in Israel; and the apostles are a savor of death unto death, as well as of life unto life.*

* Ezekiel xx. 32; Luke ii. 34, 35; 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16.

Abstractedly, then, it is no necessary reproach to a great moral or religious movement, to say that particular persons have been thrown back by it into carelessness, or scepticism, or profligacy. But at this point there comes into view another element which infinitely complicates the question. We have been assuming that a given movement is good; but how if its goodness be sullied with much admixture of evil; how if while the cause remains good, the agents employed in promoting it are bad? It is obvious that in such cases we cannot attribute the defalcation of this or that person solely to the reaction consequent upon a given movement. His recoil may have arisen from the influence of faults inherent in the views which he adopted, or from the prejudice excited by the tone or conduct of some unworthy supporters. Dr. Arnold was keenly alive to the force of the distinction we are attempting to draw. An ardent supporter of liberalism in politics and of the Reformation in religion, he perceived how men might be alienated from either of these causes by the presence of such elements as those to which we have alluded. We might cite, by way of illustration, some of his remarks on Falkland; or, as still more, perhaps, to the purpose, the following: "In speaking of the Revolution of 1688, I can imply no doubt whatever as to its merits. I grant that, descending to personal history, we should find principles sadly obscured; much evil must be acknowledged to exist in one party, much good or much that claims great allowance in the other." Again, on the letters of Junius: "One is ashamed to think of the celebrity so long enjoyed by a publication so worthless. . . . If I wished to prejudice a good man against popular principles, I could not do better than to put into his hands the letters of Junius."* Of the English Reformation he used to say that it was especially necessary "not to forget the badness of the agents in the goodness of the cause, or the goodness of the cause in the badness of the agents."

And now to return to our immediate subject, from which we may seem to have been wandering. We have before us the spectacle of a mind of singular conscientiousness, purity, and philanthropy, which was sub-

jected to the influence of two great waves of thought, Arnoldism and Tractarianism; and which, after being sensibly affected by both, deserted both for a vague scepticism. Many are, no doubt, prepared to condemn, with equal severity, each of these schools, and to look upon such an issue as occurred in Clough's case as the natural result of such training. Very different, again, will be, in other quarters, the degree of blame respectively attributed to these two schools, their principles and their supporters, when such a case as the present is discussed with reference to them. We have no wish to undertake the task of analysis, nor do we pretend that we should be likely to accomplish it with perfect fairness. Although not disciples of Mr. Maurice, we can recall with gratitude a remark made by him some ten or twelve years since, namely, that one great danger of religious periodicals and newspapers lay in their constant efforts to persuade men that all good came from their own party, all evil from that of their opponents. Fain would we avoid either danger. We acknowledge with regret, but frankly, that in the ranks of Germanism we recognize many who once took sweet counsel together with us; and we hope that we are prepared to listen to any really candid exposition of the faults fairly censurable, in that cast of thought with which this review is associated in the minds of its readers, or in the conduct of those with whom we sympathize. Not less incumbent is it upon us to admit ungrudgingly the immense amount of good effected by men from whose principles we differ widely; as, for instance, Dr. Arnold. By all means let us acknowledge the wonderful loftiness of view, the hatred of all that is mean and base, the sympathy, with nobleness, displayed in his "Lectures on Modern History" and in the volumes (especially the third volume) of his "History of Rome;" and let us listen, with no half-averted ears, to the glorification of the schoolmaster by Tom Brown. But as, on the one hand, we are not compelled to be silent in respect of the work achieved through the agency of the movement commenced in Oxford some thirty years since, so neither are we, on the other hand, required to shut our eyes to aught that appears to us mistaken in the principles enforced by Dr. Arnold, or in the subsequent career of those

* Lectures on Modern History, pp. 238-240; 250; 272.

who were once subjected to the sway of that powerful and energetic mind. We may fairly ask whether it is not true that many highly gifted disciples of that school are now among the adherents of neology. Two only, we believe, of the more distinguished Oxonians of Clough's time can be said to have renounced the worship of Christ: Clough himself, and a fellow of Wadham College now known as an ardent Comtist. It may be a mere accident that both were connected with Rugby. But Rugbeans will drive people into remarking this, if they will persist in representing their much-loved school as wholly faultless.

Thus much, at least, however, we believe that we may justly claim, namely, that he who would inquire into the history of Clough's mind, should take his life and training as a whole. Absurd and unjust as it would be to pretend that all the good characteristics of his heart and intellect were due to the atmosphere which he breathed at Oxford, and the scepticism solely due to Rugby, it is not, we submit, either just or generous *entirely* (or almost entirely) to reverse the statement. And here we are glad to be able to claim the support of an independent testimony. It is not easy for two critics to approach the subject of Clough's life and sentiments from more opposite points of the compass, than those from which it is approached by the present writer and by the author of the article in the last October number of the *National Review*. But in this we are both agreed, that any serious attempt to trace the course of that erratic mind must take into account both factors, so to speak, of the product; and not one only, or even one predominantly. The criticism of the *National Review*, whether correct or not, at any rate tries to hold the balance between the influences of the two (partly co-operative, partly antagonistic) systems to which Clough was subjected. Not so, we conceive, the following statement of Canon Stanley:—

"Beyond his Oxford days I will not follow him. It was his misfortune that those Oxford days were cast in the time of that great theological tempest, which (as Professor Goldwin Smith well remarks in his *Lectures on Modern History*) has cast the wrecks of the most gifted minds of the University on every shore. This is not the place to inquire into the precise nature of his relig-

ious views then or afterwards. But whoever will be most inclined to condemn his opinions in after years, may be assured that a rigorous analysis of the process by which he arrived at them will trace them, in great measure, to an abrupt and excessive reaction against the school of theology then dominant in Oxford, by which he was not only influenced, but for a time fascinated and subdued. When at last he broke away from the University and the Church, it was with the delight of one who had known more than other men the weight of the yoke which ecclesiastical authority had once laid upon him."

It is not, we trust, inconsistent with sincere respect for the high character borne by the writer of the above lines to express a doubt, whether his own mind is capable of instituting that "rigorous analysis," of which he speaks, in any case which touches so nearly the credit of his own personal friends. Not only, however, is the fairness of the representation as a whole open to question, but the correctness of the statement put forth in the last sentence as a matter of fact has been also seriously impugned. Is it true, that Clough "broke away from the University and the Church—with delight?"

This is one of those questions to which it is probably impossible for human lips to frame a complete and satisfactory reply. A mind that has gone through so much will, of necessity, have its varying moods; will feel and speak somewhat differently at different epochs; will be influenced, as by many minor incidents of health, spirits, outward events and scenes; so, too, by the company in which it is thrown, by the temper of the person to whom letters are addressed. It would be strange, indeed, if a man like Clough, who could scarcely make up his mind on any of the great problems that lie before us, should have proved strictly consistent in the language which he employed about resolutions so important, and involving so much. Even in the case of separations less momentous, we know that the actors have not preserved a uniform tenor of thought. Fox, on the memorable night of his severance from Burke, declared that Burke had been his master, and that he had learned from him everything that he knew. Yet it is on record that, on another occasion, Fox asserted (we think it was over his wine) that "after all, Burke had always been a d—d wrong-headed fellow." Are we to infer (as

we have seen it hence inferred) that Fox's previous language in Parliament had been all mere falsehood and hypocrisy? Surely not: we believe, for our own part, that the eulogy on Burke proceeded from Fox's nobler and truer self, and that the subsequent utterance was made thoughtlessly in some moment of irritation, perhaps under the influence of an imperfect function of the digestive powers.

In the case of Clough, we do not pretend to be able to speak, with anything like dogmatic confidence, on the point at issue between the impugnors and the defender of Canon Stanley's accuracy, whose respective letters appeared in the *Guardian* issues of January 22 and 29, and February 5, 1862. To learn that Clough had conveyed to different minds very different impressions of his states of feeling did not take us by surprise. The question still remains—which of these two impressions thus produced was the truer, deeper manifestation of his inmost self?

If we are in any degree to avail ourselves of Clough's poetry; if his verse be in truth (as we cannot but believe) the expression of his real thoughts and feelings, then we must say that we have been unable in the "Boothie," in the "Ambarvalia," or in the poems now published since the author's death, to find one single line that can be held to corroborate Dr. Stanley's assertion, that Clough "broke away from the University and the Church—with delight." On the other hand we know of few volumes of the same size, from which we might cull more frequent avowals, more or less direct, of the saddening and unsatisfying character of the scepticism into which Clough unhappily fell.

It would certainly seem probable, on *à priori* considerations, that scepticism must be injurious to a poet. We are inclined, so far at least as regards all the higher kinds of poetry, to accept Mr. Ruskin's definition: "the suggestion, by the imagination, of noble grounds for the noble emotions." But he who doubts and hesitates, where others believe, has surely cut off from himself an immense and important portion of those grounds. Nor does it at first sight seem, as if the facts of the case militated with such anticipations. The three who are considered in the present age to occupy the highest

thrones in the realms of poesy, Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare, are all (according to their light) earnest believers. Of the great poetic stars that gem the intellectual firmament of Greece, scarcely one appears to have had its lustre dimmed by the clouds of unbelief. Far more might, of course, be asserted respecting the poets of Hebrew song; for they *are* poets, though they are likewise something far higher. In a not wholly dissimilar spirit, *mutatis mutandis*, might we speak of some famous Orientals; as, for example, the Sanscrit and Arabian bards and the Persian poet, Firdusi. And among the Roman poets, Virgil and Persius are eminently religious men. It were easy to make a long list from among the poets of modern Christendom, including such names as those of Spenser, Racine, Calderon, Tasso, Milton, Klopstock, Wordsworth.

But, on the other hand, it must be frankly acknowledged that the list of great poets who have been sceptics, or even worse, is very considerable; and that it has been largely increased during the last hundred years. Lucretius, Leopardi, Goethe, Heinrich, Heine, Shelley, Alfred de Musset, are all on the wrong side of that line which separates faith from unbelief. It would be a curious problem to discuss in what way these minstrels have laid hold on other grounds for exciting noble emotions, in the absence of that primary one of religion. We can only venture upon a few random suggestions.

With respect to the first named in our list, we have to consider what sore temptations to total unbelief were presented by the Greek and Roman mythology. But it is singular that Lucretius has been an object of great admiration to many earnest Christians. This phenomena has been treated with much fulness and beauty by Mr. Keble, in his *Prælectiones Academicæ*. He shows how that great poet's love of the Infinite, how his lamentations over the shortness and feebleness of human existence, may all be so read as to prove the need of religion, and, as it were, lay a foundation for it. We may add that the poet's philanthropic sentiments, such as that grand and touching line,—

"Imbecillorum esse æquum misererier omnes,"

tend in the same direction, and help to justify the verdict of our poetess, who had (quite independently) arrived at the same con-

clusions with the author of the "Christian Year."

"Lucretius—nobler than his mood :
Who dropped his plummet down the broad
Deep universe, and said, 'No God,'

"Finding no bottom : he denied
Divinely the divine, and died
Chief poet on the Tiber side,

"By grace of God ! his face his stern,
As one compelled, in spite of scorn,
*To teach a truth he could not learn."**

In Leopardi, not all the majesty of his verse and sculptured beauty of diction is sufficient to overcome the sense of dreariness, which his unbelief continually suggests. He is compelled to fill up the void, as he best may, by his love of nature and of art ; his affection for his sister, his interest in the past glories of Italy. Heine, if he deserves a place with the rest here named (which is doubtful), is a poet in spite of his scepticism, not in anywise in consequence of it. Never, probably, has he soared higher than when, as in his *Jehuda ben Halevg*, he throws himself into a state of sympathy with the fallen fortunes of his Hebrew countrymen. In such compositions he has reared his superstructure on the basis of faith in a religion which, though meant to be only local and transitory, was yet really and truly divine, really and truly a preparation for the religion of Christ. Goethe, however much heathenized as a man, was yet able by his extraordinary genius, by his varied insight and sympathy, to enter into the feelings of all classes of Christians ; and frequently, both as poet and critic, testified his admiration for the presence of a Christian element in the creations of prose, fiction, and of the drama. Shelley one may charitably hope to have been partially insane. Against the raving, in which he blasphemed the name of the Saviour of the world, we have to place the strange inconsistency of his poetic homage to her whom all generations call blessed, in that she was chosen to be the mother of that Saviour. And lastly, De Musset, amidst his too often immoral productions, yet leaves on the mind of him who reads in a right spirit, his more unexceptionable poems, the strongest impression of the satiety attendant on a *blasé* existence, mingled with wishes

(of which we cannot doubt the sincerity for the time) that he had been born before the age of Voltaire, and were able to believe in the "holy word of Christ."

Short and hurried as has been the above reference to these exceptional (for, after all, they are exceptional) cases of unbelieving poets, we cannot think that more detailed examination would alter the general conclusion to which they point. That conclusion we conceive to be, that the alliance between poetry and religion is natural, that the divorce between them is forced and unnatural. Whether it be an *Æschylus* revelling in the supernatural, or a De Musset sighing that he cannot do so, each poet, though in a widely different way, is surely proclaiming the self-same principle.

We return to Clough, and we ask what circumstances there were which could at all make up to him, as a poet, for his most unhappy scepticism. That it grievously narrowed his field of vision, we can hardly doubt. Compare with Clough's poems an equal number of pages in those, say, of Robert Browning, and see how varied is the symphony of the author of "Paracelsus," by the side of the few restricted and reiterated tunes contained in the volume before us. Even after making due allowance for the comparative shortness of Clough's career, must not his great want of variety be mainly attributed to his unbelief?

But as we have seen, in the case of some other poets, the way in which they have tried to fill up the vacuum caused by lack of faith, it may be interesting to ask what were, in this respect, the resources of Clough? Those who look at his intellect fairly, will probably pronounce it to have been somewhat deficient in subjectivity, in versatility, perhaps also in the higher ranges of the imaginative faculty. His utterly unsettled state of mind prevents, likewise, the display of that vigor which confidence in the truth of a man's teaching can alone impart. But we cannot fail to recognize the presence of a power that he had fairly won by his many virtues. In the first place, there was his rare conscientiousness. Other men may contrive to reconcile with their sense of honor and duty, the retention of places of emolument and trust, long after they have resigned all belief in the truths, which those places were presumed to be means of sup-

* Mrs. Browning's "A Vision of Poets." The highly finished paper on Lucretius by M. Sellar in the *Oxford Essays* for 1885, though quite taking a line of its own, is by no means antagonistic.

porting. Not so Clough; he gave up at once the high and honorable post which he had won in Oxford, and threw himself on the world for a livelihood. It was even said, and we can well believe it, that at a time when such pecuniary aid would have been of real consequence to him, he refused to write in periodicals which would gladly have opened their columns to him, because he was unable to concur in their general tone. Such scrupulousness endows a man with a rightful privilege to utter warnings, serious or sarcastic, to those around him whom he sees to be following a course quite opposite to his own; and of these warnings many are scattered up and down his pages. In the next place (though to our deep sorrow), Clough seems to have renounced belief in revelation, yet whatever he *did* retain, he acted up to, far more consistently than most of us, who believe indeed much that he lost, but do not with equal resoluteness carry out our belief into practice. Courage, purity, belief in God, warm philanthropy, patriotism, a deep sense of the sinfulness of sin, all these, besides his love of nature, were present to enable him to summon up in other minds "the noble emotions." Let it be added that in his scepticism there was nothing Voltairian; he did not (as it has been well remarked) try to turn and rend the creed that he had resigned. Widely as we dissent from most of his speculations, it is seldom indeed, if ever, that Clough seems open to blame on purely moral ground: * though of course in speaking thus we waive for the moment the profound question, how far unbelief is of itself the evidence and the result of something morally wrong at the foundation.

The following is a fair sample of that satiric censure upon the world's ways which our author's conscientious self-sacrifice gave him a perfect right to utter:—

"THE LATEST DECALOGUE.

"Thou shalt have one God only; who
Would be at the expense of two?
No graven images may be
Worshipped, except the currency;

* We have always regretted the presence of one or two lines in the "Bothie," that seemed slightly coarse. The conjunction of Clough's poems, with Mr. Burbridge's (of which some were thoroughly gross), was a most unhappy one. But Clough's are, by this last edition, forever severed from that unfortunate companionship. The omissions from his own poem, made by Clough's directions, give evidence of prudence and good taste.

Swear not at all; for, for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse.
At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend.
Honor thy parents; that is, all
From whom advancement may befall.
Thou shalt not kill; but needst not strive
Officially to keep alive.
Do not adultery commit;
Advantage rarely comes of it.
Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat,
When it's so lucrative to cheat.
Bear not false witness; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly.
Thou shalt not covet; but tradition
Approves all forms of competition."—P. 50.

The next we are about to quote seems generally selected as the most beautiful, the most truly poetical of all his compositions.

"*Qua cursum ventus.*

"As ships becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day,
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;
"When fell the night, up sprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving side by side:
"E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.
"At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist what first with dawn appeared!
"To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.
"But, O blithe breeze; and, O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.
"One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fure,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!"—P. 25.

That, after all, Clough did but little towards the realization of the high hopes entertained of him is admitted by his warmest friends and admirers. To us, we own, he seems to have exhibited but slight growth in power after the publication of *Ambarvalia* in 1848. As this assertion may seem to spring from mere prejudice, we shall briefly attempt to set forth a portion of the evidence on which it is based.

We have in the volume before us the author's hitherto unpublished poem, entitled

Amours de Voyage. It is perhaps characteristic of the writer's general state of feeling at the time, that the hero is a *quasi-lover*, who cannot make up his mind whether he really is in love or not. *Il doutait de tout, même de l'amour*, is one of the mottoes. This circumstance almost excludes the possibility of what Mr. Matthew Arnold thinks so essential to poetry; namely, "a grand action" as a basis. However, let that pass. What we complain of in the poet's treatment of his theme is the sort of undercurrent of assumption, that because he had become thoroughly and exclusively republican and sceptical, the world was immediately bound to carry out his theories with perfect consistency, without misgivings, without halting or repentance.

Mr. Palgrave, in the not very satisfactory memoir prefixed to these volumes, quotes from one or two of Clough's letters. These letters appear to have been written, not in English, but in Carlylese. This is a language which is possibly tolerable at first hand, but at second hand surely most intolerable. We shall consequently only state the gist of them, which is, that Clough rejoiced at Paris in the existence of the Republic, but found out in a few days that the glory of his dreams was departing. Untaught, apparently, by this experience, he lingered on at Rome, because (says Mr. Palgrave) he was "unable or unwilling to believe that what at least bore the name of Republic could really lead the crusade on behalf of despotism." Such conduct may mark the amiable enthusiast: we cannot say that it seems to us a sign of any great knowledge of human nature, or of any great insight into French nature.

For, in the first place, what right has any man to conclude that because a nation has just established a republic, republicanism must needs prove their one solitary passion? Lord Macaulay has justly derided the pretensions of those second-rate playwrights, who depict their *dramatis personæ* as influenced by some one ruling passion to the exclusion of every other. Much less can we expect a great nation to be thus under the dominion of one idea alone. It certainly does not follow that because a people are governed in a particular manner, they may not reasonably suppose that the circumstances of another nation are so peculiar that they cannot be ruled similarly.

Thus much on the assumption that nation

No. 1 is in a state of thorough contentment with that species of constitution, which it is interdicting to nation No. 2. But suppose that the former has only adopted this constitution under the pressure of a momentary impulse, and soon after renounces for itself the very kind of government, of which it has deprived its neighbor. Obviously, whether the policy of armed intervention has been justifiable or otherwise, the charge of inconsistency is greatly lessened. Now, this seems really to have been the case with France. That Mr. John Stuart Mill is correct in maintaining that a certain set of politicians had determined on a Republic if the Orleanist monarchy were overthrown, we will not dispute. But the nation, as a whole, appears to have been completely taken by surprise in 1848. M.M. de Carné and de Montalembert assert this in the most emphatic terms. "*Il y a une république, il n'y a pas des républicains*," was the expression of a well-wisher to the new régime. Another witness (who, if not unprejudiced, is certainly far less prejudiced than Clough) observes in speaking of the varied forms of constitution which his country has tried: "De tous les gouvernements qui se sont succédé depuis soixante ans, aucun n'a eu une existence plus agitée et plus courte que la république, aucun n'a laissé derrière lui une mémoire chargée de souvenirs plus pénibles."*

Clough must have known (or, at any rate, might have known) that no inconsiderable party in France supported the expedition to Rome on what they believed to be sincerely religious grounds. A much larger party, in whose breasts the religious element burnt but feebly, were very unwilling to break with the old traditions of their country. One of those traditions undoubtedly was, that the French nation was a kind of lay supporter of the Papacy.† Added to this tradition was the reflection that if France did not take the first step, Austria undoubtedly would. If our memory serves us aright, it was M. Odilon Barrot who, in defending before the French Chambers the expedition to Rome, skilfully

* Prince Albert de Broglie; "Questions de Religion et d'Histoire" (Tome i. p. 9).

† "Charlemagne, dans son testament, légua à ses fils la tutelle de l'Eglise romaine. Ce legs, repudié par les empereurs allemands, avait passé comme une espèce de fidei-commis à la couronne de France." Preface to *Du Pape*. De Maistre, though not a Frenchman, knew very well for whom he was writing.

availed himself in turn of each and all of these various sentiments.

But that possibly the French themselves were not violently enamored of their own republic, and therefore cared little for the fate of republics elsewhere; that there might be sincere Roman Catholics who believed in the temporalities of the Papacy as a necessary condition the upholding of its spiritual claims to supremacy; that the prejudices of which De Maistre had so ably appealed might have their weight, especially at a time when numbers were trying to reunite some at least of the broken links of a national life; that jealousy of Austria might make up for whatever was wanting on other grounds; of all this Clough appears to have seen nothing. His view of the political portion of the case seems to be summed up in the one short and to him all-sufficient formula: This is a Republic, and it ought not, under any circumstances, to be put down.

As a poem, the *Amours de Voyage* cannot, we imagine, claim any high rank. It displays skill in metre, and that is nearly all. As a comment on the history of the siege of Rome by the French, it seems 'all but absolutely worthless. We doubt whether a reader obtains one single fresh idea about that siege, which he could not gain from turning to a file of old newspapers. In one point, however, Clough protests against the doctrine of the press of that epoch. For he writes:—

"Notwithstanding all journals,
Honor for once to the tongue and the pen of the
eloquent writer!
Honor to speech! and all honor to thee, thou
noble Mazzini!"

We have expended, in our last April number, so many pages on "Thought in Italy," that we cannot afford to retrace our steps at any length. But as regards that Mazzinian rule, which Clough chose to see as all *coulour de rose*, we cannot forget a remark made by Giusti. And if in such a matter we prefer the authority of the Italian, we do not know on what single ground even Clough's greatest admirers could claim precedence for him here. Was he a poet? So was Giusti, and a far greater one; the poet not of a small clique, but one who spoke to the heart of a nation. Was Clough a Liberal? so was Giusti; only, we must maintain, with still

higher claims to the name in its noblest sense. Was Clough fond of Italy and desirous of its best welfare? so was Giusti: he lived for this end, and did not take it up as a temporary *fièvre* only. Now Giusti writes: "One of Mazzini's arts of reigning has been the system of terror, and the preaching of liberty with uplifted dagger." Giusti was the very last person to write thus without due cause. That Clough was unaware of this great charge is extremely probable. But the question naturally arises: did he put himself in the way of learning the whole state of the case? or had he not now become a thorough partisan, with the failings that too often follow on unchecked partisanship?

As for the religious teaching of this poem: those whose intolerance of Romanism is such that they conscientiously believe that a man had better cease to be a Christian at all, than adopt that form of Christianity, may be able to approve of it; but we do not see how it can possibly recommend itself to any others. The hero, as the *National Reviewers* justly remark, "has some sort of religion, but cannot himself tell what it is." If Romanism is so utterly corrupt, that this impalpable Theism is preferable, then—but not otherwise—is our author's aspiration endurable.

"Would to Heaven the old Goths had made a
cleaner sweep of it,
Would to Heaven some new ones would come
and destroy these churches!"

If all that the Roman people are to get in exchange is a creed of the above-named quality, then we cannot conceive how Rome, Italy, or Europe is to be the gainer.

It is so rare to obtain earnest convictions side by side with a large-minded and tolerant temper, that we are almost, it would seem, compelled in many cases to accept the presence of one gift as an atonement for some lack of the other. We say of one thinker, he may not be very tolerant, but he is certainly thoroughly in earnest; of another, that he is less definite than we could wish, but that in treating of controversy he can at any rate make allowances for both sides. What does seem to be unbearable is an admixture of latitudinarianism and intolerance; and this we are sorry to say we find in some parts of these *Amours de Voyage*.

With the epoch of the Reformation on the Continent are associated, in the most prominent manner, two great names, that of Martin Luther and that of Ignatius Loyola. That thousands should honor one of these names, and well-nigh demonize the other, is natural enough. The present century has, however, witnessed on both sides, some remarkable admissions respecting the elements of greatness and of zeal that may be found in each. Witness such expressions as the following, in the work of the greatest modern Roman Catholic of Germany: "An obstacle which makes the Lutheran view more pardonable, since it shows that it *sprang out of a true Christian zeal*." . . . "The Reformers, in the *excess of a pious zeal*, rejected all exertion on the part of man." . . . "It would be in the highest degree unjust, if we did not show that, according to the Lutheran system, the renovation of sinful man, the moral change—in a word, *sanctification*—must attach to the confiding reception of the declaration of the forgiveness of sin." . . . "Who knows not the brilliant description of faith in his [Luther's] preface to St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans?" . . . "Here the Reformers were evidently misled by the most vague, most confused, *yet withal honorable feelings*."* Such is the language of Möhler. Dr. Döllinger is somewhat less charitable, but not less fully does he recognize in Luther "the mightiest democrat and most popular character that Germany ever possessed—greatest of his age—the centre of a new circle of ideas, the most condensed expression of that religious and ethical mode of thought peculiar to the German mind, and from whose mighty influence even those who resisted it could not wholly withdraw themselves."†

Not less marked, or less striking, has been the recognition of the merits of Loyola from the pen of writers far removed from his teaching or influence. "No dispassionate student of his life," says Sir James Stephen, "will question his integrity, or deny him the praise of a devotion at once sincere, habitual, and profound. It is not to the glory of the Reformed to depreciate their greatest antagonist; or to think meanly of him, by whom, more than by any other man,

* Symbolism, vol. i. pp. 130, 133, 150, 185, 208 (Eng. Trans.).

† The Church and the Churches (Eng. Trans.), pp. 26, 267.

the Reformation was stayed, and the Church of Rome rescued from her impending doom."* "Fervent he was—fervently devout," says the Nonconformist, Mr. Isaac Taylor, "and our Protestant notions would lead us into a very perilous kind of uncharitableness, if they forbade our thinking of Ignatius Loyola as an eminently good and Christian man."†

But that "perilous kind of uncharitableness" had been thoroughly attained by Clough. As for Luther, Clough apparently accepts from others a semi-sneer at his achievements; while Loyola and his famous society are dismissed off-hand, at a blow, in some silly and splenetic lines. Are we unreasonable, then, in thinking that by this time scepticism had narrowed alike the range of Clough's intellect and the generosity of his feelings?

A Scotch Presbyterian layman, of somewhat latitudinarian tendencies, ponders as follows over the scene presented by the Coliseum:—

"The Coliseum, of all that Rome encloses, should be seen alone and by moonlight. No other human monument speaks so strongly to the moral sense of man. The deep and lonely silence of the midnight hour within its vast walls, is only broken by the chirping of the solitary cricket in the grass of that arena which has resounded with the shrieks of human beings, the wild yells of ferocious beasts tearing them, and the acclamations of eighty thousand spectators rejoicing in the butchery. *This is the triumph of the Christian religion. This immense edifice is coeval with Christianity, and is its noblest history.* Eighteen centuries ago, the most civilized people on the face of the earth erected this huge pile for savage and bloody spectacles, such as no known tribe on the face of the earth at the present day is so barbarous, so destitute of humanity, feeling for others, and discrimination of right and wrong, as to enjoy or tolerate. The New Zealander or the Cherokee of the present day stands higher as a moral being, imbued with feelings of humanity and of duty to his fellow-men, than the citizen of ancient Rome in his most civilized state. Is this no improvement in the social condition of man? Is man not in a progressive state as to moral and intellectual being? We may ask, if human nature itself has not changed during these eighteen centuries,

* Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography, vol. i. p. 249.

† Loyola and Jesuitism.

and if we really belong to the same species of beings as the men who, eighteen centuries ago, laid those stones upon each other for the uses for which this fabric was erected? These stones are still sharply square. Man has changed more than his works. How little appear all the squabbles between Church and Church, between Catholic and Protestant, Lutheran and Presbyterian, sect and sect, opinion and opinion, when we consider *this sublime result of Christianity as a whole*, amidst these walls which witnessed its origin, its progress, and are now bearing testimony to its humanizing influences on the condition of man! Details vanish before the sublime result. Time itself seems to vanish amidst the works of man standing for eighteen centuries, uninjured but by his own hands. What are eighteen centuries in the history of the human race?—a span of time too short to reduce their buildings to dust, yet long enough to elevate their physical condition from the deepest barbarism, ignorance, and wickedness, to civilization, knowledge, and religion—to raise them, morally and intellectually, to a new species of beings. The changes of eighteen centuries are enclosed within these gray walls of the Flavian amphitheatre.*

But of all this Clough can see and feel nothing whatever. He sits and muses in the Pantheon, and apostrophizes it:—

"I repeople thy niches,
Not with the Martyrs and Saints and Confessors
and Virgins and children,
But with the mightier forms of an older, austerer worship."

This *austerer* worship being simply of course that of the Pagan gods and goddesses. Austerer worship, forsooth, for which he quotes that easy Epicurean bard, whose nonchalance so revolted Dr. Arnold! We, who believe in the New Testament, can appeal to the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, in order to settle the question of the austerity of classic heathenism; but those who do not accept the teaching of St. Paul, might surely find enough to satisfy themselves, on this score, in the pages of Ovid and of Juvenal.

Clough subsequently visited America. At Boston he must have found much that was thoroughly congenial; intellectual society, republican institutions, and an entire freedom from that dogmatism which in any form whatever seems so to have vexed and annoyed him. Of the real genius of some of the *literati* of Boston there can be no

* Laing's Notes of a Traveller, chap. xviii.

question. Their right to complain of the "insular narrowness" of Englishmen is likewise indisputable, since continental nations make the same charge against us. Yet we cannot but fear that their admiration for Clough was fostered even more by sympathy with his scepticism, than by the recognition of his intellect and conscientiousness. For ourselves, greatly admiring the powers of such persons as Margaret Fuller Ossoli and Mr. Holmes, we sincerely wish that the Boston school of thinkers could imbibe a little of our "insular narrowness," if only in that term could be included a belief in the Creed of Nicæa.

The injury which Clough's example may possibly work will be among those who are disposed to doubt, but anxious to preserve a high tone of morality. Voltaire writes to Frederick II. of Prussia, complaining that his majesty has afforded a handle to those who say that neither good faith nor humanity can be found among unbelievers. Those whose tendency to scepticism might recoil before the spectacle of unscrupulousness and cold-hearted selfishness, exhibited by such a man as Frederick, may possibly hope that it shall be their lot, if they resign belief in the gospel, to imitate the uprightness and philanthropy of such an one as Clough. Rarely indeed will they succeed, and even where they do imitate him, it must probably involve that same loss of joy and peace which is conspicuous throughout his poems, and be purchased at the price of all but throwing away the precious gifts of cultured intellect that had made their friends hope that they might one day achieve much.

For ourselves, rather than hear that any one for whose welfare we cared, had embarked on such a course, we should prefer that he had become a deacon, even to a popular dissenting preacher, such as, for instance, Mr. Spurgeon. We are not likely to feel undue sympathy with a teacher, who is so Calvinistic, so anti-sacramental as this popular pulpit orator. But we can thoroughly sympathize with him, when he denounces the dangers of Universalism; we rejoice in the singular warmth and freshness with which he insists on the greatness of an Athanasius and an Augustine, and on the debt of gratitude which all Christians owe them: above all, amidst deep differences, we are at one with Mr. Spurgeon in the meaning and the

value of the One great Name, which is never once openly proclaimed in the pages of the unhappy poet whose works we have been examining.

That this very reticence is at the bottom of much of the sympathy and the praise lavished on Clough in our periodical literature we do deeply fear; but we are not blind to other and better things in him, which are justly calculated to win the homage of men's spirits; and we have no wish to judge uncharitably. One word on the argument employed, or at least implied, by many who lean to scepticism, because they imagine that they thereby avoid committing themselves. Such a supposition is utterly hollow, and will not bear the slightest examination. It has well been said, "We *must* act, or abstain from action; and on many subjects abstaining from action is well-nigh equivalent to acting in the opposite direction. If, when some person calls on us to obey him as a duty, our doubts lead us to refuse him obedience, we practically deny his authority. If, when hungry, we abstain from food which is put before us, such abstinence implies a practical belief that the food is distasteful, or unwholesome, or that it is for some reason wrong to eat it. Hence arises the danger in all practical subjects, of methods of investigation and habits of thought which imply a long suspense of judgment with regard to matters immediately before us. Doubts may hang over the distance; but still we can make progress if they leave the foreground clear. With a few firm points on which to place our feet, we can make our way over a quagmire. But if we must advance at once we cannot account him a benefactor who floods the ground which lies immediately before us while he gives us a promise that it shall be dry land next year. All information as to our course is a mockery which does not tell us in what direction we must turn our footsteps now."* Alas! for those who have

* "The Letter and the Spirit," by Rev. C. P. Chretien, Fellow of Oriel College, etc. Macmillan. 1861.

no better guidance for immediate action than such as they can obtain from the pages of Arthur Hugh Clough.

It is some consolation to perceive in Clough's latest verses so many signs of his "olden heart;" so far higher a tone than that of the "Amours de Voyage." The "Clergyman's Tale" is truly beautiful: the following lines involve a teaching most admirable for all of us:—

"There are, I know of course, who lightly treat
Such slips; we stumble, we regain our feet;
What can we do, they say, but hasten on,
And disregard it as a thing that's gone.
Many there are who in a case like this
Would calm re-seek their sweet domestic bliss,
Accept unshamed the wifely tender kiss,
And lift their little children on their knees,
And take their kisses too; with hearts at ease
Will read the household prayers—to church will
go,
And sacraments,—nor care if people know.
Such men—so minded—do exist, God knows,
And, God be thanked, this was not one of
those."

From what sources, besides internal self-communion, Clough derived the deep sense here manifested of the weight of sin, of the way to regain lost graces lying through the road of self-denial in things lawful, we will not even pause to ask. Most happily, in thorough hatred of evil, the two schools of thought in which his spirit graduated are perfectly agreed. Nor does he make his penitent *rest* in anything that he himself can do. The wife is made to speak of—

"One who takes away
Our sin and gives us righteousness instead."

It is, we believe, the sole allusion to that Name throughout this volume. But its author was deeply reserved. May it have been more often in his heart, if not upon his lips? His temptations in the direction of doubt were assuredly not light ones. In all sincerity and reverence do we utter over him the apostolic aspiration—*Δώη αὐτῷ ὁ Κύριος εἶπεν ἔλεος παρὰ Κυρίου ἐν ταύτῃ τῇ ἡμέρᾳ. Ἀμήν.*

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE STORY OF RICHARD SAVAGE,
DRAMATIST AND POET.

THIS unfortunate author may be said to live through Dr. Johnson's Memoir of his life rather than in his own composition, inasmuch as his works, eagerly as they were once sought for, and great as are their merits in many respects, are now seldom read. His story enlisted the sympathy of contemporaries, and his claim to noble birth was not denied in his lifetime, but it was doubted by Boswell (who, after stating the case *pro* and *con*, concludes that the "world must vibrate in a state of uncertainty as to what was the truth"), and it has since been called in question by more than one writer. No one, however, seems to have taken much pains to test and challenge it until within the last four years, when Mr. Moy Thomas revived the discussion of these historic doubts.

Anne, daughter of Sir Richard Mason, of Sutton, in the county of Surrey, married Charles Lord Brandon, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield, in 1683. They separated after a union of only a few months, and in the course of time she formed an intimacy with Richard Savage, Earl Rivers, which led to the birth of a daughter, who died when a few months old, and afterwards of a son, and subsequently to her divorce from her husband. In the mean time, what had been going on came to the ears of Lord Macclesfield. She undoubtedly wished to be separated from him; and she may have acknowledged the adulterous intercourse, as Dr. Johnson states her to have done; but, lest her title and fortune should be lost, great efforts were made to prevent his obtaining evidence. In December, 1696, under the name of Madam Smith, she took up her temporary abode in lodgings in Fox Court, a passage between Brook Street and Gray's Inn Lane, and there, on the 16th of January, 1697, gave birth to the second child, a son, who was christened on the 18th by the officiating minister of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and entered in the register as Richard, son of John and Mary Smith. Lord Rivers and a Mr. Ousley stood as godfathers in person, and Dorothy Ousley, his sister, as godmother. On the following day the child was taken to Hampstead, and entrusted to a Mrs. Peglear to be nursed, and she was told

that the child's name was Richard Lee. In the following summer she was visited by the wife of Richard Portlock, a baker, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, who claimed the nursing as their child, and after some altercation, carried it off. It has been conjectured that the Portlocks, who did not appear as witnesses in the earl's suit for divorce, were bribed to bring up the child as their own, and were only the agents of the Ousleys in removing him. At all events, he was never again seen by Nurse Peglear, and from this time all trace of his fate is lost. The earl, without further prosecuting his suit, obtained on the 15th of March, 1698, a special act of divorce (memorable as the first ever granted without previous sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court), and the countess, reduced to her maiden name of Anne Mason, married Colonel Brett, and lived with him until his death, in 1714.

Richard Savage, the poet, first appears in 1717, when he published a poem; and as far as can now be discovered, he made his first public claim to noble parentage in 1719, when he published another work—a play—entitled "Love in a Veil: a Comedy written by Richard Savage, Gentleman, Son of the late Earl Rivers," in the dedication of which work to Lord Lansdown he avowed himself to be "the son of Earl Rivers by the Countess of —." His own story is that to which Dr. Johnson gave world-wide currency in his Memoir (which was published in 1744, while Mrs. Brett was still living). The outline of it is that Savage, by the agency of Lady Mason, the Countess of Macclesfield's mother, was placed in the care of a poor woman, who brought him up as her own child, and received payment from Lady Mason for her care; that his godmother, whom he called Mrs. Loyd, died when he was only seven years of age, having by her will bequeathed to him a legacy of £300; that he was placed at a grammar-school near St. Alban's, where he received the only instruction ever given to him; that when he was about fifteen, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Holborn; and that while in this servile condition, the person he had always known as his mother died, and that on searching her boxes he found letters written to her by Lady Mason, which revealed to him that he was the son of Lady Macclesfield, born during the wedlock of the

earl and countess, but that his father was Lord Rivers, and that he was doomed to be disowned. Savage further stated this discovery of his birth to have been made after the death of Lord Rivers; that the earl when, on his death-bed, had insisted on knowing what had become of his son, and had been informed by his mother that he was dead, whereupon he revoked a legacy of six thousand pounds, which he had bequeathed in the boy's favor; and that the intention of his mother, then Mrs. Brett, had been to send him secretly to the American plantations, but that she had been hindered by her relations from executing that unnatural project, and had thereupon destined him to a life of obscurity and labor.

Those who contend that Savage personated the lost son of Lady Macclesfield point to the many improbabilities which these statements involve, and to the fact that Savage was himself the sole authority for many of them. They ask, where was he for the intervening ten years? whether the person whom he calls "his godmother, Mrs. Loyd," was identical with Dorothy Ousley? how he acquired the letters of Lady Mason, which he said revealed to him the injustice he had suffered? and why, if he possessed them, they were never produced? where the grammar-school "near St. Alban's" was? who was the shoemaker to whom he was apprenticed? and what grounds he had for stating that persons were employed to kidnap and transport him? And it has been observed, that if the secret of his birth was discovered by him at the period of his boyhood when he lost his godmother, the fact of his existence could hardly have been concealed from Lord Rivers, who died some years later, viz., in 1712. Savage stated that on discovering who his mother really was, he sought to arouse her maternal feelings in his favor, but that she steadily refused to admit him to her presence, and that he used to walk in the dark evenings for hours before her house, in the hope of seeing her figure through the window, but she left him to grow to manhood the victim of her cruel aversion.

Those who say that Savage was a pretender, and was not the child that had disappeared, remark that the conduct of the countess towards the daughter, who died in infancy (as deposed to by witnesses in the divorce suit), was so marked by natural so-

licitude as to make it improbable that she would act unfeelingly towards her son, and would abandon him, and neglect all parental duties towards him. Savage himself (in "The Plain Dealer") speaks of her fine qualities, and again in the lines:—

"Yet has this sweet neglecter of my woes
The softest tenderest breast that pity knows!
Her eyes shed mercy wheresoe'er they shine,
And her soul melts at every woe—but mine."

But although the questions asked by objectors may not have received satisfactory answers, and the inconsistencies pointed out may not have been reconciled there are considerations of very great weight in favor of Savage's pretensions. There is the belief of Dr. Johnson, his companion and biographer, in their validity (and we may be quite sure he concealed nothing about Savage that was known to himself); there is the belief and acquiescence of contemporaries in his story, a memoir of which, drawn up soon after the appearance of his first play, had an immense circulation, and secured for him the intercession of the Countess of Hertford on the memorable occasion which will be mentioned presently; there is the fact that the charges of cruelty and unnatural conduct were made in the lifetime of his mother but were never refuted; and there is the conduct towards him of her own nephew, Lord Tyrconnel, who, if he had believed Savage to be an impostor, is not likely to have taken him to his house and companionship after her inhuman conduct had been publicly exposed.* There seems, indeed, to have been a very general acquiescence in the remark of Sir Richard Steele, that the conduct of Savage's mother had given him a right to find every good man his father; and the public interest in his behalf must have been grounded on the romantic circumstances of his early life, and on the cruelty of his fate, for his works could hardly have won for him such favor on literary grounds.

Savage's first comedy (produced, as we

* It is undoubtedly to be borne in mind, as Croker has remarked, before we draw any conclusions from Mrs. Brett's forbearance to prosecute a libeller, that however innocent she might be as to Savage, she was undeniably guilty in other respects, and would have been naturally reluctant to drag her frailties again before the public. The story of his birth seems to have first appeared in Curli's "Poetical Register," in 1719; but that publication is no authority, as Savage may himself have contributed the story.

have seen, when he was little more than twenty years of age) brought him the friendship of Steele (who, however, was little calculated to teach him either prudence or frugality), and also the friendship of Wilks, the actor, which soon made him an assiduous frequenter of the theatres, and procured for him an occasional benefit. He had not attained his twenty-sixth year when he adapted the story of Sir Thomas Overbury to the stage—a work which Dr. Johnson deemed a remarkable proof not only of genius and power of imagination, but of equality of mind, for during its composition he was often without lodging and without food, and was accustomed to compose in the fields or the streets, and to beg from any shopkeeper, as he passed, the use of pen and ink to write down the scenes he had composed. The publication of this tragedy not only made him, for the first time, master of a hundred pounds, but brought him the notice and attention of some persons of eminence and rank.

Three or four years of precarious fortune thus passed, and the aid of his generous friend, Mr. Hill—a critic well known among the men of letters of his day—was advancing his reputation, when both his fame and his life were endangered by his falling, with two companions, under an accusation of murder, arising out of an affray in a tavern of discreditable resort. The evidence given on his trial seems open to much doubt and suspicion, but he was found guilty and sentenced to death, and now had no hope but from the mercy of the crown. Earnest solicitations were made by powerful friends, but, incredible as it seems, those efforts were stated to Dr. Johnson to have been obstructed by his mother, who pretended that he had on one occasion entered her house and placed her in bodily fear; and he would, doubtless, have been left for execution, if the Countess of Hertford had not laid before the queen the whole story of his mother's cruelty and obtained his pardon. This was in 1728.

Thus narrowly escaping an ignominious death, he resumed a life strangely divided between beggary and extravagance. Mrs. Brett's relations appear to have purchased his silence towards her, and Lord Tyrconnel received him into his family, and granted him an allowance of £200 a year. Although for these benefits Savage may be said to

have bartered his independence, they brought him an interval of prosperity which rendered this the golden age of his life. His merit was now invested with the glitter of affluence, and he was courted by those who desired to be thought men of taste and genius. His esteem, however, is confessed to have been no very certain possession, and he would lampoon at one time those whom he had praised at another, so that he seemed a flatterer and a calumniator by turns. Yet it must be remembered that he was a censor of great acuteness of perception, indifferent to the power or station of the persons whom he criticised, and that really exalted abilities and virtue could not find an abler judge or a warmer advocate. It is honorable to both, that Pope was his steady friend almost to the close of his life.

But his affluence while he enjoyed the good-will and hospitality of Lord Tyrconnel was not destined to long continuance—a quarrel estranged them forever. It seemed to be the curse of his life that his misconduct or his necessities sooner or later alienated the friends whom his attractive qualities had gained; and it was but too truly said of him that while he scarcely ever met a stranger whom he did not make a friend, he had not a friend long before he obliged him to become a stranger. He seems to have acted in Lord Tyrconnel's house as if it had been a tavern, and to have forfeited that nobleman's good-will by gross misconduct. At all events, his quarrel with Lord Tyrconnel turned him adrift upon the world, and precipitated him from plenty to indigence: those whom he had offended now returned the contempt they had suffered; those who had received favors from him did not remember them, so much more certain (as Dr. Johnson remarks) are the effects of resentment than of gratitude. When the friends of his late patron, in his justification, published the faults of Savage, his superiority of wit enlisted many sympathisers, but afforded little relief to his wants.

In 1729 he had produced his moral poem, "The Wanderer," which he improvidently sold for ten guineas—as much, however, as was paid for the copyright of "Paradise Lost." Savage, now that he had lost his Garden of Eden, published his poem, "The Bastard," thinking himself again at liberty to expose the cruelty of his mother. These

were five editions of it in a year, and it had the most general reception of all his works, for in this poem he describes sorrows and misfortunes which are not imaginary, and, writing from the heart, has written with a truth which gives the work its chief force and value. It left the unhappy writer, however, still in want of the necessaries of life: he might well have been the original of the author drawn by Pope, who—

“Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before
Term ends,
Obliged by hunger and request of friends.”

A short ode on the queen's birthday procured for him £50 from her majesty, with permission to write every year on the same subject, and a promise of a like yearly reward “until something better could be done for him.” Nothing better *was* done, but the ode continued to be written, and the pension to be received for some years. On obtaining the money, however, Savage was accustomed to disappear from the sight of all his acquaintances until every penny had been spent, and then he experienced distress, from which his pen could not relieve him: he lived by chance, most commonly at the expense of new friends formed at taverns, and lodged as much by accident as he lived, inasmuch that in a cellar, or the meanest haunt of the casual wanderer, was to be found (as Johnson has said) the man whose knowledge of life might have aided the statesman, whose eloquence might have influenced senates, and whose conversation might have polished courts. Yet his distress never dejected him, or made him lose confidence in his powers of mind.

It seems to have been at this time that his visits to Cave (the publisher of the *Gentleman's Magazine*) at St. John's Gate brought him and Dr. Johnson together, and Malone treats it as not improbable that they were sometimes reduced to stroll about together all night for want of a lodging. Cave appears to have befriended Savage in his distress, but the death of the queen put an end to his hopes of advancement and to his pension, and he now accepted an offer of friends that he should retire to a cheap abode in Wales on an allowance of £50 a year, which they proposed to subscribe for his support. In submitting to this exile from all the convivial society and the metropolitan life to which he had been accustomed, he intended

to complete a play on which he was engaged, and to prepare his works for the press, having received several subscriptions for that purpose, and then to return to London to live on the profits of his labors. And so, with many resolutions of rigid economy, he in July, 1739, tenderly took leave of Dr. Johnson and the rest of his friends and went to Swansea. But he soon found the misery of his dependence, and, after living there for little more than a year, he came to look on his contributors as persecutors and oppressors, who had induced him to go into this banishment on the faith of promises which were not fulfilled. In the hope of releasing himself, he went to Bristol, intending to return to London, and was caressed and entertained by the literary citizens of Bristol for some time, until his irregularities wearied the friends whom his attractive qualities had gained. He again experienced the extremes of want, and being arrested for a debt he owed at a coffee-house, languished for some months in Bristol gaol a prisoner, supported by charity, until death released him, and threw its awful veil forever on his frailties.

Looking back on a life of which we have now sketched the chief incidents, the reader will probably agree with Dr. Johnson, that if the miseries which Savage underwent were sometimes the consequences of his faults, his faults were very often the effect of his misfortunes. Assuming Savage to have been really the person he represented himself to be, he, born of noble parents before the divorce of his mother, and therefore entitled to be educated and provided for as a gentleman, was deprived of his birthright by an arbitrary measure, was doomed to a life of labor and poverty, and was destined by his unnatural mother to grow to manhood unfriended and disowned. The doubts and questionings which Mr. Thomas lately elaborated into a long essay, are only such as must suggest themselves to any one accustomed to the sifting of evidence, but the essay is well calculated to produce an impression that Savage's story of his birth was an imposture. Most persons will, however, be disposed, we think, to agree after all with Boswell, that it is a question to which only the Scotch verdict of “Not proven” can be applied.

As a writer, Savage had very great merit, for his works are moral in tone, have much

originality, and evince poetical genius and a rare knowledge of life. He seems, indeed, to have had an intuitive perception of character, and a quickness in acquiring knowledge, which in some degree compensated for his deficient education, and enabled him to give his works the air of learning they often possess. He certainly afforded a striking example of genius and instability, and was almost equally remarkable for his weaknesses and his virtues. He had a warm and vigorous mind, rare gifts and winning manners, but was sensual and inconstant; better qualified to acquire knowledge than riches, and more retentive of information than of his money. His ill-regulated life, his improvidence, and his literary hypocrisy, justly provoke our censure, if not disgust; yet he could forcibly inculcate maxims of virtue which he was not inclined to practise, and

could be the foe of all inflated pretensions, whatever the pretender's rank. Although not dejected by distress, he could be intoxicated by good fortune, and he could bear privation with heroism, though he could not enjoy prosperity with moderation. Though fickle in his friendship, he could forgive his enemies, and even do good to those who had injured him, and in his own distresses and privations he could cheer and relieve those who were still more unfortunate than himself. Finally, when we think of the extraordinary disadvantages of his birth and early years, the adverse fatality that seemed to attend his fortunes, and the fact that his sufferings were more frequently caused by the crimes of others than by his own vices, we wish to remember only what was good in the character of Richard Savage.

W. S. G.

GRECIAN SCENERY.—Undoubtedly there are magnificent forests in many parts of Greece, and the thickets of myrtle, oleander, agnus castus, wild olive, lentisk, and terebinth, mixed with wild roses, honeysuckle, clematis, and hawthorn, drooping over clear murmuring streams form romantic nooks, as verdant, as secluded, and as shady as the most exclusive lover of northern scenery could desire; yet it is not in these, which are the exceptions, but in the very aridity and barrenness itself that we should place the great and marvellous charm of Greek landscape. It is in the rocky mountains, whose every peak and crag stands in clear and defined outline; it is in the gray vegetation with which the gray stones are not clothed but interspersed, the lavender, the rosemary, the thyme which vary the tints without changing the colors; the low brushwood of polished evergreen shrubs which neither conceal the outlines nor break the glow of light on the mountain sides; it is, in fact, in the simplicity of its elements that the deep and entralling charm of Greek nature consists. It is composed almost wholly of mountain forms and sunlight. The infinite variety of the combinations of these is equalled only by their deep repose. There is nothing to excite continual wonder and remark, expressions of admiration do not rise naturally to the lips, the coloring, even at sunrise and sunset, is more soft than brilliant, but day after day the calm majesty of earth and air is more deeply felt. There is absolutely no mediocrity in Greek scenery, and every hour passed in it only deepens the impression that has been once received. The sea must not, however, be omitted in an enumer-

ation of the features of Greek landscape, the character of which it modifies as much as it does that of the Greek people. It is visible from every elevated point in the country, and forms part of almost every view. The gulfs, bays, inlets, and creeks are so numerous that the effects of the most beautiful lake scenery are rivalled by them. The color is peculiar, blue, deep but not dark, and apparently almost independent of the reflection of the sky, being often brilliant when the sky is misty. It is so transparent that when it bathes sheer precipices of rock, as it often does, it is difficult in a boat at a distance of a few feet to distinguish the water-line, the rock below the water being as clearly visible as that above, as the eye follows it into endless depths of blue color. In calm weather the short ripples breaking into myriads of sparkles, in wind studded with crests of white foam upon the blue surface, the sea is the element of life and motion, bringing the thought of change and adventure into the calm of the mountains and valleys.
—*Westminster Review*.

THERE have been five great theatrical successes in Paris during the past year: *Le Fils de Giboyer*, at the Français; *Lalla Roukh*, at the Opéra Comique; *Les Ganaches*, at the Gymnase; *Le Bossu*, at the Porte St. Martin; and *Rothomago*, at the Cirque. Each of these pieces has yielded to its authors something like 100,000f. (\$20,000). Four out of the five works are still played.

From All the Year Round.
BLIND BLACK TOM.

SOMETIME in the year 1850, a tobacco-planter in Southern Georgia (Perry H. Oliver is his name) bought a likely negro woman with some other field-hands. She was stout, tough-muscled, willing, promised to be a remunerative servant; her baby, however, a boy a few months old, was only thrown in as a make-weight to the bargain, or rather, because Mr. Oliver would not consent to separate mother and child. Charity only could have induced him to take the picaninny, in fact, for he was but a lump of black flesh born blind, and with the vacant grin of idiocy, they thought, already stamped on his face. The two slaves were purchased, I believe, from a trader: it has been impossible, therefore, for me to ascertain where Tom was born, or when. Georgia field-hands are not accurate as Jews in preserving their genealogy: *they* do not anticipate a Messiah. A white man, you know, has that vague hope unconsciously latent in him that he is, or shall give birth to the great man of his race, a helper, a provider for the world's hunger; so he grows jealous with his blood; the dead grandfather may have presaged the possible son; besides, it is a debt he owes to this coming Saul to tell him whence he came. There are some classes, free and slave, out of whom society has crushed this hope; they have no clan, no family names among them, therefore. This idiot boy, chosen by God to be anointed with the holy chrism, is only "Tom"—"Blind Tom," they call him in all the Southern States, with a kind cadence always, being proud and fond of him, and yet—nothing but Tom! That is pitiful. Just a mushroom growth—unkinned, unexpected, not hoped for, for generations, owning no name to purify and honor and give away when he is dead. His mother, at work to-day in the Oliver plantations, can never comprehend why her boy is famous; this gift of God to him means nothing to her. Nothing to him, either, which is saddest of all; he is unconscious, wears his crown as an idiot might. Whose fault is that? Deeper than slavery the evil lies.

Mr. Oliver did his duty well to the boy, being an observant and kind master. The plantation was large, handsome, faced the sun, swarmed with little black urchins, with plenty to eat, and nothing to do.

All that Tom required, as he fattened out of baby into boyhood, was room in which to be warm, on the grass patch, or by the kitchen fires, to be stupid, flabby, sleepy,—kicked and petted alternately by the other hands. He had a habit of crawling up on the porches and verandahs of the mansion, and squatting there in the sun, waiting for a kind word or touch from those who went in and out. He seldom failed to receive it. Southerners know nothing of the physical shiver of aversion with which even some Abolitionists of the North touch the negro: so Tom, through his very helplessness, came to be a sort of pet in the family, a playmate, occasionally, of Mr. Oliver's own infant children. The boy, creeping about day after day in the hot light, was as repugnant an object as the lizards in the neighboring swamp, and promised to be of as little use to his master. He was of the lowest negro type, from which only field-hands can be made,—coal-black, with protruding heels, the ape-jaw, blubber-lips, constantly open, the sightless eyes closed, and the head thrown far back on the shoulders, lying on the back, in fact, a habit which he still retains, and which adds to the imbecile character of the face. Until he was seven years of age, Tom was regarded on the plantation as an idiot, not unjustly; for at the present time his judgment and reason rank but as that of a child four years old. He showed a doglike affection for some members of the household—a son of Mr. Oliver especially—and a keen, nervous sensitiveness to the slightest blame or praise from them,—possessed, too, a low, animal irritability of temper, giving way to inarticulate yelps of passion when provoked. That is all, so far; we find no other outgrowth of intellect or soul from the boy; just the same record as that of thousands of imbecile negro children. Generations of heathendom and slavery have dredged the inherited brains and temperaments of such children tolerably clean of all traces of power or purity,—palsied the brain, brutalized the nature. Tom apparently fared no better than his fellows.

It was not until 1857 that phenomenal powers latent in the boy were suddenly developed, which stamped him the anomaly he is to-day.

One night, sometime in the summer of that year, Mr. Oliver's family were awakened by the sound of music in the drawing-room,

—not only the simple airs, but the most difficult exercises usually played by his daughters were repeated again and again, the touch of the musician being timid, but singularly true and delicate.

Going down, they found Tom, who had been left asleep in the hall, seated at the piano, in an ecstasy of delight, breaking out at the end of each successful fugue into shouts of laughter, kicking his heels and clapping his hands. This was the first time he had touched the piano. Naturally, Tom became a nine days' wonder on the plantation. He was brought in as an after-dinner's amusement; visitors asked for him as the show of the place. There was hardly a realization, however, in the minds of those who heard him of how deep the cause for wonder lay. The planters' wives and daughters of the neighborhood were not people who would be apt to comprehend music as a science, or use it as language; they only saw in the little negro, therefore, a remarkable facility for repeating the airs they drummed on their pianos—in a different manner from theirs, it is true—which bewildered them. They noticed, too, that however the child's fingers fell on the keys, cadences followed, broken, wandering, yet of startling beauty and pathos. The house-servants, looking in through the open doors at the little black figure perched up before the instrument, while unknown wild harmony drifted through the evening air, had a better conception of him. He was possessed; some ghost spoke through him, which is a fair enough definition of genius for a Georgian slave to offer.

Mr. Oliver being indulgent, Tom was allowed to have constant access to the piano; in truth, he could not live without it; when deprived of music now, actual physical debility followed; the gnawing Something had found its food at last. No attempt was made, however, to give him any scientific musical teaching; nor—I wish it distinctly borne in mind—has he ever at any time received such instruction.

The planter began to wonder what kind of a creature this was which he had bought, flesh and soul. In what part of the unsightly baby-carass had been stowed away these old airs, forgotten by every one else, and some of them never heard by the child but once, but which he now reproduced, every note intact, and with whatever quirk or

quiddity of style belonged to the person who originally had sung or played them? Stranger still, the harmonies which he had never heard, had learned from no man; the sluggish breath of the old house, being enchanted, grew into quaint and delicate whims of music, never the same, changing every day. Never glad: uncertain, sad minors always, vexing the content of the hearer,—one inarticulate, unanswered question of pain in all, making them one. Even the vulgarlest listener was troubled, hardly knowing why,—how sad Tom's music was! At last the time came when the door was to be opened, when some listener, not vulgar, recognizing the child as God made him, induced his master to remove him from the plantation. Something ought to be done for him: the world ought not to be cheated of this pleasure—besides, the money that could be made! So, Mr. Oliver, with a kindly feeling for Tom, proud, too, of this agreeable monster which his plantation had grown, and sensible that it was a more fruitful source of revenue than tobacco-fields, set out with the boy, literally to seek their fortune.

The first exhibition of him was given, I think, in Savannah, Georgia; thence he was taken to Charleston, Richmond; thence, to all the principal cities and towns in the Southern States.

This was in 1858. From that time until the present, Tom has lived constantly an open life, petted, fêted, his real talent befogged by exaggeration, and so pampered and coddled that one might suppose the only purpose was to corrupt and wear it out. For these reasons this statement is purposely guarded, and restricted to plain known facts.

No sooner had Tom been brought before the public than the pretensions put forward by his master commanded the scrutiny of both scientific and musical sceptics. His capacities were subjected to rigorous tests. Fortunately for the boy: for, so tried, harshly, it is true, yet skilfully, they not only bore the trial, but acknowledged the touch as skilful; every day new powers were developed, until he reached his limit, beyond which it is not probable he will ever pass. That limit, however, establishes him as an anomaly in musical science.

Physically, and in animal temperament, this negro ranks next to the lowest Guinea type: with strong appetites and gross bodily

health—except in one particular, which will be mentioned hereafter. In the every-day apparent intellect, in reason or judgment, he is but one degree above an idiot—incapable of comprehending the simplest conversation on ordinary topics—amused or enraged with trifles, such as would affect a child of three years old. On the other side, his affections are alive, even vehement, delicate in their instinct as a dog's or an infant's; he will detect the step of any one dear to him, in a crowd, and will burst into tears if not kindly spoken to.

His memory is so accurate that he can repeat, without the loss of a syllable, a discourse of fifteen minutes in length, of which he does not understand a word. Songs, too, in French or German, after a single hearing, he renders not only literally in words, but in notes, style, and expression. His voice, however, is discordant, and of small compass.

In music, this boy of twelve years old, born blind, utterly ignorant of a note, ignorant of every phase of so-called musical science, interprets severely classical composers with a clearness of conception in which he excels, and a skill in mechanism equal to our second-rate artists. His concerts usually include any themes selected by the audience, from the higher grades of Italian or German opera. His comprehension of the meaning of music, as a prophetic or historical voice which few souls utter, and fewer understand, is clear and vivid: he renders it thus, with whatever mastery of the mere material part he may possess, fingering, dramatic effects, and so forth; these are but means to him, not an end, as with most artists. One could fancy that Tom was never traitor to the intent or soul of the theme. What God or the devil meant to say by this or that harmony, what the soul of one man cried aloud to another in it, this boy knows, and is to that a faithful witness. His deaf uninstructed soul has never been tampered with by art-critics who know the body well enough of music, but nothing of the living creature within. The world is full of these vulgar souls that palter with eternal Nature and the eternal Arts, blind to the Word who dwells among us therein. Tom, or the demon in Tom, is not one of them.

With regard to his command of the instrument, two points have been especially noted

by musicians: the unusual frequency of occurrence of *tours de force* in his playing, and the scientific precision of his manner of touch. For example, in a progression of augmented chords, his mode of fingering is invariably that of the schools: not that which would seem most natural to a blind child, never taught to place a finger. Even when seated with his "back to the piano," and made to play in that position (a favorite feat in his concerts), the touch is always scientifically accurate.

The peculiar power which Tom possesses, however, is one which requires no scientific knowledge of music in his audiences to appreciate. Placed at the instrument with any musician, he plays a perfect bass accompaniment to the treble of music *heard for the first time as he plays*. Then, taking the seat vacated by the other performer, he instantly gives the entire piece, intact in brilliancy and symmetry, not a note lost or misplaced. The selections of music by which this power of Tom was tested, two years ago, were sometimes fourteen and sixteen pages in length; on one occasion, at an exhibition at the White House, after a long concert, he was tried with two pieces,—one thirteen, the other twenty pages long,—and was successful.

We know of no parallel case to this in musical history. Grimm tells us, as one of the most remarkable manifestations of Mozart's infant genius, that at the age of nine he was required to give an accompaniment to an aria which he had never heard before, and without notes. There were false accords in the first attempt, he acknowledged; but the second was pure. When the music to which Tom plays *secondo* is strictly classical, he sometimes balks for an instant in passages; to do otherwise would argue a creative power equal to that of the master composers; but when any chordant harmony runs through it (on which the glowing negro soul can seize, you know), there are no "false accords," as with the infant Mozart. I wish to draw especial attention to this power of the boy, not only because it is, so far as I know, unmatched in the development of any musical talent, but because, considered in the contest of his entire intellectual structure, it involves a curious problem. The mere repetition of music heard but once, even when, as in Tom's case, it is given with

such incredible fidelity, and after the lapse of years, demands only a command of mechanical skill, and an abnormal condition of the power of memory; but to play *secondo* to music never heard or seen, infers the comprehension of the full drift of the symphony in its current,—a capacity to create, in short. Yet such attempts as Tom has made to dictate music for publication do not sustain any such inference. They are only a few light marches, galops, and the like, simple and plaintive enough, but with easily detected traces of remembered harmonies. Very different from the strange, weird improvisations of every day; one would fancy that the mere attempt to bring this mysterious genius within him in bodily presence before the outer world, woke, too, the idiotic nature to utter its reproachful, unable cry. Nor is this the only bar by which poor Tom's soul is put in mind of its foul prison. After any too prolonged effort, such as those I have alluded to, his whole bodily frame gives way, and a complete exhaustion of the brain follows, accompanied with epileptic spasms. The trial at the White House, mentioned before, was successful, but was followed by days of illness.

Being a slave, Tom never was taken into a Free State; for the same reason his master refused advantageous offers from European managers. The highest points North in which his concerts were given, were Baltimore and the Upper Virginia towns. I heard him some time in 1860. He remained a week or two in the town, playing every night. The concerts were unique enough. They were given in a great barn of a room, gaudy with hot soot, stained frescoes, chandeliers, and walls splotted with gilt. The audience was large, always; such as a provincial town affords. Not the purest bench of musical criticism before which to bring poor Tom! Beaux and belles, siftings of old country families, whose grandfathers trapped and traded and married with the Indians,—the savage thickening of whose blood told itself in high cheek-bones, flashing jewelry, champagne-bibbing, a comprehension of the tom-tom music of schottisches and polkas; money-made men and their wives, cooped up by respectability; taking concerts when they were given in town, taking the White Sulphur or Cape May in summer, taking beef for dinner, taking the pork-trade

in winter,—*toute la vie en programme*; the débris of a town, the roughs, the boys, school-children. The stage was broad, planked, with a drop-curtain behind,—subject, the Doge marrying the sea, I believe; in front, a piano and chair. Presently Mr. Oliver, a well-natured looking man (one thought of that), came forward, leading and coaxing along a little black boy dressed in white linen, a little black boy somewhat fat and stubborn in build. Tom was not in a good humor that night; the evening before, he had refused to play altogether; so his master perspired anxiously before he could get him placed in rule before the audience, and repeat his own little speech, which sounded like a Georgia after-dinner gossip. The boy's head, as I said, rested on his back, his mouth wide open constantly; his great blubber lips and shining teeth, therefore, were all you saw when he faced you. He required to be petted and bought, like any other weak-minded child. The concert was a mixture of music, whining, coaxing, and promised candy and cake.

He seated himself at last before the piano, a full half-yard distant, stretching out his arms full length, like an ape clawing for food; his feet when not on the pedals, twisting incessantly, he answering some joke of his master's with a loud "Yha! yha!" Nothing indexes the brain like the laugh; this was idiotic.

"Now, Tom, boy, something we like from Verdi."

The head fell further back, the claws began to work, and those of the composer's harmonies which you would have chosen as the purest exponents of passion began to float through the room. Selections from Weber, Beethoven, and others whom I have forgotten, followed. At the close of each piece, Tom, without waiting for the audience, would applaud himself violently, kicking, pounding his hands together, turning always to his master for the approving pat on the head. Songs, recitations such as I have described, filled up the first part of the evening; then a musician from the audience went up on the stage to put the boy's powers to the final test. Songs and intricate symphonies were given, which it was most improbable the boy could ever have heard; he remained standing, utterly motionless, until they were finished, and for a moment or two

after; then, seating himself, gave them without the break of a note. Others followed, more difficult, in which he played the bass accompaniment in the manner I have described, repeating instantly the treble. The child looked dull and wearied during this part of the trial, and his master perceiving it, announced the exhibition closed, when the musician (who was a citizen of the town, by the way) drew out a thick roll of score, which he explained to be a fantasia of his own composition, never published.

"This it was impossible the boy could have heard; there could be no trick of memory in this, and on this trial," triumphantly, "Tom would fail."

The manuscript was some fourteen pages long,—variations on an inanimate theme. Mr. Oliver refused to submit the boy's brain to so cruel a test; some of the audience even interfered, but the musician insisted, and took his place. Tom sat beside him,—his head rolling nervously from side to side,—struck the opening cadence, and then from the first note to the last, gave the *secondo* triumphantly. Jumping up, he fairly shoved the man from his seat, and proceeded to play the treble with more brilliancy and power than its composer. When he struck the last octave, he sprang up, yelling with delight.

"Um's got him, massa! um's got him!" cheering and rolling about the stage.

The cheers of the audience—for the boys especially did not wait to clap—excited him the more. It was an hour before his master could quiet his hysteric agitation.

That feature of the concerts which was the most painful, I have not touched upon. The moments when his master was talking, and Tom was left to himself, when a weary despair seemed to settle down on the distorted face, and the stubby little black fingers, wandering over the keys, spoke for Tom's own caged soul within. Never by any chance, a merry, childish laugh of music in the broken cadences; tender or wild, a defiant outcry, a tired sigh breaking down into silence—whatever wearied voice it took, the same bitter, hopeless soul spoke through all.

"Bless me, even me, also, O my father!"

A something that took all the pain and pathos of the world into its weak, pitiful cry.

Some beautiful caged spirit, one could not but know, struggled for breath under that brutal form and idiotic brain. I wonder when it will be free! Not in this life; the bars are too heavy. But (do you hate the moral to a story?) in your own back alley there are spirits as beautiful, caged in forms as bestial, that you *could* set free if you would. Don't call it bad taste in me to speak for them. You know they are more to be pitied than Tom—for they are dumb.

A WONDERFUL INSTANCE OF RESCUE FROM DROWNING.—A boy about eight years old fell into a hole in the Athens channel, a short distance from the new ice-house, which is building. He was seen to go down, and the alarm was given. While some ran towards the spot, others had the presence of mind to run in the opposite direction to the tool-house, three hundred feet off, for an ice-chisel. The ice was new and transparent, and they found the boy was lying upon his back, on the top of the water, floating along under the ice. A hole was made, but he passed one side and they could not reach him. A second and third hole, further down, was made, but with no better success. But through the fourth hole, which, for want of time, was made very small, a young man thrust his hand and caught him. The ice was cut away, and he was taken out, not only alive, but conscious. He was soon entirely restored. He had floated, as was found by measurement, one hundred and

twelve feet under the ice, with his face up and rubbing against it! He must have taken a full inspiration of air on going down, and the little fellow was taken out with his hand tightly clasped over his mouth and nose, so that not a drop of water had entered his body. It is evident that Dan Parmenter was not born to be drowned.—*Hudson Star*.

THE WONDER OF WONDERS.—We rejoice in being able to record the fact of a Scotchman having made a joke. Some one was advocating the new theory that the best way to treat certain criminals, would be to whip them, when our friend from the North exclaimed, "Right, mon, the best dessert would be Whipped Creaminals."—*Punch*.

From The Atlantic Monthly.
JANE AUSTEN.

IN the old Cathedral of Winchester stand the tombs of kings, with dates stretching back to William Rufus and Canute; here, too, are the marble effigies of queens and noble ladies, of crusaders and warriors, of priests and bishops. But our pilgrimage led us to a slab of black marble set into the pavement of the north aisle, and there, under the grand old arches, we read the name of Jane Austen. Many-colored as the light which streams through painted windows, came the memories which floated in our soul as we read the simple inscription; happy hours, gladdened by her genius, weary hours soothed by her touch; the honored and the wise who first placed her volume in our hand; the beloved ones who had lingered over her pages, the voices of our distant home, associated with every familiar story.

The personal history of Jane Austen belongs to the close of the last and the beginning of the present century. Her father through forty years was rector of a parish in the south of England. Mr. Austen was a man of great taste in all literary matters; from him his daughter inherited many of her gifts. He probably guided her early education and influenced the direction of her genius. Her life was passed chiefly in the country. Bath, then a fashionable watering-place, with occasional glimpses of London, must have afforded all the intercourse which she held with what is called "the world." Her travels were limited to excursions in the vicinity of her father's residence. Those were days of post-chaises and sedan-chairs, when the rush of the locomotive was unknown. Steam that genie of the vapor, was yet a little household elf, singing pleasant tunes by the evening fire, at quiet hearth-stones; it has since expanded into a mighty giant, whose influences are no longer domestic. The circles of fashion are changed also. Those were the days of country-dances and Indian muslins; the beaux and belles of "the upper rooms" at Bath knew not the whirl of the waltz, nor the ceaseless involvements of "the German." Yet the measures of love and jealousy, of hope and fear, to which their hearts beat time, would be recognized to-night in every ball-room. Infinite sameness, infinite variety, are not more apparent in the outward than in the inward

world, and the work of that writer will alone be lasting who recognizes and embodies this eternal law of the great Author.

Jane Austen possessed in a remarkable degree this rare intuition. The following passage is found in Sir Walter Scott's journal, under date of the fourteenth of March, 1826: "Read again, and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's finely written novel of 'Pride and Prejudice.' That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me." This is high praise, but it is something more when we recur to the time at which Sir Walter writes this paragraph. It is amid the dreary entries in his journal of 1826, many of which make our hearts ache and our eyes overflow. He read the pages of Jane Austen on the fourteenth of March, and on the fifteenth he writes, "This morning I leave 39 Castle Street for the last time." It was something to have written a book sought for by him at such a moment. Even at Malta, in December, 1831, when the pressure of disease, as well as of misfortune, was upon him, Sir Walter was often found with a volume of Miss Austen in his hand, and said to a friend, "There is a finishing-off in some of her scenes that is really quite above everybody else."

Jane Austen's life-world presented such a limited experience that it is marvellous where she could have found the models from which she studied such a variety of forms. It is only another proof that the secret lies in the genius which seizes, not in the material which is seized. We have been told by one who knew her well, that Miss Austen never intentionally drew portraits from individuals, and avoided, if possible, all sketches that could be recognized. But she was so faithful to Nature, that many of her acquaintance, whose characters had never entered her mind, were much offended, and could not be persuaded that they or their friends had not been depicted in some of her less attractive personages: a feeling which we have frequently shared; for, as the touches of her pencil brought out the light and shades very

quietly, we have been startled to recognize our own portrait come gradually out on the canvas, especially since we are not equal to the courage of Cromwell, who said, "Paint me as I am."

In the "Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges" we find the following passage: it is characteristic of the man:—

"I remember Jane Austen, the novelist, a little child. Her mother was a Miss Leigh, whose paternal grandmother was a sister of the first Duke of Chandos. Mr. Austen was of a Kentish family, of which several branches have been settled in the Weald, and some are still remaining there. When I knew Jane Austen, I never suspected she was an authoress; but my eyes told me that she was fair and handsome, slight and elegant, with cheeks a little too full. The last time, I think, I saw her was at Ramsgate, in 1803; perhaps she was then about twenty-seven years old. Even then I did not know that she was addicted to literary composition."

We can readily suppose that the spheres of Jane Austen and Sir Egerton could not be very congenial; and it does not appear that he was ever tempted from the contemplation of his own performances, to read her "literary compositions." A letter from Robert Southey to Sir Egerton shows that the latter had not quite forgotten her. Southey writes, under the date of Keswick, April, 1830:—

"You mention Miss Austen; her novels are more true to Nature, and have (for my sympathies) passages of finer feeling than any others of this age. She was a person of whom I have heard so much, and think so highly, that I regret not having seen her, or ever had an opportunity of testifying to her the respect which I felt for her."

A pleasant anecdote, told to us on good authority in England, is illustrative of Miss Austen's power over various minds. A party of distinguished literary men at a country-seat; among them was Macaulay, and, we believe, Hallam; at all events, they were men of high reputation. While discussing the merits of various authors, it was proposed that each should write down the name of that work of fiction which had given him the greatest pleasure. Much surprise and amusement followed; for, on opening the slips of paper, *seven* bore the name of "Mansfield Park," a coincidence of opinion most

rare, and a tribute to an author unsurpassed.

Had we been of that party at the English country-house, we should have written, "The *last* novel by Miss Austen which we have read;" yet, forced to a selection, we should have named "Persuasion." But we withdraw our private preference, and, yielding to the decision of seven wise men, place "Mansfield Park" at the head of the list, and leave it there without further comment.

"Persuasion" was her latest work, and bears the impress of a matured mind and perfected style. The language of Miss Austen is, in all her pages, drawn from the "wells of English undefiled." Concise and clear, simple and vigorous, no word can be omitted that she puts down, and none can be added to heighten the effect of her sentences. In "Persuasion" there are passages whose depth and tenderness, welling up from deep fountains of feeling, impress us with the conviction that the angel of sorrow or suffering had troubled the waters, yet had left in them a healing influence, which is felt rather than revealed. Of all the heroines we have known through a long and somewhat varied experience, there is not one whose life-companionship we should so desire to secure as that of Anne Elliott. Ah! could she also forgive our faults and bear with our weaknesses, while we were animated by her sweet and noble example, existence would be, under any aspect, a blessing. This felicity was reserved for Captain Wentworth. Happy man! In "Persuasion" we also find the subtle Mr. Elliott. Here, as with Mr. Crawford in "Mansfield Park," Miss Austen deals dexterously with the character of a man of the world, and uses a nicer discernment than is often found in the writings of women, even those who assume masculine names.

"Emma" we know to have been a favorite with the author. "I have drawn a character full of faults," said she, "nevertheless, I like her." In Emma's company we meet Mr. Knightley, Harriet Smith, and Frank Churchill. We sit beside good old Mr. Woodhouse, and please him by tasting his gruel. We walk through Highbury, we are patronized by Mrs. Elton, listen forbearingly to the indefatigable Miss Bates, and take an early walk to the post-office with Jane Fairfax. Once we found ourselves actually on

"Box Hill," but it did not seem half so real as when we "explored" there with the party from Highbury.

"Pride and Prejudice" is piquant in style and masterly in portraiture. We make perhaps too many disagreeable acquaintances to enjoy ourselves entirely; yet who would forego Mr. Collins, or forget Lady Catherine de Bourgh, though each in their way is more stupid and odious than any one but Miss Austen could induce us to endure. Mr. Darcy's character is ably given; a very difficult one to sustain under all the circumstances in which he is placed. It is no small tribute to the power of the author to concede that she has so managed the workings of his real nature as to make it possible, and even probable, that a high-born, high-bred Englishman of Mr. Darcy's stamp could become the son-in-law of Mrs. Bennet. The scene of Darcy's declaration of love to Elizabeth, at the Hunsford Parsonage, is one of the most remarkable passages in Miss Austen's writings, and, indeed, we remember nothing equal to it among the many writers of fiction who have endeavored to describe that culminating point of human destiny.

"Northanger Abbey" is written in a fine vein of irony, called forth, in some degree, by the romantic school of Mrs. Radcliffe and her imitators. We doubt whether Miss Austen was not over-wise with regard to these romances. Though born after the Radcliffe era, we well remember shivering through the "Mysteries of Udolpho" with as quaking a heart as beat in the bosom of Catherine Moreland. If Miss Austen was not equally impressed by the power of these romances, we rejoice that they were written, as with them we should have lost "Northanger Abbey." For ourselves, we spent one very rainy day in the streets of Bath, looking up every nook and corner familiar in the adventures of Catherine, and time, not faith, failed, for a visit to Northanger itself. Bath was also sanctified by the presence of Anne Elliott. Our inn, the "White Hart" (made classic by the adventures of various well-remembered characters), was hallowed by exquisite memories which connected one of the rooms (we faithfully believed it was our apartment) with the conversation of Anne Elliott and Captain Harville, as they stood by the window, while

Captain Wentworth listened and wrote. In vain did we gaze at the windows of Camden Place. No Anne Elliott appeared.

"Sense and Sensibility" was the first novel published by Miss Austen. It is marked by her peculiar genius, though it may be wanting in the nicer finish which experience gave to her later writings.

The Earl of Carlisle, when Lord Morpeth, wrote a poem for some now forgotten annual, entitled "The Lady and the Novel." The following lines occur among the verses:—

"Or is it thou, all-perfect Austen? here
Let one poor wreath adorn thy early bier,
That scarce allowed thy modest worth to claim
The living portion of thy honest fame:
O Mrs. Bennet, Mrs. Norris, too,
While memory survives, she'll dream of you;
And Mr. Woodhouse, with abstemious lip,
Must thin, but not too thin, the gruel sip:
Miss Bates, our idol, though the village bore,
And Mrs. Elton, ardent to explore;
While the clear style flows on without pretence,
With unstained purity, and unmatched sense."

If the Earl of Carlisle, in whose veins flows "the blood of all the Howards," is willing to acknowledge so many of our friends, who are anything but aristocratic, our republican soul shrinks not from the confession that we should like to accompany good-natured Mrs. Jennings in her hospitable carriage (so useful to our young ladies of sense and sensibility), witness the happiness of Elinor at the parsonage, and the reward of Colonel Brandon at the manor-house of Delaford, and share with Mrs. Jennings all the charms of the mulberry-tree and the yew-arbor.

An article on "Recent Novels," in *Fraser's Magazine* for December, 1847, written by Mr. G. H. Lewes, contains the following paragraphs: "What we most heartily enjoy and applaud is truth in the delineations of life and character. . . . To make our meaning precise, we would say that Fielding and Miss Austen are the greatest novelists in our language. . . . We would rather have written 'Pride and Prejudice,' or 'Tom Jones,' than any of the 'Waverley Novels.' . . . Miss Austen has been called a prose Shakespeare,—and among others, by Macaulay. In spite of the sense of incongruity which besets us in the words *prose Shakespeare*, we confess the greatness of Miss Austen, her marvellous dramatic power, seems, more than anything in Scott, akin to Shakespeare."

The conclusion of this article is devoted to a review of "Jane Eyre," and led to the correspondence between Miss Brontë and Mr. Lewes which will be found in the memoir of her life. In these letters it is apparent that Mr. Lewes wishes Miss Brontë to read and to enjoy Miss Austen's works, as he does himself. Mr. Lewes is disappointed, and felt, doubtless, what all true lovers of Jane Austen have experienced, a surprise to find how obtuse otherwise clever people sometimes are. In this instance, however, we think Mr. Lewes expected what was impossible. Charlotte Brontë could not harmonize with Jane Austen. The luminous and familiar star which comes forth into the quiet evening sky when the sun sets amid the amber light of an autumn evening, and the comet which started into sight unheralded and unnamed, and flamed across the midnight sky, have no affinity, except in the Divine Mind, whence both originate.

The notice of Miss Austen, by Macaulay, to which Mr. Lewes alludes, must be, we presume, the passage which occurs in Macaulay's article on Madame D'Arblay, in the *Edinburgh Review*, for January, 1843. We do not find the phrase "prose Shakspeare," but the meaning is the same; we give the passage as it stands before us:—

"Shakspeare has neither equal nor second; but among writers who, in the point we have noticed, have approached nearest the manner of the great master, we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen, as a woman of whom England is justly proud. She has given us a multitude of characters, all, in a certain sense, commonplace, all such as we meet every day. Yet they are all as perfectly discriminated from each other as if they were the most eccentric of human beings. There are, for example, four clergymen, none of whom we should be surprised to find in any parsonage in the kingdom, — Mr. Edward Ferrars, Mr. Henry Tilney, Mr. Edward Bertram, and Mr. Elton. They are all specimens of the upper part of the middle class. They have been all liberally educated. They all lie under the restraints of the same sacred profession. They are all young. They are all in love. Not any one of them has any hobby-horse, to use the phrase of Sterne. Not one has any ruling passion, such as we read in Pope. Who would not have expected them to be insipid likenesses of each other? No such thing. Harpagon is not more unlike Jourdain, Joseph Surface is not more unlike Sir Lucius

O'Trigger, than every one of Miss Austen's young divines to all his reverend brethren. And almost all this is done by touches so delicate that they elude analysis, that they defy the powers of description, and that we know them to exist only by the general effect to which they have contributed."

Dr. Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin, in the *Quarterly Review*, 1821, sums up his estimate of Miss Austen with these words: "The Eastern monarch who proclaimed a reward to him who should discover a new pleasure would have deserved well of mankind, had he stipulated it should be blameless. Those again who delight in the study of human nature may improve in the knowledge of it, and in the profitable application of that knowledge, by the perusal of such fictions. Miss Austen introduces very little of what is technically called religion into her books, yet that must be a blinded soul which does not recognize the vital essence, everywhere present in her pages, of a deep and enlightened piety."

There are but few descriptions of scenery in her novels. The figures of the piece are her care; and if she draws in a tree, a hill, or a manor-house, it is always in the background. This fact did not arise from any want of appreciation for the glories or the beauties of the outward creation, for we know that the pencil was as often in her hand as the pen. It was that unity of purpose, ever present to her mind, which never allowed her to swerve from the actual into the ideal, nor even to yield to tempting descriptions of Nature which might be near, and yet aside from the main object of her narrative. Her creations are living people, not masks behind which the author soliloquizes or lectures. These novels are impersonal; Miss Austen never herself appears; and if she ever had a lover, we cannot decide whom he resembled among the many masculine portraits she has drawn.

Very much has been said in her praise, and we, in this brief article, have summoned together witnesses to the extent of her powers, which are fit and not few. Yet we are aware that to a class of readers Miss Austen's novels must ever remain sealed books. So be it. While the English language is read, the world will always be provided with souls who can enjoy the rare excellence of that rich legacy left to them by her genius.

Once in our lifetime we spent three delicious days in the Isle of Wight, and then crossed the water to Portsmouth. After taking a turn on the ramparts in memory of Fanny Price, and looking upon the harbor whence the Thrush went out, we drove over Portsdown Hill to visit the surviving member of that household which called Jane Austen their own.

We had been preceded by a letter, introducing us to Admiral Austen as fervent admirers of his sister's genius, and were received by him with a gentle courtesy most winning to our heart.

In the finely cut features of the brother, who retained at eighty years of age much of the early beauty of his youth, we fancied we must see a resemblance to his sister, of whom there exists no portrait.

It was delightful to us to hear him speak

of "Jane," and to be brought so near the actual in her daily life. Of his sister's fame as a writer the admiral spoke understandingly, but reservedly.

We found the old admiral safely moored in that most delightful of havens, a quiet English country-home, with the beauty of Nature around the mansion, and the beauty of domestic love and happiness beneath its hospitable roof.

There we spent a summer day, and the passing hours seemed like the pages over which we had often lingered, written by her hand whose influence had guided us to those she loved. That day with all its associations, has become a sacred memory, and links us to the sphere where dwells that soul whose gift of genius has rendered immortal the name of Jane Austen.

FEMALE MEDICAL STUDENTS.—We take the following statement from the *Scotsman*: "A young English lady, Miss Elizabeth Garrett, the daughter of a gentleman of independent fortune, who has educated herself highly in classics and in some of the physical sciences with a view to the study of medicine, visited St. Andrews during the summer, and intimated her desire to become a student in several of the classes during the winter. She received decided encouragement from some of the professors; and others were understood to say that they would offer no opposition to her becoming a student. Professor Ferrier, however, intimated his opposition with that candor which extorts the respect due to a trusty opponent as to a trusty friend. Relying on the encouragement which she had received, this lady arrived at St. Andrews a few days ago, and on Wednesday last applied to the Rev. Mr. Macbean, Secretary of the University, for a matriculation ticket, paid the usual fee, received the ticket, and signed her name in the matriculation book. Next day she presented her ticket to Dr. Heddle, the Professor of Chemistry, and asked leave to attend his lectures. He stated that he had no personal objection, and gave her a letter to Mr. Ireland, the Secretary of the United College, authorizing him to give her a ticket for the chemistry class. On presenting this letter and paying the class-fee, she, according to the usual course, obtained the ticket. In the same way she obtained a ticket for Dr. Day's class of Anatomy and Physiology, he having no objections to her being a member of it, but, on the contrary, giving her a cordial welcome. Subsequently the professors seem to have become alarmed at the idea of being the first to take the lead, or rather to permit of its being taken, in regard to this so-called "innovation"

of educating women in a college, and in those branches of education that have been generally confined to men, or at least, not sought after by women. Accordingly on Saturday the Senate met and passed a resolution to the effect that the issuing of the matriculation ticket and the class ticket to Miss Garrett was not sufficiently authorized; that this novel question raised ought to be deliberately considered and decided; that the opinion of other universities should be taken if thought expedient; and that in the meantime professors should be enjoined to defer allowing the attendance of this lady on the classes of the university."

A correspondent of a morning contemporary, alluding to this question, fairly meets the difficulty, which none but women peculiarly constituted could, we imagine, possibly get over: "The question which is now puzzling the Senate at Aberdeen also came before the committee of a metropolitan school of medicine where I am a teacher. It was settled by the Professor of Anatomy, who said, 'I must decline to lecture on all parts which differ in the two sexes to a mixed class of men and women.' We preferred retaining the services of our excellent colleague to the adornment of our benches with the promised bonnets. There is no doubt that this is the real difficulty, and it cannot be got over till women have energy enough to form a separate class and teach themselves anatomy."—*Press*.

ON THE SKIRTS OF ABSURDITY.—A lady (Mrs. Bedford Squeers) defends the present extravagant length of ladies' dresses by saying that it is a very old fashion, originally brought into vogue by NINON DE LONG CLOTHES.—*Punch*.

From The Spectator, 17 Jan.
THE BISHOPS OF THE CONFEDERATE
CHURCH ON SLAVERY.

THE one earnest faith—many would call it a fanaticism—to which we have never ceased to cling throughout the course of the great and apparently fruitless war which is now devastating the continent of America, is the conviction that, in it, final sentence has been passed by God on the most evil form of one of the most evil institutions with which civilization has ever been cursed; but we have never pretended to foresee how the sentence would be worked out,—whether by the reluctant instrumentality of degenerate freemen, or the tardy repentance of the partisans of Slavery. Since it has once for all become evident that slave labor and free labor cannot by the nature of things unite, that they shrink apart and spur their respective advocates into internecine war so soon as it is attempted to mingle them, we have a right to conclude that Slavery is condemned, and is on the road to swift extinction. That has now been definitively proved, and it seems to us no weak credulity to accept it as in the truest sense a divine judgment. But whether the great purpose shall be completed by the spread of a nobler zeal at the North, or by the growth of a new life at the South, we should be very presumptuous to say. For the interests of the slave himself there cannot be a question that the last would be both the more wonderful and the more beneficent alternative,—though it may well seem, looking to the historic antecedents and chosen “corner-stone” of this confederation, one of those impossibilities which cease to be impossibilities only amidst the resources of the Divine Omnipotence.

Yet, if we could trust the Confederate bishops to represent in any way the tone of society at the South, we should admit, and we should do so most joyfully, that the iron which has entered into their souls in what men choose to term this “lamentable” war, has worked great good in the heart of the Southern States. The bishops of the episcopal churches of Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas, and Virginia, have, apparently, issued a lengthened pastoral against the worst features of the “domestic institution,” and call loudly for some reform. Here are their words: “It is likewise the duty of the Church to press upon

the masters of the country their obligation, as Christian men, so to arrange this institution as not to necessitate the violation of those sacred relations which God has created and which man cannot, consistently with Christian duty, annul. The systems of labor which prevail in Europe, and which are, in many respects, more severe than ours, are so arranged as to prevent all necessity for the separation of parents and children, and of husbands and wives, and a very little care upon our part would rid the system, upon which we are about to plant our national life, of these un-Christian features. It belongs, especially to the Episcopal Church to urge a proper teaching upon this subject, for in her fold and in her congregations are found a very large proportion of the great slaveholders of the country. We rejoice to be able to say that the public sentiment is rapidly becoming sound upon this subject, and that the Legislatures of several of the Confederate States have already taken steps towards their consummation. Hitherto have we been hindered by the pressure of abolitionism; now that we have thrown off from us that hateful and infidel pestilence, we should prove to the world that we are faithful to our trust, and the Church should lead the hosts of the Lord in this work of justice and of mercy.” No doubt this is to English ears very feeble half-truth; but if it were more, it would be wholly untrustworthy and insincere. As it is, we may, perhaps, accept with caution the evidence that a certain portion of Southern society is awaking to the poisonous character of the institution on which the new Confederacy is founded, and is really anxious to consider seriously the awful class of responsibilities which the deliberate adoption of that institution will force upon them. If this be so,—and if the foul moral atmosphere of the South be as much purified by public misfortunes, private mourning, and the bracing influence of great patriotic sacrifices as we may venture to hope, there is dawning some faint promise of regeneration from within, which every genuine believer in human freedom should be eager to recognize and welcome.

To us the main article of the indictment against the South has always hitherto been, that they have pharisaically chosen to defend, as a legitimate “domestic” and patriarchal institution, the most malignant of all blights

on the domestic principle,—the one institution which has rendered the ties of home absolutely unattainable to the enslaved race, and which has driven away from their homes, into residence in a purer society, by the very infection of its evil, even the children of the white masters. Were the slave regarded as in any true sense a part of the household of his master,—were the gangs of negroes on the cotton plantations united by any tie of personal loyalty and reciprocal affection to the head of the estate,—the institution, however liable to abuse it might be, would, like the European serfage of the Middle Ages, be open to a gradual amelioration, and finally to a painless extinction. But the reverse of this has been notoriously the case. State after State has not only not enforced, but has absolutely prohibited the recognition of those obligations which the head of every true household incurs to his dependants. If the Confederate bishops be really in earnest they have nothing less than a revolution before them, in the war which they propose to wage with the anti-domestic influences of Slavery.

We would ask nothing more of them than really to uproot these malign adjuncts of what they call the Slavery principle; and Slavery itself must quickly follow. It is simply impossible to implant a profound sense of the sacredness of domestic life in both master and slave without so limiting the arbitrary power of the one, and so enlarging the free responsibilities of the other, as to extinguish the right of property in man altogether. At present the law of most of the Slave States makes instruction of the slave a crime, and any resistance to the most iniquitous acts of the master a still worse crime. It is clear that the Bishop of Louisiana, if he have really signed this pastoral, cannot rest till he has induced that State to repeal the law that "whosoever shall make use of language in any public discourse, from the bar, the bench, the stage, the *pulpit*, or in any place whatsoever, or whoever shall make use of language in private discussions or conversations, or shall make use of signs or actions having a tendency to produce discontent among the free colored population of this State, or to excite insubordination among the slaves, shall, on conviction thereof, suffer imprisonment with hard labor for not less than three years, not more than twenty-one years, or death at the

discretion of the court." It seems clear that the Bishop of Louisiana is himself now liable to the punishment of death under this law. What can tend more directly to excite insubordination among the slaves than a proclamation of the principle that the law of God forbids the separation of slave families, and demands a thorough system of Christian instruction? The whole iniquitous code of slave-legislation collapses at once before the recognition of any divine sanction to the family tie. If every master is to be prohibited from separating slave families, and is to be saddled with the obligation of teaching them Christian principles—as the bishops contend in the first part of their pastoral—an indefinite number of important consequences follow, which must almost immediately reduce Slavery into something like serfage. For instance, a master bound to keep the old and used-up slaves in the neighborhood of their younger, stronger, and more profitable children, will assuredly soon be anxious to give them the means of buying their own freedom; and a master bound to let the slaves learn the letter and spirit of the Christian Gospel would probably soon find them unmanageable by the old methods of brutal violence. Once limit the selling rights of the owner, and the right of blinding the minds of the slaves,—by moral principles of any sort, and the whole system must decay. If the bishops are in earnest in their wish to make the constitution in any sense "domestic," they will soon be carried into an advocacy of a policy much nearer to that of the Abolitionists than to that on which the South elected to take its stand. In taking Slavery for the "headstone of the corner," they deliberately laid the foundation in the world of evil. If now they wish to take back again the great corner-stone of every Christian State, let them do so amid the honest joy of every Christian's heart. But let them not try to imagine that the two corner-stones can co-exist. They must not conceal from themselves the radical character of the revolution by which that exchange is to be made. The one corner-stone may, no doubt, replace the other, but not without the rush of a mighty catastrophe, the crash of a divine collision. They know well the old language concerning the descent of the true Corner-Stone, which applies to the destruction of political principles no less than of living volitions, and can nowhere apply more closely than to the principle of Slavery: "On whomsoever that stone shall fall, it shall grind them to powder."

From The Spectator, 17 Jan.

THE TWO PROCLAMATIONS.

ON the 1st of January, Mr. Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, proclaimed all slaves in the great territory south of lat. 38 free forever. On the 2d of December, Mr. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States, declared that all slaves who should avail themselves of the forthcoming proclamation should be handed over to the States to which they belonged, i.e., put to death, and that all officers commanding them or executing the proclamation should share their fate. The two documents seem to us to indicate precisely the relation of the two powers to modern civilization. Mr. Lincoln, as might be expected, performs his great task ungracefully, incompletely, and with as little reference to principle as an occasion, which in its magnitude essentially transcends all formulas, would allow. Had he had the courage to rise above the bonds of the Constitution, and appeal at once to the higher law; had he ventured to declare slavery at variance with Christianity and the Declaration of Independence, and, therefore, with the bases upon which that Constitution is founded; had he, in short, appealed to God and not to his party tenets, he might have roused a fanaticism before which that of the South is weakness, and possibly by giving his armies an idea, have given them also victory. Instead of this, he adheres, as he has consistently done, to his constitutional obligations, emancipates as a war measure exclusively, leaves loyal States to emerge from the slough the best way they can, and even excepts the disloyal districts in which his armies are encamped, and which are, therefore, presumably within the range of constitutional law. He has strictly kept his word, which was to emancipate all slaves in States disloyal on 1st of January, and has even interpreted that promise to his enemies' advantage; but he had not risen to the height of his unique opportunity, or declared slavery a crime against God with which no terms could be kept by man. He expresses, even in his moderate measure, the wish of a party rather than of a nation; he has failed to secure the European sympathy which would have followed a bold appeal to principle; and he has left it doubtful whether, after all, the race for whom he has risked so much will ever hear of the benefit he offers to their ac-

ceptance. But, admitting all these drawbacks and all that Democrats can urge in addition, his action is still for good, his tendency is towards principles higher than those by which he has hitherto been guided. No man is responsible except for his will; and so far as his will can operate, the Northern President has cleansed the North of her stain, and carried out the great principles upon which his nation was founded. So far as his order extends, three millions of persons, heretofore bound, are henceforward free, to be recognized as freemen by all officials of the Union, to enjoy all non-political rights, to be admissible into the national service, to rise, in short, from chattels transmissible like dogs or horses, into men. Every part of his act, rude and imperfect as its conception may be, tends to raise human beings in the scale of humanity, to increase their capacity of happiness, to carry one step farther the ideas for which we English profess to stand ready to risk our lives.

In excellent English, possessed of a certain character of stateliness, of which Mr. Lincoln is wholly devoid, Mr. Jefferson Davis announces that whole classes of prisoners shall, when captured, be massacred in cold blood. He makes no mistakes, imposes no geographical limitation, professes no restrictions from constitutional law; wherever the man commanding black troops is found, he shall be handed over to men who, as the *Index* allows, will inevitably send him to the gallows. There is no weakness in his order, and no blundering; but there is a thorough contempt at once for law and for humanity. Every section of it is intended to rivet the chains of the slave, or to add a new horror to the inevitable horrors of a fratricidal campaign. No cause was ever served by suppressions, and we are bound to admit that, as respects the blacks, Mr. Davis is within his technical right, and therefore unimpeachable before the world. He has no power over them by public law as slaves, but he has as subjects, and subjects bearing arms against their own government, however tyrannical, are by every law known to Europe liable to suffer death. But he has no such right over the whites. No law makes it treason for any public enemy to avail himself of any aid offered by the population of an invaded State, and in virtually decreeing death for such an offence Mr. Davis proclaims a war of exter-

mination. His enemy has no option, except to execute two for one, or refuse the quarter Mr. Davis has pledged himself before the offence not to grant to invaders. Not content with slaying the slave for simply striving for freedom, the very act his master boasts that he himself is performing, Mr. Davis threatens to slay prisoners in cold blood for executing orders known to be within the rights of war, and which they may be shot by their own Government for not obeying. In view of such an outrage, the first part of the Southern edict denouncing General Butler, and sentencing his subordinates to death, becomes a mere ebullition of spite. All the officers of a division are doomed to the gallows because their general is a tyrant, but Mr. Davis, we do him the justice to say, was aware when he issued it that General Butler had been removed, and that his terrible edict, terrible enough to satisfy the imagination of slaveholders, was a mere form of words. The second half, however, is a reality. Whether executed or not, it is an attempt to punish political hostility with death—a permission to Southern politicians to slay, after battle, prisoners who have done nothing except accept voluntary recruits from among an invaded population. The worst effect Mr. Lincoln desires from his order is that three millions of blacks may insist on receiving wages for work. The best effect Mr. Davis can hope for is, that ten thousand whites may shrink back from the task of restraining emancipated slaves by military law. We put it to Mr. Charles Buxton which of these two men—bad English apart—is the statesman of a civilized state.

The proclamations will possibly resemble each other more in their result than their drift. Mr. Lincoln's may, and Mr. Davis's certainly will, not succeed. Decrees refusing quarter, and that is the gist of the Southern edict, have always had one result. Their victims fight to the death. If a slave is to be executed because he takes arms he will not be taken prisoner; if the officer is to be hanged he will prefer a bullet. No better device could have been suggested for making American sepoys desperate than this furious order; no better temptation to sepoy officers to keep themselves well in front. Had Mr. Davis been the statesman we had half be-

lieved him to be, he would have emancipated every slave who served five years in his own ranks, and so enlisted all the brave and ambitious on his own side, and promised to every captured black immunity, to every white officer his parole. As it is, he has given to both classes new reasons for meeting a death which no decree can make other than an honorable one. Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, on the other hand, may pulverize the power of the South. The slaves have only to fold their hands, and cultivation and means of transport alike cease to exist. But no race, except the Hindoo, under an organized caste pressure, has ever succeeded in enduring the misery of passive resistance, and in most of the States the masters will be as powerful as before. The proclamation will only clear the Northern generals of complicity in slavery, tempt the slaves on the border land to fly, and enable the North, perhaps, to raise a sepoy army. That is not a grand result, but there is another yet. No compromise is henceforward possible, if based on the maintenance of human bondage. There are political acts which no ruler can recall, which no court can annul, no legislature erase, and this proclamation, with all its defects, may be accepted as one. No slave-owner can ever again trust the North, or believe in a fugitive slave law, or forget that the national faith has been pledged to his beasts of burden. Reunion, if it arrives, must be a reunion among the free, and the future of North America is on this one point decided. Her proletariat may be black, and as wretched as a despised laboring class is but too apt to become, her laws may still keep up distinctions utterly irrational if slaves indeed be men, her social tone may still be impaired by the worst form of oligarchical assumption. But her official power, the aggregate force of the great race now spreading from the Potomac to Vancouver's Island, must be exerted to favor freedom, and the dream of a grand slave empire unfettered by stronger free organizations is at an end forever. Separation or conquest are now the only alternatives, and either, if they do not abolish slavery, will finally restrict its area, and permanently menace its principle.

From The Economist, 17 Jan.

THE INCREASED PROBABILITY OF A
LONG DURATION OF THE
AMERICAN WAR.

THE various events of which we have news from America by this mail are very important, but the most important tend in a single direction. To the English the most interesting inquiry is how long will this war last. Recent events make it more likely even than before that it will last a long time—as long or nearly as long as the reign of Mr. Lincoln. There are this week three important new facts which confirm the probability of this result.

First. There is the Proclamation of Mr. Lincoln conferring freedom, as he promised, on the slaves in the rebel States. Speculative lawyers raise nice questions as to the legality of this act, but nice points of jurisprudence have no revolutionary efficacy. Nor need we now discuss the moral and philanthropic aspect of the subject; this we have considered at length before. We have now to consider its results. It must prolong the war. It is just the sort of cause which requires some time for its operation. Now that Mr. Lincoln has rightly or wrongly invoked its aid, he is not only justified but bound to wait that aid. He has given freedom to millions of men: he could not at once make a peace consigning them again to slavery. He has asked help from a scattered, unorganized, and distant multitude: he would be foolish as well as wicked if he did not give them time to hear of what he has done for them, to brood upon it in their unformed and slow minds, to act on it in their torpid and tardy manner. There is no fear in the South and no hope in the North of a sudden servile outbreak. But the South fear the desertion of the "bad slave," and the North hope for the alliance of the "good slave." What the South apprehend is that the most idle, the most worthless, and most dissolute slaves, male and female, will in part shirk work, in part desert, and in part become useless, while it is not possible to apply to them with the usual vigor the usual means of correction. This is especially apprehended of the slaves in exposed and outlying places on the sea-coast near the Federal armies. There, the disaffected slave will have some means more or less of self-emancipation, and some means

more or less adequate of aiding the liberating armies. To avoid this we hear some slaves are being removed into the interior, but then a new danger arises. The "interior" does not like to have them. After an emancipating decree which all slaves hear of, it is difficult for an owner to retain them in obedience even when isolated from contagion and remote from rumor. But wheresoever distrusted slaves are removed, they are so many missionaries of disaffection. They excite an uneasiness which otherwise would never have been perceptible, but which is difficult to allay when once aroused. The South—at least many persons at the South—we understand, are not comfortable as to the prolonged effect of this proclamation of liberty on men who indeed scarcely know what liberty is, but who have always heard and vaguely believe that it is something good. These apprehensions require time ere they can be verified or dispelled, and Mr. Lincoln would stultify his own act if he did not give them time. The hopes of the North just as much need months for their realization. They hope that the *élite* of the slaves will exert themselves; that the mass of the slaves will combine; that a vast insurrection will be at length organized; but how long a time such slow causes must take to produce so immense an effect is evident from the mere statement of them.

The *second* new fact in this week which augments the probability of the prolonged duration of the American war, is the inaugural speech of the new Democratic Governor of the State of New York. This is the first time that the Democratic party,—the "opposition" party to Mr. Lincoln,—have spoken from a seat of office and in a tone of authority. This is the party from whose exertions, if from any exertions, we are to expect an end of civil war. But they do not seem as yet prepared even to ask for it. Mr. Seymour only tells us he will support the "Constitution of the Union," which is the very object for which Mr. Lincoln is at war; he only "hopes that before the end of his term of service the country would be again great, glorious, and united as it once was."

In truth, the opposition to a great war is generally an unpopular cause. It is a sort of semi-treason. You seem at all times to side with the enemy, and if the opposition

is prolonged you often end by siding with it in reality. Mr. Fox incurred great unpopularity by seeming to rejoice at French victories and to sorrow at English victories; and now that his papers are before us, we know that in the end he did exult in the victories of Napoleon. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright incurred a similar unpopularity during the Crimean war. The popular mind will not make nice distinctions. "If you are *against* the war, you are *for* the enemy:" that is the natural judgment. Accordingly, in a country like America, where politicians dread unpopularity as if it were leprosy, an opposition party do not like to denounce a war, even though they disapprove of and dislike it.

Yet, until some party is bold enough not only to ask but to clamor for, not only to solicit but to insist on the close of the struggle, Mr. Lincoln and his advisers will probably continue it. It is their war; many of them have grown rich by it, and the rest hope to grow rich. They will not give up the sweets of office and the profits of contracts to the Democrats—to the peace party of the future—without a long and eager contest. They are in possession of the power which for bad motives and for good motives they especially covet, and when attacked, they will contend long and bitterly. As yet they are not attacked at all. The supposed peace party does not dare even to ask for peace.

Mr. Chase's plans, though still, as we have explained elsewhere, complicated by much uncertainty, are evidently intended to serve a party object. The Republicans—the certain war party—have a majority in the present Congress: the Democrats—the possible peace party—have a majority in the elected Congress which will meet next winter. Accordingly, he is asking for borrowing powers to carry him on to the 30th June, 1864,—for £180,000,000. If he succeed, the Democratic Congress will scarcely be able to arrest the war, even if it should wish. It can only stop the supplies, and those have already been granted. It cannot revoke the supplies, for the President would veto it.

Thirdly and lastly. The retaliatory Proclamation of Jefferson Davis, which declares General Butler to be a "felon, outlaw, and common enemy to mankind,"—which reserves for execution the officers of his army when captured,—which hands over all ne-

gro slaves to the executive authorities of their respective States to be dealt with according to law, that is, to be hanged, or burnt, or flayed alive,—must tend to prolong the war. Each act of threatened cruelty, still more each perpetrated act of cruelty, must embitter that internecine hatred which has passed into a proverb as the peculiar curse and characteristic of civil wars. In the beginning of such wars men fight for an object, real or supposed: in the end they fight because they *have* fought. By the animosities it engenders, a cruel war soon becomes a principal cause of its own continuance.

On these grounds, therefore, we think the present probability to be that the American war will continue perhaps during the entire reign of Mr. Lincoln,—at any rate, during by far the greater portion of it.

From The Spectator, 17 Jan.

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

THE emperor's speech to his Legislature has been pronounced somewhat tame, for to men expecting a thunderbolt a hailstorm seems re-assuring; but never was speech pronounced more essentially Napoleonic, or more exquisitely adapted to the needs of the situation. That situation is by no means so pleasant as the *Constitutionnel* chooses to sing, and the emperor, who understands his epoch, never shuts his eyes to a fact. France is engaged in an expedition which threatens to become a great war, from which she cannot retreat, and in which a profitless success will demand a strained exertion. Her finances, but just rescued from danger, are again in a position of great, though concealed embarrassment. Her policy, foiled in Greece, has not been successful in Italy, and the failure wastes her intelligence in the old sterile contest between the Church and the Revolution. Her industry, like that of England, is suffering from the suspension of the cotton trade, and, unlike England, suffering has not been repaid by a new and powerful link in the chain which binds rich to poor. Louis Napoleon himself, who reigns only as the heir of the Revolution, who is emperor by the grace of God and the will of the people, has seemed for a year to doubt whether he should not value the cassack above the imperial mantle as well as

the popular blouse. It was also absolutely necessary to remove the public sense of depression, yet to do it without menaces which would have plunged France in new complications; to re-assure the world, yet assume that earthquakes were always due to France and imperial agency. The task was performed, and, like everything else to which his habitual indolence permits the emperor to attend himself, it was performed successfully. Calm and quiet and even gentle in tone, the emperor reviewed the past, and unrolled before France a wonderful panorama of achievement and glory and conquest and ever-widening sources of influence. *L'Empire c'est la paix*, except in Europe, Asia, and America, for the imperial arms have triumphed in Russia and Italy, Syria and China, Mexico and Anam. "The age of conquests" has passed, but, "nevertheless, France has been increased by two provinces," her Asiatic dominions by five, and her army is carrying out an idea which will secure at least three more on the borders of the Pacific. Napoleon asks "only prosperity and moral preponderance;" but where, suggests the emperor, in the same sentences, has the influence of France not been felt? In Italy she made a State and acquired those two "new provinces." In the East, she "supported" the union of the principalities, and redressed the grievances of Syria and Montenegro, always without "disavowing" the rights of the Ottoman Porte,—which were only smiled aside. In Italy, France still supports the Holy Father, and so keeps her finger pressed on the throat of the Catholic world. Misunderstandings with Spain and Switzerland have been averted, and commercial treaties concluded with most of the rest of the European world. In Asia, the emperor has humbled China and opened in Anam "a vast territory to French activity." In America—ah! there the emperor stays his hand, and only admits an expedition against a country where "an attempt against the honor of France had remained unpunished." The hiatus is supplied in the foreign report, submitted after the speech, where the Mexican enterprise is allowed to have "entered on a phase purely military"—i.e., unburdened by treaties—and the emperor hopes soon to cover French arms with glory "and secure those permanent guarantees" for which he entered the country, and

which, as the world perceives, must, like the Napoleonic idea, be territorial. The statement reads to us Englishmen matter of fact enough; but one must be French, and have suffered under thirty years of Louis Philippe's inaction, to understand how that brilliant picture of energy and influence, and victory—that long panorama of French achievements, turned over leaf by leaf by the man who has done it all—affects French imaginations. What are religious contests; are not the French at Rome? What matter deficits, when France is larger by 600,000 souls? What signifies internal compression, when abroad the Frenchman is as powerful as an ancient Roman or a well-off British subject? The whole of it is true, too, though there is a suppression of other truths. France *has* under Napoleon recovered her ancient rank; she *has* made her influence felt throughout the earth, and has justified the old French idea that living force existed in her and England alone. Nor must we be blind to the truth that, on the whole, the influence of France has been beneficial. If Napoleon keeps Rome it is through him that Italy has been able to make herself. It is not in our mouths to quarrel with conquests in Cochin China, and even in Mexico though under feeble pretexts the influence of France will assist to prevent Central America from relapsing into barbarism. France *has* abroad the passionate, multiform, many-colored life which suits her genius, and which is refused to her at home, and Napoleon deserves from her for his foreign policy much of the credit he claims, and the Legislature is so willing to accord. Only do not let us be told that all this forms a policy which the world is not to watch with suspicion, or that a sovereign who, doing all this, still says the empire is peace, is never to be supposed "actuated by some secret motive, or mysterious combination."

There are the "circenses!" modified and refined to suit the tastes of a people who crave like Romans for excitement, but who are intellectually dyspeptic, and after a brief reference to the increased powers of the Legislature, the next sentence supplies the "bread." The American war "has dried up one of the most fruitful sources of industry," and the Legislature must sanction a grant to relieve "those who submit with resignation to a misfortune even Government cannot

avert." It has been said that the Liberals object, and affirm that the grant was not asked till it seemed probable that liberal France might herself relieve the distress of Rouen; but the objection is somewhat childish. France may be educated to self-government, but human lives are not fitting subjects for experiment. The majority still look to the State as if it were earthly Providence, and it is futile to allow Napoleon to spend millions on a war commenced at his own discretion, and refuse him the right to grant thousands for the relief of a starving department, to applaud the expense on games, and then fret at the cost of bread.

There is one point, and one only on which the speech disappoints expectation. It reveals nothing of the true policy or intentions of the emperor. The veil of mystery which it is part of his statecraft to maintain shakes throughout as if it were about to come down, but it remains impervious still. Not a thought with a definite bearing can be discerned in the allusions to Italy. Napoleons are not suspected of "tampering with revolution" while directed, like Garibaldi's movement, against themselves, and the fact that French "arms have asserted the independence of Italy without abandoning the Holy Father, whom our engagements obliged us to support," was sufficiently patent before. What the world cares to know is whether those engagements are operative now, and on this point neither speech nor reports give the slightest trustworthy hint. The reports, indeed, admit the fact "that definitive organizations and durable peace cannot be hoped for in the Italian Peninsula so long as the discord which divides Italy and the Papacy still subsists;" but the only plan for the future is that reconciliation between darkness and light which has so palpably failed in the past. The emperor has "received assurances of the kind intentions of the Pope;" but then those kind intentions only imply some "useful administrative and judicial reforms," the principal of which is a change in the management of the lottery. On America His Majesty merely says that his efforts have failed through the non-adhesion of the maritime powers, and explains that his mediation has only been postponed—a declaration which, as fickleness is not the emperor's reproach, will not excite much surprise. Even on Mexico, which

at this moment, with the cotton famine, absorbs all French attention, the emperor throws no light. The speech barely mentions the expedition; and the reports, though they contain the menacing phrase, "permanent guarantees," neither indicate their character nor the means by which they are to be secured. All as to the past is bright with color, lively with animation; the present is passed in silence, broken only by an acknowledgment of a need; and the rest is left in the mist in which the emperor, like Providence, thinks it well for mere mortals that the future should be concealed. This is the true Napoleonic course; and it is because this course of repression at home and feverish activity abroad, of conquest and interference, huge grants and accessions of influence, is obviously to continue, that this speech is interesting, and that on its receipt French funds fell 30 centimes.

From The Boston Daily Advertiser, 9 Feb.

NATHAN HALE.

NATHAN HALE, the senior editor of this paper, with which his name is indissolubly connected, died at his residence in Brookline, near this city, last evening, at a few minutes past eleven o'clock, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

His death was entirely painless. Although a stroke of paralysis in 1864 warned him and his family that his career of usefulness must be brought to a termination at no very distant day, he was in the full enjoyment of his faculties for several years afterwards, and it was not until a very few days ago that his family were led to expect the near approach of dissolution. As lately as Sunday, the 1st instant, he took his part in conversation with unusual animation.

Nathan Hale was born in Westhampton, in this State, 16 August, 1784. He received his name from his father's brother, the patriot spy of the Revolution. He was graduated at Williams College in 1804, and studied law at Troy, N. Y. He would, perhaps have settled in that State, had not a vacancy in the corps of mathematical instruction in Exeter Academy, for which he was highly recommended, led to his appointment to that office and his consequent removal East. At Exeter he made the ac-

quaintance of the late Alexander H. Everett, also an instructor there, whose sister he married 5 September, 1816, having meanwhile, in 1810, removed to Boston where in due time he had been admitted a member of the Suffolk bar. Mrs. Hale survives him.

Mr. Hale very early became actively interested in journalism, and his editorship of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, beginning 1 March, 1814, is the fact in his life for which he would wish to be chiefly remembered. This was the first daily paper here published, and for many years the only one. In his hands it early gained an enviable character which made the name creditable in every part of the country. It is mentioned by Mr. Buckingham in his "Reminiscences" that Mr. Hale was the first journalist to introduce as a regular feature, editorial comments upon passing events and discussions of public topics. Formerly the newspapers had generally been conducted by printers who inserted articles from contributors under various signatures, without undertaking to express opinions of their own.

Mr. Hale also gave early attention to the mechanical part of the business of journalism, and was, we believe, the first in this part of the country to introduce steam-power presses.

Mr. Hale was one of the club which founded the *North American Review* and of that which founded the *Christian Examiner*. In 1825 he prepared from the original authorities a map of New England, which still possesses a standard character. In 1828 he wrote a pamphlet upon the protective policy which attracted much attention both at home and abroad.

While engaged in his chosen vocation as a journalist with an indefatigable industry and with a feeling of personal responsibility to his readers, which he never forgot, and which scarcely permitted a day's absence from his office, Mr. Hale nevertheless found time to engage in numerous works of advantage to the community. His labors in these were disinterested. Among the great number in which he was actively engaged, in many of them as a pioneer, there are two which deserve to be especially remembered in connection with his name by reason of the prominent part which he had in them, and of their wide-spread and lasting impor-

tance. We refer to the establishment of the railway system in New England and the introduction of pure water into the city of Boston. Without denying to others their fair share of credit either for priority or for influence in these undertakings, it will not be denied by any person conversant with the facts that the master spirit in every stage of their progress, from the inception of the idea in each case, to its successful fulfilment, was NATHAN HALE. He was the acting chairman and working member of the original board of internal improvements in Massachusetts under whose auspices the leading lines of our railways as they now exist were surveyed, and he was the first president of the Boston and Worcester, one of the earliest railways that was chartered, and the first on which a locomotive ran. He was a member, we believe, of every one of the many successive boards of water commissioners in Boston, excepting one, which by design was made to consist only of eminent engineers from other States, whose action was substantially to approve the plans proposed by Mr. Hale and his associates, and which were subsequently carried out by a board of which he was chairman.

Mr. Hale entered the Legislature, serving in both houses, principally to urge these and kindred topics for the advantage of the public. He was likewise a member of the Convention of 1820 for the Revision of the Constitution, and in association with the late Octavius Pickering made the report of the proceedings of that body. He was also a member of the later convention, in 1853. The columns of his paper were used to urge with every variety of pertinent illustration and perspicuous argument, works of public advantage, which now seem so admirable and so necessary that one wonders argument was ever necessary to support them. But posterity will not forget the value of the services whereby these priceless blessings were obtained.

Mr. Hale had the supreme satisfaction of seeing these his cherished plans successfully in operation; and after a life full of labor, he has passed away, as we have said, to a world of rest without pain and without a struggle. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Harvard College in 1863.

GOLDEN WORDS.

SOME words are played on golden strings,
Which I so highly rate,
I cannot bear for meaner things
Their sound to desecrate.

For every day they are not meet,
Or for a careless tone;
They are for rarest, and most sweet,
And noblest use alone.

One word is POET : which is flung
So carelessly away,
When such as you and I have sung,
We hear it, day by day.

Men pay it for a tender phrase
Set in a cadenced rhyme :
I keep it as a crown of praise
To crown the kings of time.

And LOVE : the slightest feelings, stirred
By trivial fancy, seek
Expression in that golden word
They tarnish while they speak.

Nay, let the heart's slow, rare decree,
That word in reverence keep ;
Silence herself should only be
More sacred and more deep.

FOREVER : men have grown at length
To use that word, to raise
Some feeble protest into strength,
Or turn some tender phrase.

It should be said in awe and fear
By true heart and strong will,
And burn more brightly year by year,
A starry witness still.

HONOR : all trifling hearts are fond
Of that divine appeal,
And men, upon the slightest bond,
Set it as slighter seal.

That word should meet a noble foe
Upon a noble field,
And echo—like a deadly blow
Turned by a silver shield.

Trust me, the worth of words is such
They guard all noble things,
And that this rash, irreverent touch
Has jured some golden strings.

For what the lips have lightly said
The heart will lightly hold,
And things on which we daily tread
Are lightly bought and sold.

The sun of every day will bleach
The costliest purple hue,
And so our common daily speech
Discolors what was true.

But as you keep some thoughts apart
In sacred, honored care,
If in the silence of your heart,
Their utterance too be rare ;

Then, while a thousand words repeat
Unmeaning clamors all,
Melodious golden echoes sweet
Shall answer when you call.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

—Good Words.

HUMAN SYMPATHY.

To each in turn our little walk,
Our time to look and think and know,
To perpetrate our little talk,
Our little talk before we go,
With, in our ears, the constant hum
Of things gone by and things to come !

'Tis well to recollect the old ;
'Tis well to reason forth the new ;
'Tis well to fashion fancies bold,
And phrase with elegance the true :
But every high-commissioned soul
Will strive to apprehend the Whole.

The Whole ! Ah ! crush in one the year,
The total lapse of human time ;
And what in total Man appears
His universal life sublime,
This mighty breathing of our race,
This chieftaincy of Time and Space ?

What but a Day between two Nights,
A listening to a double roar,
A running to and fro with lights,
A gathering shells on either shore ;
On either hand a dreadful deep
Of endless change, or else of sleep ?

Not wholly ! For, as every shell
Moans of the deep from whence it came,
One memory we cherish well,
" The Heart of all is still the same ! "
Whoso there is that thinks not thus
Blasphemes, and is not one of us.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

ABOUT BEN BUTLER.

ABOUT BEN BUTLER (may his tribe increase),
Awoke one night down by the old Balize,
And saw, outside the comfort of his room,
Making it warmer for the gathering gloom,
A black man shivering in the winter's cold :—
Exceeding courage made Ben Butler bold,
And to the presence in the dark he said—
" What wantest thou ? "—the figure raised

head,
And with a look made of all sad accord,
Answered—" The men who'll serve the purpose
of the Lord."

" And am I one ? " said Butler ; " Nay, not so
Replied the black man. Butler spoke more so
But cheerily still ; and said, " As I am Ben,
You'll not have cause to tell me that again ! "

The figure bowed, and vanished. The next nig
It came once more, environed strong in light,
And showed the names whom love of Freedom
blessed,

And lo ! Ben Butler's name led all the rest.
—Transcript.

THE LIVING AGE.

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WAITING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Post tempestatem tranquillitas.
—*Epitaph in Ely Cathedral.*

THEY lie, with uplift hands, and feet
Stretched like dead feet that walk no more,
And stony masks oft human sweet,
As if the olden look each wore,
Familiar curves of lip and eye,
Were wrought by some fond memory.

All waiting: the new-coffined dead,
The handful of mere dust that lies
Sarcophagused in stone and lead
Under the weight of centuries:
Knight, cardinal, bishop, abbess mild,
With last week's buried year-old child.

After the tempest cometh peace,
After long travail sweet repose;
These folded palms, these feet that cease
From any motion, are but shows
Of—what? *What rest? How rest they? Where?*
The generations naught declare.

Dark grave, unto whose brink we come,
Drawn nearer by all nights and days;
Each after each, thy solemn gloom
Pierces with momentary gaze,
Then goes, unwilling or content,
The way that all his fathers went.

Is there no voice or guiding hand
Arising from the awful void,
To say, "Fear not the silent land;
Would He make aught to be destroyed?"
Would He? or can He? What know we
Of Him who is Infinity?

Strong Love, which taught us human love,
Helped us to follow through all spheres
Some soul that did sweet dead life's move,
Lived in dear eyes in smiles and tears,
Love—once so near our flesh allied,
That "Jesus wept" when Lazarus died;—

Eagle-eyed Faith that can see God,
In worlds without and heart within;
In sorrow by the smart o' the rod,
In guilt by the anguish of the sin;
In everything pure, holy, fair,
God saying to man's soul, "I am there;"—

These only, twin archangels stand
Above the abyss of common doom,
These only stretch the tender hand
To us descending to the tomb,
Thus making it a bed of rest
With spices and with odors drest.

So, like one weary and worn, who sinks
To sleep beneath long faithful eyes,
Who asks no word of love, but drinks
The silence which is paradise—
We only cry, "Keep angel-ward,
And give us good rest, O good Lord!"
—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

WHEN GREEN LEAVES COME AGAIN.
SONG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

WHEN green leaves come again, my love,
When green leaves come again,—
Why put on such a cloudy face,
When green leaves come again?

"Ah, this spring will be like the last,
Of promise false and vain;
And summer die in winter's arms
Ere green leaves come again.

"So slip the seasons—and our lives:
'Tis idle to complain:
But yet I sigh, I scarce know why,
When green leaves come again."

Nay, lift up thankful eyes, my sweet!
Count equal, loss and gain:
Because as long as the world lasts,
Green leaves *will* come again.

For, sure as earth lives under snows,
And Love lives under pain,
'Tis good to sing with everything,
"When green leaves come again."
—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

VESPERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PATIENCE OF HOPE."

WHEN I have said my quiet say,
When I have sung my little song,
How sweet, methought, shall die the day
The valley and the hill along!
How sweet the summons, "Come away!"
That calls me from the busy throng!

I thought beside the water's flow
Awhile to lie beneath the leaves;
I thought in autumn's harvest glow
To rest my head upon the sheaves.
But lo! methinks the day is brief
And cloudy; flower, nor fruit, nor leaf
I bring, and yet, accepted, free
And blest, my Lord, I come to thee!

What matter now for promise lost
Through blast of spring or summer rains?
What matter now for purpose crossed,
For broken hopes and wasted pains?
What if the olive little yields,
What if the vine be blasted? *Thine*
The corn upon a thousand fields,
Upon a thousand hills the vine!

Thou lovest still the poor—oh, blest
In poverty beloved to be!
Less lowly is my choice confessed,
I love the rich in loving Thee.
My spirit bare before Thee stands,
I bring no gift, I ask no sign,
I come to Thee with empty hands.
The surer to be filled from *Thine*!

—*Transcript.*

From The Quarterly Review.

Christopher North : a Memoir of John Wilson. By his Daughter. Edinburgh, 1862.

Mrs. GORDON has not been well advised to become the biographer of her father. Over and above the considerations which usually forbid that a child should sit in judgment upon a parent, there are special reasons in Mrs. Gordon's case why she should have studiously held aloof from so delicate an enterprise. Mrs. Gordon is the wife of a gentleman who to various social qualities adds this, that, being the scion of a Whig family, he has, in a place where party feeling always runs high, from his youth upwards breathed an atmosphere of Whiggery. The wife, as is natural, adopts her husband's friends, and falls in with her husband's prejudices. It is scarcely possible for her, therefore, in writing the life of a Tory father, to look at the subject from first to last, except through a false medium. The hero of her tale, according to his daughter's showing, passes the better half of his days without taking the smallest interest in politics, or expressing any opinions on the subject. By and by he is thrown among a knot of rabid Edinburgh Tories, and, after wasting his great powers for many years in advocating their views, he subsides at last, when passion has died out and judgment matured itself, into moderate Whiggism. It seems moreover that, during the continuance of his Tory delusion, he is cruelly made use of by the agents of the faction for their own bad purposes. Having a keen perception of the value of their prize, they seize it, and hold it with a grasp which cannot be shaken off. Certain obnoxious individuals throw their spell over him, whereupon his character, as well moral as intellectual, undergoes a frightful change. They persuade him to join them in a purely literary undertaking, and he is involved at once in the fiercest party polemics. His articles take, he cannot tell how, a tone of bitter personality. If he lend himself at any time — and it is not denied that he often does lend himself — to proceedings which outrage the laws of Edinburgh decorum, it is always at the suggestion of somebody else. If with a too remorseless hand, for example, he demolish a cockney, or expose a charlatan, or strip the mask from a hypocrite, or scarify a pretender, another spirit more wicked than his

own has set him on. Now it appears to us that, granting all this to be true, the truth, as Mrs. Gordon sets it forth, redounds very little to her father's honor. You cannot call him a great man who does even great things only at the suggestion of others — you must pronounce him to be a very poor creature indeed whom somebody else inveigles into the perpetration of mean things and bad things. But is it all true? Mrs. Gordon declares that it is; and in order, we presume, to verify the assertion, she has used her father's correspondence in a way which that noble-minded person would have been the first to condemn. There are letters printed in these volumes which could not possibly have been intended for other eyes than those of the person to whom they were addressed; and which take their places where we find them with the worse grace that it was obviously not in Mrs. Gordon's power to favor us with her father's answers to them.

Is it thus that the good name of a generous and gifted man is to be vindicated? Is it not rather by preserving his confidences, by respecting his friendships, and by writing in a spirit of which he would have approved? Nor is the strictly narrative portion of the performance worthy of the subject with which it deals. Mrs. Gordon acknowledges many obligations to Mr. Alexander Nicolson, Advocate; but whatever may have been the amount of aid rendered to her by that gentleman, she has not succeeded in giving to the world such a portraiture of her father as does him common justice. Her account of his childhood and early youth is neither more nor less than a *rechauffé* of some of the papers in the "Recreations of Christopher North." Her story of his first love, and of its influence upon his character and prospects, is mere silliness. Of the notice which she takes of his literary life in Edinburgh, we shall have more to say when the proper time comes, regretting sincerely that she should have imposed upon us so disagreeable a task. Meanwhile it may not be amiss to lead up to that point by sketching very briefly the outlines of Wilson's career, till we find him first a briefless barrister in the Modern Athens, and then a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*.

John Wilson, the eldest son but fourth child of his parents, was born in Paisley on

the 18th of May, 1785. His father, a gauze-manufacturer, had sprung from the people. He was the founder of his own fortunes, an honest man, and a good citizen. His mother claimed descent through the female line from the great Marquis of Montrose. To this circumstance Mrs. Gordon attributes the old lady's stately manner and peculiar personal beauty. We are really not competent to offer an opinion on so delicate a point, having encountered in our day a great deal of loveliness among the lower classes of society, as well as a great deal of the reverse among the higher. But be the causes what they might, the fact itself is undeniable that John Wilson's mother was a very striking person, and that she transmitted to her children, originally ten in number, no small share of her own remarkably Saxon dignity and beauty.

The house in which Wilson was born retains the name of Wilson's Hall, and is shown with becoming pride to strangers by the good people of his native town. It is a dingy tenement in a dingy court or close, which runs off, after the usual manner of Scotch closes or courts, from the top of the High Street. It was, however, abandoned by the family soon after the future poet came among them, and is now used as a Mechanics' Institute by the operatives of the place. Wilson's earliest associations were thus connected with a mansion on the outskirts of the town, which, besides being surrounded with extensive gardens, commands a fine view over a country undulating and rich, and here and there diversified with patches of woodland. His first lessons were learnt in a day-school kept by Mr. James Peddie. By and by he was removed to the manse of Mearns, of which Dr. M'Latchie was the incumbent; and finally, at twelve years of age, he became a student at Glasgow College, and a boarder in the house of one of the best men and ablest teachers of whom Scotland could then boast—the late Professor Jardine.

Wilson, as a child, was remarkable even in his father's house for the exceeding beauty of his form and face and the sprightliness of his movements. He learned easily what he was set to learn, and never forgot it. Athletic, too, and enterprising, he evinced a keen relish for sports, and especially for sports which tested both his strength and

his courage. At three years of age, we are told, he set off one day to fish in a burn three miles distant from his home, and returned brimful of delight, bearing in his hands a minnow which had been so ill advised as to impale itself upon his crooked pin. At eight, he knew every pool and linn in the stream which runs through the parish of Mearns, and could tell exactly where the best trout lay in the black loch over the brow of the hill which looks down upon the manse. This passion for angling, as it early showed itself, so it never left him to the end of his days. It recurs perpetually in those exquisite rhapsodies with which as Christopher North he long delighted the world; and among which there is none more touching than those which seem to have been inspired by the remembrance of his schoolboy days at Mearns, and of the companions with whom they were spent. We scarcely feel while we read that what is set before us may, after all, be but the poet's dream. Who can doubt that the boy lost on the hill-side saw and felt all that the author describes? We are close beside him when "the mist becomes a shower, and the shower a flood, and the flood a storm, and the storm a tempest, and the tempest thunder and lightning, and the thunder and lightning heavenquake and earthquake, till the heart of poor wee Kit quakes and almost dies within him." We see distinctly "the small brown moorland bird, as dry as a toast, hopping out of his heather-hole, and cheerfully cheeping comfort;" and then "with crest just a thought lowered by the rain, the green-backed white-breasted peasewweep walks close by us in the mist, and—sight of wonder! that makes, even that quandary by the quagmire, our heart, beat with joy—lo! never seen before, and seldom since, three wee peaseweeps, not three days old, little bigger than shrewmice, all covered with blackish down interspersed with long white hair, running after their mother. But the large hazel eye of the she peasewweep, restless even in the most utter solitude, soon spies us glowering at her and her young ones through our tears, and not for a moment doubting—Heaven forgive her for the shrewd but cruel suspicion!—that we were Lord Eglington's gamekeeper, with a sudden shrill cry that thrills to the marrow in our cold backbone, flaps and flutters

herself away into the mist; while the little black bits of down disappear, like devils, into the moss."

All this we not only feel, but see: indeed, if the man who wrote it had never written another line of the same sort, he would have taken his place among the foremost of the word-painters who have adorned the literature of England, or of any other country under the sun.

• From his twelfth to his eighteenth year Wilson continued to reside, during term-time, in Professor Jardine's family, and was an indefatigable student in his class. He attended likewise the prelections of John Young, the Professor of Greek, of whom, as well as of Professor Jardine, he often speaks in terms of the warmest commendation. Nor were these commendations undeserved, whether Young or Jardine chanced to be the subject of them. They were both men of extraordinary power as teachers. The former, small in person, with a keen black eye, seemed to catch the very spirit of each separate author as he spread out the page before him; and, himself laughing or weeping, he threw his pupils into fits, or brought tears from their eyes, according as he read aloud some passage from the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, or lingered over the parting scene between Hector and Andromache. Jardine, on the other hand, possessed, above all the teachers whom we have known or of whom we have read, the art of fostering and bringing into play the peculiar talent, whatever it might be, which belonged to his scholars individually. It is not surprising that such a man should have made an enduring place for himself in Wilson's affections; for many besides Wilson learned to look up to Jardine as their intellectual father, and still retain—though their numbers are diminishing fast—a deep sense of the benefits which they derived from that good man's instructions.

Wilson seems to have attained to marked success at Glasgow, especially in the Logic class. He carried off many prizes, and amused himself besides by writing essays and poems. Some of the latter still survive in MSS. His personal habits, all the while, were methodical and neat, contrasting strongly with those into which he fell a few years later in life. There is a portrait by Raeburn in the Edinburgh National Gallery, which represents him as a well-grown youth,

and a dandy of the first water. He is dressed in a blue coat with bright brass buttons, buckskins, and top-boots, just as if he were preparing to mount the horse which is seen in the background. Nor was that with him an infrequent occupation in those days. He rode well, and took great delight in the exercise. He was likewise a good runner, a capital jumper, and a bold swimmer. In fact, he diversified his student life with all the amusements to which youth is prone, not forgetting balls, concerts, tea-parties, and morning calls. He seems, however, to have enjoyed himself most on the banks of the Clyde, in that lovely valley over which the woods of Bothwell wave, and on which the ruined towers of the grim old castle look down. And here, according to Mrs. Gordon, he fell desperately in love with an orphan maid, who afterwards stood for the original of his Margaret Lindsay. We have not the slightest doubt as to the falling in love. It was exactly what an imaginative lad of seventeen or eighteen would be apt to do; and we dare say that for many a day afterwards the image of Margaret Lindsay retained its place in his memory, when other calls upon his time and attention left him free to think about her. But to build up upon so slight a foundation a romantic story of despair, and of irregularities of conduct arising out of despair, is a mistake into which only a woman could fall. There is no reason, as far as we can discover, why Wilson should not have plighted his faith to Miss Lindsay at Glasgow, and married her afterwards, had he been so disposed. His father was dead, and had left him master, when he came of age, of a fortune estimated at £50,000; and, potent as we all know the principle of filial obedience to be in Scotland, it can scarcely be credited that, in deference to his mother's prejudices, Wilson would have given up a maiden to whom he was greatly attached, and who, according to Mrs. Gordon's showing, was every way worthy of a poet's love.

From Glasgow Wilson proceeded, in 1803, to Oxford, where he became a Gentleman Commoner of Magdalen College. He soon began to make a stir among the groves of Academe. A hard reader by fits and starts, he shot ahead of his contemporaries as a scholar, and still more so in the eagerness with which he threw himself into practices which were better thought of in those days

than they are now. We speak of times when cock-fighting was still fashionable among fast men, and bull-baiting practised "on the sly." There is nothing to show that Wilson patronized the bullring, but he frequented the cockpit regularly, kept his gamecocks and fought them. He was one of the stoutest oars on the Isis; in running and jumping no one could approach him; and he was a first-rate pugilist. Many a bargee guilty of insolence to himself or to others, received condign punishment from him on the spot. He tells of himself, and the tradition still survives about him in Oxford, that for a slight wager he leaped across the Charwell, at a point where the stream measures twenty-three feet from bank to bank. Unless our memory play us false, a jump not far inferior to this was taken over the same river a few years subsequently, by the late Sir William Hamilton. These exploits, with his magnificent appearance—for he walked the High Street six feet high, with the chest and shoulders of an Atlas, and the limbs of an Apollo—gained for him at least as much of favor among gown and town, as his brilliant examination when he went up for his Bachelor's degree gratified the heads of his college.

A considerable change had, however, come over him in many respects. Ceasing to be a dandy, he degenerated into something not far removed from a sloven. It was impossible to render either a face or figure like his unattractive; but he did his best to mar the effect of both by the mal-arrangements of his toilet. His hair, which he wore in huge masses over his shoulders, looked as if it seldom came in contact with a comb. Contrary to the recognized customs of the age, he allowed his whiskers to grow to an enormous size, and his outer habiliments seemed to imply that his tailor's and shoemaker's bills could bring him very little discomfort at the end of the year. Dr. Southwell, one of the few of his surviving contemporaries at Magdalen, gives the following ludicrous account of his habits in these respects:—

"The established rule of our Common-room was that no one should appear there without being in full evening dress: non-compliance involved a fine of one guinea, which Wilson had more than once incurred and paid. Having one day come in in his morning garb, and paid down the fine, he

asked, 'What, then, do you consider dress?' 'Silk stockings, etc., etc.,' was the answer. The next day came Wilson, looking very well satisfied with himself and with us all. 'Now,' he cried, 'all is right. I hope to have no more fines to pay. You see, I have complied with the rules,' pointing to his silk stockings, which he had very carefully drawn over the coarse woollen walking stockings which he wore usually: his strong shoes he still retained."

It was the fashion in Oxford half a century ago to drink deep, and Magdalen was assuredly not behind other colleges in that respect. Wilson is admitted on all hands to have been no flincher at his cups; yet Mrs. Gordon assures us, on the testimony of Dr. Southwell, that they never got the better of him. We are not at all surprised to hear it. Wilson's head was as strong as his arm; and there was no amount of liquor which, when the fit came on, he could not carry away with impunity. Witness his swallowing on a certain occasion—when weary and foot-sore he called, after a long day's fast, at a farm-house on the banks of the Orchie—a quart of whiskey, diluted with milk, at two draughts. The truth we suspect to be, that during the last year of his undergraduate course, and subsequently till he quitted the university, Wilson's manner of life was such as must have broken down any constitution less adamant than his own. He was the severest student, the most joyous companion, the most daring athlete in his own circle. He would suddenly shut himself up in his rooms, reading and writing, and denying himself to everybody, and as suddenly break away again, like one whom the impulse to strong physical exertion carried headlong before it. He often disappeared from Oxford for days together, no one knowing whither he had gone. On these occasions he travelled on foot, and the marches which he made would have astonished even the Duke of Wellington's famous Light Division. One morning he arrived at Magdalen to breakfast, having walked all the way from London, which he quitted after dinner on the previous evening, *en grande tenue*. He accounted for the circumstance by saying that a fellow had insulted him in Grosvenor Square, that he thrashed him, and, not wishing to get into trouble with the police, that he walked on and on till he found himself at the college

gate. His vacations he seems to have devoted almost entirely to pedestrian tours. One of these carried him through Wales, another to the Lake country, a third all over Ireland—indeed, a yearning for wild adventure seems to have been at this time the master passion of his nature, which he seriously thought of indulging by accompanying Mungo Park in his second journey into the interior of Africa.

Another of Wilson's practices, for which Mrs. Gordon accounts in her own way, was this: he would sally forth at midnight, and go to the Angel Inn, where many of the up and down coaches met. "There he used to preside at the passengers' supper-table, carving for them, inquiring all about their respective journeys, why and wherefore they were made, who they were, etc., and in return astonishing them with his wit and pleasantry, and sending them off wondering who and what he could be." "He frequently went from the Angel to the Fox and Goose, an early-purl and gill house, where he found the coachmen and guards preparing for the coaches which had left London at night, and there he found an audience, and sometimes remained till the college gates were opened." Does the reader suppose that these were mere escapades—the acts of a young man carried away by exuberant animal spirits? They were nothing of the sort. Wilson "went to such places in cold blood, to study character, in which they abounded.

Strange to say, the man who thus rioted in the wildest realities of outer life, was at heart an idealist of the most sensitive kind. He had early sworn allegiance to the Lake school of poetry, and aspired to become in due time one of its leading members. Indeed, while yet an inmate of Professor Jardín's house, he wrote to Wordsworth a letter which breathes strongly of the discipline to which the pupils of the good professor were subjected. Mrs. Gordon has printed this letter at length, and Wordsworth replied to it promptly and kindly. The consequence was, that the Lyrical Ballads became to a great extent the models of Wilson's minor pieces, and that the "Isle of Palms" and the "City of the Plague" took their inspiration from the "Excursion" and the "Brothers."

In 1807 Wilson quitted Oxford. He had by this time broken off his correspondence

with "Margaret," whatever the nature of it may have been, and now transferred himself to Elleray, a small but charming property which he had purchased on the banks of Windermere. He seems to have been attracted thither, partly by admiration of the scenery, to the beauty of which he was keenly alive; partly because of the presence in that locality of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Charles Lloyd, Bishop Watson, and others, among the most remarkable men of the day. He soon became intimate with them all; and under the influence of their conversation gave himself up more and more to poetic musings. We are told that it was a common practice with him to spend whole nights in solitude among the mountains; and fifteen or sixteen stanzas, which Mrs. Gordon has introduced into her narrative, give a fine picture of the feelings which came over him on such occasions. But these poetic musings were a good deal diversified with antics of a more characteristic kind. Wilson established a fleet of boats upon the lake, and delighted in exposing himself and others, at all hours and seasons, to the chances of the weather. Having gone out on a cold December night, he narrowly escaped, with the boatman attending him, from being lost or frozen to death. On another occasion, when riding with a friend, his horse ran away with him, when, to cool its ardor, he guided it into the lake, and swam across, his companion following sorely against his will. But the most extravagant freak of all was a fancy which he took to hunt a bull belonging to a neighboring farmer, and always to hunt it at night. Take the following account of this extravaganza, as De Quincey has placed it on record:—

"Represent to yourself the earliest dawn of a fine summer's morning—time, about half past two o'clock. A young man anxious for an introduction to Mr. Wilson, and as yet pretty nearly a stranger to the country, has taken up his abode in Grasmere, and has strolled out at this early hour to that rocky and moorish common called the White Moss, which overhangs the Vale of Rydal, dividing it from Grasmere. Looking southwards, in the direction of Rydal, suddenly he becomes aware of a huge beast, advancing at a long trot, with the heavy and thundering tread of a hippopotamus, along the public road. The creature soon

arrives within half a mile of his station, and by the gray light of morning is at length made out to be a bull, apparently flying from some unseen enemy. As yet, however, all is mystery; but suddenly three horsemen double a turn in the road, and come flying into sight with the speed of a hurricane, manifestly in pursuit of the fugitive bull. The bull labors to navigate his huge bulk to the moor, which he reaches, and then pauses, panting, and blowing out clouds of smoke from his nostrils, to look back from his station among rocks and slippery crags upon his hunters. If he had conceived that the rockiness of the ground had secured his repose, the foolish bull was soon undeceived. The horsemen, scarcely relaxing their speed, charge up the hill, and speedily gaining the rear of the bull, drive him at a gallop over the worst part of that impracticable ground, down into the level ground below. At this point of time the stranger perceives by the increasing light of the morning that the hunters are armed with immense spears, fourteen feet long. With these the bull is soon dislodged, and scouring down to the plain below, he and the hunters at his tail take to the common at the head of the lake, and all, in the madness of the chase, are soon half engulfed in the swamps of the morass. After plunging together for ten or fifteen minutes, all suddenly regain the terra firma, and the bull again makes for the rocks. Up to this moment there had been a silence of ghosts, and the stranger had doubted whether the spectacle were not a pageant of aerial spectres, ghostly huntsmen, ghostly lances, and a ghostly bull. But just at this crisis a voice—it was the voice of Mr. Wilson—shouted aloud, 'Turn the villain! turn that villain! or he will take to Cumberland!' The young stranger did the service required of him; the 'villain' was turned, and fled southwards. The hunters, lance in rest, rushed after him. All bowed their thanks as they fled past. The fleet cavalcade again took the high-road; they doubled the cape which shut them out of sight, and in a moment all had disappeared, and left the quiet valley to its original silence, whilst the young stranger, and two grave Westmoreland statesmen, who by this time had come into sight upon some accident or other, stood wondering in silence, and saying to themselves, perhaps—

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And these are of them."

Wilson had not abandoned all this while his fancy for cockfights. He bred the birds carefully beside Windermere, and entered them wherever a main was to be fought.

Once he fought a main in the drawing-room of his own house—let us add that the room was as yet unfurnished—and won a silver drinking-cup, of which he was extremely proud. He patronized wrestling likewise, the great game of Westmoreland and Cumberland, giving prizes and belts to the victors, such as had never been offered before. But a new interest in life was by this time awakened for him. There came to reside at Gale House, Ambleside, a family from Liverpool, with one of the daughters of which Wilson fell in love. No foolish obstacles stood in the way of his happiness now; and on the 11th of May, 1811, he took to wife a loving, gentle, and amiable woman, Miss Jane Penny.

We have referred to Wilson's poetical attempts, which were frequent, both at Oxford and at Elleray. So early, indeed, as 1807, he appears to have completed in MS. the "*Isle of Palms*," besides filling a notebook with odes and sonnets. It was not, however, till four years subsequently that he made any move to bring them into print. His first publisher was Mr. John Smith, a highly respectable bookseller in Glasgow, who seems to have dealt with him very liberally. At all events, we find him expressing entire satisfaction with the terms which Mr. Smith proposed; and at last, on the 20th of July, 1812, the volume appeared. Though praised by Sir Walter Scott, and reviewed favorably in the *Edinburgh*, it did not make its way so rapidly as the author had anticipated, and he wrote in consequence about his critics, pretty much as disappointed authors are apt to do: "Jeffrey's review is beggarly;" "the other review is a masterpiece of nonsense and folly." We find him in 1812 beginning to get ready a second volume, which he expects to bring out in 1814, and of which "*The City after the Plague*" was to constitute but a minute fragment. We need scarcely add that the proposed volume did not make its appearance till 1816, by which time "*The City of the Plague*" had assumed its present dimensions, and became the principal poem in the collection.

Thus far the sun had shone with steady lustre on Wilson's progress through life. His own fortune was ample, his wife brought a handsome addition to it; he was devotedly attached to her and she to him. They dwelt in one of the loveliest spots in

the Lake country, and children were born, who began to grow up at their knees. He aspired in "letters" to no higher distinction than the world seemed willing to award him, and every whim and caprice which took his fancy he indulged. But evil days were at hand, and he awoke one morning in 1815 to find himself a ruined man. The patrimony bequeathed to him by his father had been allowed to remain in the house, and an uncle who carried on the business failed. Wilson never appears to greater advantage than when staggering under the weight of this blow. He not only uttered no complaint, but he contributed out of the little which he could still call his own to support the man who had brought him to poverty. He recognized the necessity likewise of giving up the dreams of his youth, and he acted upon it like a brave man. Ellery was let, and, retiring with his family to Edinburgh, he accepted his mother's invitation to live with her. Prior to this, as it happened, he had taken steps to be called to the Scotch Bar; not with any view to follow the profession of an advocate, but merely as an arrangement qualifying him to assume a definite place in society. He now went the way of all barristers, and might be seen day after day bewigged and begowned in the outer courts of the Parliament House. We cannot discover that any reasonable prospect presented itself of success in the profession. Few briefs came to him, and of these few he jocularly said some years afterwards, "I did not know what the devil to do with them."

Wilson made nothing of Scotch law. He tried to take an interest in the Edinburgh Speculative Society, and contributed a single essay to its Transactions; but the sort of abstractions which were discussed at its meetings had no charms for him, and he soon ceased to attend them. He rested his hopes, therefore, mainly on the reception which was to be awarded to his new poem, and up to a certain point they did not fail him. "The City of the Plague" met with a fair measure of success, and the *Edinburgh Review* spoke very favorably of it; but on Wilson's sensitive ear the praises of the *Review* fell somewhat unpleasantly. He took it into his head that Jeffrey was influenced by personal esteem for the author rather than by a due appreciation of the merits of the work; just as in the case of Wordsworth, he assumed that the genius of

that great master was habitually underrated, because the master himself happened to be personally obnoxious to the critic. It is to be regretted that the letter of remonstrance in which he conveyed these sentiments to Jeffrey has not been preserved; but Jeffrey's answer is excellent, and we therefore subjoin it:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am extremely gratified by your letter, and thank you very sincerely both for the kindness it expresses and the confidence it seems to place in me. It is impossible, I think, to read your writings without feeling affection for the writer, and under the influence of such a feeling I doubt whether it is possible to deal with them with the same severe impartiality with which works of equal literary merit, but without that attraction, might probably be treated. Nor do I think that this is desirable, or would even be fair. For part, and not the least part, of the merit of poetry consists in its moral effects, and the power of exciting kind and generous affections seems entitled to as much admiration as that of presenting pleasing images to the fancy.

"You wish, however, to be treated as a stranger, and I think I have actually treated you as one; for the partiality which I have already mentioned as irresistibly produced by your writings certainly has not been lessened by the little personal intercourse we have had. I am not aware that it has been materially increased by that cause, and was inclined to believe that I should have felt the same kindness towards the author of the work I am reviewing, although I had never seen his face. As to showing you no favor for the future on the score of the past, I am afraid if I do not exactly comply with your request, it will be more owing to my own selfish unwillingness to retract my former opinions and abandon my predictions than from any excess of good-nature towards their objects. However, your request is very natural and manly, and I shall do what I can to let you have nothing more than justice, and to save you from having any other obligations to your critic than for his diligence and integrity.

"As to Wordsworth I shall only say that while I cannot at all agree, nor is it necessary, in your estimate of his poetical talents, I love and honor the feelings by which I think your judgment has been misled, and by which I most readily admit that your conduct should be governed. I assure you I am not the least hurt or offended at hearing his poetry extolled, or my remarks upon it arraigned as unjust or erroneous; only I hope you will not set them down as sure proof of moral depravity and utter want of all good

affections. I should be sorry that any good men should think this of me as an individual. As to the opinion which may be formed of my critical qualifications, it is impossible for any one to be more indifferent than myself. I am conscious of being quite sincere in all the opinions I express, but I am the furthest in the world from thinking them infallible, or even having any considerable assurance of their appearing right to persons of good judgment.

"I wish I had more leisure to talk to you of such matters, but I cannot at present afford to indulge myself any farther. I think we now understand each other in a way to prevent all risk of any future misunderstanding.

"Believe me, always, dear sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"F. JEFFREY."

We have now arrived at a crisis, so to speak, in Wilson's fate. Had he been in ever so slight a degree less impulsive than he was; had he possessed even a small share of that power of self-restraint which is assumed, most erroneously, to be incompatible with the highest order of genius, he would have probably settled down into the condition of a hard-working man of letters, with the best assurance of acquiring in due time fame and fortune and a leading place in Edinburgh society. Jeffrey evidently contemplated for him this career, and opened both his hospitable doors to receive Wilson as a guest and the pages of the *Review* to his contributions. It is clear, likewise, that Jeffrey had taken a very favorable measure of his new friend's capabilities. He accordingly wrote to Wilson thus, first opening a subject which he, as editor, was desirous that Wilson should treat, and next referring to a theme which Wilson, as a contributor, was desirous of handling:—

"MY DEAR WILSON,—Do you think you could be prevailed upon to write a review for me now and then? Perhaps this may appear to you a very audacious request, and I am not sure that I should have had the boldness to make it, but I had heard it surmised, and in very intelligent quarters, that you had occasionally condescended to exercise the functions of a critic, in works where your exertions must necessarily obtain less celebrity than in our journal. When I apply for assistance to persons in whose talents and judgment I have as much confidence as I have in yours, I leave of course the choice of their subjects very much to themselves, being satisfied that it must always be for my

interest to receive all that they are desirous of sending. It is, therefore, rather with a view to tempt than to assist you, that I venture to suggest to you a general review of our Dramatic Poetry; a subject which I long meditated for myself, but which I now feel that I shall never have leisure to treat as I should wish to treat it, and upon which indeed I could not now enter without a pretty laborious resumption of my now half-forgotten studies. To you I am quite sure it is familiar; and while I am by no means certain that our opinions would always coincide, I have no hesitation in saying that I should very much distrust my own when they were in absolute opposition to yours, and that I am unfeignedly of opinion that in your hands the disquisition will be more edifying, and quite as entertaining as ever it could have been in mine. It is the appearance of the weak and dull article in the last *Quarterly*, which has roused me to the resolution of procuring something more worthy of the subject for the *Edinburgh*, and there really is nobody but yourself to whom I can look with any satisfaction for such a paper.

"I do not want, as you will easily conjecture, a learned, ostentatious, and antiquarian dissertation, but an account written with taste and feeling, and garnished, if you please, with such quotations as may be either very curious or very delightful. I intended something of this sort when I began my review of Ford's "Plays," but I ran off the course almost at the starting, and could never get back again.

"Now pray do not refuse me rashly. I am not without impatience for your answer, but I would rather not have it for a day or two if your first impression is that it would be unfavorable. If you are in a complying mood, the sooner I hear of it the better.

"Independent of all this, will you allow me again to say that I am very sincerely desirous of being better acquainted with you, and regret very much that my many avocations and irregular way of life have forced me to see so little of you. Could you venture to dine here without a party any day next week that you choose to name, except Saturday? If you have no engagement, will you come on Monday or Tuesday? Any other day that may be more convenient. If you take my proposal into kind consideration, we may talk a little of the drama; if not, we will fall on something else.

"Believe me always, etc."

Nothing seems to have come of the editor's proposal. The following is his reply to a suggestion of the contributor:—

"MY DEAR WILSON,—I give up Byron

freely, and thankfully accept of your conditional promise about the drama. For Coleridge, I should like first to have a little talk with you. I had intended to review him fairly and if possible favorably myself—at all events mercifully; but on looking into the volume, I can discern so little new, and so much less good than I had expected, that I hesitate about noticing him at all. I cannot help fearing, too, that the discrepancy of our opinions as to that style of poetry may be too glaring to render it prudent to venture upon it, at least under existing circumstances. And besides, if I must unmask all my weakness to you, I am a little desirous of having the credit, though it should only be an inward one, of doing a handsome or even a kind thing to a man who has spoken ill of me, and am unwilling that a favorable review of this author should appear in the *Review*, from any other hand than my own. But we shall talk of this after I have considered the capabilities of the work a little further.

"I am very much gratified by the kind things you are pleased to say of me, though the flattering ones with which you have mixed them rather disturb me. When you know me a little better you will find me a very ordinary fellow, and really not half so vain as to take your testimony on behalf of my qualifications. I have, I suppose, a little more practice and expertness in some things than you can yet have, but I am very much mistaken if you have not more talent of every kind than I have. What I think of your character you may infer from the offer I have made you of my friendship, and which I rather think I never made to any other man.

"I think you have a kind heart, and a manly spirit, and feel perfectly assured that you will always act with frankness, gentleness, and firmness. I ask pardon for sending you this certificate, but I do not know how else to express so clearly the grounds of my regard and esteem.

"Believe me always, etc."

These letters, besides placing Jeffrey in a very amiable point of view, bring Wilson before us in the garb of an ordinary member of society—a gifted one doubtless, yet neither eccentric nor odd; as a writer desirous of finding some outlet for his ideas, but willing that they should run when let loose in a common groove. Interesting as the picture is, however, it bears no resemblance whatever to the original. Wilson had no respect for society; he can scarcely be said to have belonged to it in the common acceptance of the term. He was as impatient of restraint in things relating to mind as he was intol-

erant of conventionalities in matters affecting the body. Having no very intensified conviction on any subject, he did not care to connect himself too closely with those who had. He wrote one paper, and only one, for the *Edinburgh Review*, and suffered, we have reason to believe, extreme misery when occupied upon it. A staid, grandiloquent journal which discussed letters, politics, and science—not without an avowed bias in favor of the party to which it was pledged—presented a field too cramped and narrow for him. He never could recognize, he never did, any other principle of action than the caprice of the moment. Observe how, when the humor takes him, he thinks and speaks of men for whom, when assailed by others, he was always ready to do battle. Observe, too, how the old passion to escape from himself and from the world in violent physical exertion still works within him. He literally flees from time to time out of Edinburgh as if an hour's longer sojourn there would have killed him. These outbursts were, for the most part, indulged alone, and into some extraordinary adventures they usually hurried him. But in one, which he describes to Hogg, his gentle English wife bore him company, and it is worth while, for many reasons, to give the narrative here:—

"MY DEAR HOGG,—I am in Edinboro', and wish to be out of it. Mrs. Wilson and I walked 350 miles in the Highlands, between the 5th of July and the 26th of August, sojourning in divers glens from Sabbath unto Sabbath, fishing, eating, and staring. I purpose appearing in Glasgow on Thursday, where I shall stay till the Circuit is over. I then go to Ellerray, in the character of a Benedictine monk, till the beginning of November. Now pause and attend. If you will meet me at Moffat on October 6th, I will walk or mail it with you to Ellerray, and treat you there with fowls and Irish whiskey. Immediately on the receipt of this, write a letter to me at Mr. Strutt's bookshop, Hutcheson Street, Glasgow, saying positively if you will or will not do so. If you don't, *I will lick you*, and fish up the Douglas burn before you next time I come to Ettrick. I saw a letter from you to M. the other day, by which you seem to be alive and well. You are right in not making verses when you can catch trout. Francis Jeffrey leaves Edinboro' this day for Holland and France. I presume, after destroying the King of the Netherlands, he intends to annex that kingdom to France, and assume

the supreme power of the united countries, under the title of Geoffrey the First. You he will make Poet Laureate and Fishmonger, and me Admiral of the Mosquito fleet.

"If you have occasion soon to write to Murray, pray introduce something about the 'City of the Plague,' as I shall probably offer him that poem in about a fortnight, or sooner. Of course I do not wish you to say that the poem is utterly worthless. I think that a bold eulogy from you, if administered immediately, would be of service to me; but if you do write about it, do not tell him that I have any intention of offering it to him, but you may say you hear I am going to offer it to a London bookseller.

"We stayed seven days at Mrs. Izett's, at Kinnaird, and were most kindly received. Mrs. Izett is a great ally of yours, and is a fine creature. I killed in the Highlands one hundred and seventy dozen trout: one day nineteen dozen and a half; another, seven dozen. I one morning killed ten trouts that weighed nine pounds. In Lochawe, in three days, I killed seventy-six pounds' weight of fish, all with the fly. The Gaels were astonished. I shot two roebucks, and had nearly caught a red deer by the tail. *I was within half a mile of it at furthest.* The good folks in the Highlands are not dirty; they are clean, decent, hospitable, ugly people. We domiciliated with many, and found no remains of the great plague of fleas, etc., that devastated the country from the time of Ossian to the accession of George the Third. We were at Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, Inverary, Dalmelly, Loch Etive, Glen Etive, Dalness, Appin, Ballahulish, Fort William, Moy, Dalwhinnny, Lock Erich (you dog!), Loch Rannoch, Glen Lyon, Taymouth, Blair Athol, Bruar, Perth, Edinboro'. Is not Mrs. Wilson immortalized?

"I know of Cona.* It is very creditable to our excellent friend, but will not sell any more than the 'Isle of Palms,' or the 'White Doe.' The 'White Doe' is not in season; venison is not liked in Edinboro'; it wants flavbr. A good Ettrick wether is preferable. Wordsworth has more of the poetical character than any living writer, but he is not a man of first-rate intellect. His genius oversets him. Southey's 'Roderick' is not a first-rate work. The remorse of Roderick is that of a Christian devotee, rather than that of a dethroned monarch. His battles are ill fought; there is no processional march of events in the poem; no tendency to one great end, like a river increasing in majesty till it reaches the sea. Neither is there national character, Spanish

or Moorish; no sublime imagery; no profound passion. Southey wrote it, and Southey is a man of talent; but it is his worst poem.

"Scott's 'Field of Waterloo' I have seen. What a poem! such bald and nerveless language, mean imagery, commonplace sentiments, and clumsy versification! It is beneath criticism. Unless the latter part of the battle be very fine indeed, this poem will injure him.

"Wordsworth is dished, Southey is in purgatory, Scott is dying, and Byron is married. Herbert is frozen to death in Scandinavia; Moore has lost his manliness; Coleridge is always in a fog; Johanna Bailey is writing a system of cookery; Montgomery is in a mad-house, or ought to be; Campbell is sick of a constipation in the bowels; Hogg is herding sheep in Ettrick forest; and Wilson has taken the plague. Oh! wretched writers! unfortunate bards! What is Bobby Miller's back-shop to do this winter? Alas! alas! alas! a wild doe is a noble animal! Write an address to me, and it shall be inferior to one I have written—for half a barrel of red herrings.

"The Highlanders are not a poetical people; they are too national, too proud of their history. They imagine that a colley shangy between the M'Gregors and Campbells is a sublime event, and they overlook mountains four thousand feet high. If Ossian did write the poems attributed to him, or any poems like them, he was a dull dog, and deserved never to taste whiskey as long as he lives. A man who lives forever among mists and mountains knows better than to be always prosing about them. Methinks I feel about objects familiar to infancy and manhood, but when we speak of them it is only upon great occasions, and in situations of deep passion. Ossian was probably born in a flat country.

"Scott has written good lines in the 'Lord of the Isles,' but he has not done justice to the Sound of Mull, which is a glorious strait.

"The Northern Highlanders do not admire 'Waverley,' so I presume the South Highlanders despise 'Guy Mannering.' The Westmoreland peasants think Wordsworth a god. In Borrowdale, Southey is not known to exist. I met ten men in Hawick who did not think Hogg a poet; and the whole city of Glasgow thinks me a madman. So much for the voice of the people being the voice of God. I left my snuff-box in your cottage; take care of it. The Anstruther Bards have advertised their anniversary; I forget the day.

"I wish Lieutenant Gray, of the Marines, had been devoured by the lion he once carried on board his ship to the Dey of Algiers:

* "Cona, or the Vale of Clwyd, and other Poems," by Mr. James Gray, one of the Masters of the Edinburgh Grammar School.

or that he was kept a perpetual prisoner by the Moors in Barbary. Did you hear that Tennant had been taken before the Session for an offence against good morals? If you did not, neither did I; indeed, it is on many accounts exceedingly improbable.

"Yours truly."

What does Mrs. Gordon say to all this? "The 'White Doe' is not in season;" "Southey's 'Roderick' is not a first-rate work;" "Wordsworth is dished;" "Southey is in purgatory;" "Scott is dying;" "Coleridge is always in a fog;" "Campbell is sick of constipation in the bowels;" "Montgomery is in a mad-house, or ought to be." If such bursts of fun, when others indulge in them, are to be attributed to malice and sarcasm which cannot spare even friends, how shall we except John Wilson from the charge of being malicious and sarcastic? But we must not linger over trifles like these. The field of mental exercise suited to his genius, and for which he had so long looked and looked in vain, presented itself at last to Wilson, and the hour which saw him plant his first footstep upon it settled his destiny for life.

We shall leave Mrs. Gordon to describe historically the rise and progress of *Blackwood's Magazine*. The tale has, indeed, been told on more impartial authority than hers; yet, making due allowance for the coloring which she has unconsciously given to it, the curious in such matters will find her version, upon the whole, sufficiently correct. The circumstances of the case were briefly these: For many years prior to 1817, the authority of the *Edinburgh Review*, in matters of literature and taste had been in Scotland, and to a considerable extent in England and Ireland also, all but supreme. Edited by Jeffrey, and supported by Brougham, Mackintosh, Horner, and Sydney Smith, the *Review* achieved for itself a position the commanding nature of which could not be disputed; and as the principles advocated in its pages were decidedly opposed to those of the existing Administration, its success not only irritated, but alarmed the Scotch Tory party. This is the less to be wondered at, that in Edinburgh, to a greater extent perhaps than in any other city of Europe, intellectual attainments, real or pretended, command for their possessors a leading place in society. The

Edinburgh Review, its editor, and its friends became thus masters of the situation. All the young men who aspired to be accounted clever, made court to them and echoed their opinions. Their canons of criticism upon books, men, and things were accepted as indisputable; and a tone of Liberalism began to pervade society which threatened to bring about a revolution in public opinion. No genuine Tory could contemplate this except with dismay. Long and anxiously the heads of the party looked about for some means of staying the plague, but censer after censer burnt black in their hands; they were powerless, and they knew it.

It was under these circumstances that the late Mr. Blackwood, a man of rare ability, as well as an enterprising publisher, bethought him of converting a magazine of which he was the proprietor into an organ of Toryism. The organ, to be effective, however, must take high ground as a literary journal, and Mr. Blackwood did his best to ensure that object by engaging the assistance of a number of very distinguished men. Sir Walter Scott, still the Great Unknown, promised an occasional paper; so did the Man of Feeling; so did Dr. McCre; so did Dr. Andrew Thompson. Sir David Brewster, Robert Jamieson, James Wilson, De Quincey, Hogg, Gillies, Fraser Tytler, Sir William Hamilton, and his brother, the author of "Cyril Thornton,"—all undertook to contribute. There were others whose names we need not stop to particularize; but above the whole band, two stood pre-eminent, John Wilson and John Gibson Lockhart. These soon left all other contributors behind, both in the raciness and the diversity of their articles. They were, as Mrs. Gordon justly observes, capable at any time of providing the whole contents of a number; and we beg to add that more than once they did so provide, and that the provision was admirable.

Thus far Mrs. Gordon tells her story well enough. She is perfectly justified, likewise, in declining for her father the honor, which was often thrust upon him, of being the sole editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Mr. Blackwood never had an editor, properly so called, but with rare tact was able to judge for himself what would and what would not go down with the public. At the same time, as we shall take occasion pres-

ently to show, Mrs. Gordon a good deal overstates her case in this matter. Her extreme anxiety not to be considered as excusing, far less approving, the tone which pervaded many of the earlier numbers of the *Magazine*, is sufficiently intelligible. Others than she are ready to admit that the mode of warfare adopted with success forty-five years ago would nowhere be tolerated now: but when she goes on to say that in whatever was objectionable in the *Magazine* her father had no share; that she had been unable to trace to his hand "any instance of unmanly attack," or "one shade of real malignity," and so forth, we must take the liberty of telling her that both directly and by implication she is making an assertion which she has no right whatever to make. *Blackwood's Magazine* is answerable for many faults both of omission and commission; and probably there are few surviving contributors to its early numbers who would hesitate to make this acknowledgment. But they cannot allow Mrs. Gordon, or anybody else to claim for John Wilson that which he would have scorned to claim for himself—an exemption from the common censure, as well as the common praise, which is due to the whole band. Something more serious, however, remains to be noticed.

If Mrs. Gordon be unaware of the tender regard which to the last days of his life John Gibson Lockhart entertained for her father, she is, we should imagine, the only person known both to Wilson and to Lockhart from whom that fact is hid. If she be not ignorant of the fact, did it never occur to her, we would respectfully ask, while playing off the one against the other, that she was offering greater outrage to the memory of her father than even to that of his friend? Or has she so entirely surrendered herself to local influences that, in order to gratify a small clique, which feared Lockhart when living as much as it hated him, she consents to attack him, *ex cathedra*, now that he is dead? Conceive the daughter of John Wilson writing thus:—

"The striking contrast in the outward aspect of the two men corresponded truly to the difference of character and temperament, a difference, however, which proved no obstacle to their close intimacy. There was a picturesque contrast between them, which may be simply described by light and shade.

But there was a more striking dissimilarity than that which is merely the result of coloring. Mr. Lockhart's pale olive complexion had something of a Spanish character in it, that accorded well with the sombre or rather melancholy expression of his countenance. His thin lips, compressed beneath a smile of habitual sarcasm, promised no genial response to the warmer emotions of the heart. His compact, finely formed head indicated an acute and refined intellect. Cold, haughty, supercilious in manner, he seldom won love, and not unfrequently caused his friends to distrust it in him, for they sometimes found the warmth of their own feelings thrown back upon them in presence of his cold indifference. Circumstances afterwards conferred on him a brilliant position. He allowed the gay coteries of London society injured his interest in the old friends who had worked hand in hand with him when in Edinburgh."

And, again:—

"Systematic, cool, and circumspect, when he armed himself for conflict, it was with a fell and deadly determination. The other [that is to say, Wilson] rushed into combat rejoicingly, like the Teutons, but even in his fiercest mood he was alive to pity, tenderness, and humor. When he impaled a victim, he did it as Walton recommends, 'not vindictively, but as if he loved him.' Lockhart, on the other hand, though susceptible of deep emotion, and gifted with a most playful wit, had no scruple in wounding to the very quick, and no thrill of compassion ever held back his hand when he had made up his mind to strike. He was certainly no coward, but he liked to fight under cover, and keep himself unseen; while Wilson, even under the shield of anonymity, was rather prone to exhibit his own unmistakable personality."

We beg to enter our protest strongly against all this. Mr. Lockhart was cold, haughty, and supercilious only when he found himself among those whose approaches to intimacy he judged it expedient to repel. He was by far too manly to "seek prestige" from "the reflected glory found in rank." He knew perfectly well what his own position in society was, and he kept it. The "gay coteries of London society" never lessened his interest in his old friends. As to his habit of caricaturing, it was the merest play of fancy, neither intended to wound nor, in fact, wounding, the feelings of those who happened to sit to him. Indeed, as Mrs. Gordon's pages abundantly show, he was

himself more frequently than anybody else the subject of his own humorous sketches.

Again, Mrs. Gordon wrongs her father cruelly, by representing him as a tool in the hands of others. She is especially at fault in assigning to Mr. Lockhart a pre-eminence over him to which Lockhart never aspired. When these two gentlemen met in Edinburgh to discuss with Mr. Blackwood the future fortunes of the *Magazine*, Mr. Lockhart was barely twenty-three years of age; Mr. Wilson nine years older. Is it conceivable that a man at the mature age of thirty-two, already known to fame as a poet and a critic, would give himself up, bound hand and foot, to the guidance of a boy? But this is not all. Though Mrs. Gordon rarely condescends to enter into particulars, it does so happen that in the few instances which she cites of Lockhart's malignity and Wilson's long-suffering, she is entirely mistaken. Take, for example, her version of an occurrence at which we ourselves happened to be present, and of which we are therefore in the position to give the true account. She is describing the first appearance of what she calls "a very clever but rather tedious composition of Lockhart, called the 'Mad Banker of Amsterdam,' in which," to use her own expression, he "poked his fun at his friends all round :"—

"There was a society in Edinburgh," she continues, "called the 'Dilettanti Club,' of which Wilson was president. They came in for a sketch, and he begins with his friend the president :—

" ' They're pleased to call themselves the Dilettanti,

The President's the first I chanced to show 'em,
He writes more malagrusously than Dante,
The City of the Plague's a shocking poem ;
But yet he is a spirit light and jaunty,
And jocular enough to those who know him.
To tell the truth, I think John Wilson shines
More o'er a bowl of punch than in his lines.' "

"It is said that my father chanced to see the proof-sheet before it went to press, and instantly dashed in, after the above stanza, not a little to the chagrin of the author, the following impromptu lines :—

" ' Then touched I off friend Lockhart (Gibson John),

So fond of jabbering about Tieck and Schlegel,
Klopstock, and Wieland, Kant, and Mendelssohn,

All high Dutch quacks, like Spurzheim and Feinagle.

Him the Chaldee, ycleped the Scorpion,
The claws but not the pinions of the eagle
Are Jack's ; but though I do not mean to flatter,
Undoubtedly he has strong powers of satire.' "

We cannot tell by whom this may have been said, but we know that it is entirely untrue. The poem was read to Wilson by Lockhart before it went to press, in a lodging which the former then occupied in a street to the west of Athol Crescent, of which we have forgotten the name. Wilson laughed heartily at the stanza devoted to himself, and wrote on the instant, and read to Lockhart, both laughing all the while, his counter-portraiture of the individual who is assumed by Mrs. Gordon to have aimed a secret blow at his friend, and to have been very much chagrined at the exposure of his malignity.

Even less candid is the manner in which Mrs. Gordon speaks of the production of the famous Chaldee MS. After telling us that this most audacious squib was composed in her grandmother's house, No. 23 Queen Street, where Wilson lived, "amid such shouts of laughter as made the ladies in the room above send to inquire and wonder what the gentlemen below were about," she actually makes the statement already quoted, that "she cannot trace to her father's hand any instance of unmanly attack, or one shade of real malignity." Far be it from us to assert that the Chaldee MS. contained a single sentence which ought to be read as conveying an unmanly attack, or as tinged with a shade of malignity; but the gentlemen shown up by it were certainly not of that opinion; and it must therefore follow, according to Mrs. Gordon's logic, that Wilson at his own dinner-table took no part in the composition of the squib, however heartily he may have joined in the mirth which it occasioned to his guests.

Again, referring to the effect of deep sorrow on the two friends when both had become widowers, and quoting a letter from Lockhart, which bears date 1844, Mrs. Gordon observes, "Lockhart's very sorrows are a contrast to those of his friend; he is stricken, as it were, and will not look up; but my father, with that healthful heart of his—that joyous nature which smiles even in the midst of tears—has scarcely yet laid aside the strong enthusiasm which belonged so remarkably to his youth." From which,

and from other sentences, not necessary to be quoted, we are to infer that, while Wilson found support in a happy temper, and, though deeply grieved, applied himself at once to the business of life, Lockhart yielded to the calamity which had overtaken him, and became a "soured, hopeless, sulky, discontented man." Has Mrs. Gordon ever read her father's letters to Lockhart soon after her mother's death? Has she never come across Lockhart's letters to her father when both were mourners? Or has she forgotten to inquire whether Lockhart visited his friend at the season of his deepest anguish, and with what effect? We can supply this latter void in her narrative:—

"I found him utterly prostrated," said Lockhart, describing his visit to Wilson, "unable, or, as he said, determined never to take any interest in the affairs of life again. 'Well, what passed?' Not much worth repeating. I reasoned with him, and tried to show him that neither he nor I had any right to succumb to evils that were not of our own seeking—that we had both work to do, and must do it—that it was neither manly nor Christian to mourn as he was mourning. 'Had your remonstrances any effect?' Yes, I think they had. He pressed my hand, looked up for a moment into my face, and said, 'It is all true; I know it, but I have no strength.' However, his strength came back faster than we both expected; and now he is pretty much what he ever was."*

Thus far Mrs. Gordon speaks for herself. She has formed her own judgment or adopted the judgment of others respecting Lockhart, and she delivers it without scruple. She had a perfect right to do so if she pleased; but we deny that she had any right, moral, legal, or literary, to make Mr. Lockhart misrepresent himself. What would be thought of John Wilson if his loose, chatty, and effervescing correspondence were dealt with as Mrs. Gordon deals with Lockhart's letters to her father? Nor, as it appears, could her purpose be served by simply printing these letters and leaving them to their fate. She must needs preface them with remarks of her own, all conceived in the same spirit of detraction: "They are as characteristic of his satirical powers as any of those off-hand caricatures that shred his best friends to pieces, leaving the most poetical of them as bereft

of that beautifying property as if they had been born utterly without it." "Lockhart's sorrows are a contrast to those of his friend. There is something of a listless bitterness in the words;" and so forth. Cannot the cry of a much-wounded heart, when the depth of its anguish wrings from it an occasional complaint, escape the depreciatory notice of the daughter of the mourner's oldest and most familiar friend?

But Mrs. Gordon's misstatements and breaches of propriety will do little harm to Lockhart's reputation—with those, at least, to whom his many noble qualities were known—and that little it may become our duty, on some future occasion, to remove.

To return to the immediate subject of this article. From the date of his first connection with *Blackwood's Magazine* down to within eighteen months of his death, Wilson was a constant contributor to that periodical. The amount of work thrown off in the course of these years almost passes belief. It would appear likewise that, though strictly speaking never invested with the autocracy of editorship, he assisted the publisher in deciding upon the articles to be produced, and generally corrected the press. This we gather from a letter written by Wilson in 1827 to Dr. Moir, the "Delta" of the *Magazine*, as well as from his remonstrances with the printer if proofs happened to be delivered irregularly. Indeed Wilson himself acknowledges a very close connection with the *Magazine* in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Fleming, of Rayrig, which Mrs. Gordon has printed, but of which she has failed to perceive the effect: "Of Blackwood," he there observes, "I am not the editor, although I believe I very generally get both the credit and discredit of being Christopher North. I am one of the chief writers, perhaps the chief writer, but never received one shilling from the proprietor except for my own compositions. Being generally on the spot, I am always willing to give him my advice and to supply such articles as are most wanted, when I have leisure." Surely, after this, Mrs. Gordon beats the air when she labors to throw the responsibility of Blackwood's misdoings on everybody else than her father. If Wilson's advice were worth asking, it was probably worth following; so that the system of mystifying, which his daughter goes out of her way to con-

* Note of a conversation with Lockhart.

damn, must have received his sanction, if he took no active part in promoting it.

Intense mental labor like that to which Wilson lent himself demanded strong antidotes, if it were to be carried on to any effect. He applied them in the shape of violent exercise, taken by fits and starts, as had always been his wont. He spared the stomach likewise while taxing the brain. It was his custom to put off to the latest possible moment the articles required for a forthcoming number, and when the task could no longer be deferred, he shut himself in his room, which was closed against all comers. He ate sparingly on these occasions, and always alone; he drank nothing but water. He rose early, and sat late, and wrote with extreme facility; then having despatched the copy, it might be three or four papers on as many different subjects, he came forth again and plunged, as if nothing extraordinary had happened, into all his old habits. His gentle wife took care, while the fit of incubation was upon him, that not even his children should go near to disturb him: but no sooner was the study door thrown open than the house rang with the music of young voices; for of all living men Wilson was the last to put any curb upon the exuberance of childish glee, in the frolics of which it delighted him to play a part, not less in the nursery than elsewhere.

With this flood of literary success came a steady improvement in Wilson's pecuniary circumstances. In 1819 he was in a condition once more to set up his own household gods, and to dispense a generous hospitality to his friends and acquaintances. In 1820 an event occurred which proved still more important to him than the popularity of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Dr. Thomas Brown, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, died, and Wilson became a candidate for the vacant chair. The nomination to the Professorship lay with the Lord Provost and Town Council of Edinburgh, at that time a body in which Tory principles were considerably in the ascendant. So far Wilson's prospects might be considered good; but somehow or another a report had got abroad that he was not very sound in either religion or morals, and even Tory counsellors shrank from supporting a man of whom the voice of scandal said that he was a free liver and a free thinker.

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Outside the council chamber, on the other hand, all the Whig influence which could be brought to bear was turned against him. The party started as his rival an admirable man, the late Sir William Hamilton, whose Whiggery, though of recent growth, was singularly moderate, and whose scholarship and acquirements as a speculative philosopher eminently qualified him for the post. It is not necessary to describe in detail how the contest went on. Both parties seemed alternately hopeful and despondent, for to both the issues were of great importance; but at last, through the untiring exertions of his friends, Wilson carried the election.*

Probably few men ever undertook a charge so important, with so little preparation made for the work. Wilson's reading, though extensive, had been desultory, and to concentrated thought upon any single subject he was entirely unaccustomed. Yet he set himself energetically to get up a course of lectures, and he succeeded.

The following description of what Wilson as a lecturer ultimately became is from one of his favorite pupils, and bears upon the face of it the stamp of truth:—

"His appearance in his class-room it is far easier to remember than to forget. He strode into it with the professor's gown hanging loosely upon his arms, took a comprehensive look over the mob of young faces, laid down his watch so as to be out of the reach of his sledge-hammer fist, glanced at the notes of his lecture, generally written on the most wonderful scraps of paper, and then, to the bewilderment of those who had never heard him before, looked long and earnestly out of the north window towards the spire of the old Tron Kirk, until, having at last got his idea, he faced round and uttered it with eye and hand, and voice and soul and spirit, and bore the class along with him. As he spoke, the bright blue eye looked with a strange gaze into vacancy, sometimes sparkling with a coming joke, sometimes darkening before a rush of indignant eloquence; the tremulous upper lip curving with every wave of thought or hint of passion, and the golden gray hair floating on the old man's mighty shoulders, if, indeed,

* "I wad like to gie ye ma vote, Mr. Wulson; but I'm feared. They say ye dunna expect to be saved by grace." "I don't know much about that, Bailie; but if I am not saved by grace, I am sure that my works wout save me." "That'll do, that'll do; I've gie you my vote." So, it was said at the time, Wilson discussed his own chances with one of the Edinburgh magistrates.

that could be called age which seemed but the immortality of a more majestic youth. And occasionally, in the finer frenzy of his more imaginative passages—as when he spoke of Alexander clay-cold at Babylon, with the world lying conquered around his tomb, or of the Highland hills that pour the rage of cataracts adown their riven clefts, or even of the human mind with its primeval granitic truths—the grand old face flushed with the proud thought, and the eyes grew dim with tears, and the magnificent frame quivered with the universal emotion. It was something to have seen Professor Wilson—this, all confessed; but it was something also, but more than is generally understood, to have studied under him."

We never had the good fortune to listen to one of these lectures; but a course which, setting out with a definition of what the moral faculty is, and requiring not fewer than thirty-seven lectures to make that point clear, must have possessed attractions of a very peculiar kind, otherwise it never could have kept alive, as we are assured that it did, the attention, from beginning to end, of a dense and excited audience. Mrs. Gordon declines to express any opinion in regard to the merits of these lectures. The following communication from one who is eminently qualified to give information upon the subject, enables us to supply the deficiency:—

"There was genius in Wilson. There was grandeur in his conceptions, and true nobility in the tone and spirit of his lectures. I can compare them to nothing save the braying of the trumpet that sent a body of high-bred chivalry against the foe. 'Charge, and charge home!' Wilson's action upon the better and more pure-minded of his pupils was pre-eminently beneficial. His lectures deeply influenced their characters for humanity, for unselfishness, for high and honorable resolve to fight the battle of life; like the old Danish hero, 'to dare nobly, to will strongly, and never to falter in the path of duty.' Such was Wilson's creed. I had many conversations with him, and the modesty and good-humor with which he listened to my remarks at the end of some of his lectures against the Grecian philosophy quite gained my heart. The truth is, his acquaintance with that subject was very slender. But of the workings of human passion and of the errors of the human understanding he was not ignorant. On the contrary, he was, like old Timotheus, a master of the lyre. He was of the school of Brown, but greatly improved. By his own nature and observation he caught the key-note of human char-

acter, i.e., that men and nations are guided, moved, and ruled, not by their understanding, but by their passions; and, in a word, John Wilson was the greatest master of the philosophy of the passions to whom I ever listened. To every thoughtful and feeling lad in his class Wilson was a seer, an interpreter of his own mysterious nature. I revere his memory, though no stranger to his faults."

There are men, and Wilson was one of them, on whom the more work you throw the better they are able to go through with it. So far from relaxing his literary efforts after he had attained to the professorial dignity, he seems rather to have increased them. He meditated the publication of a third volume of poems, which, however, never saw the light. He continued his contributions to *Blackwood* as regularly and in as great abundance as ever; and he gave to the world, in 1822, the first specimen of his powers as a novelist in the "*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*." The popularity of that volume was wonderful. It went through edition after edition; young men and maidens, old men and children, devouring it with equal avidity: and it was followed in due course by the "*Trials of Margaret Lindsay*." The success of these works enabled Wilson still more to improve his *ménage*. He removed from Anne Street, where he had first established himself, to a more commodious dwelling in Gloucester Place, and—which was to him a source of far greater rejoicing—he found himself able to return to the summer occupation of Ellera. A happier creature than John Wilson, in the interval between 1822 and 1837, never walked the earth. The choicest gifts which fall to the lot of man had fallen to him. He did not know what sickness was. His active mind worked freely and well at its own pleasure. A robust frame gave him the power, an ardent will gave him the disposition, to seek, when weary, refreshment as well as inspiration among the grandest scenes of his native country. He even took a trip on board the experimental squadron, and enjoyed it immensely. His means were equal to the utmost of his wishes. He lived in a circle of friends, all of them worthy of his respect and esteem, and all sincerely attached to him. He was, beyond compare, the most popular man in Scotland with high and low, rich and poor. The wildest rhapsodies which came

from his pen were received with favor. Extravagances of conduct, which in anybody else would have been censured or set down to mental aberration, secured for him the applause of the multitude. He could not only stand by abetting and approving a "mill," but he could himself enter the ring, and gain glory from success as a boxer. And this after he had become Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh!

As a teacher, Wilson acquired over his pupils an ascendancy which not even the madness of the Reform agitation could permanently shake. They accepted his dicta as law, and never seemed to have loved him more than when he reproved their follies or pointed out their mistakes. But, above all his many blessings, that which Wilson prized the most was the sunshine of his home. He was a loving husband and a devoted father, and wife and children repaid his devotion by a measure of love equal to that which he meted out. He had besides, to a remarkable extent, sources of enjoyment which are not lightly to be considered in connection with our moral nature. He was extremely fond of animals, and appeared to possess some charm which attracted them in the strongest degree to himself. Dogs and horses, as they were his companions in real life, so they play no mean part—especially dogs—in the scenes which his active fancy revelled in delineating. Of Wilson's brilliancy in conversation only those who knew him best could form an idea. He was the soul of every convivial party into which he entered. His wit came pouring out like a torrent, sparkling, dancing, and apparently exhaustless. Nor was he less effective in public than in private symposia. Wilson was a capital after-dinner speaker, and seems never to have been backward, when called upon, either to propose or to answer to a toast.

It was early in 1837 that a heavy cloud overspread this atmosphere of gladness. Wilson had long outlived all the petty troubles originating in his early connection with *Blackwood's Magazine*. He had come to understand that fierce personal attacks neither correct men's tastes nor improve their morals. He looked back, probably with as much of surprise as of regret, on the time when he and Lockhart believed themselves bound not

alone to answer philippic with philippic, but to call upon their libellers, by letters addressed to them through the newspapers, to throw off their disguise and fight. A Tory to the last he continued to be; but he was too wise a man not to admit the necessity of conforming to the changes, social as well as political, which the passing of the Reform Bill brought about. He was thus living in an atmosphere of peace, more settled than he had ever known before, when the wife of his bosom sickened and died. A severe cold, caught during a summer excursion in 1836, undermined her constitution, and, in spite of the tenderness with which she was nursed, it ended in water on the chest. Wilson, like other men of ardent temperament, appears to have put from him the contemplation of a great possible calamity. He persevered to the last moment in hoping against hope, and hence when the blow fell it stunned him. He was in the act of raising his wife's head from the pillow, in order to administer some nutriment, when she uttered a long sigh, and expired. "The professor," writes an eyewitness, "was seized with a sort of half-delirium; and you can scarcely picture a scene more distressing than him lying on the floor, his son John weeping over him, and the poor girls in equal distress." Wilson never became again what he had once been. Not that he gave himself up to useless repining—he was a great deal too manly for that—but he was sobered and subdued in the whole order of his existence; and fancy itself, which used to run riot with him, amid the affections and beauties of earth, took, perhaps unconsciously to himself, a higher flight. There is a religious tone in Wilson's later writings, even in the most exuberant of them, more real, and therefore deeper, than is to be found in any of his earlier productions. It seemed as if his treasure were removed to a better world, and as if his heart had gone with it.

Time, the best of all physicians, if it did not heal, soothed the widower's hurt. He threw himself once more into the business of his class, and, after a brief interval, wrote more incessantly than ever. We find him also presiding over a "Burns Festival," and in 1841 taking the chair at a dinner given in Edinburgh to Charles Dickens. The marriage of his daughters, likewise, and the settlement of his sons in life, awakened new interests in him. The love which he used to

lavish on them, when young, he transferred to his grandchildren, to whom no greater treat could at any time be proposed than a visit to grandpapa's room. But so constant a strain upon the nervous system could not be maintained forever, and in 1840 he received the first intimation that even his iron frame was subject to the laws of humanity. A slight shock of paralysis seized him, and for well-nigh a year his right hand remained disabled. A forced suspension of literary labor was the consequence: indeed, he seems to have contributed between 1840 and 1845 only two articles to the *Magazine*. In 1845, however, his old habits resumed their force, and though often obliged to employ an amanuensis, he again threw off paper after paper unceasingly. The last of these, which he called "*Dies Boreales*," began in June, 1849, and came to an end in October, 1850. They breathe all the poetry of his earlier productions, with a tone of seriousness and holy thought peculiar to themselves. But Wilson's thread was by this time spun out. In the winter of 1850 symptoms of a break-up showed themselves. He was often obliged to absent himself from his class, yet struggled hard to repel the enemy thus marching steadily against him. At last the crash came.

"One day Professor Wilson was late in appearing, perhaps ten or twelve minutes after the class-hour—an unusual thing with him, for he was punctual. We had seen him go into his private room. We got uneasy, and at last it was proposed that I should go in and see what it was that detained him. To my latest hour I will remember the sight I saw on entering. Having knocked, and received no answer, I gently opened the door, and there I found the professor lying at full length on the floor, with his gown on. Instinctively I rubbed his head, and raised it up. Kneeling with the noble head resting on my breast, I could not, of course, move; and in a few minutes in came other students, wondering in turn what was keeping me, and we together raised the professor up into his chair. I caught the words 'God bless you!' Gradually he got better, and we forced him to sit still, and never dream of lecturing that day, or for a time. I remember, too, that we spoke of calling a cab; but he said 'No, it would shake him too much.' In about half an hour he walked home. We announced to the class what had taken place, and very sore our hearts were. I think the professor remained away three weeks, and on his return expressed glowingly and touchingly his gratitude to 'his dear young friends.'

"The end did not come till his work for that session was done. On Friday he distributed prizes and heard the students read their essays, taking particular interest in those of one gentleman, who with great ability attacked his whole system; and of another, who fancied that he discovered a '*via media*,' between the two great factions. Then he dismissed us, and the cheers and plaudits of his class rang in his ears for the last time. On Monday I called to get his autograph in one of my books, but the blow had already to some extent fallen, for he was unable even to write his name. Twice after this I saw him at his own request, and always on the subject of his lectures, for he was bent on what he called a reconstruction of his theory for the ensuing session, while it was but too plain to those around him that he was not likely to see the college again. The old lion sat in his arm-chair, yellow-maned and toothless, prelecting with the old volubility and eloquence, and with occasionally the former flash of the bright blue eye, soon drooping into dulness again. I still remember his tremulous 'God bless you!' as the door closed for the last time. How different from that fresh and vigorous old age in which he had moved among us so royally the year before!"

The relaxation of summer holidays brought no improvement to his health. He tried the effect of a journey into the Highlands; but for once it did him no good. He returned to Edinburgh when the winter came, and sent in his resignation of the professorship. All party animosity had by this time died out, so far as he was concerned. Like the best of the Tories who fought hardest for the Constitution of 1688, he accepted the Constitution of 1832 as a finality, and supported those who were willing so to regard it. In this spirit, when Macaulay last stood for the representation of Edinburgh, Wilson gave him his vote; and he mixed freely and kindly, as it was his nature to do, with men of all shades of opinion. It is to the credit of Mr. Moncrieff, then and now Lord Advocate, that, without considering for a moment whether Wilson were really become a convert to Whiggery, he applied to Lord John Russell, at that time Prime Minister, to confer a pension out of the Consolidated Fund upon the worn-out poet. Earl Russell, as is well known, has never allowed party feeling to stand between him and the claims of literary merit; and her majesty was advised, with the best possible grace, to settle on Wilson £300 a year. But why pursue these details farther? Wilson faded day by day, in body rather than in mind. In the

autumn of 1852 he received a visit from Mr. Lockhart, which is described by Mrs. Gordon in a far more becoming manner than she has chosen to adopt in speaking elsewhere of her father's old friend. This fragment of her tale is indeed very touching. So is the description of her father's efforts to test and keep alive the vigor of his intellect, when that too had yielded to the stroke of destiny. At last he kept his bed, and—sad, yet not humiliating sight—amused himself there, by arranging and re-arranging the fishing-tackle which was laid within his reach. It was verily with him the ruling passion, strong in death. On Christmas-Day, 1853, he gathered round him his entire family, sons and daughters, with their children. He even dined with them down-stairs; and in the evening received them all in his bedroom, which his servant had by his desire decorated with evergreens, twining one little garland round the portrait of his deceased wife, which hung over the chimney-piece. Then came the early spring of 1854, with its gleams of sunshine, and the first twittering of its birds. It was a fitting season in which the soul of one who had been so keenly alive to the beauty of these things should take its departure. On the 1st of April a fresh shock of paralysis seized him; and about five o'clock in the morning of the 2d, his breathing became faint. He seemed to fight against death throughout the entire day, and a little before midnight passed his hand across his forehead and eyes, as if to remove a film. "A bitter expression," says his daughter, "for one moment crossed his face," as if he felt that he was beaten in the struggle. A moment more, and while the clock was still chiming the hour of twelve, his spirit passed away.

We have left ourselves no space to do justice to Wilson's character, either as a writer or a man. Neither do we conceive that ours is the proper tribunal before which it would be becoming, in the latter capacity, to arrange him. But this much his best friends and bitterest enemies—if, indeed, he left any—will allow, that a more generous heart than his never beat in human bosom. He had an instinctive abhorrence of everything that was base and mean. His sense of justice was so acute that it carried him in early life into the commission of innumerable absurdities; all of them, however, chivalrous, and therefore not entirely to be condemned. Even in the decline of life the same impatience of wrong would constantly show itself, and not unfrequently took the old course by applying a corrective on the spot. It was in this spirit that one day seeing a brutal carter ill-use his overladen horse, he twisted the fellow's whip out of his

hand, and emptied the coals into the street. He was, as we have elsewhere shown, a loving father, an indulgent husband, a steady friend; and a man of whom these qualities may with truth be predicated has not much to fear on the score of morals, however microscopically his conduct may be examined. As to his religious views, these are seen in almost every line which he latterly wrote to have been earnest, simple, and holy. "Was Burns a reader of his Bible?—did he ever attend church?" were questions which he anxiously put when preparing to write a sketch of the poet's life; and what he so much hoped and desired to find that the Ayrshire bard had not neglected, he himself never overlooked. Wilson's habits of conviviality may have carried him at times a little too far; but let us not forget, in reference to such matters, that the opinions of half a century ago were much less rigid than those of the present day; and while we admit that in this respect the time present is better than the time past, we need not be too severe in condemning those who belonged to a bygone generation.

With respect to Wilson's merits as a writer, a variety of judgments will be formed. His poetry can never, in our opinion, take a foremost place among English classics. His prose tales, "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," "The Trials of Margaret Lindsay," "The Foresters," etc., had their day. Probably no man, living or dead, could have written them except himself; yet we doubt whether they will find many readers a dozen years hence. Of his criticism, likewise, we are constrained to observe that it is at all times the decision of an impulsive rather than of a judicial mind. But far above all his contemporaries, and, indeed, above writers of the same class in any age, he soars as a rhapsodist. As Christopher North, by the loch, or on the moors, or at Ambrose's, he is the most gifted and extraordinary being that ever wielded pen. We can compare him, when such fits are on, to nothing more aptly than to a huge Newfoundland dog, the most perfect of its kind; or better still, to the "Beautiful Leopard from the valley of the Palm-trees," which, in sheer wantonness and without any settled purpose, throws itself into a thousand attitudes, always astonishing, and often singularly graceful. As a teacher of moral philosophy, the influence which he is allowed to have exercised over the tastes and tempers of his pupils, some of them men of great ability, proves that he was a man of enormous power; and it is no light praise to add that he seems never to have wielded power, from the chair or through the press, except with a view to promote the good of others.

From Good Words.

HIGHLAND FLORA.

SHE sat beside her open chest,
That girl so stern and cold;
Though serving in a genial house,
Her heart would ne'er unfold
To the kindly tones of sympathy,—
That feminine Freemasonry
Whose touch is felt by rich and poor,
And loved by young and old.

Slowly she dragged her daily round
Of duties, never done;
No thought had she for the master's meals;
No smile for the children's fun;
No care for earth; no hope for heaven;
No gratitude for faults forgiven
E'er touched her heart, if nature had
Provided her with one.

The young ones wearied for "the term,"
For nurse was heard to say,
"You'll have no pleasure in the house
Till Flora goes away.
I can't get on with her at all,
Her very blood seems turned to gall;
And if mamma keeps Flora on,
Poor nurse must leave at May."

Yet there she sat by her open chest,
That girl so stern and cold,
And fondly round her fingers twined
A curl of shining gold,
And gently in her lap was laid—
Simple and plain, but neatly made—
An infant's tiny dress. And thus
Her withering tale she told:—

"Yes, ma'am, it is a baby's frock—
It is a baby's hair:
Had you but seen the bairn himsel',
Sae fat, an' oh, sae fair!
Yes! where's the use to tell a lee?
He was my ain, an' dear to me
As the heather-bell to the honey-bee
Or the braird to the mountain-hare.

Yes, ma'am, he's deid, my laddie's deid:
Oh, that he'd ne'er been born!
My curse be on the coward heart
That wrought this shame and scorn!
Black shame an' sorrow may be see;
No, no, ma'am! never 'whist' at me!
I'll curse him till the day I dee;
I wish it was the morn.

It's wrang! but, oh! I dinna care:
There's whiles I wish the Clyde
Was rowin' ower the yellow hair
That ance was a' my pride—
The yellow hair he used to crown
Wi' bunches o' the red, red row'n;
An' aye he said I was the belle
O' a' the country-side.

I was a young warm-hearted thing,
Wi' nane to counsel me;
My mother dee'd o' cholera;
My faither drowned at sea.

Oh! weel I mind my mother's word;
A sweeter voice I never heard;
An' a' its sweetness was my ain,
For she had nane but me.

O mother dear! O mother dear!
Whene'er I mind o' you,
Your face has on that awfu' look,—
I think I see't the noo;
Aye when she turned that look on me
I kent that she was gaun to dee,
An' then I danced, and screighed, and cried,
'Oh! tak' wee Flora too!'

I creepit up ahint her back,
An' tried if I could dee;
My heart was faint for want o' meat,
An' sorrow sickened me.
The choking sabs cam' lang an' deep,
I thought it death,—it was but sleep;
An' oh! the sicht the morning licht
Showed to my waukening e'e!

We had nae grand Venetian blinds,
Nae curtains there to close;
We gaed to bed when it was dark,
An' wi' the licht we rose.
I hate the morning sun to shine
Into my bed: it gars me min'
The day I lost the only frien'
That e'er I had to lose.

That morning was baith warm an' bricht,
The lark sang in the skies,
The big flees buzzed about the bed,
An' the sad wailing cries
O' the wee lambs cam' doon the hill;
But a' within the house was still,
An' oh! I missed the kind, kind voice,
That coaxed me aye to rise.

I listened lang wi' steekit e'en,
My head was dazed an' queer;
I kind o' felt they werena like
The sounds I used to hear.
I missed the fire, that cracked sae crouse,
I missed the step aboot the house,
I felt she was beside me there,
But oh! she didna steer.

My heart gaed like a threshing-mill,
My head began to spin,
An' roon' aboot, an' roon' aboot,
I saw the hail house rin.
There cam' a dark'nin' o' the licht,
A fistlin' sound—a cry o' fricht!
'God help the bairn! her mother's deid!'
But nane would venture in.

I sprang richt up, and oot the bed;
I was baith young an' wee,
But mothers, ay, an' bearded men,
Turned white at sight of me.
I dashed the window in their face,
I said they were 'a coward race,
That daurna lend a han' to help,
But left her there to dee.'

I told them—but, och-hone-o-ree!
I canna tell to you,
A' that I said—I hadna then
The English I have noo.

But, oh ! your English is so weak,
It tak's the Gaelic tongue to speak
The bitter, burning word o' scorn
That gars the brave heart grue.

I dinna ken what happened next,
I drappit like a stane;
I think they laid me in a barn,
An' left me there my lane,
For fear I had the trouble, too,—
I wish—I wish it had been true!
But, oh ! no, it was only just
A fever o' the brain.

An' then I thoct that I was deid,
An' by *her* side I lay,
An' roon' aboot, an' roon' aboot
The house gaed nicht an' day.
An' when my heed cam' right, I fand
That I was in anither land—
Living wi' frien's I didna ken—
Frien's ? did I daur to say !

What frien' 's the eagle to the lamb ?
Such frien's were they I trow ;
What frien' 's the greedy glowerin' gled
To the wee croodlin' doo ?
What frien' 's the hunter to the hare ?
Its baby-cries ne'er made *him* spare.
Braw coats can cover cruel hearts—
My frien's were gentry too.

My lady said that hers was but
'A very distant tie
To her that's gone. They were not like—
Atweel ! ' and so thoct I—
My mother ' was not near so young ; '—
I struggled sair to haud my tongue,
But in ablow my breath I said,
' You lie !—you lie !—you lie ! ! '

Did I no ken that they were twins,
Born in ae winter's night ;
Although her hair was like a craw,
My mother's like the licht
O' a warm summer's afternoon,
Just as the sun is sinking down
Ahint the hills—an' mine's the same,
Though maybe no sae bricht.

Did I no ken how she hersel',
By some grand frien' was ta'en,
While her poor twinnie cried wi' grief
At being left her lane.
Little she thoct I kent it a',
An' how my lady ran awa'
Wi' the young laird ;—I kent a deal
Though I was but a wean.

I kent my mother got a bribe,
O' some twa pounds or three,
After my faither's wherry sank
In that big storm at sea.
The grief maist killed her ; an' I ken
That this fine lady cam' ; an' then
She gart her promise no to tell
What frien' she was to me.

I was just playing through the house,
But tho' I ran an' played,
I minded aye to listen weel
To every word they said.

Maybe they thoct I was so wee,
That I could neither hear nor see ;—
I saw my *auntie*, an' I heard
I was to be *her maid*.

Aweel ! Aweel !—I bowed my neck
To bear the friendly yoke ;
I learned to talk the English too,
As weel as ither folk.
An' soon I cam to like it fine,
Young hearts are licht !—an' so was mine.
Oh ! when I think what's coming next,
I feel just like to choke.

But yet you've been so kind—that I
Would like to tell it too ;
For oh ! it's but a poor return
That I have made to you ;
I think my heart's just like a coal,
That burned as lang as it could thole ;
Now it's a cinder black and cauld,
Oh ! dear—what will I do ?

Oh ! no, ma'am, no, I daurna stop,
Although it gives me pain ;
For, if I dinna tell't the noo,
I'll never tell't again.
Maybe !—wha kens—afore the morn
I'll be as if I'd ne'er been born.
I wonder will *he* think on me,
When I am deed an' gane ?

I lived wi' her for five lang years,
Or ever *he* cam hame.
An' if I wasna happy then,
I had mysel' to blame.
She liket aye to see me drest,
But though I lived amang the rest,
She had a way that made me feel
I wasna just the same.

She said I was ' as tall and straight
As a young poplar tree ; '
What gart her wonder that her son
Should think the same o' me ?
She's ta'en the licht frae my young life,
I might have been his happy wife ;
But for her pride—I hate her noo,
I'll hate her till I dee !

I did my best to please, and I
Ne'er heard a word o' blame ;
She spoke, forever spoke of *him*,
An' wished that he was hame.
She said she knew I'd like him well ;
Good right had she to blame hersel'
When a' cam true ;—she fanned the fire,
Then thoct to freeze the flame.

I needna tell you that he cam',
Her braw, braw sodger son,
But this I'll tell to clear mysel',
I wasna lightly won ;
He watched me late, he watched me sune,
He followed me baith out and in :
But I thought on his mother's pride,
An' a' the risk I run.

But, oh ! I loved him wi' a heart
So pure an' true, so free
Frae thoct o' the world's wealth ; his love
Was dearer far to me

Than a' the wide world held beside ;
But still, I wouldna be his bride
Without his mother's free consent,
And that could never be.

And oh ! I loved the rowan tree,
An' the bonnie hazel dell,
An' the daisy bank where he sat wi' me
Beside the mossy well.
Oh ! mony a time he led me there,
An' mony a time he decked my hair ;
But aye I feared his mother's pride,
An' soon she broke the spell.

My lady called me to her room,
An' lectured me so fine !
She thoct, she did, that 'every bird
Should marrow wi' its kin'.
I kent whase blood was in my veins,
But, no ! I wadna take the pains
To tell her ; if her heart was proud—
My word ! an' so was mine.

I look't her in the face an' saw
Her color ebb and flow ;
Her heart was pleading on my side,
But pride—could pride said—No.
She says to me, wi' angry o'en,
'Why do you stand there like a queen ?'
'Because I feel like aye,' said I ;
And then I turned to go.

She slept atween me an' the door,
An' pushed me back again ;
Wha wad hae thoctit, to see us then,
I was her sister's wean ?
I stood there, an' bore it a'
For sake o' her that was awa ;
Though they were false an' cruel words,
I managed to refrain.

Then, turning round, I said 'fareweel,'
But nae fareweel said she ;
I made her gowns an' trimmed her caps,
She couldna part wi' me ;—
Besides he soon would be away :—
But lang afore the licht o' day,
I slippit oot unseen by aye.
Why did he follow me ?

Why did he swear to find me out,
Wherever I could hide ?
Why did he say no earthly power
Should rob him of his bride ?
Why did he vow by Heaven above,
To shield me with a husband's love ?
I thoct his equal didna live
In a' the world wide.

He tracked me as the fierce bloodhound
Tracks down the panting slave ;
I had no mother's heart to warn,
No brother's arm to save.
He pressed me to become his bride ;
Lang, lang I strove my love to hide,
But, oh ! I thoct him good an' kind,
An' beautiful an' brave.

The villain told me that he brocht
Her free consent to me ;
An' we were married, as I thoct,—
But, oh ! 'twas a' a lee.

I never dreamt to doot his word,
As soon would I misdoot the Lord
That made the heavens and the earth,
When he said, 'Let there be.'

Mistress, you see the wee bit frock,
You see the sunny hair,
My marriage was a heartless cheat,
Oh ! what need I say mair ?
But yet, in justice to mysel',
I think it's only richt to tell,
As soon's I found I was betrayed,
I left him then an' there.

He had me in his power, an' thoct
That I would yield to be
A' that he wished ; he little knew
The soul that was in me.
My only fault afore the Lord,
Was trusting to his faithless word ;
I couldna live a life o' shame,—
No, I would sooner dee !

I left him, an' for weary months
I struggled on mysel'
But what I suffered a' that time,
No tongue on earth can tell ;
An' when at last my boy was born,
I had to bide the bitter scorn,
An' cruel, cutting words o' shame,
That gart my proud heart swell.

At last my siller a' was spent,
My landlady was poor,
An' though I pleaded sair for time,
She turned me to the door.
I couldna go to seek a place,
Starvation stared me in the face ;
I took my baby in my arms,
An' travelled ower the moor.

Oh ! then I rued the pride that flang
His money at his feet ;—
No for mysel', although it's hard
To want the bite o' meat.
But, oh ! I rued it for my pet,
That cried for what he couldna get,
I grieved to see the weary face,
An' hear the waeftu' greet.

I tried to curse him, but I felt
Like Balaam on the hill ;
It seemed as if I lost the power,
Although I had the will.
The wee bit lamb I loved so well,
Look't up at me so like himsel',
I couldna speak the bitter words,
For, oh ! I loved him still.

Yes ; heartless coward though he was,
An' though I kent him weel,
I loved the very daisy flower
He crushed beneath his heel.
I loved him, but I scorned him too ;
God help me ! what was I to do ?
I tried to pray, but oh, my heart
Felt hard and cauld as steel.

And then I thoct, come weal, come woe,
I'll see him once again ;
I wanted naething for mysel',
But food to save my wean.

Wi' me, I kent he couldna live,
For I had naething noo to giv;
Hunger was tearing at my heart,
An' burning in my brain.

At last, I reached the Lochan-side,
And saw the rowan-tree,
And flang me on the daisy bank,
Where he aye sat wi' me.
Wi' bitter thochts o' black despair,
I twined the berries in my hair,
An' said, when we're ta'en oot the Loch,
He'll ken that this is me.

An' then I took my baby up,
And kissed him o'er and o'er;
But somehow, when I tried to walk,
I couldna reach the shore.
My burning brain began to shoot,
An' roon' aboot, an' roon' aboot,
Went loch an' hill an' tower an' tree,
An' then I felt no more.

I wakened in my ain wee room,
Weel did I mind it a';
The very knots into the door,
The stains upon the wa'.
My lady thoct it was the damp,
Wee Jenny kent it was the lamp,
I kent mysel', but didna tell,
She let the cruizie fa'.

Oh! Jenny was a blithe wee lass,
Wi' such a blinkin' o'e;
It's queer how a' her fun that nicht,
Cam' floating back to me.
She gied us Archie's boulie walk
An' Butler Gordie's English talk.
The minister himsel' wad lauch,
Had he been there to see.

I saw upon the window-sole,
Lang plaits o' yellow hair;
My han' gaed slipping up to feel,
An' oh, my heed was bare!
Then a' cam' rushing through my brain,—
The rowan-tree, the loch, the wean;
I felt a' roon' aboot the bed,
But no; he wasna there.

An' while I tried to think, I heard
A hand upon the door;
A wee roon' face looked in on me,
But whiter than before.
'O Jenny, lass, come in an' tell
What's wrang wi' me? I'm no mysel'.
An' then such questions as I speered,
Till I could talk no more.

She hushed me like a wearied wean,
An' told me no to speak;
An' when I lookit up, I saw
The big tears on her cheek.
I kent it must be something bad,
That made even lauchin' Jenny sad;
But she said it was only grief,
At seeing me so weak.

I couldna hand my tongue, I cried,
'O Jenny! where's my wean?
Just tell me where my baby is,
An' I'll no speak again.'

She threw her arms about my neck,
An' cried as if her heart would break,
Then sabbit oot, 'O Flora, dear,
He's by the reach of pain!'

I thoct I would be awfu' wild,
If he was ta'en awa';
But no; I lay an' heard, as if
He wasna mure awa'.
I had nae strength to storm an' rave;
So when she saw me bear't so brave,
In spite o' doctor or o' deil,
She sat an' tell't me a'.

She said, As had been lang frae hame;
'Twas just twa weeks or three
Since he cam' back, an' then he asked,
If they had heard o' me.
But oh, my lady raged like mad,
An' ca'ed me everything that's bad;
An' said that if he sought me oot,
Her face he ne'er would see.

Then every day he took his gun,
An' wander'd roon' the place;
An' aye he tried to hear o' me,
But couldna find a trace;
Until ae gloaming, after tea,
He sauntered to the rowan-tree;
And there he saw a sight, that drove
The color frae his face.

As he was walking down, he heard
A wailing cry o' pain,
An' at the Lochan-side he found
A woman and a wean.
It was the wee bit bairnie's cry
He heard as he was passing by,
An' baith were lying stiff an' cauld,
An' drookit wi' the rain.

He little thoct that it was me
That lay afore him there,
Till, lifting up my heed, he saw
The row'n's anang my hair.
He kent the baby was his ain;
He kent that sorrow, shame, and pain,
Had drained the red blood frae my cheeks,
An' drove me to despair.

He took the infant in his arms;—
While conscience galled him sore;—
Wee Jenny said 'he looked like death
When he gaed in the door.'
He laid it on his mother's knee;
Bade them mak' haste, an' come for me,
For I was lying like a corp
Beside the Lochan-shore.'

An' then he kissed the bonnie boy
Upon his mother's knee,
An' told her that if I was deed,
'Twas him that murdered me;
But oh! if I was spared in life,
I yet would be his own true wife.
My lady sat wi' white, white lips,
But not one word said she.

They laid me in my ain wee bed;
The doctor cam' an' saw
That there was life intill me yet,
But said my chance was sma'.

An' then the fever took my brain,
An' a' gaed roon' an' roon' again;
An' aye when ane was at my side
I thocht that there was twa.

But, oh! the doctor couldna save
My wean—my bonnie wean;
Mistress, I never saw his match—
I'll never see't again.
He died without a mother's kiss,
Wi' nane to comfort, nane to bless:
For, oh! her heart was cauld as ice,
An' hard as ony stane.

Weel, Jenny's news just made me waur:
They thocht that I would dee;
An' then my lady brought her son
To tak' fareweel o' me.
There stood the servants frae the ha'
Wi' him and her amang them a',
When up I started like a ghost,
An' spok o' twa words or three.

It wasna muckle that I said,—
I hadna breath for more,—
But little as it was, it sent
My lady to the door.
I told them a' I had to tell;
I said 'she was my Auntie Bell—
My mother's twin'—'twas news to them
They never heard afore.

Weel, after a', I didna dee;
I think I'm like a cat,—
I'm hard to kill. My lady wished
That I had joined 'my brat.'
She couldna bear my very name;
She said I brought disgrace an' shame
On her an' hers; 'twas lies I told;—
But few would credit that.

For at the kirk folk stared at us;
An' mony a ane has said,
I should be sister to the laird,
An' no his mother's maid.
We were as like as twa could be;
The same bright hair, the same blue e'e;
Oh! if his heart had been as like,
His vows would a' been paid.

But, no! he daurna; soon I heard
That baith were gaun awa'—
His very servants sneered at him
When he gaed through the ha'.
They said that he should mak' a stan',
An' speak his mind oot like a man;
His mind's a weathercock, that turns
Wi' a' the winds that blaw.

Awcel! awcel! they gaed abroad,
An' left me lying there;
An' what cam' over me after that,
My lady didna care.
If she was kind to me, she knew
That folk would think it a' was true;
An' that it was her sister's wean
She'd driven to despair.

As soon as I was fit to walk,
I cam' an' socht a place;
But everybody looks as if
They kent o' my disgrace.

I canna work, I canna think,
An' if I try to sleep a wink,
I see my mother—an' *that look*
Is aye upon her face.

O mother darling, could you see,
Sweet mother, did you know,
In that last hour of agony
You spent wi' me below,—
The shame, the sorrow, and the pain
That lay afore your orphan wean,
Nae wonder that you turned on me
That look of speechless woe.

Oh, yes, ma'am, I would like to pray,
But daurna trust mysel',
There's bitter feelings in my heart,
An' thochts I'm feared to tell.
But, oh! my mother is in heaven—
Her sorrows past, her sins forgiven;
I'm sure that she will plead wi' Him,
For her she loved so well.

I daurna breathe His holy name,
He says it is not meet
That the same fountain should bring forth
The bitter and the sweet.
Oh, dear! I wish I could forgive,
But to the latest day I live,
I'll say he is a heartless knave,
A coward, and a cheat!

They say he's got an English wife,
An' thinks nae mair of me;
But there's a cloud upon his life
He daurna choose but see.
Ay, when he's sleeping wi' his bride,
He'll dream about the Lochan-side;
An' see the sicht he saw that nicht
Beside the rowan-tree.

An' if he ever lives to feel
Her infant's balmy breath,
A voice will whisper to his heart,
The voice of Him who saith,
'Vengeance is mine; I will repay:'
His living child will melt away,
And in its place, he'll see *his face*—
His, that was *starved to death*.

An' now ma'am, you maun let me go,
Life is no lang for me;
An' I must rench that Lochan-shore,
An' see the rowan-tree;
An' fling me on the caul', caul' stane
That lies aboon my bonnie wean;
Oh, maybe then, and maybe there,
The Lord will let me dee!"

But still she sits by her open chest,
No longer stern and cold,
And sadly round her fingers twines
Her baby curl of gold.
A hopeless lunatic is she,
With clusters from the rowan-tree
Gleaming amid her sunny hair,
Like rubies set in gold.

And still, "in justice to hersel',"
Her withering tale she tries to tell,
In sad, unmeaning words;—alas!
Poor Flora's tale is told.

From The Saturday Review.

HALLAM'S REMAINS.*

THE magnificent poetry of *In Memoriam* has secured for Arthur Hallam an abiding life wherever the English language is spoken; and we are, therefore, glad to see that this little volume containing his literary remains is at length regularly given to the world. His father, as many know, printed it for private circulation among his friends in 1834, and it would probably have continued in that doubtful state, without aiming at any more formal publication, but for the interest awakened, among the countless admirers of Tennyson, by the poet's idealization of his friend. Some persons, indeed, who are too young to remember Arthur Hallam himself, may think that it is ill-judged on the part of his relations to bring him at this distance of time before the public at all, on the ground that the moral and intellectual accomplishments attributed to him in the poem of which he is the hero are so supreme that they cannot see how it is possible for his real achievements, whatever they may have been, to come up to the expectations which have been thence inevitably formed. We do not share in these apprehensions. On the contrary, we believe that no competent critic can examine what this boy of twenty, in spite of broken health and other impediments, actually accomplished, without a deep sense of admiration. We believe, indeed, that a careful perusal of this little book will reflect back a new interest even upon *In Memoriam*, and that the public will learn how dearly that poem, immortal as it is, has been purchased by the premature withdrawal from among us of him whose mind and character it has enshrined in its verses forever. Arthur Henry Hallam, the eldest son of the eminent historian, was born in London on February 1, 1811. His precocious talents early displayed themselves in many attempts at dramatic composition; but, to use Mr. Hallam's words, "the natural pride of his parents did not blind them to the uncertainty that belongs to all premature efforts of the mind," and these juvenile productions were accordingly consigned to oblivion. In October, 1822, he went to Eton, as the pupil of the late Dr. Hawtrey. Mr. Hallam,

in the preface of 1834, observes, "The Latin poetry of an Etonian is generally reckoned at that school the chief test of literary talent; that of Arthur was good, without being excellent; he never wanted depth of thought or truth of feeling: but in his productions there was not the thorough conformity to an ancient model which is required for perfect elegance in Latin verse." Our recollection tells us that Mr. Hallam, in the exercise of a severe self-restraint, and an anxious desire to undervalue rather than exaggerate the pretensions of his lamented son (a tendency which reveals itself in every line of his preface, and yields, perhaps, the most pathetic indication of his intense grief), is here somewhat unjust to Arthur. Perfect elegance in Latin verse is not to be expected from a boy of fifteen, who has (we recall the vernacular expression) to knock off his verses once a week in three or four hours, amidst continual interruptions; but Arthur, though a long year younger than most of the boys of his remove (for instance, than Mr. Gladstone, who was born in 1809), always ranked according to his station (not his age) as among the first Latin verse-writers in the school; whilst his Greek compositions were considered, before he left, to be absolutely the best of their day. We regret, therefore, that Sir Arthur Elton should not have reprinted that translation from Dante into Greek Iambics which Mr. Hallam in the first instance thought worth preserving. We remember perfectly the sensation which it created among the Eton masters of that time, as the work of a boy of fourteen; and we have no doubt that after an interval of nearly forty years, it is still fresh among the Eton memories of the excellent Provost of Kings. Two of his Latin verses which, somehow or other, probably from their containing English names, have lodged themselves among our recollections, are all that we can contribute to his reputation in that department of scholarship. They occurred in a summing up of the historical glories of Britain, with which one of his exercises concluded, and may, perhaps, be welcome to those who care about such things, as just affording a glimpse of the characteristic vigor of his style:—

"testor Eliseo

Secula, vulgatumque arcanum classibus æquor,
Drace, tuos manes, et grandem in morte Re-
laum."

* *Remains in Verse and Prose of Arthur Henry Hallam.* London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1862.

It was not, however, so much in the actual school work as in the Eton Debating Society (which was, moreover, a sort of intellectual club), that his great talents were most emphatically recognized. And this, less as a mere speaker, though he often spoke admirably, than as one who united depth of thought, powers of expression, loftiness of imagination, and general breadth and elasticity of mind in a degree which none of the other brilliant lads* about him attained to, or even approached. At Cambridge, his reputation, and the peculiar influence which he exercised on those around him, went on increasing day by day, although he made no attempt to secure university honors. That he did not do so is attributed by Mr. Hallam partly to indifference, and partly to having lost ground by spending a year in Italy at the very time when schoolboys in general are sharpening their swords for a final struggle. To this we may add, of our own knowledge, that, during his college career, Sir Henry Holland twice intervened, and peremptorily forbade all further study for a time. We need not wonder, therefore, that he satisfied himself with the high reputation which he had acquired among his contemporaries, and pursued, when his health permitted him to do so, his own course, careless of the regular distinctions of the place. In 1831, however, he obtained the first prize for an English declamation which was greatly admired, and he had previously gained another prize for an English essay on the philosophical writings of Cicero—an essay to which, as written by a boy of nineteen, we venture to say it would not be easy to find a parallel in the history of literature. On the 15th of September, 1833, he died suddenly at Vienna, leaving in the mind of the Laureate those passionate yearnings which have embodied themselves in verse which cannot be forgotten, and in the minds of the many who also loved him a like sense of irreparable loss, and of a space in life left

* It may not be, perhaps, wholly uninteresting to recall the names of those with whom he associated most intimately in the Eton Society at that time. We give them according to the position in the school, so far as we remember it, which they then occupied: The present Dean of Windsor, Lord Arthur Hervey, the Bishop of New Zealand, Mr. John Halsey Law, Mr. Pickering, Q.C., Mr. W. W. Farr, Mr. Gladstone, Sir Frederic Rogers, Sir Francis Doyle, Mr. Milnes Gaskell, M.P., Lord Milton (he, too, was lost early for England), Lord Elgin, Lord Canning, and the Rev. W. E. Jelf.

vacant which no other friendship was large enough to fill. It is time, however, to pass from the character of the author to the book itself. In doing so, however, we must remind our readers that the poems and essays which it contains were most of them written between the ages of eighteen and twenty—some even earlier. It is singular that in the very last original verses, so far as we know, which he ever composed, he should, for the first time, have reverted to that dramatic form towards which his early genius had inclined him, particularly as it appears to us that his childish impulses had not misled him, but that his various powers were admirably adapted for success in this difficult walk of art. Not a few of the other poems are in parts obscure; and a certain hardness of style—the result, we believe, of a somewhat overstrained anxiety to shut out every image or thought which appeared to him commonplace—is not unfrequent. In a dramatic composition, however, such ultra care would have been, as he felt, simply suicidal. Accordingly, in the dialogue between *Raphæl* and *Fiammetta* (p. 89), of which we are speaking, he gave his great powers of conception and execution fair play, and was rewarded by attaining to more unbroken ease, grace, and fluency of style than was common with him. The key-note of the situation is, that by *Raphæl* beauty is worshipped, mainly as the object of art. In the eyes of *Fiammetta*, art is only valuable because it enables her to be proud of her lover. This scene, to be properly appreciated, ought to be read from the beginning to the end, as it is carefully constructed, and wound up with great delicacy and effect. It is, however, unfortunately, too long to quote in a notice of this character; we must content ourselves, therefore, with the following lines. *Raphæl* is rebuking certain fanciful wishes which *Fiammetta* has just expressed:—

“*R.* I would not have thee other than thou art,

Even in the least complexion of a dimple,
For all the pictures *Pietro Perugin*,
My master, ever painted. And pardon me
I would not have the heavens anything
But what they are and were and still shall be,
Despite thy wish, *Fiammetta*. 'Tis not well
To make the eternal beauty ministrant
To our frail lives and frailer human loves.
Three thousand years, perhaps, before we lived,
Some Eastern maiden framed thy very wish,
And loved and died, and in the passionless void

Vanished forever. Yet this glorious Nature
Took not a thought of her, but shone above
The blank she left, as on the place she filled.
So will it be with us—a dark night waits us—
Another moment, we must plunge within it—
Let us not mar the glimpses of pure Beauty.
Now streaming in like moonlight, with the fears,
The joys, the hurried thoughts, that rise and fall
To the hot pulses of a mortal heart."

Again :—

"I did but chide thee that thou minglest ever
Beauty with beauty, as with perfume perfume :
Thou canst not love a rosebud for itself,
But thinkest straight who gave that rose to
thee ;
The leaping fountain minds thee of the music
We heard together ; and the very heaven,
The illimitable firmament of God,
Must steal a likeness to a Roman studio
Ere it can please thee."

The sonnet on the Three Fates (p. 37),
written at the age of eighteen, is a very fine
one. The first eight lines, in particular, ap-
pear to us as good as possible in their way ;
the remaining six, not inferior in justness
and weight of thought, are perhaps scarcely
on a level with their predecessors in point
of expression, but the reader may judge for
himself :—

"None but a Tuscan hand could fix ye here
In rigidity of sober coloring.
Pale are ye, mighty Triad, not with fear,
But the most awful knowledge, that the spring
Is in you of all birth and act and sense.
I sorrow to behold ye : pain is blent
With your aloof and loveless permanence,
And your high principedom seems a punish-
ment.
The cunning limner could not personate
Your blind control, save in the aspect of grief ;
So does the thought repugn of sovran fate.
Let him gaze here who trusts not in the love
Toward which all being solemnly doth move :
More this grand sadness tells than forms of fair-
est life."

From the lines on his sister's birthday, a
most beautiful and touching poem, we quote
two stanzas :—

"But time is rolling onward, love,
And birthdays one another chase ;
Ah, when so much few years remove,
May thy sweet nature hold its place—
Who would not hope, who would not pray,
That looks on thy demeanor now ?
Yet have I seen the slow decay
Of many souls as pure as thou.

"But there are some whose light endures—
A sign of wonder and of joy,
Which never custom's mist obscures,
Or passion's treacherous gusts destroy.

God make with them a rest for thee !
For thou art turned towards stormy seas,
And when they call thee like to me,
Some terrors on my bosom seize."

Such terrors, though not, perhaps, exactly
as they flitted across the imagination of the
youthful poet, were but too well founded.
This gentle girl, the softened image of her
brother—in person and in mind—died sud-
denly a year or two afterwards, just as he
had done, whilst apparently recovering, like
him, from a trifling indisposition. We shall
conclude our poetical extracts with an Ital-
ian sonnet, one of a class of compositions
of which Mr. Panizzi speaks in the follow-
ing terms : "They are much superior, not
only to what foreigners have written, but to
what I thought it possible for them to write
in Italian." We only present it to our read-
ers as a specimen of the various accomplish-
ments which this extraordinary youth pos-
sessed at the age of sixteen. The subject
is a statue of Lorenzo de' Medici at Flor-
ence :—

"Deh, chi se' tu, ch' in à superba pietra
Guardi, o t' accigli, più che creatura ?
La maestà della fronte alta, e pura,
L'occhio, eh' appena il duro marmo arretra
L'agevol man, da cui bel velo impetra
La mossa de' pensier profonda, o scura,
Dicon : ' Questi é Lorenzo, o se pur dura
Suo nome ancor, questo il Destino spetra '
Tosco magion—ah! vituperio ed onta
Della nobil città, che l' Arno infiora,
Qual danno fé de' vostre pallo il suono !
Pure innanzi a beltade ira tramonta :
E Fiorenza, ch' l' i gioio ange, o scolora,
Dice ammirando, ' Oimè ! quas' io perlonò ! '"

Of the compositions in prose which have
been preserved, the two which strike us as
the most important are—1st, The prize
essay on the Philosophical Writings of
Cicero—and 2d, The review of Professor
Rossetti's Disquisition on certain questions
connected with Dante. They will both am-
ply repay perusal, being remarkable for the
masterly ease with which an unusual amount
of information is pressed into the service of
original thought, and for clearness and en-
ergy of style. We can find room, however,
for only a single passage from the remarks
on Rossetti's disquisitions. We cite it, again
entreating the reader to bear in mind that
all these productions were nothing more than
the youthful exercises of a mind still full of
growth—mere prolusions—which, as far as
Arthur Hallam was concerned, had done

their business—and had he lived would, we apprehend, never have shown themselves again.

“Unfortunately there are some people still in the world (we do not suppose we stand alone) who are inclined to prefer the non-sense of Petrarch to the reason of Rossetti. The poems, whose literal sense he assures us is so unintelligible and preposterous, have contrived, by no other sense, to charm the minds of many successive generations. For our own part, we confess, so far from seeing anything inexplicable in the fact, that the resurgent literature of Europe bore a peculiar amatory character, we should consider the absence of that character far more unaccountable. Not to insist on the Teutonic and Arabian elements of that civilization, which bore its first and lavish harvest on the fields of Provence, sufficient causes may be found in the change of manners occasioned by Christianity, to explain the increased respect for the female character, which tempered passion with reverence, and lent an ideal color to the daily realities of life. While women were degraded from their natural position in society, it could not be expected that the passions which regard them should be in high esteem among moralists, or should be considered capable of any philosophical application. The sages of the ancient world despised love as a weakness. Calm reason, energetic will—these alone could make a man sovereign over himself; the softer feelings were fit only to make slaves. And they who thought so thought well. The Stoic *κατόρθωμα* was, in these circumstances, the noblest object of human endeavors. To it we owe the example of Rome among nations; of Regulus and Cato among individuals. But with Christianity came a new era. Human nature was to undergo a different development. A Christendom was to succeed an empire; and the proud *αἰγάρκεια* of male virtues was to be tempered with feminine softness. Women were no longer obliged to step out of the boundaries of their sex,—to become Portias and Arrias, in order to conciliate the admiration of the wise. They appeared in their natural guise, simple and dignified, ‘As one intended first, not after made Occasionally.’ This great alteration of social manners produced a corresponding change in the tone of morality. The Church, too, did its utmost for the ladies. The calendar swelled as fast from one sex as from the other. Children were taught to look for models of heroism, not, as heretofore, in the apathetic sublimity of suicidal patriots, but in the virgin martyrs, whose burnings and dislocations constitute the

most interesting portion of legendary biography. The worship of the Virgin soon accustomed Catholic minds to contemplate perfection in a female form. And what is that worship itself, but the exponent of a restless longing in man’s unsatisfied soul, which must ever find a personal shape, wherein to embody his moral ideas, and will choose for that shape, wherp he can, a nature not too remote from his own, but resembling in dissimilitude, and flattering at once his vanity by the likeness, and his pride by the difference?”

We think we have now given extracts enough to induce our readers to go and judge for themselves. Indeed, when we reflect how crude are the opinions, and how undeveloped the powers even of promising young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one, we believe that no one who looks into this book will fail to admit that Arthur Hallam’s contemporaries had good reason for the love and admiration with which they regarded him. Though it is difficult to say upon what division of the intellect he would finally have concentrated his energies, that he would have succeeded, and succeeded splendidly, in whatever he undertook, is certain. But such earthly triumphs were denied to him by Providence, and his friends, who still retain for him, one and all, their unchilled and unchangeable affection, must be satisfied with knowing that he will go down to posterity, as perhaps the most interesting of that highly interesting class of men, whom Shelley in his *Adonais* designates as “the inheritors of unfulfilled renown.”

This volume also contains a short memoir of Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam—Arthur’s only brother. He seems, like Arthur, to have impressed his friends with a high idea of his character and his talents, and to have inspired them with the same deep and tender affection. As, however (probably because his broken-hearted father shrunk from a repetition of the painful task which he had once nerved himself to accomplish), nothing of his is here given to the world, we must refer our readers to the memoir itself. From it they will learn how the honorable name of Hallam missed, by a second domestic tragedy, all but as mournful as the first, its last remaining chance of becoming illustrious in the present generation.

From The Quarterly Review.

Miscellanies. Collected and edited by Earl Stanhope. London, 1863.

"I hate all kings, and the thrones they sit on,
From the King of France to the Caliph of
Britain!"

THUS sung or said, in the bitterness of exile—detesting alike the false friend who had made a cat's-paw of him, and the open foe who had set a price upon his head—one who is well known to fame, though not in his poetical capacity. These, and six other lines of about equal merit, constitute the poetical remains of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," the last representative (for poor Cardinal York may be left out of the question) of the author of "The King's Quair" and "Christie Kirk of the Grene"!*

For our introduction to the Lays of the Last Stuart discovered among the Stuart papers at Windsor, we are indebted to Lord Stanhope, who has included them in the pleasing little volume of "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse," which, although (as he remarks in his preface) almost wholly unconnected in subject or in period, are yet worthy of permanent record, and which we cordially thank him for having preserved. Fragmentary as they are, they are full of interest, and afford us useful hints as to the mental habits of some of our greatest men, of what they had to do and to endure. Indeed, they who are disposed to envy the career of great statesmen or commanders, would soon be cured of ambition if they would look closely into the lives of those who have won the highest prizes and achieved the brightest distinctions.

What minister ever attained so early and so brilliant a success as Mr. Pitt? Yet, powerful and respected as he was, we find—to speak of the affairs of Ireland alone—his wise and far-sighted plans for the improvement of that country baffled by faction; we see him laboring hard to satisfy disappointed friends, and to check the arrogance of new allies. Some idea of his mortifications and embarrassments may be gathered from his wise, considerate, and feeling letters to the Duke of Rutland, Lord Westmorland, and Lord Fitzwilliam, which Lord Stanhope has included in this collection.†

But so it is to the end of his life. Where—

* See Irving's "History of Scottish Poetry." Edinburgh, 1861.

† See also *Quarterly Review*, vol. 109.

ever we catch a glimpse of him, in office or out of office, an atmosphere of disquietude surrounds him; yet that disquietude never affected the tranquillity of his spirit, or the spell which he exercised over all who approached him. Worthy Mr. Christmas, of the Bank of England, who used to work with him at accounts, never to the end of his days lost his temper *during the hours of business*, simply because Mr. Pitt had told him not to do so; and immediately after Mr. Pitt's death his private secretary, Mr. W. D. Adams, writes:—

"It is not the loss of his vast talents and unexampled public services which affects me now—though they will be embalmed in the recollection of a grateful posterity—but the remembrance of his unnumbered kindnesses, of that goodness and gentleness of manner, and of that purity of mind, which I never saw equalled in man."*

Lord Stanhope points out "that the bold and resolute order to seize the Spanish treasure-ships—an order which was carried into effect near Cadiz on the 5th of October following, and which led to a declaration of war on the part of Spain—was entirely and beyond all question the act of Mr. Pitt," as is shown by a letter addressed by Pitt to Lord Harrowby in Sept., 1804, and now for the first time published.† Readers of English History will remember that his father resigned office in 1761—because the Cabinet shrank from giving a similar order.

The contemplation of such a life as Mr. Pitt's would give us little taste for statecraft. But it will be said that these cares belong exclusively to high office. Let us see how it fared with Burke, who was scarcely in office at all.

"*Memorandum by the Right Hon. E. Burke.*
"1794.

"Mr. Burke understands that Mr. Pitt is so obliging as to think that his humble industry in his thirty years' service may without impropriety be recommended to his majesty's gracious consideration.

"Mr. Burke has never asked for anything, nor suggested any reward. It never did become him, nor does it now become him, to suppose that he has any merit to entitle him to the particular favor of the crown or of the public. He is sensible that he has done nothing beyond his strict duty.

"But if he is permitted to compare his en-

* "Miscellanies," p. 37.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 22-25.

deavors and rewards, not with the standard of his duty, but with contemporary examples, he would submit the following matters to judges more impartial than he can be in his own case.

"In the year 1782 Lord Rockingham was minister. Mr. Burke's connections with that noble person were of the closest kind. About that time, or a little before, Mr. Burke was deeply concerned in a great variety of affairs, and was supposed to be of some use, both in producing good and in averting evil. At that period this was pretty generally acknowledged by all parties. Mr. Burke believes it to be in the memory of many that a surprise was expressed that a provision for him had not been recommended by his particular friends and oldest connections, when so much was done by them for absolute strangers.

"The fact is, that for the general accommodation in forming what was called an administration upon a broad bottom, Mr. Burke did cheerfully postpone every pretension of his, whether grounded on connection or service. He privately forwarded, and he publicly defended, a permanent provision for Colonel Barré and Mr. Dunning. Besides Colonel Barré's office in possession (as good as Mr. Burke's), that gentleman obtained a pension of £3,000 a year. Mr. Dunning obtained a peerage with the Duchy for life, made up by a pension to £4,000 a year, although he was possessed of a very ample fortune.

"Mr. Burke never did solicit the Pay Office. It was offered to him. He held it in all about a year under two administrations. It is the only place he ever held. During the time he held it, amongst the multiplicity of his other occupations, he employed himself with pains, not easily described, to form a new constitution for that office, and to carry a Bill for that purpose through the House of Commons. He flatters himself that, in that Bill, useful regulations were made; and savings of some importance with regard to public money ensued in consequence of them.

"Mr. Burke certainly does not mean to compare his abilities with those of the two gentlemen he alludes to. It is allowed to a man to speak of his industry. As for real labor in mind and body, he had even then—that is, so long ago as 1782—worked more in any three months than they had done in their whole lives. Lord Ashburton's professional industry is put out of the question; it was private; it had no relation to the State, and that kind of toil (whatever its value may be) rewards itself very sufficiently.

"The arrangement for these two gentlemen was made twelve years ago. During

the twelve, Mr. Burke's exertions have continued—in what way, or with what merit in any of the particulars, it is not for him to judge. It is certain that, notwithstanding his very advanced age, his industry has not been relaxed in any course in which such small abilities as his could possibly employ it. During that period his circumstances have not been improved. Many expenses, more easily felt than calculated, are necessarily attendant on such exertions as his. A total neglect of a man's private affairs is likewise the inevitable consequence of occupations that engross the whole man. Mr. Barré came into Parliament in 1763, and had his settlement in 1782. Mr. Dunning came into Parliament later than Mr. Burke, and had his at the same time with Mr. Barré. Mr. Burke came in at the end of 1765—near thirty years ago. Many since then have been raised to honors and emoluments, whose labors have not been greater.

"Lord Auckland is another instance. His figure in Parliament was never considerable. It may not be perfectly good policy to consider no services as of any high estimation except those done in office. Perhaps the most essential are those done in the House of Commons: and rank there (though not a thing to be exactly defined) ought to stand as high as rank that is official. It is not meant in the least to depreciate Lord Auckland's talents or services. Both are respectable. The services, however, received some part of their recompense as they were performed. Almost ever since he came into Parliament he has been in lucrative situations. He has something in present possession not contemptible. He has something secured. He has a peerage; and all this in the prime and vigor of his life. Mr. Burke does not conceive that whatever his majesty may be graciously pleased to do for Mr. Burke in the present temper of the public mind would be more unpopular or ill received in the nation than what has been done for any of these gentlemen."

This quiet statement of his claims upon the public re-appears in a more rhetorical form in his passionate and pathetic "Letter to a Noble Lord, on the Attacks made upon him and his Pension by the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale," which no one can read without emotion, and which will last as long as the English language. We cannot think that in this matter any great advance has been made in the science of government when we consider, that if another Edmund Burke were to appear, with

all the genius and all the patriotism of the first; and if with zeal, constancy, and self-denial like his, he were to devote a long life to the public service, and to make contributions to political science which must enter into and become part of the mind of every real statesman in all future time; yet if he did not happen to have held office of a particular class for the period fixed by Statute (and, perhaps, even if he had so held office), it would not be in the power of the crown to relieve the anxieties and embarrassments of the exhausted statesman and philosopher in his declining years. Poor as we are in high political talent, surely on this point at least we are still poorer in spirit.

The volume before us affords several indications of the conscientious care which Lord Stanhope has taken to arrive at right conclusions upon historical subjects, and shows the candid and liberal spirit in which he conducts his inquiries. It appears that upon one occasion in 1833 he invited Sir Robert Peel's comments upon a sketch which he had prepared of the character of Sir Robert Walpole. The subject had been recently treated of by Mr. Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review*. Sir Robert Peel's observations, from which we subjoin an extract, show (what we, indeed, previously knew from very special experience) how easily and how well he could wield the critic's pen on historical and political subjects. After discussing the nature and extent of the corruption ascribed to Walpole, Sir Robert Peel proceeds:—

"You say that the knowledge of Walpole was incredibly scanty; and you repeat the story, which appears to rest on the authority of Yorke, the attorney-general, that in the course of a debate in the House of Commons Walpole heard for the first time of Empson and Dudley.

"If this be so, it serves to increase the miracle of the natural powers of Walpole's intellect. But is it credible that he could be so deficient in literature and acquired knowledge? Is it consistent with the known facts respecting him, and the reports of disinterested and very competent judges? When Steele was threatened with expulsion, and when Addison was commissioned to write the speech that Steele was to make in his own defence, the speech actually delivered by Steele was not the elaborate composition of Addison, but the extemporaneous suggestion of Walpole, who the next day,

says Bishop Newton, on the authority of Pulteney, made another speech, as good or better, on the same subject, but totally different from the former, 'which particulars are mentioned as illustrious proofs of his uncommon eloquence.'

"Lord Hardwicke describes him as 'a great master of the commercial and political interests of this country;' a character which it is not very easy to reconcile with utter ignorance of the main facts of English history. Walpole's speech on the Peerage Bill is the speech of an accomplished scholar. Speaker Onslow mentions it as a speech of as much natural eloquence and genius as had ever been heard within those walls. Onslow repeats the striking passage in it, 'that the usual path to the Temple of Honor had been through the Temple of Virtue; but by this Bill it was now to be only through the sepulchre of a dead ancestor;' and adds that in this strain Walpole bore down everything before him.

"I have no doubt that in the general tenor of his speeches he accommodated himself to the audience which it was his business to convince. He depreciated to his sons the flowing harangues of Pitt, Lyttelton, and Pulteney; and said to them that when he had answered Sir John Barnard and Lord Polwarth he considered that he had concluded the debate.

"I presume he found the addresses of Sir John and Lord Polwarth more effective on their side the question than more classical and elaborate harangues. The truth is, that so far as the great majority of his audience was concerned, he had blocks to cut, and he chose a fitter instrument than a razor to cut them with. 'They thought of dining;' and he first convinced, and then dined with them; and in those days no doubt the dinner was a powerful instrument in facilitating the conviction of country gentlemen.

"You draw a parallel between the characters of Strafford and Walpole, manifestly, and, I think, in an undue degree, to the advantage of Strafford. . . .

"... Surely Walpole was a brave man. Surely that man who withstood for twenty years, and maintained his power against the attacks of such formidable opponents as those who were arrayed against him; who never once quailed before an antagonist; who, when conquered, retired fighting alone, with his face towards his enemies,—with all his wounds, like the Roman soldier's *adverso fronte*,—surely he must have had courage and resolution and contempt of danger, which, had circumstances required the romantic exercise of such qualities, would have shone forth with the same lustre which gilded the decline of Strafford.

"You contrast the qualities of Walpole with those of Strafford, in the same spirit with which you contrast the scaffold on which the one died by a violent and unjust death with the bed in which the other, full of years, lay suffering by the stone. You might also contrast the armor of Strafford with the velvet waistcoat of Walpole, or the helmet of one with the full-bottomed wig of the other. No doubt the qualities displayed in the time of fierce civil contention—in the revolution of opinions and forms of government, are much more interesting, much more captivating in description, than the qualities by which a new dynasty is to be gradually confirmed, and by which peace at home and abroad is to be secured. No doubt the cumbersome dress in which a corpulent minister sweats at a levee in the dog-days is a much worse subject for a picture (particularly when one is by Kneller, and the other by Vanddyke) than the flashing armor in which a statesman goes to the council in order that he may be ready for the field. But in estimating the characters and conduct of men living at different periods, in apportioning to each their respective merit or blame, justice cannot be done unless due allowance be made for the difference of circumstances imposing different duties, and calling into action different qualities. . . .

"Try Walpole and Strafford by the *result* of their counsels, by their result to the monarchs whom they served, and how powerful would the contrast be in favor of Walpole! The test would be an unfair one; but not so unfair as the adventitious circumstances which you have enlisted in aid of Strafford. Desertion in extreme peril by the prince whom he had faithfully served, an unjust sentence, death on the scaffold, endured with the most becoming and affecting courage; these things naturally attract the sympathies of mankind around the person and the memory of the sufferer. Lips compressed in iron resolution, and glances of fire, are very becoming to a hero; they suit the iron times in which Strafford lived; but why not let Walpole 'laugh the heart's laugh, and nod the approving head,' if the heart's laugh was not out of place, and if, in spite of his enemies, he kept a head wherewith to nod his approbation?"

So far, then, for statesmen. Not only are their days spent in strife, but their successors a hundred years later are still at issue as to their merits. It does not appear that warriors are much happier. In the "Miscellanies" we find a letter from Sir John

Moore to Lady Hester Stanhope, which possesses a melancholy interest:—

"SALAMANCA, November 23, 1808.

"I received some time ago your letter of the 24th October. I shall be very glad to receive James, if he wishes to come to me as an extra aide-de-camp, though I have already too many, and am obliged, or shall be, to take a young Fitzclarence. But I have a sincere regard for James, and, besides, can refuse you nothing, but to follow your advice. He must get the commander-in-chief's leave to come to Spain. He may then join me. He will, however, come to late; I shall already be beaten. I am within four marches of the French, with only a third of my force; and as the Spaniards have been dispersed in all quarters, my junction with the other two-thirds is very precarious; and when we all join, we shall be very inferior to the enemy. The Spanish Government is weak and imbecile; their armies have at no time been numerous; and the country is not armed, nor, as far as I can judge, enthusiastic. We have been completely deceived by the contemptible fellows chosen as correspondents to the armies; and now the discovery comes a little too late. Charles is not yet arrived; his was one of the best regiments that left Lisbon, and was not intended to join us, if I in compassion to his melancholy countenance had not found a pretext. We are in a scrape; but I hope we shall have spirit to get out of it. You must, however, be prepared to hear very bad news.

"The troops are in as good spirits as if things were better; their appearance and good conduct surprise the green Spaniards, who had never before seen any but their own or French soldiers.

"Farewell, my dear Lady Hester: if I extricate myself and those with me from our present difficulties, and if I can beat the French, I shall return to you with satisfaction; but if not, it will be better that I should never quit Spain.

"I remain always

"Very faithfully and sincerely yours,
"JOHN MOORE."*

This letter was written on the 23d November. On the 16th of the following January he fell in his victorious fight at Corunna; and Lady Hester's name was on his lips in his dying moments. Sir John Moore was a gallant soldier and a skilful commander. His country has appreciated the difficulties he had to surmount, and it holds his memory in honor. But his tone of despondency

* "Miscellanies," pp. 67-75.

* "Miscellanies," p. 61.

contrasts painfully with the hopefulness which never deserted the Duke of Wellington. For instance, before dawn on the 18th of June, the very day of the battle of Waterloo, the duke wrote to Sir C. Stuart:—

"The Prussians will be ready again in the morning for anything. Pray keep the English [at Brussels] quiet if you can. Let them all prepare to move, but neither be in a hurry nor a fright, as all will yet turn out well."

In pursuance of the system which we have noticed, of testing his opinions by those of others, Lord Stanhope appears to have reminded the Duke of Wellington of his own saying, that the presence of Napoleon in the field was equivalent to a reinforcement of 40,000 men. The duke, who was always a little jealous of any reference to his acts or words, writes as if startled at his own energy of expression, and enters into a practical explanation, which is well worth recording:—

"*Memorandum by the Duke of Wellington.*

"Sept. 18, 1836.

"It is very true that I have often said that I considered Napoleon's presence in the field to be equal to 40,000 men in the balance.

"This is a very loose way of talking; but the idea is a very different one from that of his presence at a battle being equal to a reinforcement of 40,000 men.

"I'll explain my meaning.

"1. Napoleon was a *grand homme de guerre*, possibly the greatest that ever appeared at the head of a French army.

"2. He was the sovereign of the country as well as the military chief of the army. That country was constituted upon a military basis. All its institutions were framed for the purpose of forming and maintaining its armies with a view to conquest. All the offices and rewards of the State were reserved in the first instance exclusively for the army. An officer, even a private soldier, of the army might look to the sovereignty of a kingdom as the reward for his services. It is obvious that the presence of the sovereign with an army so constituted must greatly excite their exertions.

"3. It was quite certain that all the resources of the French State, civil, political, financial, as well as military, were turned towards the seat of the operations which Napoleon himself should direct.

"4. Every sovereign in command of an army enjoys advantages against him who exercises only a delegated power, and who acts

under orders and responsibilities. But Napoleon enjoyed more advantages of this description than any other sovereign that ever appeared. His presence, as stated by me more than once, was likely not only to give to the French army all the advantages above detailed, but to put an end to all the jealousies of the French marshals and their counteraction of each other, whether founded upon bad principles and passions, or their fair differences of opinion. The French army thus had a unity of action.

"These four considerations induced me to say generally that his presence ought to be considered as forty thousand men in the scale. But the idea is obviously very loose, as must be seen by a moment's reflection.

"If the two armies opposed to each other were forty thousand men on each side, his presence could not be equal to a reinforcement of forty thousand men on the side of the French army; nor even if they were sixty thousand men on each side, or possibly even eighty thousand men on each side.

"It is clear, however, that wherever he went he carried with him an obvious advantage. I don't think that I ought to be quoted as calling that advantage as equal to a reinforcement of forty thousand men under all possible circumstances.

"I quite agree that the Duke of Marlborough is the greatest man that ever appeared at the head of a British army.

"He had greater difficulties to contend with in respect to his operations and the command of his troops in the field than I had. I had no Dutch deputies to control my movements or intentions, whether to fight or otherwise. But, on the other hand, I had armies to co-operate with me, upon whose operations I could not reckon, owing to the defective state of their discipline and their equipments, and their deficiencies of all kinds. I could not rely upon ten thousand of them doing what five hundred ought to do, or upon their doing anything, much less upon their doing what ten thousand ought to do. The Duke of Marlborough did not labor under this inconvenience.

"Then the Duke of Marlborough carried on his operations in countries fully peopled in proportion to their extent. He never experienced any inconveniences from the want of supplies of provisions. It was impossible to move at all in the Peninsula without previously concerted arrangements for the supply of the troops with provisions, means of transports, etc.

"The Duke of Marlborough's difficulties were greater than mine in relation to his own operations; mine were greater than his in every other respect.

"But this is not all.

"The Duke of Marlborough generally, if not always, commanded an army superior to his enemy in the field. The army commanded by me was always inferior, not only in reference to the description of troops, but even in numbers, to the enemy.

"But that which I particularly object to is the last paragraph.

"I have always, in public as well as in private, declared my obligations to the Government for the encouragement and support which they gave me, and the confidence with which they treated me.

"I was not *the* Government, as the Duke of Marlborough was; nor were all the resources of this nation at my command to carry on the war which I was conducting, as the resources of Great Britain, in the time of Queen Anne—military, naval, political, and financial—were at the command of the Duke of Marlborough. The nation at that time were heart-in-hand, bent upon carrying on that war. France was not then so powerful as she was from 1808 to 1814; England was not threatened with invasion; it was not necessary to protect Sicily by an army of twenty thousand men of the best troops. The United States had not been formed, and it was not necessary to defend our vital interests on the Continent of America against their attack. The resources of the country then, instead of being exclusively devoted to carry on the war which I conducted, were unavoidably devoted to other objects.

"Besides all this, there was a formidable opposition to the Government in Parliament, which opposed itself particularly to the operations of the war in the Peninsula.

"It would not be fair to compare the conduct of the Government of the Regency in relation to the war which I conducted, with the conduct of the Government in the reign of Queen Anne. I cannot and never have complained of them; and I should not like to say that I 'supported the Government more than they supported me.'

"In one sense it is true.

"It is quite certain that my opinion alone was the cause of the continuance of the war in the Peninsula. My letters show that I encouraged, nay forced, the Government to persevere in it. The successes of the operations of the army supported them in power. But it is not true that they did not, in every way in their power, as individuals, as ministers, and as a Government, support me."*

One of the discussions in the "Miscellanies" relates to Blue and Buff; and the question, "Why were these the Whig colors?" is asked by Lord Stanhope in vain.

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, speaking of the

* "Miscellanies," pp. 82-86.

year 1781, says that Mr. Fox in the House of Commons constantly wore a blue frock-coat and a buff waistcoat. "Nor ought it to be forgotten," says Sir Nathaniel, "that these colors then constituted the distinguishing badge or uniform of the American insurgents."

The first witness examined by Lord Stanhope was a very old and steady member of the Whig party, too stanch to trouble himself about reasons—Sir Robert Adair. Sir Robert

"had worn the colors for years, but never knew why, except that they were worn by Mr. Fox, but had heard that they were the colors of General Washington's regiment. He had also heard, from some of the philosophical Whigs, who find a reason for everything, that those colors were emblematical of the Revolution of 1688. The Blue, they said, was the old Tory true blue; the Buff was a descendant of the Dutch Orange of King William, but by degrees the Orange became Yellow, as harmonizing better with the Blue. 'You see,' he continues, 'how fanciful all this is. In the mean time habit goes its course; and here I am, at the end of so many years, to the great annoyance of my *valet de chambre*, with nothing else in my wardrobe for him when I die.'

Lord Sidney Osborne had heard from the late Earl of Chichester that blue and buff were the colors of the Goodwood Hunt of that day, and were very naturally adopted by the political followers of the Duke of Richmond, and still more so by his nephew, Charles Fox.

Lord Macaulay was inclined to think the selection of these colors fortuitous; that is, that Mr. Fox having, without any particular motive or design, commonly attired himself in a blue coat and buff waistcoat, these colors became the fashion among his followers, merely from attachment to him.

Mr. Jared Sparks writes from Cambridge, Massachusetts: "It has always been understood here that the American uniform, buff and blue, was adopted from the Whig costume or badges, previously used in England or Scotland."

Thus far Lord Stanhope and his correspondents. Leaving it to the Whigs to account for their colors and their opinions,—if they can,—we may be permitted to refer to a passage from Sir Walter Scott's notes to the ballad called "The Battle of Both-

well Bridge," in the "Border Minstrelsy," from which it would appear that the blue was not as Sir Robert Adair supposed, a Tory color:—

"Then he set up the flag of red,
A' set about in bonny blue."

"Blue was the favorite color of the Covenanters: hence the vulgar phrase of a true blue Whig. Spalding informs us that when the first army of Covenanters entered Aberdeen, few or none 'wanted [i. e. were without] a blue ribband; the Lord Gordon and some others of the Marquis [of Huntley's] family had a ribband, when they were dwelling in the town, of a red fresh color, which they wore in their hats, and called it the *royal ribband*, as a sign of their love and loyalty to the king. In despite and derision thereof, the blue ribband was worn, and called the *Covenanters' ribband*, by the hail [whole] soldiers of the army, who would not bear of the royal ribband, such was their pride and malice.' After the departure of this first army, the town was occupied by the barons of the royal party, and they were once more expelled by the Covenanters, who plundered the burgh and country adjacent. 'No fowl, cock, or hen (says Spalding) left unkilld, the hail house dogs, messens (i. e., lapdogs), and whelps within Aberdeen killed upon the streets; so that neither hound, messen, nor other dog was left alive that they could see. The reason was this: when the first army came here, ilk captain and soldier had a blue ribband about his craig [neck]; in despite and derision whereof, when they removed from Aberdeen, some women of Aberdeen, as was alleged, knit blue ribbands about their messens' craigs, whereat their soldiers took offence, and killed their dogs for this very cause.'"

Whatever may be thought of Sir Robert Walpole's scholarship, we ought not to forget that his biographer Archdeacon Coxe assures us that his character at Eton was that of an excellent scholar, and also that he subsequently passed two years at King's College, Cambridge, being at the time a younger son, intended for Orders. We have often had occasion to refer to the fact that a large proportion of our most distinguished public men have been men of high literary cultivation; and attached especially to the literature of the ancient world, from which the northern mind can best derive and assimilate high thought and fit diction. We find Lord Stanhope calling into council, on the subject of Human Sacrifice among the

Romans, not a conclave of College dons, but Peel and Macaulay, whose minds are accordingly applied to the subject, each according to the laws of its own nature.* Turning to another recent work,† we find Henry Brougham, in 1812, on the eve of his great contest for Liverpool, in the midst of the severest struggles in law and politics, minutely superintending Leigh Hunt's translation of the "Ode to Pyrrha," and suggesting fresh delicacies for his version of Acme and Septimius." Thus, also, Mr. Gladstone has evinced in every possible way his abiding attachment to ancient literature; and we have had occasion to notice Lord Derby's very similar tastes, of which indeed we hear—but have no personal knowledge of the fact—that he has recently given additional proofs. Sir George Lewis's familiarity with antiquity is as well known as his indefatigable industry in the discharge of his official duties; and his profoundly learned elucidation of the Calabrian Inscription, submitted to him by his friend Baron Munchausen, has placed him first among the recoverers of lost tongues. Earl Russell, it is certain, once produced a tragedy‡—and a very sad one; also a novel,§ which was still sadder. Lord Palmerston had credit for several excellent *jeux d'esprit*, which appeared in the "New Whig Guide," when Lord Liverpool was minister; and among others for the well-known lines:—

"For a very small man with the Tories
Is a very great man with the Whigs."

But since he became the New Whig Guide himself, we have not heard of his pursuing this vein of pleasantry. We wish we had room for a pretty Valentine, addressed by Lord Macaulay to Lord Stanhope's youthful daughter. But we have already borrowed too largely from the volume before us, although we leave behind many papers of the highest interest. Fox, Pitt, and Canning, as well as Macaulay, were authors of charades still extant. We will conclude this desultory paper with an enigma, by the great Lord Chatham, printed from the pa-

* "Miscellanies," p. 112.

† "Correspondence of Leigh Hunt." London, 1862.

‡ "Don Carlos."

§ "The Nun of Arrouca."

pers at Chevening, the solution of which we will leave to our readers :—

"To discover the name that my verse would express,

A letter you'll first from the alphabet guess;
Which letter by this may be easily known—
Its shape is the very reverse of your own.
Say next, if a fair one too rashly exposes
A beauteous complexion of lilies and roses,
What the beams of the sun will infallibly do
To deaden their lustre and sully their hue.
Add to these, what induces the amorous swain
To persist in his vows though received with
disdain;

What comforts the wretch whom his fortunes
oppress,

And arms him with courage to bear his distress.

These joined all together will make up the name

Of a family known in the annals of fame :

'Tis the name of a countess, whose portrait in vain

My muse would attempt in so humble a strain.

Should I say she's the fairest of all the fair
sex,

Your judgment it only would serve to perplex :

For, though known and acknowledged by all to
be true,

Your manners bespeak it a secret to you."*

* "Miscellanies," p. 93.

HORTICULTURE ABROAD.—So soon as it was decided that the Horticultural Society should hold an international exhibition of fruits, cereals and other vegetables, the Council of the Society addressed explanatory letters to the British consuls all over the world. Some of the replies are not without interest. Thus, the consul at Islay, in Peru, writes: "In reply to your letter, permit me to observe that it supposes a much more advanced state of horticulture than at present exists in Peru. Horticulture, indeed, can scarcely be said to exist at all here, — at least only of a very limited kind. There is a little rude cultivation of fruit-trees and garden vegetables; but such a person as a nursery-man, I believe, is not known." The following is from the letter of our consul at Tabruz, in Persia: "You will understand the difficulty and delay which attend collections of this kind in this country, when I inform you that to obtain good seed of some species of fruits I am obliged to have the latter consumed in my house; the seed one usually finds in the market being of mixed good and bad without distinction, and that to procure really good melon-seed, for instance, a large consumption of the fruit is required, as probably not one melon in five sold in the market is worth eating. In flowers Persia is very poor, excepting in such as grow wild in the mountains, and to which little attention is given. The country from north to south produces many kinds of rice of delicious and delicate quality, but as it is not procurable here in the husk I refrain from sending specimens, at least for the present. There are no nurserymen or horticulturists in Persia to whose notice to bring the programme and schedule of the Society which you have transmitted to me." The consul from Varna reports thus: "I regret to be obliged to state, that after having made diligent inquiries in all the principal towns within my consular jurisdiction, I have heard that no such class of persons exists as florists, horticulturists or nurserymen, within the limits of my consular jurisdiction up to the present moment; but I have heard with great satisfaction that His Majesty the Sultan has decreed the formation of establishments for the study of the above-mentioned branches in various parts of the em-

pire; and I presume that this province, which is an important one, will not be left without them. Agriculture itself is in a most deplorable state, the implements of husbandry being of a most primitive nature, being in fact precisely of the same kind as those which were in use hundreds of years ago; which is much to be regretted, as the soil is very fertile, and if cultivated properly, would yield at least three times the produce it does at present."—*Athenæum*.

THE many English admirers of the most thoughtful, and perhaps the most original of modern sculptors, will be glad to hear that Mr. Story's chisel has not been idle lately. His chief finished work has been a statue of Judith. Its conception—a remarkable deviation from the common look of flushed exultation and vindictive triumph which Italian artists give—is that of an appeal to Heaven to vindicate the justice of the great deed done. There is no faltering of purpose in the gaze strained upwards, no looseness in the grasp of the sword, but the consciousness of an untold sacrifice, the sense of a gulf between the present and the past, the dilatation of a mind that is pleading with the invisible world, are unmistakably graven on brow and attitude. A smaller statue of Hero looking for Leander, torch in hand, is almost faultless in its representation of anxious, doubtful search. The timid, beautiful girl, overmastered for the moment by one sentiment, will probably re-appear in a hundred imitations, and become a household form. Mr. Story is at present engaged on a statue of Saul, the clay model of which has just been completed. Here there was no artistic tradition — like the Moses of Michael Angelo — to suggest or warn. The Jewish King is seated, but sits as if he might start up in a moment; his brows are bent as if in thought; his hands play with a sword; his face is working with the disquietude of the evil spirit within, or with the thought of royalty at stake, the deathless type of kingship at feud with prophecy; he is tyrant—Eastern tyrant, perhaps—but over all heroic.—*Spectator*, 24 Jan.

From The Spectator, 24 Jan.

THE LETTER TO GENERAL FOREY.

THE letter addressed by the emperor to General Forey on the 3d of July, and published this week, is worth attention for one reason alone. His majesty says, indeed, that the Mexicans are to select their own form of government, but everybody knew that he would be sure in a correspondence almost official to repeat that accustomed profession. He directs his general also to frame a Provisional Government, but most people had guessed the mode in which he would nullify the previous declaration. He expressed distinctly his prejudice in favor of the monarchical form, but that, as he himself observes, is only a matter "of course." The new point is the avowal of his ultimate and hitherto half-hidden policy—his desire to extend the principle of the balance of power to the American Continent. "It is not," he says openly, "the interest of Europe that the United States should seize possession of all the Mexican Gulf, dominate from thence the Antilles, as well as South America, and be the sole dispenser of the products of the New World." He has determined, therefore, to "restore to the Latin race on the other side of the ocean its strength and *prestige*," to "establish the beneficent influence of France in the centre of America," and thus "to procure the materials indispensable for French industry." This is a distinct recognition at once of the necessity of a balance of power, and of an intention to establish French influence permanently on the American Continent. In other words, the letter acknowledges the commencement of an undertaking vast in its details, vaster in the utter dislocation it must produce in all American foreign policy, vastest of all in the ages of time over which, to be successful, it must be kept in action.

France will do well to ponder that letter, for it pledges her to a work compared with which the reconquest of Hindostan was a small affair; but there seems no reason why England should raise an active objection. As a general question, political uniformity is always an evil, as tending at once to despotism and to a stereotyped form of life, and the existence and activity of two races instead of one must be of future benefit to the great American Continent. There is an un-

healthy sameness in American tendencies which needs just such a check as the neighborhood of a great French colony, too strong to be threatened, or filled with Americans, or openly attacked without risk, is pretty sure to afford. As a particular matter, England is not injured by any reasonable disposition of Mexico. That country, whether a colony, or a dependency, or a protected State, will not increase the strength of France more than India does ours; for France does not gain like England by the power of maintaining a large army out of taxes not paid by her own subjects. Her army is too great by far already. The distant possession will, in peace, draw off surplus French energy, and in war very seriously diminish the offensive strength of her fleet. We have no particular reason to uphold the Monroe doctrine, and if France likes fighting the United States for "influence in the centre of America," England may smilingly hear of strength not wasted against herself.

The objectionable point in the letter is its wonderful vagueness. Hitherto, nations have gone to war for some definite and appreciable cause, capable of being foreseen, or provided against, or removed; but the emperor goes to war for an idea so vast, and withal so transcendental, that diplomacy is at fault. If he may invade Mexico to create a balance of power in North America, why not Burmah to produce a balance of power in Asia, or Peru to restore the "*prestige* of the Latin race" on the South American Continent. There is in this letter a local excuse for any manner of expedition. Nothing can be more opposed to the *prestige* of the Latin race than the present condition of India, where the Anglo-Saxon not only threatens to be, but is, absolute lord. There is no balance of power in Australia; and if this despatch is moral, Napoleon may make a spring at the Gulf of Carpentaria to repress the wars of the native tribes. We all know he will not do it, because there are a certain number of ships in the Channel and of soldiers on shore; but the principles he avows in his letter would justify that and more. They would, in fact, cover an invasion, under any circumstances, anywhere, provided the Latin race gained and the Teutonic lost. Very pleasant all that for the Latins; but their rivals, though not bound to object in action, are not required, either to accept the new doctrine with more than a grave official equanimity.

From The Spectator, 24 Jan.

MR. BERESFORD HOPE ON BELSHAZZAR
AND SARDANAPALUS.

MR. BERESFORD HOPE seems eminently competent to his self-imposed duty of representing the Confederate States in England, nay, perhaps too much so for success. His literary susceptibility to the atmosphere in which he is now immersed is so delicate, that he identifies himself even too closely with his clients, and like the chameleon, he assumes the hue of the nutriment on which he feeds. This is unfortunate for his cause. An advocate's power of entering into the heart of his client's moral situation, should of course be great; but his power of stopping half-way, and resisting the influence of those unpleasant little characteristics which sometimes prejudice a jury, should be great also. The intellect and sympathies of the literary organization may easily be too highly receptive for the task of advocacy, and we fear this is the case with Mr. Beresford Hope. His Maidstone audience on Tuesday were evidently unprepared for the too successful dramatic effort of Mr. Hope's intellect. Some men, it has been said, when they write letters, cease to be themselves and become correspondents. Mr. Hope threw himself with such enthusiasm into his part that he ceased to be an Englishman and became a Confederate. There was all the stormy and lurid fire of the *Richmond Whig* itself in Mr. Hope's address. His panegyric on the South was pitched in a key which startled the common sense of Maidstone. Probably some of his hearers were strongly reminded, by the poetic oratory and the lyrical *Éloge* of the South which it contained, of that noble Mississippian who has left one striking record of himself in the works of Mr. Dickens, Mr. Putnam Smif: "I am young and ardent, for there is a poetry in wildness, and every alligator basking in the slime is, in himself, an Epic self-contained." That Mr. Beresford Hope is young we are not confident, but genuine enthusiasm will sometimes relax the "binding crust of years," and he is certainly even more ardent in his praise of his young alligator than even Mr. Putnam Smif. Nor is his oratory much less chaste than that of this gentleman, though its choicest efforts are reserved for invective against the enemies of the South. A year ago, he said, when the hopes of the South were at their lowest ebb, he had predicted their success, and "at that time he felt that he was really a prophet," and now he has added to the foresight of the prophet the inspiration of the bard. The cause of the Slave States, he says, is "the cause of freedom, the cause of English feeling, the cause of constitutional government all over the

world. . . . We were all of us hero-worshippers; the names of those who had carried out any great cause were wound round our hearts; and he asserted that when the present age came to take up the bead-roll of its greatest men—those whose burning patriotism combined with calm statesmanship made them the fathers of a country struggling into new life—by the side of Cavour would blaze in history with an equal glory the name of Jefferson Davis—(cheers and dissent)—that man, of a British descent, of a British name, who spoke and wrote so nobly the British language. Heroes would go with heroes—Davis with Cavour, and Stonewall Jackson with Garibaldi."

This is a very noble tribute to the man whose popularity began when he "stumped" the State of Mississippi to persuade it to repudiate its debt, and whose last act has authorized a cold-blooded massacre of fellow-creatures guilty of no crime but a preference of liberty to slavery. But Mr. Hope is ardent; and he cannot see the difficulty which occurred to an English audience in showering all the civic virtues on the epic alligator with its dangerous jaws. He is carried up on the wings of his own metaphor into a rapture of new expectation. "The Confederate nation," he says, "has passed the Red Sea; in God's name let us give them a helping hand to reach the promised land." Well, no doubt, they have made an effective exodus of it across the Potomac, following to the letter, by the way, the injunction to despoil the Egyptians by their cunning; but Mr. Hope's poetical imagination scarcely does justice here to the shrewd motives of his modern Pharaoh-Moses. Moses, we thought, contrived the exodus in order to set free a nation of slaves, and availed himself of the sojourn in the desert to teach them a little moral law, as a good preliminary to independence. Was that precisely Mr. Davis's object in seceding? He appeared to us to have taken good care to explain why he bolted so suddenly across the Potomac—namely, in order to do with his slaves more entirely as he pleased—in order to avoid teaching them anything at all, in order to drag them into the promised land of perfect bondage. Mr. Hope begs us, in God's name, to aid them; but the value of a promised land must depend after all on him who gives the promise, and the English people have a feeling that, in God's name, the longer this promised land remains a prospective gift, the better.

Mr. Hope seems, however, like his model, the *Richmond Whig*, to be at present greatest in withering scorn. Only that, while his model raves against those "painted mummies, Palmerston and Russell," Mr. Hope

discharges similar batteries against poor Mr. Lincoln. Like an artful orator he begins gently, by showing from what a height of learning he looks down upon such a man as Mr. Lincoln. A year ago Mr. Hope had applied a recondite classical term to Mr. Lincoln's subordinates, of the very existence of which Mr. Lincoln was probably ignorant: "Referring to his former lecture, Mr. Hope remarked that he was, on that occasion, the first to use the word pro-consul as applied to the governors whom President Lincoln sent to tyrannize over the temporarily won Southern provinces. President Lincoln would not probably ever have heard the word in his life; it had, however, frequently been used since in the public press. He (Mr. Hope) had applied it to such men as General Butler, and he thought there was something prophetic in his having singled him out as a type of the individuals to whom he had referred." This is the advantage of a thorough university training for a prophet. You can not only anticipate the future, but you have the pick of all the best words for describing it; and may even be able to call your adversary names he does not himself understand. It is exceedingly creditable to Mr. Hope to have mastered the word "pro-consul," and to have led the van of all the public writers of England in the use of that felicitous expression. But though we are partly prepared by this prelude for the great crash of triumphant oratory which follows it, he introduces it by a little bit of modest apology: "Mr. Hope then proceeded to refer to the manner in which he had been criticized for having in his former lecture applied to President Lincoln the term 'rail-splitter, bargee, and attorney.' He considered that President Lincoln's antecedents and his subsequent proceedings had justified this *plain language*. The selection of such a man as ruler of thirty millions of people was as hideous a spectacle as history presented. As a former member of Congress he had acquired a distinguished character as a standing buffoon, and a reciter of indecent stories to the House, when he could get a few members together to listen to him. He had just a sufficient glimmering of public matters to make his acceptance of the presidency an offence of the blackest dye—an offence which Heaven might pardon, but which was unforgivable on earth."

Mr. Hope evidently has the true Yankee impression that to call a man what he is—if that should happen to indicate a position not very high in the social scale—is the most terrible of insults. The only misgiving indicated in this grand piece of invective is, whether that "plain language" of "rail-splitter, bargee, and attorney" were really quite justified. Mr. Hope has no scruple at

all about calling Mr. Lincoln publicly a buffoon and an indecent talker, though there is no English member of Parliament of whom, however true it might be, he would venture to make the same assertion. He has no scruple about declaring the sin of quietly and constitutionally accepting the result of a constitutional election to be "an offence of the blackest dye, which Heaven might pardon, but which was unforgivable on earth;" for that is only Yankee eloquence. But he *does* seriously hesitate to speak of his having been in trade. The last declamatory sentence appears to mean that Mr. Lincoln's offence is unforgivable by those who cannot forgive it—a true, but not entirely original, remark. Earth, we suppose, must mean man; now, of existing men, there are perhaps none, except the Southerners and Mr. Beresford Hope, who even imagine that Mr. Lincoln required forgiveness for taking the place offered him; and as an offence cannot be unforgivable which is not an offence at all, this noble remark appears to mean that to those who took offence, and who cannot forgive it, it is unforgivable. But this, though a high range of eloquence, is not the summit. Here at length we reach the crest of this sublime ascent: "He must have seen, if he had any perception, that he was rushing into an office which he could only fill to the mischief of his country. Among the names of rulers whom history had branded with infamy, were those of sovereigns who, in great crises, were their country's foes—Sardanapalus, Belshazzar, Rehoboam, the descendants of Charlemagne. And yet these men were put into the positions they held without their own personal fault—they merely found themselves where their fathers were before them. But what could be said of one who had not this excuse, but who, like President Lincoln, allowed himself to be made the tool for the ruin of his country?" University culture this, on a scale of almost unprecedented magnificence! Above Sardanapalus and the blazing pile of his self-immolated riches—above Belshazzar at his midnight revels—above the imbecile successors of Charlemagne, Mr. Lincoln is set up as the apex of regnant infamy. Mr. Hope, the prophet, will himself act by him the part of Daniel, and interpret the handwriting on the wall. This Mr. Hope does, and prophesies not only a division of the kingdom, but a division by seven; and then he passes to a poetical description of the beneficent institutions of the South. Having exaggerated rough breeding into the blackest of crimes, he naturally softens the blackest of political crimes into unfortunate social accidents, and enumerates with generous enthusiasm, though in a style not up to the "Belshazzar" pitch, the number of nom-

inal rights which negroes have in the Slave States, if only they had any power of enforcing them.

But for this softening and toning department of oratorical skill Mr. Beresford Hope is a little out of training, in consequence of his too close familiarity with the "broad brush and dirty colors" of the Western School of Art. From the Belshazzar summit his oration gradually slopes away into an ineffectual murmur of apology, until it goes out with just one sudden spark of the higher fervor in that noble passage about the Red Sea and the Promised Land. As Mr. Beresford Hope is, we believe, anxious to get into Parliament, we would recommend him not to cultivate exclusively that *flamboyant* style of oratory which would recommend him for a seat in the assemblies of Washington or Richmond.

From The Spectator, 24 Jan.

THE ALABAMA.

THE discussion of the numerous questions raised by the proceedings of this too famous vessel has always appeared to us somewhat premature. Our own Government, which is in the position of the accused, has yet to be heard in the matter, and the delay of a very few weeks would have enabled Lord Russell to justify his conduct in his place in Parliament. It can scarcely be doubted that if there has been no other action on the part of the ministers of the crown than appears on the face of the despatches which have been published by the American Government,—a supposition which we do not for a moment entertain,—Mr. Jefferson Davis has been permitted to violate the neutrality of Great Britain with an impunity which casts some doubt on our good faith. This, however, is felt to be so improbable, that the subject has been to some extent shirked, and our contemporaries have generally rather chosen to expatiate on the unreasonableness of an American claim to be indemnified for the losses which they have sustained at the hands of Captain Semmes—a topic likely to be more acceptable to the readers of the *Times* and *Saturday Review*, although, perhaps, scarcely the most important or even practical side of the subject.

For notwithstanding the amount of ink which has been spilled, and the bitter letters which have passed between "Historicus" and a writer in the *London Review*, it is not very important, when the principles which govern the subject are agreed to, to decide what M. Hautefeuille and Sir Robert Phillimore meant by maintaining that it was the *duty* of the neutral to vindicate his neutral-

ity impartially against either belligerent. If they only mean that it is the moral duty of the neutral, "Historicus" does not deny it. If they mean that the neutral is bound to make good to the belligerent the damage he may have sustained, the *London Reviewer* does not sustain them. Let M. Hautefeuille and Sir Robert undertake the guardianship of their own reputations. But we cannot think that the principles applicable to the subject were ever really in doubt, and for this simple reason, that it is entirely in the option of the neutral whether he will stand on his neutral rights or not. He may even go to the length of granting the troops of a belligerent a passage over his territory. "It is no ground of complaint," says the Chancellor Kent, "against the intermediate neutral state if it grants a passage to belligerent troops, though inconvenience may thereby ensue to the adverse belligerent." No doubt the neutral would be bound to grant a similar privilege to the latter; but this would, in many cases, as, for instance, where the belligerents are very unequal in force, be of but little practical value. So, to come nearer the case of the *Alabama*, the Supreme Court of the United States has held that "a neutral nation may, if so disposed, grant permission to both belligerents to equip their vessels of war within her territory." In the face of this latter decision it seems idle to contend that the Foreign Enlistment Act, 59 Geo. III., c. 69, is other than a mere municipal enactment, and, notwithstanding Mr. Collier's vague assertion, in the opinion which he wrote for the American Embassy, that the collector of customs at Liverpool "would incur a heavy responsibility" in letting the *Alabama* leave that port, we cannot believe it arguable that it is a responsibility to any American citizen, or to the American Government, or to any but the Government which employs him. The right of seizure given by the statute to the officers of customs is a merely contingent right, to be exercised at the option of the government which employs them. If the crown licenses the building of the vessel, it never accrues. The question is, however, hardly likely to be tried.

But if the United States have no legal claim on our Government, we ought not to forget that legal maxims have never availed to decide questions of war and peace. If we have shown such supineness in the vindication of our rights as to make our neutrality "little better than a dead letter," we must expect remonstrances which our conduct has richly merited. The moment that one of the belligerents is convinced that the neutral exercises only a fraudulent and unreal neutrality, he cannot be blamed for

treating the neutral as a foe. What will be sufficient to justify such a conviction? Alas! there is no answer to be given. It is commonly the result of a series of incidents, each, perhaps, of small importance in itself, but impressing the mind, as drops of water impress a rock, by taking up the work just where it has been left by their immediate antecedents. The number of these petty incidents, the time necessary to produce estrangement between nations, will vary according to the state of the popular feeling at the moment, and we must expect that it will arrive soonest in those nations which, perhaps, have the least right to entertain it. No one is so touchy about a trifling infraction of his own rights as the man who habitually takes trifling liberties with the rights of others. If this be one of the foibles of the Americans, and indeed of the Anglo-Saxon race, we should be the more careful to give no reasonable ground of suspicion; and (it may well be our misfortune) ground for suspicion, we think, the known facts about the building of the *Alabama* have certainly given.

Mr. Adams originally applied to Lord Russell respecting the *Alabama* on the 23d of June. This application seems to have been supported by evidence which has not as yet been published. Mr. Collier, Q.C., advised on the 16th July that "the evidence was almost conclusive" that the vessel was being fitted out by the Messrs. Laird as a privateer for the use of the Confederate Government. On the 22nd of July the Government instructed the collector of customs not to exercise the powers conferred on him by the act. In the absence of the evidence, we can, of course, pronounce no opinion. As the case stands at present, it is Mr. Collier *versus* the law-advisers of the crown, and every one must decide which is the higher authority for himself. The argument which has been put forth, that it must have been known that the vessel was not intended for commerce by her build, is not to the point. Any government in Europe may have war vessels built in English dockyards. What it was necessary to prove was, that this war vessel was building for the Confederates. On the same 22d of July Mr. Adams was able to place in Lord Russell's hands an affidavit, made by William Passmore, an English seaman, who swore that Captain Butcher, of the *Alabama*, had actually engaged him "to fight for the Southern Government." After this, one would have thought there ought to have been no further delay. The Government, after a month's discussion, ought to have known what evidence would justify them in acting. They were not, however, ready to act till the 29th

on which day the *Alabama* went, without papers, for a trial trip, from which she never returned. The excuse tendered by Lord Russell is the sudden illness of the queen's advocate, which is good, of course, for what it is worth; but Lord Russell might surely have got himself informed as to the law between the 22d of June and the 23d of July. Nor can we expect that Americans will consent to dis sever altogether the conduct of our citizens from that of the Government. The Liverpool collector clearly was as blind as ever he could be, and care was taken that Captain Butcher should have timely warning as soon as he was in danger. When Englishmen, in answer to Mr. Seward's complaints of the hostility of British subjects, point to the impartiality of the Government—which, on the whole, they have a right to do—they ought to remember that Lord Clarendon in 1863 addressed precisely the same complaints to the Cabinet at Washington. Yet, whatever soreness we may justly feel as to the bias of Americans in favor of France during the Revolutionary War and of Russia more recently, their government at least was strictly impartial. In 1793, Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State, used the strongest language to Citizen Genet, who had made use of the American ports as the Confederates have used Liverpool. "It would have been proper respect to the authority of this country," he wrote, "had that been consulted before these armaments were undertaken." Has Mr. Jefferson Davis consulted ours? President Washington even indicted a Yankee named Henfield for enlisting in one of Citizen Genet's vessels. But the dislike to England, and republican feeling for the new Republic of France, was too strong for him, and the jury would not convict; yet the unpopularity of his policy did not prevent him from demanding Genet's recall. All we ask now is that our Government should make our neutrality equally clear, in spite of the fact that our territorial and commercial aristocracy hate a democratic form of society even more than slavery, and equality more than injustice. We are far from saying that the Government will not do so. We believe that they will be able to show that they have done so. But let it not be forgotten that we are still without the least evidence whether they have done so or not.

It is certain that orders were expedited to seize the *Alabama* if she entered any British port—as she sailed—without papers. It is said that Lord Russell has peremptorily excluded her from every British port now that she is commissioned. Other satisfaction we can hardly give, for our policy of refusing to admit the prizes of either belligerent into

our ports has given the Confederates the excuse of necessity for the piratical practice of burning captured merchantmen which have not been condemned by any court of prize. But if a prize made by the *Alabama* should enter any of our ports, our courts would certainly restore it to the owners, and if there had been a Confederate ambassador in this country he must certainly have been dismissed. At least, however vigorous remonstrances may be addressed to the Confederate President. At least the customs authorities may be required to act more promptly in future. For our dilatoriness with regard to the *Alabama*, however satisfactorily it may be explained, will always have an ugly aspect to jealous eyes. And connivance at the construction of a war vessel in our ports, even though she is not commissioned as such till after her departure, would be, to quote the words of the American Chief Justice in the case of the *Gran Para*, "a fraudulent neutrality, disgraceful to our Government, and of which no nation would be the dupe."

From The Western Morning News, Plymouth, Eng.

PROFESSOR NEWMAN ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

SIR,—A friend has sent to me your paper of January 5th, in which you call upon me, and on Mr. J. S. Mill, to vindicate our consistency in sympathizing with the efforts of the Northern American States, against the rebellion of the Southern slave-drivers. Mr. Mill spoke for himself a year ago in *Fraser* and again in the *Westminster Review*; nor does he need, I think, to add a word. As to myself, your appeal seems to imply such ignorance of my principles that I fear I cannot reply as concisely as I should wish.

I am no admirer of rebellion for rebellion's sake; on the contrary, I think it criminal in the highest degree. A just cause is the first thing needed. It cannot be just unless there are great grievances; nor even then can it be right to take up arms, until constituted methods of redress have been exhausted. The Southern leaders have a bad cause; they revolted in order to strengthen and extend slavery. They did not attempt constitutional redress, because the great offence resented by them was, that they had been outvoted in the presidential election. They pursued their bad cause by bad means, namely, by the perjury of the men in office, both in the President's Cabinet and in the States, which stripped the Union of all its defences, and

emptied its treasury. While Mr. Lincoln was seeking some means of compromise, they further revolutionized Virginia, and were preparing to attack Washington. Also, by trying to set up the right of secession for separate States, they made it a life or death struggle for the whole Union.

I would go a great way in apologizing for extra-legal secession even without urgent grievances, if circumstances make the desire reasonable, and the object were pursued honorably. Suppose our Australian colonies to desire separation, for no actual wrong done them, but for contingent inconvenience. They might say, "We do not like the liability to be involved in English wars, we are too far for England to protect us." If on this ground they peaceably implored, asked, demanded separation: if, in the course of some years, while no military terrorism could be imagined, their unanimity should be manifest; if, finally, when England stiffly refused, they were at last to rebel;—then, even if I could not justify their rebellion, I should at least dissuade punishing it, and should practically take their part. For they are to us little else than an ornament; certainly they are no strength; their secession could not be called a blow at our national life, nor would it cripple or threaten us in the future. To try to keep them against their will would be a grave mistake. But if the queen's Viceroy, without any previous peaceable efforts to win our consent, were to conspire with the other office-holders, and, seizing, by virtue of the queen's commission, all the queen's ships, forts, treasures, and armies, and turned these against her; had held public meetings after his own pleasure, under control of his forces, and sent us word that the colony was unanimous—while notoriously no one could with safety to his life oppose—I believe that even Messrs. Bright and Cobden would inwardly feel that the English Government had no choice whatever but to accept the war thus begun by the perjured officials.

At the same time, I cannot admit that men have any right to freedom or independence, when they seek for it in order to intensify slavery, which the Southern insurgents avow. When they throw down law, and appeal to abstract morality and higher right, we must look on their slaves from our moral point of view—as men, and not cattle. To talk of their unanimity is absurd, for we know, and they know, that the slaves are not consulted. Nor only so, but neither have we any proof that in the first instance it was anything but a conspiracy of a small oligarchy which deluded the ignorant poor whites of three or four States. The Washington Government was bound in honor to

succor its own loyal subjects, who were oppressed by military force. Notoriously East Tennessee has from the first been with the North; so have all the Germans of Texas. All Western Virginia, the great majority of Kentucky and of Missouri, have all along been Unionist.

Later events have shown the same to be true even of Maryland; nor is it yet known how many Unionists there have been in Eastern Virginia, Mississippi, Louisiana, and other Slave States, though it is certain that they were a large proportion of the substantial men, whose property has been sacrificed by the indigent and ignorant "mean whites," led by the knot of fanatical conspirators. Thus the North was forced into the war by every honorable motive that can act on men and nations; by the duty of succoring the loyal; by regard for their own nationality; by a wise foresight of the permanent danger of border war; by the duty, alike philanthropic and self-interested, of crippling the aggressive principle of slave extension.

Why a man who abhors perjury and tyranny in Austria should be called on by you to explain why he abhors perjury and tyranny in Southern slaveholders also, I do not understand. I know that the yoke of Austria is heavy; but I never heard that the worst of Austrian tyrants ever treated men and women as "mere chattels;" ever allowed a whipping-machine to be set up; ever denied to young girls the rights of chastity; ever permitted men to breed at pleasure out of women mere cattle for the human market; ever allowed men to sell their own daughters into prostitution, or any of the other hideous enormities justified by the code of South Carolina against all who have one drop of African blood in them.

You greatly pity, it seems, the women of New Orleans, because General Butler restrained their rudeness by a rude order. I do not. Women who are zealous for a system in which young girls may be cut in pieces with the lash, in which their chastity is trampled under foot, and maternal feelings outraged, such women will have no pity from me if they suffer something far worse than rude words. I have much more to say, if I were defending the North in general; but I have said enough to vindicate my own consistency as a hater of tyranny. I sum up all in one sentence. "The success of the South will be the triumph of the worst tyranny that the world ever saw. The success of the North will be the establishment of a nobler freedom than the world has yet seen.

I am, respectfully yours;
F. W. NEWMAN.

Jan. 13, 1863.

NATHAN HALE.

AT a stated meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, on 12th Feb., the President (the Hon. R. C. Winthrop) presented resolutions in honor of Mr. Hale, to which the Hon. Edward Everett thus spoke:—

Mr. President,—I hope I do not transgress the bounds of delicacy, in echoing the well-deserved tribute, which you have paid to our departed associate and friend; but if the near relation in which I stood to him prevents my speaking with impartiality, it enables me to speak, at least, with an intimate knowledge of his great worth. It is with the confidence founded on that knowledge, that I do not scruple to pronounce him, not only one of the best men I ever knew, but one of the persons possessed of the greatest amount of valuable knowledge, endowed with the largest capacity for usefulness, and yet covered with such a thick veil of modesty, that there were few individuals whom a casual observer, unacquainted with his character, would have been more likely to pass unnoticed.

You have spoken, sir, with such discriminating justice of the twofold relation of editor and engineer, in which he stood to the community, as to leave me very little to say. It is hard to decide in which character his services were the most valuable. He assumed the management of the *Boston Daily Advertiser* in 1814, shortly after the commencement of its publication. He was its sole conductor for fifteen or twenty years, its responsible editor for as many more; and, by all acknowledgment, he brought to it a variety and accuracy of information, a solidity of judgment, a fidelity to principle and to his friends, a moderation towards opponents, and a sacred regard to truth, which cannot be too highly praised. It was said of the *Daily Advertiser* by a distinguished contemporary journalist, the founder and editor of the *Boston Courier*, that the *Advertiser* was the first journal which systematically introduced the editorial discussion of political topics,—that branch of journalism having been before left to correspondents, the most celebrated of whom are the authors of the *Federalist* and of *Junius*. I have not the means of verifying the accuracy of this remark, but certain it is, that the columns of the *Daily Advertiser* for forty years contained, as a standing feature, an editorial comment on passing affairs at home and abroad; and not less so, that such a comment, prepared as it was by Mr. Hale, in a manner to exercise a marked influence on public opinion, could be the achievement of no ordinary mind.

Besides natural talent of a high order, and the advantages of a liberal education at a respectable seminary (Williams College), Mr. Hale provided himself with aids in the discharge of his editorial duties, not as common then as now. He imported the leading European journals, English, French, and German. I have heard it said that his file of the *London Times* was the only one, at that time, to be found in any printing-office in Boston; his shelves were well supplied with books of reference in contemporaneous history, in geography, and statistics; and he was particularly curious in the collection of maps. Everything falling within these departments was habitually discussed by him with more than common fulness and accuracy.

It was not long before the *Advertiser*, as conducted by him, acquired the name of the *Respectable Daily*. He regarded this as a title of honor. He wished no higher praise than to conduct a journal that deserved and enjoyed the respect of an enlightened community. Even when this epithet was employed in ridicule and derision, he did not heed the reproach. He was willing to suffer in his reputation for enterprise, by abstaining from the hasty dissemination of flying rumors as if they were matters of ascertained intelligence, and to give up the credit for smartness, which was to be earned by the reckless assertion of doubtful facts, by the bold utterance of crude opinions, or by wanton attacks on private character.

Among his rules of journalism, one was to present every kind of intelligence in the most authentic form. The Congressional or Executive Report, the Original letter, the important article from a European journal, if not prevented by its length or some specific objection, he gave entire as he found it. He did not garble it, nor subject it to editorial manipulation, in order to make the work of others pass for his own.

He reserved the editorial columns and the editorial type exclusively for articles written by himself, or those who at any time were regularly associated with him in the conduct of the paper; and never accepted pecuniary compensation except for what appeared in the recognized form of an advertisement.

He had great aptitude for mechanical contrivance of every kind. I am under the impression, that he first conceived the idea of executing geographical maps on type-metal, setting up the names in common type, and occasionally employing these maps in his paper for the illustration of the intelligence contained in its columns. A manual of geography published by him in middle life, was, I believe, the first volume illustrated by maps of this kind. He was one of the first

journalists, if not the very first, who employed the power-press, and at one time he engaged somewhat extensively in the printing of books. The twelve volumes of Mr. Sparks's *Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution* were issued from his power-presses.

He was at all times peculiarly fond of geographical studies. He devoted his leisure hours—if in such a life there could be anything that deserved the name of a leisure hour—to the preparation of a map of New England, which still retains a standard character. It was not compiled from older maps, but laboriously constructed from original materials and calculations and measurements made by himself. In the prosecution of his geographical studies he became possessed of a very valuable collection of original maps and plans of military positions held in the old French and revolutionary wars, most of which are manuscripts, drawn at the time by officers in the British army.

Although Mr. Hale's predominant tastes were in the direction of the mathematics pure and applied, he by no means confined himself to them. His reading was wide and various. He had a working knowledge of French and German, and kept up—perhaps extended—the knowledge of the ancient classics which he brought from college. He had a valuable private library, and was well acquainted with its contents. He was a member of the club by which the *North American Review* was conducted, after it passed from the hands of Mr. Tudor, and of the club by which the *Christian Examiner* was founded. He wrote somewhat slowly and laboriously, but without stiffness, and in a style of pure sterling English, with great precision of thought, and clearness of expression. Considering that most of his writing was for the columns of a newspaper, his style was remarkably free from the faults to which that kind of composition is most exposed,—looseness, overstatement, and appeal to "Buncombe." As far as the tone and spirit of his writings are concerned, it may be said of him, quite as truly as of the author of whom the remark was originally made, that in all his writings, however voluminous in the aggregate, there was

"Not one immoral, one corrupting thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

With such stores of varied information, especially in reference to our politics, and with such weight of character, Mr. Hale would seem to have been qualified for eminence as a public speaker. But neither his taste nor temperament lay in that direction. There was in conversation even a hesitancy

in his utterance. It is therefore the more remarkable, that, whenever on occasions of business or ceremony, or in the public bodies of which he was a member, he was called upon to express himself, he did it with entire self-possession, dignity, and ease. He had one habit as a public speaker, which might be introduced with advantage in all our public assemblies. He never rose to speak without having something to say worth listening to, and when he had said it, he sat down.

It would seem that the duties of an editor, as Mr. Hale performed them, would be enough to occupy all the time even of the most laborious and active man; but he united with them those of a most distinguished and successful engineer. From the moment the railroad system began to be established successfully in England, Mr. Hale gave much attention to its consideration. Having mastered its details as a problem in engineering, he forthwith began to devote what the incredulous considered an undue portion of his columns to the discussion of its economical relations. In a word, the feasibility and importance of railroads for this country were diligently and forcibly, and with every variety of illustration, "written up" by him, and the result is the network that covers the land. He was the chairman and working member of the first board of commissioners for internal improvement, by whom the principal railroad lines in this State were surveyed. He was the first president of the Worcester Railroad,—the line on which the first locomotive engine was run, and he assumed the effective responsibility for all the calculations, estimates, and initiatory surveys of what was then deemed an experimental work. No sooner had he conducted it to a triumphant result, than he threw himself with the same self-sacrificing zeal upon the project for supplying Boston with pure water, and never shall I forget the light that beamed from his pensive eye and the flush that spread over his thoughtful countenance, when, at the close of the memorable day on which the completion of that work was celebrated, he saw the noble jet of water from Long Pond, a distance of eighteen miles, spouting up to the clouds from the centre of Boston Common.

In a modest and appropriate obituary notice of Mr. Hale, which appeared in the *Daily Advertiser* the morning after his decease, written after that event at half-past eleven o'clock of the night before, it is stated that these and other similar labors, performed by Mr. Hale, were "disinterested." There is an undesigned sarcasm in this expression, which this is not the place nor I the person to unfold. Labors such as those which in the Old World have raised the Arkwrights, the Stephensons, the Brunels to fortune,—some of them to princely fortune,—had no such result for him. Not to speak of the Boston Water Works and the benefits they have conferred on the community, cheaply purchased at the millions they have cost, as they would have been had those millions been doubled, his connection with the railroad system of the United States, of which the annual benefit to the country cannot be estimated at less than one hundred millions of dollars, and of which, more than any other individual, he is entitled to be called the Father, left him a poorer man than it found him.

And this leads me to a closing remark on the moral qualities of his character. I have already said that he was one of the very best men I ever knew. In an acquaintance commencing at the Academy at Exeter, in 1807, and in a relation as intimate as can be without the cement of blood, I never saw in him the slightest trace of any of the sins which do most easily beset us,—of selfishness, avarice, vanity, indolence, affectation, arrogance; it would be an insult to his memory to add dishonesty or corruption to the list. He was the soul of justice, probity, and honor. A deep sense of religious obligation gave tone and steadiness to his moral principle, and if he had not been human, I should have been almost ready to pronounce him faultless.

But he had his faults. The ancient Philosophers placed moral perfection in the golden mean, equally removed from excess on either side. Mr. Hale carried the noblest virtue of which our frail natures are capable,—disinterestedness,—to an extreme, which interfered with his own health, comfort, and prosperity, and going beyond the Scripture rule, which it is never safe to do, he loved his neighbor better than himself.

THE LOOKER-OUT.

(WELL WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF ALL SINGLE LADIES, WHO POSSESS A MODERATE INDEPENDENCE, AND ARE ON THE VERGE OF OLD MAIDENHOOD.)

I.

YES, indeed, I intend to be married !
I want to be "settled in life,"
Too long I've a bachelor tarried,
And am now looking out for a wife !
I am still a gay fellow—worth hooking—
My age is but just thirty-two—
So, girls, if for husbands you're looking,
Pray keep this announcement in view.

II.

On fat Lady Fussy I squandered
The summer-day hours of my life;
Whilst others from flame to flame wandered,
I ogled the City knight's wife.
I hoped—for the net was well baited—
When a widow, her tears I should dry;
But the chances I much overrated,
For tough old Sir John wouldn't die.

III.

Well ! then I proposed for his daughter,
The pretty, the witty, the belle
Of the City Court-end, but with laughter
She dismissed my addresses *pêle mêle*.
But though at my offer she flouted,
And affected my suit to despise,
Of this fact I have never yet doubted,
She'll be glad of me yet—ere she dies.

IV.

Nimporte ! there are plenty of others
I am sure I can get if I try;
There's Miss Brown (but she's so many brothers),
Miss Bell, and sweet little Miss Bligh;
And Miss Higgins, the rich grocer's daughter,
Clara Horton, and, lastly, Miss Rowe—
Whom I rowed up to Richmond by water—
They'd each of them have me, I know.

V.

I care not too much for the graces
Of figure, or features, or mind,
In the bride whom I wed—so some traces
Of true kindred spirit I find.
I seek not for rank, or for fashion,
But the girl I should cherish most dear,
For me, must have plenty of "passion,"
And—five or six hundred a year !

VI.

Should this meet the eye of some fair one
Who the columns of "PUNCH" may peruse,
She may now have the chance—'tis a rare one—
Of a husband *instantan* to choose:
For, "pon honor," I'm going to marry,
And am very "hard up" for a wife;
I cannot spare time long to tarry,
As I want to get "*settled in life*."

—Punch.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

DEDICATED (WITHOUT PERMISSION) TO A
SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADIES.

SCENE.—A *Boudoir*. Miss Alicia Hamilton
clining on a sofa, in a languishing attitude:
French Waiting-woman in attendance. *Tz*
sunset.

LA Fleurie ! go fetch me the gloves
He bought at the last fancy fair,
And the small turquoise brooch, where the dove
Are linked with a lock of his hair;
The flacon of Eau de Cologne
(Which Breidenbach calls Eau de Vie),
Alas ! all its fragrance has flown,
Since the giver is faithless to me;

The card-case, the ring, the *bouquet*
I retained, of its beauty when shorn,
Which he gave me the last gala-day
When we danced on the lawn at Cremorne;
The album, wherein he inscribed
Sweet verses that charmed like a spell,
And in metaphor often contrived
The depth of his passion to tell;

The volume of "PUNCH" that he bought—
The last witching ballad he sung—
The words so enchanting I thought
When breathed by his musical tongue;
The blue parasol which he chose,
With its border like lace-work to see—
No longer its folds I unclose,
For the world has no sunshine for me.

The bird in the gay gilded cage—
The squirrel in bright treadmill pent—
No more shall my fondness engage,
Such pets with sad memories are blent.
To mamma's sage advice I'll attend,—
In a hamper these gewgaws I'll pack,
And by Parcel Delivery send
(Carriage paid) all Love's offerings back.

He shall find that "no nonsense" I'll stand
Such conduct is not to be borne,
And the next time we meet in the Strand
He shall see I can pass him with scorn.
The garb of affection I'll doff,
Since conduct so false he pursues,
And to Norwood's fair gardens I'll off
With sweet Cornet Cuff of the Blues.

—Punch.

TUNE—Laughing Chorus, Freyschutz.

NITROUS oxide would you make, man,
Retort and receiver take, man,
In the which distil, ha ! ha !
Nitrate of ammo-ni-a.
Ho ! ho ! ha ! ha ! etc.

Would you be than March hare madder,
Breathe this gas out from a bladder,
And you'll shout and laugh with glee,
Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! he ! he !
Ho ! ho ! etc.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 980.—14 March, 1863.

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As soon as we can get the new composing-room in order, we hope to gain the time lost while making the change.

NEW BOOKS.

THE REBELLION RECORD: a Diary of American Events 1860-62. Edited by Frank Moore, Author of "Diary of the American Revolution." New York: G. P. Putnam. Part 27 contains portraits of General Lewis Wallace and Commander Charles Boggs, of the late "Verona." We are glad to hear that Mr. Moore has been engaged to make a collection of documents upon the Rebellion, for the Library of Congress. It will be of great value.

NORTHERN INTERESTS AND SOUTHERN INDEPENDENCE: a Plea for United Action. By Charles J. Stille. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

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THE EMIGRANT GIRL.

BY MRS. ALFRED MÜNSTER.

To each well-remembered corner she bade a last farewell,
As she left the quiet cottage where she never more should dwell ;
She wept beside the smoke-stained hearth, now desolate and cold,
Where the dead and distant gathered in the happy days of old ;
But she wept and lingered longer than in all the rest beside
In the still, deserted chamber where her gentle mother died.

She went forth in the sunshine that was streaming over all,
And she plucked a spray of ivy from the gray and mossy wall ;
The robin poured his liquid song from where, beneath the eaves,
His tiny nest was hidden in the shining ivy leaves,
And she said, " Ah, thou wilt still be here, for years and years to come,
But I must go forever from my childhood's happy home."

She looked up to the mountains, the " everlasting hills,"
She heard the sighing of their heath, the rushing of their rills,
She saw the rowan berries bend their coral clusters down,
And the wild and lonely moorland stretch onward bare and brown,
And tears rushed to her aching eyes, tears from the heart's deep springs,
For the hills and moors and rowans were to her familiar things.

She had grown up in their shadows ; many a long bright summer day
Had she rambled with her brothers through the glens that 'mid them lay ;
Well she knew the rocky hollows where the purple foxglove bloomed,
And the scenting tufts of the wild thyme the brooding air perfumed ;
Well she knew the grassy dingles where the fairy-flax grew best,
And the plumelike ferns beneath the thorns that hid the linnet's nest.

She gazed upon the river that rolled gleaming in the sun,
And too faithfully her heart recalled the false and faithless one
Who had told his love beside it, where the dark green alders grow,
In the stillness of an autumn eve, now long and long ago,
For his faith was hers no longer, and by that very tide
Where his troth to her was plighted, dwelt he with another bride.

She turned from the bright waters, for her sore heart could not brook
Upon one low roof peeping through the clustered trees to look,

For his words were unforgotten, still she seemed their tones to hear,
And in the dreams of night and day he breathed them in her ear,
Yet she knew he was another's, and that she to him was naught,
And her bitter parting sorrow was more bitter for the thought.

She sought the quiet churchyard where her mother's ashes slept,
And on the low and daisied mound in agony she wept :
" Mother! mother! 'tis the last time that I shall kneel to pray
Beside your grave; your darling is going far away,
And my dust shall never mingle with hers who gave me birth—
I must perish among strangers, and be laid in alien earth."

She culled the honeysuckles that put their red lips forth,
And gathered from the little mound a sod of grassy earth :
" 'Twill be with me in the storm upon the wild Atlantic wave,
'Twill be with me in the coffin when they lay me in the grave."
She pressed her lips upon the grave where all that loved her lay,
And then to face a strange new world the orphan turned away.

She shall dwell among strange people, she shall see the mighty woods,
And the grand majestic rivers, with their broad and foaming floods,
But the valley and the rowans and the fields of yellow corn,
And the mountain shadows resting on the cot where she was born,
Shall be with her in her musings, at morn and noon and eve,
And she ne'er can love her distant home like that she now must leave.

By the golden light of memory, the dreams of the old time
Shall dim the real things of life in that far distant clime ;
Old friends, old haunts, and, more than all, the first love dead and gone,
Whate'er may be her future fate, shall stand apart alone,—
The maple groves shall echo to the old immortal songs,
That music which to Ireland's soil and Irish hearts belongs,
Those strains we hear at even, when the sun is sinking low,
And homeward from the meadows bands of weary mowers go,
With the yearning of homesickness she shall weep and sing them yet,
And her own dear land and youthful days she never can forget.

—*New Monthly Magazine.*

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

A DAY AT THE DEAD SEA.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THE world's beauty is forever young, but the world's awe and terror are rapidly passing away. The halo of mystery which once hung over a hundred hills and groves and caverns is dissipating before our eyes like a resolvable nebula in Lord Rosse's telescope. The Sphinx is no enigma now. That solemn face, blasted by the suns and storms of sixty centuries, has been admirably photographed, and we shall no doubt all place it shortly, along with other interesting characters, as a *carte de visite* in our albums. Dagon, the "thrice-battered god of Palestine," who seemed to us once so awful a personage, has been dragged out of his grave in Sennacherib's burned and buried palace, and set up like a naughty boy in a corner in the British Museum. Scylla and Charybdis, where are their terrors now? Is not Charybdis traversed, and does not Scylla echo every Monday and Thursday the puffs of the steamboats of the Messageries Impériales? The cave of Trophonius and the fountain of Ammon, Styx and Acheron, Delphic groves and Theban tombs, have we not rifled and sketched and vulgarized them all? Picnics are held, as Mr. Trollope assures us, in the valley of Jehoshaphat and the very sepulchre of St. James. Even that far-off shrine immortalized by Calderon—the terror-haunted "Purgatory" beneath the waters of—

"That dim lake
Where sinful souls their farewell take
Of this sad world,"

has it not become the scene of "patterns" to which we blushing confess having once ourselves made a pilgrimage—in a tandem!

But there is still some faint lingering shadow of the terrible and the sublime in our ideas of the Dead Sea—the accursed Asphaltites. True, we have unhappily discovered all about it—its topography, hydrography, and chemical analysis. We know that birds fly over it, and fish swim in it, and that the pillar designated as Lot's Wife (or "Mrs. Salter," as we once heard a child call that ill-fated lady) is the result of a secular abrasion of certain saline and bituminous deposits. Still, when all is said, "Mare Mortuum" is an awe-inspiring name. If there be anything which ought not to die, it is a sea—the "im-

age of eternity," the emblem of life and motion which Byron could adjure:—

"Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow,
Such as Creation's dawn beheld thou rollest
now."

But here is a sea not dowered with the immortal youth of the ever-leaping ocean, but dead—dead for three thousand years; ay, dead and damned to boot—the accursed Lake of Sodom! We confess it with shame (for it was a piece of crass ignorance), we had never constructed out of our moral consciousness, or out of any book of travels, any definite idea of a Dead Sea before we actually saw it with our eyes. It had remained one of those blessed dark corners of the imagination, wherein the terrible yet peeps out at us, as in childhood awful eyes used to do, from the deep bays of the room after dark, when we sat by our mother's knees in the red firelight before the candles were brought, and heard her stories of wolves and lost children in a wood. If it had been proposed to us as a practical excursion to visit Ogro's House, or Giant Despair's Castle, or Bluebeard's Red Chamber, we should have gone with as nearly as possible the same feelings of delight as we started for our journey on the morning of our "Day at the Dead Sea." In the faint hope that in this era of tourists and readers of tourists' books there may yet survive some few as ignorant as ourselves to whom we could convey a share of our impressions of interest and pleasure, we shall indite a brief record of that little experience. "Better twenty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," we are often tempted to say. But it must be owned there are some days in the East which it would be hard to parallel with any month in Europe, however replete with excitement and interest. At least, in our own lives, "a day in Cairo, a day at the Pyramids, a day in Jerusalem, a day at Baalbec, and this day at the Dead Sea," have had no equals, even in Athens or Rome.

As we are to speak of the land where time is counted from sunset to sunset, our day must begin, like that of Eden, in the evening.

Mar Saba is not a nice place to sleep at—that is to say, for people with prejudices on the subject of centipedes. The ground where the tents of pilgrims are pitched affords every possible opportunity for the study of those

entertaining *articulata*, and of course it is quite impossible in a tent to exercise anything else but hospitality towards any visitors who may choose to "drop in." True that for travellers of the nobler sex, the grand old monastery of Mar Saba opens its doors and offers the purest spiritual consolation in the shape of surpassingly excellent raki (the most unmitigated alcohol known). But for an unholy "Hajjin" (or female pilgrim) like the writer no such luck was in store. The convent of St. Saba must never be polluted by feminine Balmorals, and the society of the centipedes was quite good enough for us. It was accordingly with no small perturbation of mind that before retiring to rest, we investigated the manners and customs of those remarkable creatures. On a small bush of broom—the original *Planta-genista* of the most royal of kingly races—we discovered about three or four dozen of our friends, long and black, and vicious-looking in the extreme. Placing my gauntlet alongside of one of them as a measure, it appeared that the centipede was somewhat longer than the glove, or about six inches from tip to tail. All down the sides the little black legs moved in the most curious way from four or five centres of motion (ganglia, I suppose), so that he looked like a very fine black comb down which somebody slowly drew four or five fingers. Did he bite, or did he sting, and could he crawl fast, and was he not likely to establish himself for the night where we were keeping open house, or rather tent? Nay (frightful reflection), was there anything to prevent him and his congeners ensconcing themselves in our beds? We confess that it was with terrible misgivings we slept that night the sleep of people who have been eleven hours in the saddle, and burning was our indignation against asceticism in general and the prejudices of St. Saba in particular on the subject of the admission of petticoats to his monastery. The good Franciscans at Ramleh (the Arimathea of Scripture) had known better, and allotted to us a dormitory, where, however, we had some small but assiduous attendants, through whose ministrations we were (as good people say) "grievously exercised," and obliged to pass the night in researches more nearly connected with entomology than with biblical antiquities.

No; Mar Saba is not a nice place to sleep at, but we did sleep in spite of the centipedes.

For my part, at least, I slept so soundly, and with such vivid dreams of far-off green woods of the west, and dear ones parted by thousands of miles, that when awakened at midnight by the howling of the wild beasts of the wilderness, it was all but impossible to recover the sense of reality, or rather to know whereon to fix it—on the natural homelike dream of the little child with her arms around my neck, sitting under the old trees, or on the weird picture before my eyes at the tent door—the wild hollow in the desolate hills, and the group of our well-armed guard of Arabs around the watch-fire; while beyond them Orion, burning in all the glory of a Syrian night, was slowly sinking behind the desert mountains of Judea.

It is strange how everything in the simple life of tents suggests the analogies of the moral life. A journey in the desert is like reading a series of parables. We are then truly "pilgrims and sojourners on earth,"—the place which has known us for one brief day will know us no more forever. We really thirst for cooling fountains, and pant under the burning sun for "the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land." The simple realities of existence, which so rarely approach us at all in the orderly and over-finished life of England, where we slide, without jolt or jar from the cradle to the grave, along the smooth rails laid down by civilization, are present once more in the wildernesses of the East. That very morning, at Mar Saba, as we watched our tents taken down, and all traces of our brief encampment passing away, to be renewed as transitorily elsewhere at night, it forced itself on my mind more clearly than ever before, how the noblest aim of life could only be

"Nightly to pitch our moving tents

A day's march nearer home;"

—a real full day's pilgrimage in the right direction. And alas! *per contra*, how few of the easily numbered days allotted to us seem actually to forward us one step thitherward!

Whether it be from these associations with great realities, or from its wondrously healthy effect (making "well" a positive condition, and not, as usual, a mere negation of being "ill"), or from what other occult suitability to humanity, I know not; but decidedly the tent-life is beyond all others attractive and fascinating. At first, being sufficiently fond of the comfortable, I dreaded it greatly; but

after two or three nights, the spell it never fails to exercise fell on me, and I wished it could go on for months. It seems as if, at bottom of the Saxon nature, there is some unsuspected corner which always echoes joyously to the appeal—

"Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate."

Whether it be

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new,"

or to

"Antres vast and deserts idle,"

like those of Mar Saba, it is all the same. Only "let us go on—on to a new life; and let the traces of the old be swept away as rapidly as may be." "Let the dead Past bury its dead."

Is all this natural and wise, or utterly wrong and foolish? I am not quite persuaded; but at any rate it is of little consequence to decide the question, for our English climate settles the matter for us, practically, very decisively. How did Robin Hood and Maid Marian ever escape rheumatism and catarrh?

Our English progress is, I hope, of a more real sort than that of the Arab, whose tent is the only thing connected with him which *does* move. After four thousand years the Scheikh of Hebron has probably not varied an iota from the costume, the habits, or the acquirements of Abraham. The immobility of everything in the East is like that of the boulder-stones laid at intervals for landmarks across the plains, as regularly to-day as when Moses cursed the man who should remove them three thousand years ago. The tents move, but all else is stationary. Our houses, on the contrary, remain from age to age, while all things else are in continual change. Where are now the costumes, the habits, the ideas of our ancestors, not three thousand but three hundred years ago? Yet we live in their homes and worship in their churches, while the Syrian's tent has moved and changed uncounted times in the same interval. May those "stately homes of England" stand firm for many an age; and may we never advance to that doctrine of the Yankee in Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*, "that it is an insolence for any man to build a house which should outlast his own life, and oblige his son to dwell in the chambers he had de-

signed, and not in those of his own original choice!" It is hardly to be measured, I think, how much of the best and tenderest family feelings amongst us are due to the old house, wherein all associations are centred, wherein each member of the race feels pride, where the pictures of the forefathers hang side by side on the walls, and their dust rests together in the vault hard by. Shame is it that such deep human feelings as these should be soiled by vulgar pride of rank or wealth, or monopolized by the rich alone, as if they were not equally the birthright of the humblest family who could possess their English cottage or Highland sheltie, and who *might* attach to them equally all the affections which would sanctify the castle or the palace. It is not the grandeur of the house, nor the artistic merit of the family pictures, nor the splendor of the funeral monuments, which give them their power. It is the great Divine institution of the family which gives to the hearth its sanctity, and to the picture and chair and tree and grave their influence over our hearts. To raise and ennoble the poor we must surely in every way possible strengthen and elevate the reverence for family ties? We must secure for them the power of earning by their industry homes which shall be really homes—not lodging-houses or temporary tenancies; but homes wherein may grow up those sentiments of honest pride, of mutual *solidarité* (making each member of the family interested in the honor and welfare of all the rest), of grateful youth and tenderly nurtured age, which may at last drive away the plague of pauperism from our land. Wherever this state of things is approached, as in Cumberland, Switzerland, and parts of France (the department of Seine-et-Marne, for instance), the moral results seem of unmixed good, whatever may be the commercial consequences as regards the farming of the land. There are dreamers, whose fanaticism, springing from violent recalcitration at the world's wrongs and cruelties, we cannot but in a measure honor, who would proceed on an opposite plan. I suppose every heart open to a generous feeling, has in youth experienced the attraction of some communistic scheme wherein labor should become unselfish, and poverty, with all its train of sins and woes, be wiped from the destinies of man. These philanthropists would say, "Leave your old houses to perish, or turn

Leigh-hall into a phalanstery." But if there were no other flaws in the project, this one would suffice. The family is an institution of the Creator, the community is an institution of man. However well planned, with whatever apparent provision for the family to spread its roots and flourish within the walls of the community, the tree will in the lapse of time burst its way and break down the walls. There is a deep, hidden antagonism between the two, which, as each grows, is more and more developed. When it comes to a contest between God's plan and man's plan, we can have little doubt which will be beaten in the long run. Assuredly it is *through* the Divine institution of the family, not against it; by increasing and elevating its influence, and restoring it when it has been crushed out by sin and misery, that we shall help mankind.

It was a glorious morning at Mar Saba. By four o'clock we were all dressed and breakfasting while our tents were taken down, and some twenty or thirty recalcitrant mules and donkeys first caught and then laden. A merry and pretty scene is the departure from a camp; and then, on those bright dawning days, the sense of life and health becomes an almost exuberant happiness. We learn there at last—what so many of us forget after childhood—that simply to exist in health is a blessing and a joy; to breathe the morning air, awakened from the sound slumbers of real fatigue—to eat rough food with keen appetite—to mount the willing, spirited Syrian horse, and start for the long day's travel with the sun mounting into the cloudless sky of Palestine, and the wide wilderness of hills stretching around and away as far as eye can reach;—all this is joy of itself. We feel inclined to say, as the scheik did to Layard, "Oh, sorrowful dwellers in cities! May Allah have mercy upon them! Is there any *kuf* like this, to ride through the flowers of the desert?" Truly it is better thus (once in a way, at all events), than to be forever, "with blinded eyesight, poring over miserable books."

As we rode out of the little valley of our encampment, and down by the convent of Mar Saba, we obtained a complete view of the whole *hermit burrow*, for such it may properly be considered. Mar Saba is the very ideal of a desert. It lies amid the wilderness of hills, not grand enough to be sublime, but only

monotonous and hopelessly barren. So white are these hills that at first they appear to be of chalk, but further inspection shows them to be of whitish rock, with hardly a trace of vegetation growing anywhere over it. On the hills there is sometimes an inch of soil over the rock; in the valleys there are torrents of stones over the inch of soil. Between our midday halt at Der-binerbeit (the highest land in Judæa), and the evening rest at Mar Saba, our whole march had been in utter solitude—not a village, a tent, a caravan, a human being in sight. Not a tree or bush. Of living creatures hardly a bird to break the dead silence of the world, only a large and venomous snake crawling beside our track. Thus far from human haunts, in the heart of the wilderness of Judæa, lies Mar Saba. Fit approach to such a shrine! Through the arid, burning rocks a profound and sharply-cut chasm suddenly opens and winds, forming a hideous valley, such as may exist in the unpeopled moon, but which probably has not its equal in our world for rugged and blasted desolation. There is no brook or stream in the depths of the ravine. If a torrent may ever rush down it after the thunder-storms with which the country is often visited, no traces of water remain even in early spring. Barren, burning, glaring rocks alone were to be seen on every side. Far up on the cliff, like a fortress, stand the gloomy, windowless walls of the convent; but along the ravine, in almost inaccessible gorges of the hills, are caves and holes half-way down the precipice, the dwellings of the hermits. Here, in a den fit for a fox or a hyæna, one poor soul had died just before our visit, after *five-and-forty years* of self-incarceration. Death had released him, but many more remained, and we could see some of them from the distant road as we passed, sitting in the mouths of their caverns, or walking on the little ledges of rock they had smoothed for terraces. Of course their food (such as it is) is conveyed to them, or let down from the cliffs from the convent at needful intervals. Otherwise they live absolutely alone—alone in this hideous desolation of nature, with the lurid, blasted desert for their sole share in God's beautiful universe. We are all, I suppose, accustomed to think of a hermit as our poets have painted him, dwelling serene in

"A lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless continuity of shade."

...glimpsing sights
...civilization.
...born, feeding on
...inking the water

...soon and eve,
...ly hides
...atop."

Mar Saba, how different
...who assailed the Ancient
...ly cloisters of the woods, and
...ing brooks, and hymns of
...only this silent burning waste
...lation deified." It seemed as if
...an aberration of the religious sen-
...d alone lead men to choose for
...ple, prison, tomb, the one spot of
...there no flower springs to tell of God's
...ness, no soft dew, nor sweet sound
...to preach faith and love.

There are many such hermits still in the
...ack Church. I have seen their eyries
...where only vultures should have
...their nests, on the cliffs of Caramania, and
...among the caverns of the Cyclades. Anthony
...and Stylites have left behind them a track of
...evil glory, along which many a poor wretch
...still "crawls to heaven along the devil's trail."
Is it indeed easier to do "some great thing"
—to make some wondrous life-long sacrifice,
or suffer some terrific martyrdom for God's
sake, than simply to obey the law of love to
him and our neighbor? How can it be that
when these monstrous sacrifices are asked by
any creed, however base and low (like the
Paganism of India), the victims are never
wanting, and where the sole demand is, "give
me thine heart," there is no response, or but
a poor, faint, miserable one? Shame on us
that so it should be!

On we rode past the defile of the poor her-
mits, and out upon the hills beyond Mar Saba.
Steep hills they were; and for four hours lit-
tle time had we to attend to anything but our
horses' feet, and how we could keep ourselves
from slipping off as they scrambled up, like
cats, the formidable acclivities. At last we
came out upon a sort of undulated plain,
where it was possible to canter forward, and
of course the party soon started on a gallop,
which came near costing me rather dearly.
One of the ladies having ridden in advance,
the old sheikh, in great excitement and de-
light, raced alongside of her, shouting, "Ta-

hib! Tahib!" (Good! good!), and evidently
marvelling at the equestrianism of an English-
woman on her awkward saddle. Fired with
laudable ambition, I went after them; the
lady gradually fell back, and Ali and I rode
on galloping at considerable pace, while he
screamed louder and louder, "Tahib! Tahib
—katiyeh!" and threw his spear in the air.
Finding at last, however, that the Arab's
fine horse was inevitably beating the hack
supplied me by our dragoman, I arrived at the
sage resolution of stopping before we had left
the caravan too far behind. Accordingly, I
tried to pull up; but these Syrian horses, ac-
customed to be ruled by the voice, consider
any touch of the rein only an instigation to
further speed, and if it be tightened severely
they immediately run restive. In a moment
my hitherto amiable steed had taken the bit
between his teeth, and struck off at fullest
pace into the desert at right angles to our
track. "Ali! Ali! *Mooash* Tahib!" (Not
good!) I shouted; but Ali never dreamed of
looking behind, but disappeared from my
sight, still brandishing his djereed, and com-
placently screaming, "Tahib!" at the top of
his voice. It was not a pleasant position. I
was being carried as fast as my horse could
bear me into the trackless wilderness. I had
utterly lost all command of him, nobody hav-
ing informed me of the talismanic "Là! Là!"
(No! no!) "Schwoi, schwoi," (gently, gen-
tly!) which would soon have brought him to
reason. After a considerable run, I fortu-
nately spied to the right a track where the
sand evidently lay thick, and with some hard
sawing, I guided the horse into it, and brought
him to a standstill. From thence we tracked
our way back eventually into the road, where
the caravan was still in sight. These undu-
lating and yet monotonous plains are most
perplexing places, and it is the easiest thing
in the world to lose one's self in them.

As we descended towards the Dead Sea the
vegetation became a little more rich. There
were wild flowers in abundance, and large
bushes of broom, and a certain plant of the
snap-dragon kind, which formed a gorgeous
yellow rod, and which I wish much I could
call by its right name, and describe in proper
botanical terms. It had eight large flowerets
in each circle round the stem, and eight or
ten tiers of circles in bloom at once, altogether
a huge mass of flower as long and thick as a
man's arm.

It was while riding through the low hills covered with this vegetation, and just before coming out on the blighted flats of the Dead Sea, that one of those pictures passed before me which are ever after hung up in the mind's gallery among the choicest of the spoils of Eastern travel. By some chance I was alone, riding a few hundred yards in front of the caravan, when, turning the corner of a hill, I met a man coming towards me, the only one we had seen for several hours since we had passed a few black tents some eight or ten miles away. He was a noble-looking young shepherd, dressed in his camel's-hair robe, and with the lithesome, powerful limbs and elastic step of the children of the desert. But the interest which attached to him was the errand on which he had manifestly been engaged, on those Dead Sea plains from which he was returning. Round his neck, and with its little limbs held gently by his hand, lay a lamb he had rescued, and was doubtless carrying home. The little creature lay as if perfectly content and happy, and the man looked pleased as he strode along lightly with his burden, and as I saluted him with the usual gesture of pointing to heart and head, and the "salaam alik!" (Peace be with you), he responded with a smile and a kindly glance at the lamb, to which he saw my eyes were directed. It was actually the beautiful parable of the Gospel acted out before my sight. Every particular was true to the story; the shepherd had doubtless left his "ninety and nine in the wilderness," round the black tents we had seen so far away, and had sought for the lost lamb till he found it where it must quickly have perished without his help, among those blighted plains. Literally, too, "when he had found it, he laid it on his shoulders, rejoicing." It would, I think, have been a very hard heart which had not blessed God for the sight, and taken home to itself with fresh faith, the lesson that God suffers no wandering sheep to be finally lost from his great fold of heaven. Even though man may wander to the utmost bounds of his iniquity, yet the Good Shepherd rejoicing, shall bring the wanderer home, "for he will seek till he find him," *even on the Dead Sea shore.*

I longed for a painter's power to perpetuate that beautiful sight, a better and a truer lesson than the scapegoat. Men wonder sometimes what is to be the future of art, when opinions change and creeds become pu-

rified, and we need Madonnas no more than Minervas for idols, and are finally wearied of efforts, ever fruitless, to galvanize with the spark of art the corpses of dead religions. It seems to me as if modern painters and sculptors have before them a field hitherto almost unworked, in giving the *real* coloring to the great scenes and parables of ancient story, Hebrew and Greek, and Egyptian and Scandinavian, and not repeating forever the conventional types and costumes and localities, which the old masters adopted of necessity, knowing no better, but which, to us, ought to be no less absurd than to act Hamlet in the court-dress of George II., or Lady Macbeth in a hoop and powder. Look at the ordinary pictures of Christ. No Oriental ever wore those pink and blue robes, or sat in those attitudes. The real dress of a peasant of Palestine is at once far more picturesque and more manly, the real attitudes of repose infinitely more imposing and dignified. Look at the painted scenes in Palestine, the deep, dark, shadowy woods and Greek temples and Roman houses. Are these like the bare olive grove of Gethsemane, or the real edifices of Syria? The true Areopagus at Athens, on the rocky slopes of the hill, with the temple of Theseus far below, and in the distance the blue gulf over which Xerxes sat on his silver-footed throne to watch the fight of Salamis; that real site is an infinitely nobler one than Raphael's scene of Paul preaching at Athens on the steps of a Roman palace, and with the circular Tuscan temple filling up the whole distance. Probably everywhere the real costume, the real scenery, architecture, and coloring of land and sky, and, above all, the real types of national features, would be far better than even the noblest artist could invent, not always in the way of composing a picture, but invariably in that of conveying the ideas of the poet or historian. A Hebrew prophet grew up with the sky of Canaan overhead, its trees and wild flowers and barren deserts before his eyes. Everything he wrote must have borne some deep harmony with these things, rather than with the landscapes and the nature of the West. And so in all other things, departure from truth of *couleur locale* must surely always lose more in power than it gains in beauty. A Mary Magdalene of Zurbaran, in her received Spanish rank of Princess of Magdala, with a yellow satin dress and stomacher of pearls, does not seem more

ridiculous to us now, than will be to the next generation our pictures of St. Peter, in a pink and sky-blue toga, or statues of St. Paul in his conventional presentation of an emaciated mediæval anchorite, with a narrow forehead, and head on one side, and long cumbrous robes dangling over those brave feet which traversed the world. Even in the smallest matters, the actual facts of a country, its climate, fauna, flora, geology, and all the rest, have a right to be considered in illustrating its history or its poetry. The sheep of Palestine, for instance, are pretty and sufficiently intelligent-looking creatures, and the lambs quite beautiful—very different, at all events, they are from our stupid woolly cylinders on four legs, of which we read the other day in the *Times* of one hundred and forty killing themselves by leaping after each other into a dry ditch, for no cause or reason whatever—a species of animal whose docility some “pastors” may admire, but which a man feels it rather humiliating to be called on to imitate. As to the goats, they are awfully vicious-looking, with long black hair and an extremely diabolic cast of countenance. Poor animals! At last we descended upon the burning whitish plains of the Dead Sea, the land bearing unmistakable traces of having been once covered by the bituminous waters. Everywhere there grew quantities of small, scrubby, half-dead bushes of various kinds, or else of thick, high rushes beside the water-courses, which now became frequent, the water, however, being undrinkable. On some of the bushes, resembling blackthorns, we found fruit, like sloes, of which one or two on each bush seemed in natural condition, and the rest all worm-eaten and ready to crush to dry dust upon pressure, supposing them to be “apples of Sodom,” but were afterwards better informed—the apples of Sodom grow on the opposite side of the lake. Whatever fruit, however, is found round the whole district, partakes the same character, and is always blighted; growing on such a soil it could hardly be otherwise. It is all a mass of saline deposits.

Now we stood on the shore. It was little like what either pictures or imaginations had prepared us to see. The April sun was shining down broad and bright on the clear rippling waters of the splendid lake, which shone with metallic lustre, closed in between the high cliffs of the Judæan hills to the west,

and the grand chain of Moab, like a heaven-high wall, upon the east. Over the distance, and concealing from us the further half of the sea, hung a soft sunny haze. There was nothing in all this of the Accursed Lake, nothing of gloom and desolation. Even the shore was richly studded with bright golden chrysanthemums growing to the edge of the rippling waters. There was but one feature of the scene to convey a different impression; it was the skeletons of the trees once washed down from the woody banks of Jordan by the floods into the lake, and then at last cast up again by the south wind on the shore and gradually half buried in the sands. They stood up almost like a blasted grove, with their bare withered boughs in all fantastic shapes, whitened and charred as if they had passed through the fire.

It had been my intention, of course, to bathe in the sea, so I was provided for the attempt, with the exception, unfortunately, of sandals, and the stones being of the sharpest, I was unable to follow the long shallow water barefooted far enough out to test its well-known buoyancy for swimming. As few ladies, our dragoman told us (indeed, he absurdly supposed none), had bathed in the Dead Sea, I may as well warn any so disposed that the water nearly burnt the skin from my face, and occasioned quite excruciating pain for a few moments in the nostrils and eyes, and even on the arms and throat. The taste of it is like salts and quinine mixed together—an odious compound of the saline and the acridly bitter. No great wonder, since its analysis shows a variety of pleasing chlorides and bromides and muriates and sulphates, of all manner of nice things; magnesia and ammonia among those more familiar to the gustatory nerves. The Dead Sea is thirteen hundred feet lower than the Mediterranean, and the evaporation from it (without any outlet) fully makes up for the supply poured in by Jordan, so that the sea sinks a little as time goes on.

The lesson of life seems to be, that nothing is so good or so bad as imagination depicts it beforehand. The Dead Sea was not so dead after all. We mounted our horses and took a last long look at it, and wished our visit had been on a darker day, when the waters should not have glittered in the sun under the ineffably soft spring sky of Palestine; but rather when the clouds had gathered over the

mountains of Moab, and the autumn tempest lashed the black waves of the accursed lake till it cast up the scarred and blasted trees upon the shore, and swept the blighting spray over the whole plains of Jericho. We turned away and rode on through the dwarfed underwood, and then over the wide waste of yellow sand—away as fast as we could gallop. for we had yet a long journey to accomplish before we could reach a halt for the night where (even with our Arab guard) we should be safe from the attacks of the robber gangs who prowl over these waters. Away we tore in the burning sun “over the burning marl,” like Leonor and her dead companion. “Hurra, hurra, hop, hop, hop!”

“The Dead (-sea visitors) ride fast.”

We made our way, as it is only possible to ride in a Syrian desert or Roman Campagna. Four hours, I believe, we pushed on with as little breathing space as might be, and we were in full career, goaded (I confess, on my part) by the intolerable stinging of the Dead Sea brine on my shoulders, which were too slightly protected from the sun, and now seemed pretty nearly on fire. Suddenly the sand stops as with a sharp line on a slight elevation. On one side utter barrenness and desolation; on the other luxuriant grass, a wood of aspens and willows, and there it is—JORDAN! The rich yellow eddying stream was at our feet.

A hundred yards further brought us to the spot where all the traditions of this storied stream are congregated. It is a small curve in the river, half encircling a space of an acre or two of grass, and clear on the hither side from the trees which elsewhere, above and below, line the banks in a compact mass like an Indian jungle. This grassy *laund* is the pilgrim's resting-place, and may be used as such safely by the great caravans, although it was too exposed for our small party. Above the next reach in the river a fine mountain-range closes the view, which, independently of its associations, is one of the most picturesque in Southern Palestine, though very different indeed from the grand scene of rocks and cliffs conjured up by Salvator Rosa for his picture of St. John preaching in the desert. Jordan is a narrow, deep, and turbid stream, eddying fast in its rapid descent into Asphalites. The banks are muddy as those of Avon or Tiber, and the stream itself as thick and

yellow as the Nile. To bathe in it is difficult, from the softness of the bottom, in which the feet sink at once above the ankle, while the current is so strong as to make it hard to hold one's balance. Every year some unfortunate pilgrims are lost in the excited rush which hundreds of them make at once into the stream, and only two days before our arrival a poor Arab in attendance on an English party whom we met at Jerusalem was drowned in attempting to bring them a bundle of canes from the opposite side of the river. I found the water, however, deliciously soft, and quite a compensation for all difficulties of bathing was the relief of washing off the Dead Sea brine in the sweet waves of Jordan. Of course I took my seven plunges in all regularity.

And here I must be pardoned for a small digression. The water-torture of modern times is decidedly applied to Europeans by the pouring of Mississippi down our throats (metaphorically) by the pitiless inhabitants of the Southern States of America. There were two ladies from those pleasant regions in our party, who invariably, whatever we saw, or heard, or talked of, in heaven or earth, incontinently likened it to the Mississippi; or (if that were quite impossible) compared it with the splendors of a Mississippi steamboat. They were kindly disposed and doubtless accomplished ladies, but there was something in this state of things which gradually threatened madness. The Nile, we were told, they had found like Mississippi—Jerusalem was not near so fine as New Orleans. If Mar Saba *had* had a stream running at the bottom, then that stream would have reminded them of Mississippi. (Alas! we only wished to find anything which would make them *forget* it.) Finally, our tent dinners on kebob and mishmash were not in the least like those on a first-class boat on the Mississippi. When we approached Jordan, it was natural to dread that the favorite parallel would be brought forward, and I ventured to confide to an English friend my prevision that if the sacred old stream were thus insulted patience would be difficult. Still, however, after having bathed and dressed myself, when seated under one of the great trees, and trying to conjure up the scenes which had passed upon that storied spot, I confess I was startled at being addressed,—

“Interesting, isn't it, Miss C——? It re-

minds me so much, you can't think, of the Mississippi."

"No, indeed, it doesn't, I am sure!" I exclaimed. "Why, Mississippi is one of the largest rivers in the world, and Jordan the smallest."

"Yes; but, for all that, it does remind me of the Mississippi. If you only went in one of our first-class boats," etc., etc.

And so, from Elijah and the Baptist, I was conveyed as quickly as thought might travel down a torrent of eloquence to New Orleans.

My dream of Jordan thus rudely broken, I rose, and after a little time we were again in our saddles and pursuing our journey towards Jericho. I know not whether the experience of a single traveller may be of much avail; but in these days, when so much blind prejudice is suffered to grow in England against the Northern Americans and in favor of the South, I would fain record the testimony of a woman who, having travelled alone over a large part of Europe and the East, has perhaps more opportunities than most men or women of judging of the standard of *courtesy* of different nations. The result of my experience has been this. If at any time I needed to find a gentleman who should aid me in any little difficulty of travel, or show me kindness, with that consideration for a woman, as a woman, which is the true tone of manly courtesy, then I should desire to find a North American gentleman. And if I wished to find a lady who should join company for any voyage or excursion, and who should be sure to show unvarying good temper, cheerfulness, and liberality, then I should wish for a North American lady. I do not speak of defects which English travellers often lay at the door of the whole nation, because they meet in Europe Americans of a social rank below any which attempts to travel and sit at *tables-d'hôte* of our own population; and they absurdly measure a New York shoemaker by the standard of a London barrister. I speak of what a genuine Yankee is as a fellow-traveller to a lady without companion or escort, wealth or rank. They are simply the most kind and courteous of any people. Let Englishmen be pleased to run their prejudices where they like, it behoves at least an Englishwoman whom they have never failed to treat with kindness, to speak of the ford as she has found it.

As to the Southern Americans, it must be

confessed that their chivalry partakes a good deal too much of a quality which doubtless colored all the supposed romantic manners of the Middle Ages, and which always must reappear when society is divided between despots and serfs. I do not think many English ladies and gentlemen could comfortably endure the suppression of all such little phrases as "Thank you," "If you please," and their equivalents, in addresses to *white* attendants. One feels inclined to return to the exhortation of the nursery at all moments, "It wants a word!"

I happened once to be dining alone at the convent at Ramleh, the Franciscan lay-brother and my Piedmontese dragoman conversing together meanwhile. The talk ran on the travellers to Palestine, and both of them agreed that the Americans were most numerous of any, but singularly diverse in character. "Some of them," said the monk, "are *buonissimi gente*; but some others—oh! they ordered me about, and never said a word of thanks, as if I were their servant." "Worse than that," said the Piedmontese Abengo; "I twice served them as dragoman, and they treated me like a dog. I left them, though they paid me well, for I could not endure it. They came from the Southern States, where they have slaves." "Ah, si" said the Franciscan, "qu'est" horrible schiaritù!"

Leaving the willowy banks of Jordan, we turned westward, and rode on for some hours across the plains of Jericho. The heat was fearful; not in the least like the heat of England, but a *roasting* of the brains through all the folds of hat and turban, and wet handkerchief within them, which gave cause to fear for the share of reason which would survive the process. I never understood before the force of Mahomet's threat to the wicked in Jehanum, "Their skull shall boil like a pot." As evening closed in and we reached the site where Jericho once stood, the sultry atmosphere seemed even more stifling. The wonder is, not that Jericho should be deserted, but that a city in such a place ever came to be built. Closed in by the mountains on every side on which a fresh breeze could blow upon it, and open only to the unwholesome flats of the Dead Sea, the position is absolutely pestilential even in early spring, when we visited it. What it must be in summer and autumn it is hard to guess. The site of Jericho is marked by a tower, and by

some mounds and broken walls. There was on the spot, on the night of our sojourn, a huge camp of pilgrims, numbering probably nearly three thousand, returning from their dips in Jordan. The larger number of these poor creatures are very aged men and women, and come from Greece or other distant countries. How they bear the enormous fatigue of the journey is surprising, but they all go down to Jordan to bathe; the pilgrimage else remains incomplete. On the whole, it is calculated that, between French, Greeks, and all others, there are some fifty thousand of these poor creatures who perform the pilgrimage every year. The camp was naturally a picturesque sight, and it was prettily placed near the stream which watered Jericho, and among dwarf groves of thorny acacias and egg-fruit. I conversed for a little while with some Greek women in their classic headdresses—if conversing it could be called, to interchange a few friendly signs and an odd word or two, and exhibit some very bad sketches, which they were surprisingly clever to recognize as those of the Holy Sepulchre. Their manners were very sweet and engaging. I afterwards found those of the poor Greek women at Athens to be the same, always performing smilingly any little service in their power, like giving me water to drink from the fountain of Callirrhoe in their beautiful earthen vases, which for gracefulness might have served in the household of Pericles. This night at Jericho the pilgrims, male and female, were in full enjoyment; and near them a band of Arab soldiers danced long and merrily in the starlight. It was a pleasant idea of pilgrimage, truly; and as we went to rest at the end of our "Day at the Dead Sea," and heard the hyænas roaring and the jackals barking round us in the wilderness, we confess to having somewhat envied our neighbors' faith, which made going on pilgrimage a sacred performance. True that, for these poor souls, it involved much fatigue and weariness; but for us, who might *boil our peas* and go on horseback, it was another matter.

What a pleasant thing it would be, after all, if in our day we could only believe in a pilgrimage! It is a common reproach against us modern English that we are all homesick (i.e., *sick of our homes*!); and if we could but imagine that it were possible to combine a holy "work" and a pleasure trip, the question is, not who would go, but who

would stay behind! No doubt, in the days of the Crusades, the same spirit animated all parties. Think of the knights, who must have rejoiced to leave the monotonous society of their ever-spinning Penelopes; the serfs, who must have gloried in escaping from their tyrants; the schoolboys, who must have played leap-frog half-way to Constantinople for joy of leaving their hornbooks and going on such a "lark"! We mean no disrespect to all the religious associations and chivalry and heroism, and all that kind of thing, of the Crusades;—only, we repeat, we wish it were possible to combine in our day, in a similar manner, being so remarkably good and doing something so particularly agreeable. "Duty," said a Scotch friend to us once, "duty is anything that you find it disagreeable to do." "Conscience," said an Irish one, in return, "is that which supplies us with good motives for doing whatever we like, and fills us with satisfaction when we have done it!" Of the two diverse views, it is clear that the last might authorize us to go on a crusade.

But next to a crusade give me a pilgrimage. There is something in the idea so wonderfully suited to human nature, that probably every creed save Protestant Christianity has sanctioned it, and had a Mecca or a Benares or a Compostella or a Canterbury to which such holy journeys might be made for the good of the soul and the extreme satisfaction of the body. As England's religion admits of nothing of the kind, England's share of the universal human sentiment relieves itself by making its favorite pious book next to the Bible—a *Pilgrim's Progress*. Glorious old Bunyan! half quaintest Puritan, half sublimest poet, what do we not all owe to him of childhood's dreams and of youth's ambitions? It is he who has given us such a true parable of life that it is evermore impossible to separate the real and the allegorical, and not to think of despond as a "slough," and "difficulty" as a hill, and sickness as a valley of shadows, and the world as a vanity fair, and despair as a giant, and death as a river, and heaven as a celestial city, whither the "shining ones" bear the souls of the glorified amid eternal hallelujahs. So true, so real are these things, they cease to be allegories; nor is there (as we have often tested) among the lowest and dullest a mind which does not respond to

their truth. And then the great pervading thought of the book—that life is a passage onward and upward, a life wherein there are failings and falls and turnings back even to the last—but a life with its definite path of duty, its definite aim, its thrice-blessed definite end. This thought Bunyan gives us as we could perhaps never have had without him. How it fastened on us all in childhood, when we had the inappreciable fortune to read his book at the right time, when we were either young enough or old enough to enjoy it as the most wondrous of fairy tales or the deepest of parables!

I have heard of a little child who was so seized upon by the book that she actually succeeded in escaping from her nurse and setting out on pilgrimage through a certain "wicket-gate" (of course to a child's imagination, the only "wicket-gate" in the world). After a time she came to a hill which naturally represented "Difficulty," and on the summit was a house with stone lions on the gates: the house called Beautiful beyond any mistake. A footman in livery imperfectly rendered the character of the proper porter "Discretion;" but fortunately three ladies in the drawing-room to whom the poor little pilgrim was admitted, fully realized those of Christian's hostesses, and after a "refection" of tea and cake, she was safely driven home to her anxious mamma in their carriage. Which of us could not have performed the same exploit at the mature age of six? And at sixty, who would be wearied of the book, or cease to pick out the wondrous metaphors which lie in this Golconda strewn about in reckless profusion? The chamber in the house called Beautiful, "looking towards the sun rising, the name of which chamber was Peace." The dreadful combat with the

incarnate Sin, when Apollyon "straddles all across" the way of life, and the poor pilgrim can advance no step till the foe is beaten off and conquered, after that same fearful fight upon the knees of which all our hearts bear the scars. Giant Despair's powerlessness when he would fain "maul the prisoners" in Doubting Castle as was his wont; but the sun was bright in the blue heavens, and the lark singing up in the sky, and he could not hurt them, "for sometimes in sunshiny weather Giant Despair has fits." The Delectable Mountains, whence it was possible to see the gates of the Celestial City and the glory of its King for one brief hour ere the clouds rolled over the vision, and the pilgrims descended to tread the lowly paths beneath, strengthened for evermore by the memory of what they had once beheld. The Beulah Land, where the struggles and the warfare are over, and the pilgrim dwells in peace ineffable, only waiting for God's messenger of death to summon him to the Celestial City, where his admittance is assured. And then the Dark River, and the sinking heart and failing strength and trembling faith as the deep waters go over, even over, our souls. Is not this DEATH—death such as we have seen it standing on the hither bank, watching with straining eyes after the beloved ones who have passed over, and whom a cloud receives for evermore out of our sight?

Poor pilgrims of Jordan resting by ruined Jericho—that starry Eastern night where my tent was pitched near yours—let us trust that the faith which urged you on that weary way will give you comfort when that other Jordan must be passed—so cold, so deep, so fathomless! That faith and mine will be all one at last, when we climb up the further shore and see overhead the golden towers.

PALMERSTON PUZZLED.

Lord Palmerston.—I am not able off-hand to answer the question of my hon. and learned friend (Mr. Roebuck), but I will make inquiry.—*Tuesday's Debate.*

Not answer off-hand! O Viscount, verily—
It's what no fellow can understand.
You, who through life have been going so merrily,
And never objecting to answer off-hand!

Your friends have said, "Well, he's not sagacious;
And his policy isn't remarkably grand;

And he's flippant, sometimes; but then, good gracious!

What a fellow he is to answer off-hand!"

What unpleasant remarks have arrived from Vienna
Concerning the session so foolishly planned,
That you, my Lord Viscount, should wish at Gehenna

The member who wants you to answer off-hand?

Surely we've something most strange to anticipate,
When the plausible Viscount, the pride of our land,

Cannot the fears of his followers dissipate—
As he can 'nonly does—by an answer off-hand.
—*Press.* X

From The Saturday Review.

ÆSTHETICAL DELUSIONS.

THERE was a time when the word "artist" meant simply one who used the brush and painted pictures. No one would then have called a singer or a dancer Artist, though it is clear that the Muses patronize singing and dancing as immediately as picture-painting. Thus, what the word gained in definiteness it lost in extension. But now the whole case is changed. The word artist, or the French *artiste*, has come to be applied to every one who is in any way connected with any of the fine arts; and it is used to designate so many different people, that we hardly know how to interpret it without the assistance of some qualifying epithet. The definition of Ary Scheffer, that the artist is a man endowed with some lofty sentiment or powerful conviction, which is worthy of being expressed indifferently through the medium of prose, poetry, music, sculpture, or painting, is surely wide enough. But it sinks into nothing in contact with such phrases as photographic artist, artist in hair, artist in wax flowers, and the like. Acrobats and rope-dancers even are dignified with the name, and young ladies who imitate Lord Dundreary in their evening entertainments are now lauded in provincial newspapers as "eminent artistes." One important inference may be drawn from this vague and inconvenient extension of the term. We see in it the prevalence of a persuasion that there exists an artistic nature capable of giving itself vent through various channels, according to the idiosyncrasy of the individual. Thus Art becomes a single spirit taking many shapes, and artists in all their different degrees are bound together by her divine afflatus. So far this is very well. But Wordsworth talks of men who are dumb poets—who feel the inspirations of Art, but never find an adequate channel for the expression of her mystical communications. Then arises the gigantic fallacy of artistic sensibilities, by right of which any romantic person may class himself among the poets of the world, complaining only that cruel heaven has put no lyre or pencil into his hands. He has the lofty sentiment and powerful conviction; but he is doomed to "live his poem" instead of writing it, and to exhale his artistic sweetness on the desert of his own existence. Let us see how far this claim to "æsthetical sensibilities" or "artistic temperament," among

persons who are remarkable for the predominance of their emotions, and for the rapidity with which they feel the influence of Art, may lead them into difficulties.

There has always been and will be a certain amount of folly and waywardness among young people, which makes them discontented with common life, morbid, moping, and apt to confound the ideal with the real. This used to be called romance; and Sheridan's *Lydia Languish* is an amusing picture of what it was in his days. Miss Edgeworth, too, in her charming tale of the *Unknown Friend*, has satirized the absurdities and inconveniences to which it exposed its subjects. Another form of the same disease, though more dangerous in its tendencies, was the Byronism of fifty years ago, and the Wertherism which infected Germany during Goethe's period of *Sturm und Drang*. Now-a-days there is remarkably little of the old romantic feeling, perhaps too little for the preservation of a truly chivalrous society. Byronism has expired, and the young men of Germany and England are far from committing suicide or becoming bandits under the potent spells of Goethe or of Schiller. Yet human nature is the same, and in the extended use of the word "artist" may perhaps be detected a folly which has partially supplanted those we have just indicated. Young people no longer break their hearts for love; but they fancy that they are born to be artists, and quarrel with the trammels of society or business, with the frigid round of conventionalities and the monotonous occupations that tie the pinions of their Pegasus. As an immediate consequence of this persuasion, such persons sacrifice everything in order to foster their æsthetical perceptions, and to give full course to their imagination. Yet they have no secure conviction of their genius; and like the alchemists of old, they continue spending what real wealth they have upon an insane attempt to develop a faculty which probably does not exist. "The artist," they say, "is a law unto himself." Therefore, he must obey his own impulses; and if he does not harmonize with society, it is the fault of the latter, which he has received supreme commission to correct. It follows that mere sensibility is substituted for morality. Whatever seems to the artistic spirit good and beautiful, that he is bound to pursue, or to sell his birthright. The advice of parents and the common sense

of the world are alike neglected, for the experience of the artist is above such guidance. And meantime his soul must be sustained with the music, poetry, or painting, which seems most congenial to his aspirations; until, by this course of training—since such natures are rarely capable of controlling the fancy, or of separating the ideal world from that of practical life—he becomes a feeble thinker, distorted in his moral notions and aimless in his actions, the passive prey of every impression which may be communicated to his simply receptive imagination.

We may here turn aside to illustrate the truth of a remark which is not seldom made, but which is rarely accompanied by any adequate explanation—that musical people are for the most part conspicuous for some intellectual folly or moral debility. The fact is that the very quality of mind which makes them sensitive to melody exposes them to the influence of every gusty impulse, and betrays them into adopting an ideal point of view. This no doubt is the case with intellects that lack weight and balance—with those would-be artists who abuse fair abilities in the search for the impossible, and with such real ones as have not sufficient strength of moral character to counterbalance their imagination. To correct this failing should be the special aim of education in these cases; for through them the whole sphere of art becomes suspected, until æsthetic tastes and studies are alike treated as subjects of reproach. We even remember hearing the verdict of a great scholar on one of his acquaintances, in which he described him as a young man remarkable for his æsthetic tastes, *but who yet evinced considerable ability.*

But to continue our description of the would-be artist. As soon as he has conceived that it is his duty to educate himself for art, all things begin to be contemplated from a fictitious point of view. He no longer asks, *Is this right or wrong?* or, *Is it a healthy subject of my thought?* but, *How would this look if I could work it up into a tale or poem?* What new subtlety in human nature can I discover? Inordinate curiosity for the investigation of morbid character succeeds. Forgetting that contact with the evil of another soul cannot fail to sully our own, and imagining that the artist must understand the height and depth of human passion, he finds no problem too revolting, no French pathol-

ogy of sentiment too painful, for his scrutiny. And with this anatomy of other minds begins the analysis of self, which at first presents a new and wonderful enjoyment. For when a man has discovered that he contains within himself a microcosm more various and yet more easily investigated than the great world, it gives him infinite pleasure to sound its seas and map out its continents. He fosters peculiar emotions in order to observe their progress and conclusion. He does strange things, like Firmilian, to get a fresh sensation. Every little feeling is magnified and invested with epical importance—perhaps is recorded in a diary; nor does he reckon any feeling wrong or foolish so long as it seems genuine, because the whole soul is consistent with herself, and yet must be variously developed. Thus, what with external anatomy and internal craving for excitement, his mind becomes a mirror of all that is bad and painful in others, while his own evil tendencies receive a fresh vitality; and eventually the embryo artist finds that he is threading an inextricable maze under the burden of matter that is dangerous and potent, and enslaved to habits of which he can no longer divest himself by an act of will. Then descends the Nemesis of Art. The healthy pursuits of other people seem insipid. Their modes of thought are tame. Like one who has returned from the wild beasts and phantoms of a Thebaid to the world of life, he cannot understand the common interests of men. And even beauty, which used to charm his soul in nature, poetry, and painting, can now no longer exert the stimulus which he requires to satisfy his yearnings, or to distract his attention from the self-inflicted torments of his mind. Nor, again, is it simply in respect of his moral nature that he has suffered. The same tendency to view all things in an ideal and subjective light weakens his intellectual perceptions. Truth ceases to mean what absolutely *is*, and becomes what is consistent with a certain state of mind. And everything appears to have its own Truth, until nothing can be said to be either false or true.

Such is the result of this artist's self-education. And at the end he asks himself what he should have asked at the beginning, "Have I the power to create?" But the full answer to this question is not yet in the negative. Our artist cannot face the truth of his deficiency. He rather strives to find

in the weakness of his nature some evidence of genius still to be developed. For such natures, in the midst of self-mistrust and conscious folly, yearn morbidly for fame. They remember that Keats threatened to commit suicide unless he found himself a poet. They cherish self-inflicted sorrows and imaginary pain, because artists must "learn in suffering what they teach in song." Even such minor points of weakness as melancholy, selfishness, irritability, shyness, and far-fetched dreams of evil, because they may be reckoned among the flaws of mighty minds, delude these misguided beings into the fancy that they sit above the herd among the lords of Thought. Yet it was not his blindness which made Milton equal in renown to Thamyris or Meonides; nor can we feel assured that because Keats brooded over unreal miseries, or because Shelley fought with phantoms, or because Arthur Hallam could not remember the date of Marathon three days together, or because Coleridge had no moral sense, therefore every sensitive youth endowed with these imperfections is born to be a poet. In fact, there is a vast difference between æsthetical susceptibility and real creative power—between the mere enthusiasm which loses itself in a tempest of emotion, and the calm power of genius that holds all the winds of passion under its control. And this our artist discovers to his cost as soon as he really puts his capabilities to the test. In order to understand the nature of this discovery, we may quote Goethe's words about the young man Plessing, whom he visited *incognito*:—

"The deplorable condition of this young man," he says, "had become always clearer to me; he had never taken cognizance of the outer world; but had, on the contrary, cultivated his mind by multifarious reading, and directed inwards all his powers and affections; and in this way, as in the depths of his being he found no productive talent, he had gone far to ruin himself altogether; even the occupation and consolation which stand so gloriously open to us by employing ourselves with the ancient languages, seemed to be completely wanting to him."

Goethe feared that he was on the brink of suicide or madness. Fortunately, he did not end thus; but he eventually became a literary man of the second class. We may use his case as a warning to those able young men who now talk vaguely about Art, for-

getting that, besides the sensibilities and imperfections of the poet's mind, they ought to feel assured of the true artistic inspiration, and of definite plastic power, before they tread a labyrinth so dangerous to even the real masters of its clue. Yet perhaps, after all, there are few who set themselves in spite of Nature to become artists, in any distinct sense of the word. It is true that Mr. Mill gravely asserts, in his essay on Wordsworth, that every man of ability and diligence may, by self-culture, make himself as great a poet as the author of the *Ode on Immortality*. Yet there is an instinct which holds men back from embarking all their freight on such a treacherous sea; and the real evil of yearnings after art is not so much the earnest devotion of a lifetime to this artistic Quixotism, as the indulgence which we have attempted to describe, of a general laxity of thought and morals, to which those persons are exposed who fancy themselves more gifted than their neighbors because they are more sensitive.

It may be asked, what process is likely to free a man from such a morbid state of mind? George Sand has written a novel called *Val-de-vie* upon this problem, in which she tries to prove that a sincere study of Nature is the true restorative of jaded sensibilities and self-absorption. Science, which deals with the facts and laws of the outer world—analysis of natural beauties, in and for themselves, without a side-glance at their reproduction in a literary or sentimental form—is the great specific which she recommends for these diseases of the soul. It is true that nothing is more calm and satisfactory—nothing more fit to lead us outside ourselves, and to teach us humility—than such a study. But it is not every one who has the means of adopting this remedy, while others, like Plessing, are rendered incapable by their very disease of being influenced by such a cure. The principle, however, holds good, and admits of wide application. He who has once been roused from artistic dreaming by the retribution which descends on the incompetent, should at any cost learn humility and seek a reconstruction of his character outside himself—in business, work, hard living, acts of charity, association with his fellows. In a word, like Tennyson's Lady, he should leave his palace-towers, and hope only to return to them when he can enter to enjoy, without false, selfish fancies which belie his very nature.

From Bontley's Miscellany.

A PRINCE IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

VERY interesting to all classes of readers are those works in which an historian of acknowledged repute selects some undecided incident, and throws on it the light of diligent research and careful weighing of evidence. In this act M. Guizot is *facile princeps*, and it is therefore with great satisfaction that we bring before our readers' attention his latest monogram,* a perusal of which will go far to remove the disappointing impression produced by his feeble defence of the Papacy. During his study of the English Revolution our author came across two histories which he considered more fascinating than any romance: these were a king seeking a love-match, and love in the household of a great Christian and liberal nobleman. The latter M. Guizot has already made known to us in his "L'Amour dans le Mariage," and he has now fully discussed the former in the volume which we have under notice. The first, the author tells us, was a study of a political tragedy; the second a study of high comedy. But, before entering on the subject-matter, let us pause for a moment and see what M. Guizot has to say about royal marriages generally:—

"Royal marriages arouse very diverse feelings among those who are present at them, or who converse about them. Some, and they are the majority, only think of the grandeur of the destinies which are connected by such bonds, of the importance of the motives that determine them, and the negotiations that preface them, and of the brilliancy of the fêtes that accompany them. Others, and they are the more delicate, reflect on the private lot of the persons thus engaged to each other, and are affected by the condition of these young princesses, the devoted victim of politics, who are torn from their country and family, and surrendered to a man who does not know them, and whom they do not know, without care for their wishes and happiness. Of these spectators so differently affected, the first frequently see the brilliant expectations contradicted by facts; and I fear lest the honest compassion of the second is not always satisfied. Politicians are right in believing that alliances between royal families are not without their value for states, and are wrong when they confide in their powerful efficaciousness; such bonds influence events, but do not decide

them, and there are deeper causes which unite or divide governments and peoples. Those scrupulous persons who wish that hearts were more consulted in royal marriages, deplore an incurable evil: political necessities, either of fear or hope, are too powerful to prevent personal feelings being silenced or overcome. On the day of their marriage, as in many other circumstances of their life, the great ones of the earth have to pay, at times very dearly, for their greatness, and it often costs them happiness, and, most assuredly, liberty. It is said that the Emperor Nicholas, when a marriage was on the carpet, laid great stress on the inclinations of his children, and I have lived with a royal family in which domestic virtues and affections occupied a great place. I wish that such may become everywhere the morals of kings; but I venture to the belief that, speaking generally, our age and the succeeding ones will not differ in this respect from those that preceded it."

In 1623, three men badly suited to each other and to their time—King James Stuart I., his son Charles Prince of Wales, and their common favorite, George Villiers Duke of Buckingham—held in their hands the government of England. James was deficient neither in art nor knowledge, but he vain-gloriously displayed them in his conversations and writings much more than he employed them profitably in the government of his states. While still almost a boy in Scotland, he had to receive a foreign ambassador. The interview took place in Latin. The foreign envoy committed some grammatical mistakes, and the youthful king eagerly corrected them. "How is it you have made a pedant of your illustrious pupil?" the ambassador the next day asked the royal preceptor, Buchanan. "I was very fortunate," Buchanan said, "in making even that of him." In England, as in Scotland, James remained his whole life through a subtle and prolix pedant, astute with braggardism, and obstinate without vigor. He was a coward at the same time as a disputant, mingled pusillanimous instincts with haughty pretension, and feared danger as much as he delighted in controversy. He possessed strangely susceptible and weak nerves: a sudden noise, an unexpected appearance, made him start with terror, and his large eyes incessantly rolled in all directions when a stranger was before him. His doublet and all his garments were strongly lined and quilted to protect him from a dagger-thrust, which gave him the appearance of

* Un Projet de Mariage Royal. By M. Guizot. Paris: L. Hachette et Cie.

an excessive and false corpulence. He had but little beard, and his tongue was too large for his mouth, so that he ate and drank uncleanly and awkwardly. His thin legs could hardly carry him: at the age of seven he was unable to stand upright, and he was obliged always to lean on the shoulder of some one for support. With shamefully dissolute morals he united a ridiculously expansive and familiar tenderness, and was always ruled by favorites, whom he treated as children. In his frequent attacks of anxiety and ill-temper he would curse at one moment like a teamster, at another cry like a woman. No sovereign more pompously held up the royal prerogatives in principle, and none, in reality, represented royalty in a more subaltern, more vulgar, and frequently more offensive manner. Prince Charles and Buckingham were in many respects superior to the weak monarch; but all three had two great faults, the inflexible source of serious perils. They were all imbued with the maxims and habits of absolute power, at a period when, though triumphant on the Continent, it was becoming inopportune and contested in England. They arrived at a great time, and were not great themselves: they found great questions pending which had formerly been discussed by great princes, and they were incapable of treating them with the same energy as their predecessors:—

“Absolute power has its social and personal conditions. It is at times natural and necessary, but no mistake must be made about its hour, and even in its hour a certain measure of brilliancy and public respect is indispensable for it. When a nation has a sovereign master, at least, it must not despise him. As sovereign-master of England, James I. came too late, and was too decried: under the two great Tudors, his predecessors, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, absolute power had brilliantly performed its career, and accomplished its task; but James had no longer services to render it, and glory to reap; he merely professed its maxims unseasonably, and scandalously practised its abuses. His son Charles entered on the same track with more dignity and more blindness, while Buckingham took advantage, with arrogant and frivolous selfishness, of the weaknesses of his two masters.”

When Henri IV. heard of the death of Elizabeth, he at once sent off Sully to renew the old alliance between the two countries, and, at the same time, to fortify the alliance by the double marriage of the Dauphin,

afterwards Louis XIII., with Princess Elizabeth of England, and of Henry Prince of Wales with Elizabeth of France, eldest daughter of Henri IV. Sully performed his mission with admirable tact, and James invited him and his suite to dinner at Greenwich. Sully reports progress to his master as follows:—

“The beginning of our conversation was about the chase and the heat, which was at this time extraordinary in England. After commonplace topics, the king began talking of the late Queen of England with some degree of contempt, and to boast of the dexterity he had displayed in managing her through her legal advisers, all of whom he boasted that he had gained over during her lifetime; so that they only did what he wished, and he had thus governed England for several years before the death of the late queen, whose memory is not agreeable to him. Then calling for wine, in which he never mixes water, he began by saying to me that he wished to drink your health, which was done reciprocally by him and me, without forgetting the queen's and children. Speaking of whom, he whispered in my ear that he was going to drink the double relationship which was about to ensue. I was surprised at this, because the time seemed to me inopportune for opening so worthy a matter, and he ought to have spoken to me beforehand. Still I greeted the remark with some signs of joy, and told him that your majesty, being sought by Spain for Monseigneur the Dauphin, would know how to choose and make a distinction between the alliance with a good brother and assured friend, with whom he would never have cause of quarrel, and a monarch from whom, up to this hour, he had only received insults. Then he told me that he acted in the same way, having been offered the same marriage for his son by the Spaniards, and that they were offering this Infanta to all the world merely to abuse the prince.”

Sully went off with an offensive and defensive alliance in his pocket, and, soon after, Spanish envoys arrived in their turn in England to form a treaty and open prospects for a royal marriage. M. Guizot has found a very curious document in the archives of Simancas drawn up on this subject for Philip III. by a Jesuit. The marriage was regarded as a means for bringing England back to the true faith, and, says the Jesuit, “Once that your majesty has settled with the King of England that the Infanta and her entire household shall have free exercise of the Catholic religion, and that her highness shall

be waited on by persons of both nations of an exemplary life, as well as of a tried prudence and seal in the matters of our holy faith, the marriage, in the opinion of the said Catholics, will be not only licit according to the divine laws, but also justified, or, at the least, admissible to dispensation according to human laws, and even meritorious before God, glorious for Spain, and of great edification for the entire Church." With the death of Henri IV. matters changed greatly in France, and James veered round to the Spanish alliance, by sending Sir Charles Cornwallis, in 1611, to ask the hand of the Infanta Anne for Henry Prince of Wales. After a good deal of delay, Cornwallis was told that the Infanta Anne was already disposed of, but his master might have his choice of the two other Infantas, Marie and Marguerite, but the elder of these was only five years of age. Finally, the Spanish court made it a *sine quâ non* that the prince should embrace the Catholic faith, and the matter was broken off. Anne of Austria was married to the young King of France, and James had the unpleasant feeling of having been made a cat's-paw of both by France and Spain.

James next asked the hand of Christina, second daughter of Henri IV., for his son, and on the death of the latter put forward Charles. The negotiations, however, led to no result, and the king once more turned his eyes to Madrid. The Spanish envoy in London, Gondemar, was admirably adapted to carry on such a delicate negotiation, and James appointed as his envoy to Madrid, Sir John Digby, afterwards Earl of Bristol, who labored diligently and perseveringly to bring about the marriage, without compromising the general policy or public feeling of his own country. The Spanish court pretended to be anxious for the marriage, but it was all deceit on their part. Philip III., on his dying bed, said to his son; "Prince, do not abandon your sister Marie till you have made an empress of her." Tired of the delays, Prince Charles resolved on the bold stroke of proceeding to Madrid, gaining the heart of the Infanta, and thus rendering it impossible for the court of Madrid to withdraw. After a long time spent in overcoming the king's resistance, Charles and Buckingham left London on February 27, 1623, under the names of John and Thomas Smith, and sailed from Dover; on March 3 they

reached Paris incognito. They were presented as travellers to the Duc de Montbazan, manager of the royal fêtes, and witnessed a court ballet, where the prince was so struck by the beauty of Anne of Austria that he was all eagerness to see her sister. He, therefore, started the next day for Madrid; and hence there is no truth in the commonly accepted tradition that he fell in love at first sight with Henrietta Maria. On the contrary, when Lords Carlisle and Holland went to Paris in 1624 to ask the hand of that princess for Charles, Anne of Austria said to them, "That at the ballet, where the Prince of Wales saw them the previous year, she had greatly regretted that her sister-in-law had appeared before him so little to her advantage, as he had only seen her from a distance, and in a dark room, while her face and entire person were infinitely more agreeable when seen close."

On the evening of March 17 the travellers arrived at the door of the English ambassador at Madrid, "more gay than they had ever been in their lives." They were most kindly welcomed by the court, and Olivares went so far as to say that if the Pope refused a dispensation for the Infanta to be the wife of the Prince of Wales, she would be given to him as mistress. The public also greeted Charles with delight, for there had been a drought for seven months before his arrival, and a beneficent rain came with him. Hence, when Charles solemnly traversed the city to go and take up his residence with the king, all classes of the population greeted him with the same favor: the richest hangings, the finest pictures adorned the fronts of the houses; scaffoldings were erected on all sides, covered with spectators, and verses in honor of the prince were recited as he passed. On reaching the palace, the prince was splendidly lodged; the king handed him a gold key which opened his private apartments; the queen sent him presents chosen with feminine delicacy and royal magnificence; the town was illuminated for three days; promenades, public homages, bull-fights, festivals of every description, succeeded each other without relaxation, and at court and in the country all were anxious to testify to the prince their confidence and hope. But the confidence of Charles and Buckingham in their speedy success was soon shaken. The principal conditions of the marriage, already agreed on between the two sov-

ereigns, were, that the Infanta and her household should enjoy in England the free and full exercise of the Catholic religion; that the education of the children should remain in their mother's hands up to the age of seven, and that, if they were Catholics, they should not lose their right of succession; that no Catholic priest should be put to death for performing his spiritual functions, and that the penal laws existing in England against the Catholics should be allowed to fall into desuetude. On these bases the Papal dispensation had been asked, but Gregory XIV. added several fresh demands, some of which James conceded, and declined others; but, on the departure of Charles for Spain, it was generally supposed that matters were duly arranged. For all that, the dispensation did not arrive, and there were so many obstacles, that Charles was obliged to ask his father for full powers in order to settle matters. Moreover, the enthusiasm with which Charles was received at Madrid rapidly cooled down: it was generally believed that he was about to turn Catholic, but he soon undeceived them by saying, "I have come to seek in Spain a wife, and not a religion."

Nor does it appear, in spite of Buckingham's asseverations, that the Prince of Wales was greatly smitten by his promised wife. The Infanta was at that time seventeen years of age; short and rather stout; she had light hair, a Flemish rather than a Spanish complexion, and rather thick lips, after the type of the house of Austria. Nothing leads to the belief that her mind was well developed, and, as we may suppose, she was, with the prince, at once curious and embarrassed. He only had rare and short interviews with her; and even when, lodged in the palace, he saw her more nearly and frequently, the court etiquette and Spanish manners did not allow those frequent and frank communications between them in which young hearts reveal themselves and are attracted to each other. Charles paid assiduous court to the Infanta: he waited to see her when she went in and came out of church; at the theatre he kept his eyes fixed on her, and he liked to ride at the ring in her presence. Informed one day that she was going to the Casa di Campo to pluck flowers, he rose at a very early hour, and, followed by but one confidant, Endymion Porter, he entered the house and the garden. Not finding the lady of his thoughts, he at

length reached a private enclosure, closed by a wall and a heavy gate. Charles climbed over the wall and leaped into the enclosure; the Infanta uttered a shriek and fled; and the old servant, who accompanied her, fell on his knees, conjuring the prince not to compromise the honor and safety of his gray hairs. Charles was respectful and reserved. During the whole of his stay at Madrid he continued to be gallant and eager with the Infanta, but neither his actions, nor his letters, nor contemporary documents, show that his heart was seriously affected, and in this negotiation love did not come to the aid of policy.

Another difficulty the Prince of Wales had to contend with was the arrogance of Buckingham, who rendered himself odious to all the Spanish grandees. The king treated him with great coldness, the council of state disputed his right to take part in the negotiations, and went so far as to say that "they would sooner throw the Infanta down a well than place her in his hands." The affair of the dispensation, however, still dragged on, and the Pope wrote flattering letters to Prince Charles and Buckingham, urging them to come over to the true faith. In vain did Charles press Olivarez to come to a settlement, otherwise he should be compelled to return to England. The prime minister had a ready-made excuse in the death of Gregory XIV., and the necessity of having the dispensation ratified by his successor, Urban VIII. Still, when the court of Madrid learned that James I. had sworn to all the articles proposed, and that measures favorable to the Catholics were being introduced, the Spanish obstinacy and reserve were slightly relaxed, and the marriage articles were drawn up, under promise that the betrothal should take place on the 29th of August following. This was followed up by a threat on the part of Charles to depart without the Infanta, unless word were kept with him; and if the court of Madrid had really desired the marriage, this menace might have had some effect, but they had begun to detest the English, great numbers of whom had by this time flocked round the prince. Among these was Archie, the king's jester, who never missed a chance of saying disagreeable things to the Spaniards. Thus, on one occasion, some one said in his presence that it was very surprising the Duke of Bavaria, with only fifteen thousand men, had dared to attack the Elector Palatine, son-

in-law of James I., who had twenty-five thousand, and thoroughly routed him. "I will tell you," said Archie, "something far more surprising: how was it possible, in 1538, that a fleet of one hundred and forty vessels left Spain to invade England, and that not even ten of them returned to tell what had become of the rest?" Personally, Charles was liked by the Spaniards; but he was neither firm enough nor clever enough to repair the faults of his comrade. The Infanta's confessor was greatly opposed to the match, and ardently turned his young penitent from it. "Do you know," he would say to her, "what misfortune and malediction you will incur? You will have every night at your side a man condemned to the fires of hell." The Infanta was horrified, turned melancholy, and sedulously avoided the prince, who persisted in seeking her without loving or being loved. To escape from this ridiculous situation, Prince Charles saw no other mode than to hurriedly return to England, leaving in suspense at Madrid all the questions which he had flattered himself with settling by his chivalrous journey. On September 7th, the King of Spain and the Prince of Wales confirmed, by a new act, the articles to which King James had sworn, and Philip promised that, if he would return to Madrid at the following Christmas, the marriage would be immediately celebrated, although the departure of the Infanta still remained fixed for the spring.

The Infanta had received the marriage presents some time before; she bore the title of Princess of England, took English lessons assiduously, and when the two envoys of King James appeared before her, they did not remain covered, according to the Spanish custom, for they no longer regarded her as the Infanta, but as their princess. When the news of the Prince of Wales's approaching departure spread through Madrid, people were surprised, and asked whether he were afraid of being kept there against his will. To this suspicion Buckingham proudly replied: "It was love that impelled the prince to come to Spain; it will not be fear that makes him leave it; he will go away when he thinks proper in broad daylight." The Infanta said, on hearing it: "If he loved me he would not go away." Before the departure presents were exchanged, the King of Spain giving the prince eighteen Spanish horses, six Barbs, six brood mares, and twenty colts, all su-

perbly harnessed. Charles offered the Infanta a necklace of two hundred and fifty magnificent pearls, two pairs of pearl earrings, and a diamond of great value. The King of Spain accompanied the prince part of the way to the coast; on the road they killed a stag in a little wood, where they found a table richly laid out. A small marble column had already been erected on the spot, and before this Philip and Charles renewed their protestations of alliance and friendship. No sooner had they separated, than Charles sent a messenger to the English envoy with instructions not to let out of his hands the procuration which the prince had given him, and by which he authorized Philip IV., or the Infant Don Carlos, to proceed in his name to the celebration of the marriage. A rumor had been spread that, once the marriage ceremony was performed, the Infanta, sooner than live with a heretic, would retire to a convent, thus leaving the Prince of Wales married and without a wife. Such was the distrust and suspicion connected with the solemn protestations and promises of friendship! When Charles got on board the English fleet at Santander, his remark was, "It is a great folly and weakness of the Spaniards to let me depart so freely, after having treated me so badly."

Charles's return to London was a magnificent ovation; all the bells rang out a merry peal, and the churches were filled with persons offering up thanks for his safe return. He hastened off at once to join his father at Royston, and James appeared to be tolerably satisfied with the result. The pledges of the Spaniards to restore his son-in-law, the Palatine, to his states, were rather vague, and he said, "I am not at all inclined to marry my son with my daughter's tears for a dower." James's next step was to send instructions to his envoy at Madrid to put off the ceremony of betrothal till Christmas, which placed Lord Bristol in an awkward dilemma, for, since Prince Charles's departure, he had been doing all in his power to dissipate doubts, and persuade the prince and the Infanta that they were really attached to each other. The King of Spain, however, felt so persuaded that James's heart was set on the marriage, that he made all preparations, and, as the Papal dispensation had at length arrived, the betrothal was fixed for November 29, and the marriage for December 9. To

get out of this, James began a squabble about the Infanta's dower of two millions of crowns, which he insisted on receiving in hard cash, instead of part payment in jewels and annuities, as proposed by the Spanish court. He also insisted on a clear understanding about what was to be done in the matter of the Palatine. The court of Madrid was astounded by this firmness on the part of the usually vacillating monarch, and the cool way in which he treated the Spanish envoys, and the friendliness he displayed towards the French ambassador heightened their anxiety.

James was horribly perplexed what to do, and, without absolutely breaking with the Spanish court, recalled his envoy, the Earl of Bristol, the only Englishman in whom the Spaniards placed confidence. On his departure, Olivarez offered him a considerable sum of money, and pressed him to accept, as no one would know about it. "Pardon me," Bristol replied; "there is some one who will know it, and inform the King of England of the fact, and that is the Earl of Bristol." So soon as they learned that Bristol was recalled, Philip IV. and his council regarded the marriage of the Infanta as abandoned, and, though they did not declare it formally, they manifested their conviction by their actions. The Infanta gave up her English lessons, and though the presents were not at once returned, it was openly stated that they would be so as soon as their suspicions were confirmed. At the same time, Philip went to Andalusia and inspected the fleet. Nothing was so disagreeable to James as the prospect of a war with Spain; for, as he wisely remarked, that would not restore the palatinate to his son-in-law. He therefore summoned Parliament, and laid the whole affair of the Spanish marriage before it. The great mass of the people were opposed to it, and Buckingham placed himself at the head of the opposition. The Spanish ambassadors intrigued against the favorite and almost dethroned him. He lost the king's favor for some time, but by a fortunate chance Buckingham was enabled to lay bare the trickery of the Spaniards, and the king and Buckingham became friends again. The end of the whole affair was that the two Houses declared that the king could no longer, with honor, continue the negotiations for the Spanish marriage. At the same time they voted a sum of money for the prosecution of the war, should it break out.

Under the circumstances, the French court thought it advisable to try and take the place of the Spaniards, and, after some beating about the bush, James sent Lord Kensington to Paris early in 1624, with instructions to sound the disposition of the King of France and the queen-mother. Shortly after, the Earl of Carlisle was sent to back up Lord Kensington, and found that he had to negotiate with a man of very different mental calibre from himself, the Cardinal de Richelieu. When their lordships had declared the purport of their common mission, Louis XIII. appointed four commissioners to treat with them, the cardinal being at their head. Matters went on very satisfactorily as far as the French were concerned, but the Pope did not at all like the idea of the match. He went so far as to say that if Louis XIII. would give up the English marriage, the King of Spain would gladly ask the hand of Henrietta for his brother, the Infant Don Carlos, to whom he would secure the sovereignty of the Catholic Low Countries after the death of the Infanta Isabella. Marie de Médicis did not let herself be caught by these offers, however, and Louis XIII. contented himself with answering, "My zeal for the Catholic religion is no less than that of the King of Spain. It is the only thing which delays my sister's marriage."

The great hitch in the affair was the engagement James should enter into as to the treatment of the English Catholics. He offered a verbal promise not to execute the laws passed against them, and to tolerate the free exercise of their religion in their houses. The French negotiators demanded a written and official oath. James consented to the terms, but then came another difficulty: the Frenchmen wanted the engagement inserted in the marriage contract, and to this James did not dare assent, as it would be laid before Parliament, and there would be no chance of carrying it through. To these reasons Louis XIII. yielded, and the only thing now remaining was to obtain the dispensation from Rome. As his emissary to the Pope Richelieu selected a remarkably astute man, Père de Berulle, who defeated all the schemes by which the Papal See tried to evade giving its assent to the marriage. The ceremony was arranged, and the Duc de Chevreuse was to act as proxy for the Prince of Wales, but just at the time James I. was taken ill and died. Death, however, does not derange the course of regal relations: three days after, Charles I. ratified the treaty, and the contract was signed on May 8, 1625, at the Louvre, and the marriage ceremony was performed by the Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld on the 11th.

From The Saturday Review.

THE BRITISH SUTTEE.

A CURIOUS chapter might be written on the tortures to which the human female has subjected herself for the sake of concealing what she evidently conceives to be the normal ugliness of her shape. The desire is peculiar to her alone out of the whole list of animate creation. It is not even shared by the male of her own species. Man has never been ashamed of his outlines. Such vestimentary sufferings as he has been exposed to in the changing course of fashion have rather resulted from an undue desire to exhibit them. There were days when a satirist could make a man of fashion dismiss his tailor with the admonition—"And mind you, sir, if I can get into my leather breeches, I won't have them." In such times, a hook fixed into the waist was a regular part of a gentleman's dressing apparatus, so that by hanging his accurately made garments to it, he could have the assistance of the force of gravitation in the difficult labor of inserting himself into them. But though such efforts undoubtedly prove that the French proverb, *il faut souffrir pour être belle*, was unjust in its exclusively feminine application, yet they cannot be said to have indicated any solicitude on the man's part to conceal the human outline. But the woman, in various climes and ages, has been possessed with an irrepressible anxiety to distort an original with which she is so little satisfied, and has been deterred by no suffering from her aim. Physical pain has not frightened the Chinese woman from crushing her feet, or the Polynesian from elongating her ears. Neither fear of dyspepsia or suffocation, nor the misery of life-long compression, prevented our mothers from giving, by hard squeezing, an elegant air of fragility to their waists. The faults of the present fashion are certainly not in the same direction. If the young lady of the last generation had a taste for squeezing herself, the young lady of the present generation wisely prefers to squeeze her neighbors. She does not err by detracting from, but rather by amplifying the bounty of nature. Her aim appears to be to persuade the male animal that the natural form of his appointed helpmate is that of a bell-shaped tent with a small protuberance of arms and features struggling out of the top of it. "*Disinit in diving-bell mulier formosa superne*," would be the macaronic adaptation

necessary to describe the mermaid of modern times. But the chase after this singular ideal involves the risk of considerably greater suffering than was heretofore attached to similar efforts. The fashion of low grates and voluminous tarlatans combined has recently produced a succession of terrible accidents. "A blaze of beauty" used to be a penny-a-lining metaphor; but if matters go on as they have been doing lately, it is likely, in the most literal sense, to form an ornament of our drawing-rooms far more often than could be wished.

It must be acknowledged that there is great originality in this peculiar form of danger; and as originality is the great recommendation of a marriageable young lady in these days, the thought will no doubt go far to console all those who are not quite burned to death. Never before, probably, in the history of human folly, did people ever lay a train of highly combustible matter between their own combustible clothing and a point some six feet off, and carry this inflammable arrangement about with them into the immediate neighborhood of fireplaces and gaslights. The only precedent on record which at all approximates to the present case is that of the Frenchman who desired to commit suicide in an original manner, and accordingly stuffed his ear with gun-cotton, and then applied the end of his cigar to it. But then the Frenchman was fully aware that a blaze would be the probable result, which does not yet appear to have dawned upon the young ladies. They seem to be wholly ignorant of the natural law, that if even the hundredth yard of the tarlatan wherewith they are encompassed should catch fire, all the other intervening yards will catch fire too. And what that hundredth yard of tarlatan is doing—whether it is scorching, smouldering, or blazing—the wearer herself is much too far off to know. When Sydney Smith saw a child trying to please a tortoise by tickling its shell, he said it was like stroking the dome of St. Paul's in order to soothe the Dean and Chapter. A young lady is not quite so far off from her external clothing as the assembled dignitaries from the dome under which they are sitting; but she is quite as ignorant of what is befalling it. And her crinoline, unlike the dome in question, is not only movable, but has a sportive and capricious movement of its own. A profound mathematician,

no doubt, could calculate with accuracy every curve of the sinuous course, as it waggles from side to side behind its mistress when she walks across the room. But to unlearned eyes its wags are quite inscrutable, and defy all calculation. At one moment, it disports itself amid a tray of curious china, at another it winds round the legs of an unwary gentleman who is not used to its ways; and after creating havoc among all the unstable pieces of furniture in the room, and putting the footman who is bringing in the tea through a series of the most formidable feats of agility, it is likely enough to end with a graceful sweep into the grate. If its covering is silk or woollen, nothing comes of it but a scorch; but if it be muslin, there must be a blaze. The unfortunate wearer cannot help herself; for, as Nature did not calculate upon crinoline, and gave her no eyes in the back of her head, she cannot keep a watch over its pranks. Her only chance is to act like the helmsman of a badly steering ship, and give a wide berth to everything. But a knowledge of the precautions necessary in drawing-room navigation under the crinoline *régime* does not come by nature; and while young ladies are gaining their experience, their novitiate is cut short by a conflagration. Of course, many remedies have suggested themselves to affrighted parents. One gentleman announces that he keeps all his grates well blockaded by a huge fireguard; for which, if frosty weather should ever return to us, his affectionate family will bless him. The favorite remedy is the application of a solution of tungstate of soda, which would certainly render the dresses non-inflammable, and, it is said, would not injure the appearance of the stuff. But for its possessing this indispensable merit, we have only the word of some eminent chemists; and the young ladies are not inclined to accept their authority on so delicate a matter. Moreover, the peculiar ways of manufacturers must be taken into consideration. There can be no doubt that they would carefully apply the solution to the extreme end of each piece of stuff, so as to enable the customer to test it at a candle in the shop, and entirely to satisfy her prejudices. But if any manufacturer did more than this, he would certainly be behaving in a very untradesman-like manner. Failing these remedies, it would be very desirable that some ingenious mechanist should devise some machine for enabling every lady to steer her own crinoline. A few steel rods in addition to the present cage work would be no great increase of weight, and it would

give a lady the satisfaction of knowing for certain where her crinoline was going.

On the whole, however, the general impression appears to be that the danger is unavoidable, and that a store of wet blankets kept in constant readiness, and hung like buckets in the passage, is the only remedy. In economical houses, the same precaution may be provided by occasionally watering the rug. These safeguards will probably be sufficient if the non-blazing portion of the company are prompt enough in applying them. The art of putting out a young lady will no doubt become a regular item in the education of a gentleman. Just as nice young men are valued now for their dexterity in putting on a lady's shawl or cloak, so, in a few years, the ideal dandy will be known by his skill in throwing a young lady down and rolling her in the rug or blanket. It is probable that after a time the men will get accustomed to their duties as drawing-room firemen, and will not be backward to perform them. Of course, a still simpler escape from the danger, even than the wet blankets or wet rugs, would be found if young ladies would abandon the practice of inserting themselves into the centre of muslin balloons.* This seems the simplest way out of the trouble, especially as the Empress of the French, at whose bidding the *cage* was originally introduced among the obsequious fashionables of London, is understood no longer to insist on it. But these specious hopes are not likely to be realized. The fashion of crinoline rests on foundations too sure to be easily shaken. In the first place, it consumes three or four times more material than the garb of ten years ago; and is therefore naturally popular with the dressmakers, who, if not the lawgivers of fashion, are at least the infallible exponents and interpreters of its decrees. Then it gratifies some very pardonable passions of the female heart. It enables a woman who is tolerably rich, and wishes to be thought very rich, to impress her wealth very emphatically on her neighbors; and it gives to women with bad figures a good chance of looking nearly as well as their more favored rivals. Now, as the majority of fashionable women are women who wish to seem either richer than they are or prettier than they are, it is clear that crinoline has attained a position from which it will not be easily dislodged. Something would be gained towards the preservation of human life if only non-inflammable stuffs were worn upon this much-prized garment. But, unluckily, muslin and tarlatan are advertisements of youth, and have, consequently, a stronger hold on feminine affections than even crinoline itself. There is nothing for it, therefore, but to provide an abundant supply of cold water, to be liberally applied on the first suspicion of danger.

From The London Review.

MR. STORY'S "ROME."*

To have seen Rome is the crown of a liberal education; but he who sees it must bring an instructed mind, as well as eager eyes. This spectacle, for its true contemplation, requires some faculties beyond the mere taste for picturesque confusion of scenery, or for the marvels of plastic and pictorial art. It requires an imagination prepared by historical studies to comprehend "the Eternal city," as the monument of two completed phases of the world's civilization,—a breadth of intelligence, as well as a warmth of sympathy, capable of embracing those vast human interests which were once centred in the Empire and the Papacy of ages past. It requires, finally, in the daylight of the present time, a clear perception that the former things, of which Roman majesty was the symbol, have virtually passed away; that by the new political and religious conditions of Europe, the city of the Tiber is designated for the seat of a modern kingdom, and not of a universal dominion. It requires, in short, that we should look to her possible future as the capital of Italy, undazzled by the mystic splendor of her Imperial or her Papal reign. When thus viewed by the heirs of European culture, scholars of classical literature, disciples of Western Christianity, Rome will be to them still radiant with bright and glowing recollections; while, to the believers in social progress, to those who have faith in their own age, Rome displays plain tokens of the decay and approaching downfall of an obsolete temporal and spiritual despotism, which must soon give place to national unity and to civil and religious freedom. Such are the considerations most likely now to occur to a thoughtful English visitor in Rome.

But it is difficult for the ordinary tourist to spare time for reflection amidst all the bustle of inspecting the churches, the palaces, the galleries, the studios, the ruins, and the catacombs, besides attending the afternoon carriage parade on Monte Pincio, and the evening parties in the English quarter, which chiefly occupy the precious days of his sojourn in Rome. With all these distractions, and the imperative duty of hastily gazing at all the famous shows of the place, he is a resolute man who can pause to gather up his

thoughts of Rome, combining what he sees with that which he has read before. Let him do this, in an hour of pregnant meditation such as Gibbon enjoyed when "sitting among the ruins of the Capitol;" and then, if he possess a well-stored and vigorous mind, he may see the majestic procession, as it were, of the successive powers, "which each the likeness of a kingly crown had on," setting forth in past centuries from Rome, to sway the destinies of mankind; and he may view this as a symbol of the substantial unity, beneath its various aspects, of that common life of Europe over whose development—first in its classical, and secondly in its mediæval stage—Rome has twice presided. These ideas freely enter the mind that is open to the intellectual influences which beset it at Rome; and no experience is more suggestive than this. But to how many of the thousands who yearly winter in Rome, is this moment of fruitful contemplation granted? *Non cuivis homini contigit adire Corinthum*; and of those who do go to lodge for a month in the Piazza di Spagna, and to lounge between the Colosseum and the Vatican, few perhaps, are allowed by their leisure and by their habits of mind to indulge in historical reflections.

But if a single visit to Rome may be fraught with such opportunities of instruction, it is certainly worth our while to share the observations of an accomplished Englishman or American who has resided there for many years. Why is it, by the way, that several American writers have entered with singular fidelity into descriptions of Rome? In the vividness and fidelity of their local coloring, they have excelled whatever has lately been written by our own countrymen on this subject. Though no transatlantic poet has yet equalled the Roman stanzas of "Childe Harold," on the other hand, neither Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, nor any other of our novelists, has succeeded like Mr. Hawthorne in rendering our impressions, whether felt in an evening visit to the Colosseum, or, as a contrast, beneath the fair dome of St. Peter's, or in any of those other well-known scenes, where the sentiment which it is customary to experience nevertheless affects us as a surprise. Above all, no writer has succeeded like Mr. Hawthorne in diffusing through the whole atmosphere of his romance that peculiar breath of Modern Rome—that strange, sweet,

* *Roba di Roma*. By W. W. Story. In two volumes. Chapman & Hall.

perilous air, heavily laden, as it were, with the fragrance of living Italy mingled with the dank vapors of Rome's secular decay—the scent of flowers, the smoke of incense, the taint of pestilence, the hallowed dust of innumerable graves—an intoxicating air to be inhaled with precaution, since for the mind, as for the body, there is a Roman fever infesting that clime.

Americans, therefore, of the educated and literary class, though probably less addicted than the English to Latin scholarship, yet usually taking an eager interest in the historical antiquities of the Old World, have done ample homage to the *genius loci* at Rome. Mr. Story, the artist whose fortunate creations of the Egyptian Queen and the Libyan Sihyl were esteemed among the noblest pieces of sculpture in our Great Exhibition last year, gives us, in these two volumes, the results of his long personal acquaintance with Rome. He tells us that in December, 1856, he returned for the third time to that "dear old city," and fixed his abode there. "No one lives long in Rome without loving it," is his confession; though it is probable that the same may be said of every other place by those most happily gifted in their constitution and circumstances who have long resided there. Yet it is undeniable that the charms of a Roman life, unfelt at first, do grow upon the mind after months, and even years, of sojourn at Rome, when curiosity has long ago been satiated, and when every object of artistic or antiquarian interest has been thoroughly explored. In a city which, by its ecclesiastic and despotic government, is jealously secluded from the general movement of the world, like the "still salt pool" of Tennyson's poem that but dimly overhears the plunging waves outside marking the onward tide-flow of human affairs, the over-sensitive or the over-refined, having lost the illusions, if not the faith and courage of their youth, may repose in the passive enjoyment of those pleasures which Rome can best afford,—the pleasures of memory, of fancy, and of taste. For the intellectual lotus-eater, unless he will go to finish his dream in Damascus, there is no spot like Rome, so long as, the Pope still reigning, and being impotent to change, Rome remains "a land where all things always seemed the same." We hasten to declare that Mr. Story is by no means one of those foreign residents in Rome

who would selfishly, for the quieter and more exclusive gratification of their æsthetic tastes, prefer the continued suppression of her civil and national life. On the contrary, though he has forborne from set political dissertations, he freely expresses his opinion of the rottenness and inevitable ruin of the Pope's temporal government, as well as his contempt for the gross frauds and superstitions by which the Romish Church, at least in Italy and in France, is deformed. The whole tenor of his book about Rome, which in this respect we may compare to Mr. Adolphus Trollope's about Florence, is characterized by a cheerful, kindly sympathy with the popular life of the Italians. "*Roba di Roma*," which may be translated "*Roman Matters*," is a title not sufficiently precise for the contents of these two volumes, which might have been styled "*Manners and Customs of the People at Rome*." Mr. Story is indeed fully impressed with the considerations to which we have alluded, respecting the historical and monumental character of Rome. In his chapter on the Colosseum, and many incidental digressions, he opens that vein of meditative conjecture and inquiry about the Rome of past ages, which other and more learned investigators have perhaps nearly worked out; but his knowledge of Roman antiquities does not claim to be very accurate or profound. He blunders strangely, for instance, when he speaks of the site of the Ara Coeli as having been once occupied by the Temple of Venus and Rome. But these are not the points on which he invites us chiefly to consult him, and we must not, therefore, bear too hardly on the manifest defects of his erudition, though his etymology of *primavera* as "the first true thing," i.e., the spring of the year, does strike us as supremely ridiculous. It is much pleasanter to thank him for the really valuable additions he has made to our acquaintance with the social life and domestic habits of the actual Roman population. The scenes which have grown so familiar to him, and of which he has grown so fond, in his thoughtful and observant rambles through the by-streets and market-places of the city, or along the highways of the Campagna, are depicted in these pleasant volumes with a graphic power, and a hearty human sympathy, not surpassed by any author of those local sketches in Italy which have been abundantly produced of late. The cheap theatres,

one of which, in the open air, is held in the Mausoleum of Divus Augustus, where clowns and harlequins now tumble in a pantomime, or brisk comedians recite a laughable farce,—the puppet-shows, the street-musicians, the wandering mummers, the eternal beggars, including that renowned old cripple Beppo, who claims a personal friendship with every visitor to Rome,—the coffee-houses and wine-shops, with their habitual guests, and all the apparatus for eating and drinking in places of vulgar resort,—the whole physiognomy of retail trade in such crowded markets as those of the Piazza Navona and the Pantheon,—the romantic attire and simple habits of the peasantry, whose wagons, drawn by superb white oxen, encumber the neighborhood of the forum,—the popular festivals, half-Catholic, half-Pagan in their origin, which afford tumultuous recreation to an ignorant, though not a morose or vicious race,—the ceremonies of birth, baptism, betrothal, marriage, and burial, which attend on the individual existence of the Romans,—these are Mr. Story's favorite themes. One of his best and fullest chapters is devoted to a minute account of all the games commonly played at Rome, from which it is evident that in sports with a ball, requiring much athletic strength and hardihood, the vaunted prowess of our English cricket-players is fairly matched. Another chapter is occupied with the Ghetto, or Jew-

ish quarter, which has, however, been frequently described by previous writers. In general, he has refrained from dwelling upon those features of Rome and Roman life which others have already depicted, and especially from descanting on topics which belong to the domain of the fine arts. Those hackneyed praises of the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvedere, the Dying Gladiator, and the pictures of Raffaele, which greet us in every book of Italian travel, are excluded here. With the Church ceremonials and observances he meddles no more than to discuss their influence on the morality and intelligence of the people, leaving it to the annual flock of Protestant connoisseurs to admire or to deride, as they will, the ecclesiastical pomps and shows of an alien creed. Mr. Story, however, as an enlightened looker-on, a Liberal and Protestant of English race and culture, has small reverence for the Papal system, either in Church or State, and does not fear to expose its corruptions, though writing without any polemical intent. His concluding chapters, on saint-worship and the prevailing superstitions, are not the least instructive part of his book. "*Roba di Roma*" supplies, upon the whole, together with an immense variety of entertaining anecdotes, just that information which is wanted about the modern Romans themselves, and their ways of every-day life.

FREEZING TO DEATH.—I have personal knowledge of many instances of persons being frozen to death. It is astonishing in how short a time a man will freeze to death—in an hour, even in less time. I shall mention a few cases only out of many.

What physiologically takes place when a man freezes to death, is nowhere accurately described that I know of. It is commonly stated that there is a great tendency to sleep, which must be resisted, else death will follow, as if sleep of itself was the dangerous thing. No doubt sleep, or an exhaustion resembling sleep, overtakes a person chilled through, and should he give way to repose and not carry on that exercise which generates caloric, would cool more and more down unto death, and then freeze. A man frozen to death cannot describe what his feelings were; but there are many persons to be met with in rigorous climates who have been on the brink of perishing in this way, and from these, by proper inquiries and my personal experience, the facts are easily ascertained.

What does take place is—the person is generally fatigued and hungry; commences to cool

down in the limbs and surface first; the blood returning thence, diminishes the temperature of the interior blood with which it mixes, pulse after pulse.

Proof. Thirty years since, when it was the fashion to bleed for accidents, the blood from a cold arm and hand escaping from the basilic vein might be found at 50 degrees or less. Who has not often experienced, when riding in a cold day, the face very cold, the parotid fluid trickling in cold gushes over his second superior molar tooth? The external blood, then, is much colder than natural. This constantly returning cold blood tends to reduce the temperature of the whole mass, cooling the interior. The pulse diminishes in volume, becomes thready, almost ceases; listlessness like sleep comes on, insensibility follows, breathing ceases—death. Then it is that the body freezes in a short time, for the interior as well as the exterior requires but a few degrees more reduction to become solidified. These facts are of frequent occurrence in cold climates, and escape notice by the ignorant mass; but intelligent and reasoning persons perceive them, and know them well.—DR. NELSON.

From The Spectator.

THE TWO WORLDS IN THE MOON.

MR. CRAMPTON, in the just published edition of his clever little work on the Lunar World, tells us an amusing story of an enthusiastic friend of his own who holds that the "Heavenly Jerusalem" is preparing on the other side of the Moon—which is, indeed, the reason why she always faces about so provokingly just so as to keep the vision out of sight, like a tantalizing parent revolving on his own axis in order to keep pockets loaded with Christmas presents from the aggressive curiosity of the children till the proper moment arrives. When Mr. Crampton suggested to his friend that the Moon, so far as we see her, is very like what Dr. Whewell calls her—a big cinder wholly devoid of the conditions of earthly life and growth—the gentleman who had ascertained the site of the New Jerusalem replied triumphantly that this was exactly the strength of his case: "This side, it is true, is barren, but the Heavenly Jerusalem is on the other side, purposely concealed from us till the time comes."

This suggestion, sanguine as it seems, so far as it merely asserts that the Moon modestly puts the *worst* face on the matter, in relation to our earth, is not without real scientific support. A modern German astronomer, Professor Hausen, has, or is believed to have, made a discovery which raises all kinds of speculations about this rather tantalizing satellite. He has discovered and proved, as he thinks, that this side of the Moon is nothing but a mountain range raised twenty-nine miles above the average level of the Moon's surface; or, to express the same thing more technically, that the centre of gravity of the Moon is not her geometrical centre, but twenty-nine miles on the opposite side of her geometrical centre. That is, the more solid part of the Moon would be on the far side from the earth, and all that we see of her would be a bulging hemisphere, comparatively much less dense and weighty, projecting twenty-nine miles beyond the surface which the moon ought to show to us if the density were equal throughout, and if the hemisphere on this side therefore were uniform in weight and form with the hemisphere on the other side. Professor Hausen supposes, in fact,—and astronomers appear to think he has proved his case,—that the Moon turns a sort of tower of crusty, broken, porous, and

therefore lighter substance to the earth, so that we see only an exaggerated Alpine or Andes region projecting nearly thirty miles beyond the average level of the lunar surface. If this be true, there are all sorts of provoking consequences. As we never get a glimpse at the other side of the Moon, who keeps always facing about just so as to avoid showing us her other hemisphere, we never get a glimpse at the average level of the lunar surface. Hence all our conclusions as to the inhabitability of the Moon, derived from a knowledge that no clouds and no atmosphere of any appreciable degree exist on *this* side of the Moon, are untrustworthy. Twenty-nine miles above the average surface of the earth the rarity of even our own atmosphere would be probably so great as to render it scarcely appreciable at all, even to astronomical instruments, and quite unequal to the support of any of the vegetable or animal life of our earth. Accordingly, conjecture may take full possession of this invisible side of the Moon;—and conjecture does, in fact, give it back the atmosphere which had been denied it, the outer margin of which is supposed so far to touch the mountain heights of this barren side, as to justify those astronomers who fancy they have seen proof of a very thin atmosphere in the refraction of stars just on the edge of the Moon, and to confirm the assertion of the astronomer Schröter, that he had discovered traces of twilight there, which could, of course, only be due to an atmosphere of some kind. Thus much may certainly be granted, that if Professor Hausen's discovery be true, the lunar atmosphere, if it exist at all, would certainly be attracted to the opposite or heavy side, and might well fail to be sensible at an elevation of twenty-nine miles, even though quite dense enough to support terrestrial life and vegetation at the average level of the lunar surface. It gives no proof that such an atmosphere exists, but does give very good reasons why, if there be one, we have failed to detect it with any certainty.

But if this be so, and if, as a consequence, a lunar population exists, but exists on the averted side of the Moon, this is certainly a very curious and startling exception to the argument from design which has been so often reasonably pressed, and often again pressed much too far, in astronomical speculation. For what should we then have but an ar-

arrangement which would promote life exactly where the reflected light of the earth could not be available at all, and render life impossible exactly where the light of the earth is brilliantly visible? When we remember that to the possible inhabitants of the Moon the night is three hundred and twenty-eight hours (a fortnight) long,—while the carthlight, if seen, would be fourteen times as brilliant as our moonlight, or equivalent to fourteen such moons as we see, there seems something distressingly arbitrary in an arrangement which grants all the conditions of life where there is no such lamp during the long night,—and withholds them exactly where such a substitute for sunlight exists.

But, perhaps, it may be said that it is entirely gratuitous to suppose an atmosphere essential to the existence of rational life, and that, therefore, there is no reason why the luminous cinder which we behold should not be peopled by living beings organized somewhat differently from ourselves. The answer is very simple. Of course, we cannot disprove the existence of rational or spiritual life *anywhere* in space, for so far as the Infinite and Eternal life is concerned we believe that it exists everywhere alike: but so far as we localize to any extent the life of finite and organized beings like our own, we must do so under conditions as nearly as possible resembling our own. The only reason why we pitch upon satellites, planets, or stars, at all, rather than empty space, as possible residences for beings like ourselves, is that there we have those physical conditions of rest and motion, and a confining attraction, which liken the situation very much to ours. The Moon seems a likelier place than the interlunar spaces for sentient beings only because on the Moon there would be a gravitating chain to keep them within limits, and a solid surface to walk, stand, or lie down upon. But if this gives us more reason to expect organized beings, than we should have without it, it necessarily follows that the existence of any other universal physical condition of our life, which exists or is absent on the Moon gives us ~~as~~ much more reason to expect or deny the existence of beings organized like ourselves there. Now if we suppose for a moment that there is a real and substantial atmosphere on the other side of the Moon, while there is no such atmosphere on this side, let us consider how fundamentally different the life of the

Cislunites and the Ultramontane Lunites must be, and how infinitely more like ourselves the Ultramontane Lunites, who can never see the earth, would be than their inaccessible neighbors, the Cislunites, who do not indulge in lungs, but whose eyes enjoy the advantage of that luminous spectacle.

In the first place, bodies must be organized on a totally different principle, if lungs are to be given to the one and denied to the other; not only the lungs, but the whole circulating system would be essentially different; there could be no distinction between the arterial and venous blood without the lungs,—even if there could be any animal heat or blood at all without them. Most scientific men hold that without an atmosphere the sun's heat would never accumulate sufficiently to permit of any fluid or liquid form of matter. Even the gases they suppose to be frozen on this side of the Moon,—just as at a very moderate height in our atmosphere, even under a tropical sun, the cold is intense enough to freeze mercury. Hence it is obvious enough, not only that the whole bodily organization must be utterly different on the possible atmospheric and non-atmospheric face of the Moon,—but all that depends thereon. Chemistry, physiology, medical and surgical science must be totally different in the opposite hemispheres. You cannot easily imagine any one common disease, or common remedy, except the knife, in the two worlds; and even steel without fire—and where all the gases are solid, combustion must be at least difficult—cannot be manufactured in earthly fashion. Where there is no air at all, the inconveniences or overcrowding must be small, because purely mechanical; epidemic diseases can scarcely exist, and both smells and sounds must be faint. Solid whispering galleries must supply (if there be ears) the place of atmospheric vibrations, and a Cislunist audience must be connected with the speaker, or rather, perhaps, sound-maker (for without the medium of air the tongue and lips would scarcely be chosen to originate the vibrations) by some solid nexus. Again, without steam or wind the Cislunists would have no great natural motive power unless the fourteen days' continuous sunshine developed some great store of heat, of which we know nothing;—and this, without the accumulating folds of the atmospheric blanket, we cannot think likely. Without air and water there could be no vegetables in our sense, and

no birds or fishes,—and little or no color as distinguished from light and shade. It would be a world only of photographic art, if any; for it is the reflecting and refracting power of the air which gives diffused tints and makes the heavens blue instead of black. Of all the lists of earthly occupations scarcely one would be possible in an airless and waterless and plantless world, the mineralogists, geologists, mathematicians, and pure mechanicians, alone excepted. Bakers, who depend on corn; brewers, on water and barley and hops; grocers, on tea, sugar, and raisins; sailors, on sea and wind, would clearly be even less possible than physicians and chemists. Sleep itself, if it existed, would be indistinguishable from death, as neither pulse nor breathing could exist, and a man would have to move to prove that he was alive. Drinking would be impossible,—and if eating remained, it would be essentially different, while the absence of animal heat, and of storm, wind, and rain, would render houses, clothing, and all such accessories of life entirely needless. In a word, the Cisunites must be, if they exist, infinitely more different from their neighbors the Ultramontane Lunites if the latter live in an atmosphere, than the latter are from us; indeed, the only really common physical apparatus which the two could have would be eyes and muscles,—in both of which the Cis-

lunites would have the advantage; because they would have a moon fourteen times as big as ours during the long night; and be much less troubled with their own weight at a height of twenty-nine miles above the surface of their world than their neighbors. Even in *Language* the whole field of metaphor and symbol must be utterly different. It is clear that if they have a Colenso, the controversy cannot turn on such a word as *Inspiration*; and that when they die they cannot be said to *expire*; nor can their term for "spirit" be derived from any word indicating the breath of life.

On the other hand, if there really be an atmosphere and a population on the other side of that lunar cinder, the people are probably (unless they sleep for a fortnight together, which is too beautiful to be true) very much more advanced in their astronomy than our earth, having so much longer uninterrupted periods for study of the heavens. But they must have been long embarrassed to know that they move round a centre of attraction that they can *never* see, nor hope to see; and must feel a certain annoyance at knowing that there would be such a splendid nocturnal lamp if they could but scale that inaccessible hemisphere of extra-atmospheric cinder at their antipodes.

A PROPHECY IN JEST.—The following extract from a burlesque article in the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1821, entitled "Specimen of a prospective Newspaper, A. D. 4796," is curious:—

"The army of the Northern States (of America) will take the field against that of the Southern Provinces early next spring. The principal northern force will consist of 1,490,000 picked troops. General Congreve's new mechanical cannon was tried last week at the siege of Georgia. It discharged in one hour 1120 balls, each weighing five hundred weight. The distance of the objects fired at was eleven miles, and so perfect was the engine that the whole of these balls were lodged in the space of twenty feet square."

A subsequent article in this specimen states that, "by means of a new invention, Dr. Clark crossed the Atlantic in seven days." How little did the writer anticipate that, in forty years, these to him wild fancies, would be almost real-

ized. It is worth notice that a war between the North and South was anticipated. H. S. G.

—Notes and Queries.

MEDICINE.—"In the Christian world the higher education is resolved into three *Faculties*—Theology, Jurisprudence, and Medicine; of which the first conducts our mental culture with reference to religion; the second with reference to the State and its business; the third with reference to the material world and the properties of its component parts. For Medicine, in its original and comprehensive sense, as one of the great divisions of human culture, must be considered as taking in the whole of physical science."—*Whewell, Elements of Morality, including Polity*, 1845, vol. ii. p. 321.

How is this shown to have been the "original sense" of medicine? J. D.

—Notes and Queries.

From *The Examiner*.

Biographical Sketches. By Nassau William Senior. Longman and Co.

THE main topic of this book, which consists of essays reprinted chiefly from the *Edinburgh Review*, is Law; and we think we may fairly call it the most delightful law-book we have ever read. Mr. Senior deals with law in its highest sense, as the expression of a nation's conscience in the working of the social compact. He tells of the experience of Berryer and Tronson de Coudray as lawyers before and during the great French revolution. From vivid sketches of the chaos of French revolution as seen from the lawyer's point of view in striking instances that suggest sound generalization, Mr. Senior turns in his next essay to Coke, as "one of the illustrious men to whom we owe the parliamentary independence on which our free institutions are based, and the judicial independence by which they are preserved;" to Sir Randolph Crewe, who "followed Coke's glorious example in declaring the unlawfulness of arbitrary taxation and imprisonment;" and to the experience of other foremost men in the line of English Chief Justices. Then he describes, and illustrates freely by curious examples, German Criminal Procedure. The relation of religion and of fanaticism to the constitution of society, and the influence that has been or might have been exercised by individual men over the future destinies of nations, is the subject of the next essay, which has for its theme the Cloister Life of Charles V. "If Luther," says Mr. Senior,—

"Had not been born, or if he had wanted any one of that wonderful assemblage of moral and intellectual excellences that enabled him to triumph in the most difficult contest that ever was waged by man, if he had had less courage, less self-devotion, less diligence, less sagacity, less eloquence, less prudence, or less sincerity, the Pope would still be the spiritual ruler of all Western Europe and America, and the peculiar doctrines of Romanism would prevail there, doubted indeed, or disbelieved, or unthought of, by the educated classes, and little understood by the uneducated, but conformed to by all.

"On the other hand, if Charles V. had been able, like the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse, to shake off the prejudices of his early education—if, like them, he had listened to Luther with candor, and, like them, had been convinced, and, instead of striving to crush the Reformation, had put himself at

its head, a train of consequences would have been set in motion not less momentous than those which would have followed the submission or the premature death of Luther.

The Reformation would have spread over the whole of Germany and of the Netherlands. The inhabitants of those vast countries were all eager to throw off the dominion of Rome, and were kept under her yoke only by the tyranny and persecution of Charles. Germany would have remained an empire. It required the enthusiasm of a religious cause to rouse her feudatories to rise against their sovereign, and to force on him a treaty which, in fact, admitted their independence. It was to the treaty of Passau, to the shock then given to the imperial sovereignty, that the Elector of Brandenburg, a hundred and fifty years after, owed his crown, and the emperor, who had recognized one of his vassals as a king, lost all real authority over the others.

"If the whole of Germany and the Low Countries had remained one united body, if the former had not been laid waste by the thirty years' war, and the latter by the war which produced the independence of the United Provinces, such an empire would have been the arbiter of the Continent. Flanders, Alsace, Lorraine, and Franche Comté would have remained German; France would not have been able twice to threaten the independence of Europe; a Bourbon would not now be reigning in Spain.

"No country would have gained so much by such a change in the course of events as Spain. In the first place, she would have become Protestant. Few of the phenomena of that remarkable period are more striking than the weakness of the hold which peculiar religious opinions then possessed over the bulk of the people of Europe. Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, turned the English backwards and forwards, from Romanism to Protestantism, and from Protestantism to Romanism, at the will, we had almost said at the caprice of the monarch for the time being. The pride of the Roman Catholics had not been roused by the rivalry of a new Church, with bishops and revenues and patronage and power and rank of its own. The Reformation appeared to them not the introduction of a hostile faith, but a purification of the old one, and wherever it was not persecuted it was adopted.

"Ireland may appear to be an exception; but the real sovereigns of the greater part of Ireland were then its native chieftains. Henry VIII. and his immediate successors were hostile pretenders. And it may be added that the Reformation was not preached to the Celtic Irish. They could not read Latin, and no reformer wrote or preached in Irish."

From such topics, that lie at the very root of questions of social law and order, Mr. Senior turns to the lawyers again, and discusses Bacon's reasoning upon moral questions that concern yet more nearly the framework of society. The succeeding essay on Lord King—who from the beginning of this century until his death in 1833 steadfastly, actively, and with unswerving fidelity to his own sense of truth maintained, usually against Tory predominance, constitutional opinions in the House of Lords—is in good harmony with its predecessors. It is followed by another sketch of the disruption of political society, as seen in the old troubles of the Argentine Republics. The curious phases of man's social life disclosed in the very numerous anecdotes and narratives that enliven Mr. Senior's book, and in the most interesting way give force to its philosophy,—especially perhaps some of the opening tales of life under the French revolution,—justify, no doubt, the closing satire of a few pages devoted to *Anecdotes of Monkeys*. They are from the book of a writer who is strongly disposed to believe that "man is but a better breed of monkey."

Mr. Senior's two French lawyers, MM. Berryer and Tronson de Coudray were both admitted to the bar in the same year, 1778. Their earliest cases illustrate the morals of the old *régime*. A gentleman of Normandy, for instance, when the Parliaments were exiled by Louis XV. in 1771, retired to Holland, leaving in a dull country mansion his wife to manage his affairs, and with her a son aged two-and-twenty. The son fell in love with the only pretty woman near, his mother's lady's-maid, and with his mother's consent married her. Two children were born. In 1774, the Parliaments being recalled, the absentee returned, and the young wife with her two children fled from before him into England. The son remained, and as he honestly refused to proceed for a divorce, his father, obtaining a *lettre de cachet*, procured his confinement in the prison of St. Yon. His cell was on the second floor of one of the towers, and from its window the son threw himself into the yard as the father was descending the staircase after a harsh interview. The young man, aged six-and-twenty, was a cripple for life; his father did not relent, but Government revoked the *lettre de cachet*, and the son fled to join in England his wife and children. There the family was maintained by M. Tu-

beuf, a French jeweller, who supplied funds at the request of the young man's mother and with the father's knowledge. The recovery of M. Tubeuf's money from the domestic despot was one of M. Berryer's first achievements as a lawyer.

Again, under the old *régime*, there was at Brussels a rich widow, Madame de Pestre de Seneffe, fifty or sixty years old, with seven children and many grandchildren.

"At a supper in the palace of the Prince de Soubise, a set of Parisian fashionables resolved that one of them should proceed to Brussels and marry the opulent widow. The necessary funds were supplied by a contribution, and the choice of the emissary was left to chance. The lot fell upon the Comte de Wargemont, a man of high family, and of considerable property, heavily encumbered.

"On his arrival at Brussels he introduced himself to Madame de Pestre, and secured the services of her maid and of her confessor. The maid concealed him one evening in her mistress's bedroom. In the middle of the night he showed himself. Madame de Pestre called for assistance. This was the signal for the appearance of the maid, who urged on her mistress the danger to her reputation of an *éclat*, and proposed that the advice of her confessor should be taken. The count protested that his indiscretion had been forced on him by the violence of his passion; and the confessor recommended that all scandal should be avoided by an immediate marriage. Madame de Pestre was weak enough to consent; but as she yielded, not to love, but to fear, she insisted that the marriage should take place in Brussels, that she and all her estates should continue subject to the laws of Flanders, that her husband should have no power to require her to enter France, that she should continue absolute mistress of her property, and that the only benefit derived by the count should be a life income of 20,000 francs, and 100,000 francs as capital.

"The marriage on these terms took place in February, 1776.

"The husband almost immediately quitted his wife, and in June wrote to ask her whether she could suppose that he had any motive for marrying an old woman except the full command of her fortune. A few days afterwards he informed her that he intended to seize all her property in France, and to force her to join him there. His attempts to execute these threats produced a compromise, in pursuance of which a divorce *a mensa et thoro*, in a suit instituted by the husband, was pronounced by the ecclesiastical tribunal of Mechlin; and the count, in exchange for all his claims under the marriage or the settlement, received

350,000 francs and an annuity of 10,000 more.

"The 350,000 francs, however, were soon spent, and the count renewed his legal warfare. He attempted to set aside the divorce, succeeded in getting possession of the French estates, and kept up a never-ending litigation respecting those in Belgium. Madame de Pestre died, worn out with care and vexation. The annexation of Belgium rendered the whole property of her children subject to the jurisdiction of the French laws, and the count spent the remainder of his life in persecuting them from tribunal to tribunal. M. Berryer was counsel for Madame de Pestre and for her descendants; and he dwells upon his exertions in their cause as one of the most arduous and one of the most brilliant parts of his professional career. They produced him on one occasion a curious testimony of admiration. M. de Wargemont was dead, and his sister, Madame de Querrieux, had succeeded to some of his claims, and apparently to some of his litigiousness. As her brother's representative, she prosecuted an appeal against the Pestre family. An elderly lady sat behind M. Berryer while he conducted the defence. She was observed to listen with great emotion, and as soon as he sat down, pressed him to accept, as a mark of her admiration, a ring made of the hair of her youth."

At the very outset of the Reign of Terror, on the fourteenth of July, M. Berryer was acting as secretary to a hastily formed bureau of his parish. It was a hot evening, the windows were open, and through a window some pikes bearing bloody heads were thrust into the room. One was the head of Launay, others the heads of Swiss massacred within the Bastille. Until that day all had thriven with M. Berryer, and the highest professional honors seemed to be within his grasp. But he then foresaw the immense perils of the time, and resolved to remain for life within the safe bounds of a private station. Meanwhile lawyers were abolished, it was open to all men to appear before the new tribunals as *défenseurs officieux*; and what tribunals were these for the advocate of law; In one of the metropolitan courts, the *Tribunal des Minimes*, here is the short report of a case:—

"The parties were two villagers from Montreuil, the matter in dispute a small estate. The plaintiff rested his claim on a deed of conveyance, which appeared on inspection to have nothing to do with the property; the defendant's case depended on uninterrupted

possession. 'How long,' said M. Le Roy Sermaise, 'has this possession lasted?' 'Why, citizen president,' replied the peasant, 'it must be at least eighty or ninety years, taking in my great-grandfather, my grandfather, my father, and myself.' 'Then' replied the judge, 'you ought to be satisfied; every one in his turn—yours has lasted long enough in all conscience—now let your poor neighbor have his.'"

Under the Reign of Terror the *loi des suspects*, that sent men and women sentenced but untried to the guillotine, covered murders of which the infamous frivolity is best perceived in the citation of examples.

"In 1787, money had been borrowed in Paris on printed debentures for £100 each, signed by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Clarence. They went by the name of *actions du Prince de Galles*. The transaction was an unfortunate one, the debentures were refused payment, lost their value, and disappeared. Six years afterwards, all persons concerned in their introduction into the Parisian market, or in their circulation, were accused as *contre-révolutionnaires*, and enemies of the people. The Duc de St. Aignan, a former client of M. Berryer, on whom a money-lender had forced some of these debentures, and who had obliged him by law to take them back, was among the accused. So was his duchess, a young woman of fashion, whom no one could suppose to have been acquainted with her husband's transactions. So were even the notaries in whose hands they were deposited, and their clerks; and even M. Chaudot, who had merely given a notarial attestation which he could not legally refuse. All were condemned, and all were executed.

"Another notary, M. Martin—a friend, like M. Chaudot, of M. Berryer—met at his door, on his return from a morning's walk, a gendarme, who required his immediate attendance before the revolutionary tribunal. He found there three persons accused of having signed a pedigree certificate, which had been deposited in his office. There was nothing objectionable in the certificate, but it was said that some ill use might be made of it. The public accuser simply asked him if the paper had been placed with him; and on his admitting it, required the tribunal to convict and sentence him to death, together with those previously accused. The tribunal instantly complied; the four prisoners were removed from the bar; room was found for them in the carriages which were setting off for the guillotine; and within three hours M. Martin was an unaccused man and an executed criminal.

"In the grand old castle of Canisy, near St. Lo in Normandy, is the portrait of a Madlle. de Faudoas, the daughter of a M. de Faudoas, who in 1793 was the proprietor of the castle and of the large estate dependent on it. It is that of a very pretty girl of eighteen, with a bright, gay expression. The Faudoas were popular in their neighborhood, and took no part in politics. In a letter to a young friend, Madlle. de Faudoas said, 'Ma chienne vient de mettre au monde quatre petits citoyens.' The letter was opened at the Paris post-office. She and her father were accused of being suspected of incivism, arrested in their castle, carried to Paris, and guillotined.

"My great grandmother, my grandmother, and my great aunt," said a lady whom we met at a neighboring chateau, 'were guillotined on the same day. My great grandmother was ninety years old. When interrogated, she begged them to speak louder, as she was deaf. "Ecrivez," said Fouquier-Tinville, "qui la citoyenne Noailles a conspiré sourdement contre la République." They were drawn to the Place de la République in the same tombereau, and sat, waiting their turn, on the same bench. My great aunt was young and beautiful. The executioner, while fastening her to the plank, had a rose in his mouth. The Abbé de Noailles, who was below the scaffold, disguised, to give them, at the risk of his life, a sign of benediction, was asked how they looked. "Comme ci," he said, "elles allaient à la messe." "

During the Reign of Terror M. Berryer gave up the public exercise of his profession. He could not act as *défenseur officieux* without a certificate of *civisme*. He could not be sure of getting such a certificate from the violent men who formed the committee of his section, a brothel-keeper, a knife-grinder, a porter, and a shoe-cleaner. Their refusal would place him among the suspected. Meanwhile, to sit still and do nothing was to incur suspicion. He must appear busy, and obtained therefore from a friend the office of sub-agent in the National Treasury. Meanwhile at home, he and his wife sometimes brought their table out into the street for *le dîner patriotique* in the presence of passers-by, or Madame Berryer took her turn at the baker's as a watcher over the just and fair distribution of the loaves at prices regulated with consideration of the pocket, not of the baker, but of the poor citizens who were to be fed upon his substance.

Mr. Senior's account of the struggle which

resulted in the fall of Robespierre is full of life and action. In all the book a deep vein of thought runs through each series of incidents; we feel everywhere the movement of the philosophic mind, but it seldom appears disembodied as the pale didactic ghost that scares so many readers from the books of thoughtful men. Mr. Senior's bent of mind is essentially reflective, and he does not stint his humor in these pages; yet so cleverly does he reason by particular facts, rather than general ideas, so rapid is the flow of anecdote and illustration, that the lightest dinner-table talk is often duller than the weightiest of his historical reflections. Take for example his suggestion of what may have been "the most important half-minute in history." The Convention has turned upon Robespierre. He and his companions are in arrest till, rescued by the commune, they are carried off in triumph to the Hôtel de Ville.

"By this time it was nearly eight. The Convention re-assembled, but it was only to communicate their alarms. 'A few,' says Thibaudeau, 'had gained courage by their success in the morning; others awaited the result in silence; the greater part were unable to comprehend what was going on. As it became dark the horror of our situation increased. We heard the noise of the drums and of the tocsin. A few members formed themselves into a committee to consider the course to be adopted, and others listened in the utmost anxiety to the reports brought back by those who had ventured to ascertain the state of things without. At length, about midnight, the crisis appeared to approach. Collot d'Herbois, the President, said in his sepulchral voice, "Representatives, the time is come for us to die at our posts; I am informed that Henriot's forces surround us." Instantly all the spectators fled from the galleries, the members who had been standing together in groups took their usual seats, and prepared to die with decency. As for myself, I had not the slightest doubt that our last moment was come."

"It was true that Henriot had led his men to the attack. His cannon even were pointed at their doors. But when he gave the word to fire, his artillerymen hesitated, and at last refused. Henriot, finding that his troops could not be depended on, thought it prudent to march them back to the Hôtel de Ville.

"It was thus that, on the caprice or irresolution of half a dozen men, the fate of the convention, and perhaps the future history of France, and even of Europe, depended. For if the cannon had fired, and Henriot's forces,

many of them the same men who three years before had stormed the Tuileries and destroyed the defenders, had rushed into the hall where the members were sitting, merely awaiting their fate without any plan of resistance, it seems probable that the greater part of the assembly would have been massacred on their seats; and certain that all who escaped would have been treated as they themselves treated their adversaries a few hours afterwards—would have been condemned and executed without trial. Rober-pierre would have been absolute master of Paris. Whether he would or would not have been able to summon another representative assembly, or, without one, to retain the provinces and the armies in subjection to Paris, is more questionable. But, on any supposition, the whole subsequent course of events would have been different: there would have been different scenes and different actors. Pichegru might have imitated Monk, and royalty have been restored by a native army in 1794, instead of by a foreign one in 1814; or Nantes and Lyons and Bordeaux and Toulon and La Ven-

dée, might have successfully risen against Paris, and France have split into hostile communities. Reform would have been delayed in Germany, and accelerated in Great Britain and Ireland. The half-minute during which it was undecided whether the artillery would fire or not, is the most important half-minute in history."

None who have read Feuerbach in his original detail can fail to admire the tact with which Mr. Senior marshals his facts, and concentrates all the essential details of some strange and interesting case into a narrative that enchains the attention while it is after all only the case in point that illustrates differences between Bavarian and British criminal procedure.

Upon each essay in the volume we are tempted to dwell, and from each we could enrich our columns with entertaining and suggestive extracts. But we must leave the book to its readers, who will need no guide to the enjoyment of its various contents.

LINES.—I send some lines which were found in the pocket-book of a young man who was drowned in an arm of the sea near Nelson, New Zealand, on Easter Monday last. An intimate friend says of him: "He was the nicest fellow I ever saw. He had been roughing it four or five years, and had had several very narrow escapes from drowning, though he was the best swimmer, as well as the best boatman, in the colony. He was popular with every one high and low, shrinking from no fatigue or hardship; yet a perfect gentleman in every respect." I have not seen the lines elsewhere; and they are fresh, and like what a man of strong feeling and poetic temperament, not accustomed to versification, would write after one of his escapes. Some of his friends will be glad to know whether the lines are original or not. If not known, I think them well worthy insertion.

Lines found in the Pocket of H. B., drowned Easter Monday, 1862, New Zealand.

"From the deep and troubled waters comes the cry:

Wild are the waves around me!—dark the sky.
There is no hand to snatch me from the sad death I die.

"To one small plank that fails me, clinging low,
I am dashed by angry billows to and fro:
I hear death-anthems singing in all the winds
that blow.

"A cry of suffering gushes from my lips,
As I behold the distant white-sailed ships
O'er the dark waters glancing, where the horizon
dips.

"They pass: they are too lofty and remote:
They cannot see the spaces where I float.
The last hope dies within me, with the gasping
in my throat.

"Through dim cloud vistas looking, I can see
The new moon's crescent, sailing pallidly;
And one star coldly shining upon my misery.

"There are no sounds in nature but my moan—
The shriek of the wild petrel, all alone—
And roar of waves, exulting to make my flesh
their own.

"Billow with billow rages, tempest trod—
Strength fails me—coldness gathers on this clod—
From the deep and troubled waters I cry to thee,
O God!" H. B. C.

—Notes and Queries.

CHIFFONNIER.—This word in French signifies a "rag-picker." How came it to be the designation of an article of drawing-room furniture?

E. F. WILLOUGHBY.

[The confusion commences in the French language, which derives the word, in both meanings, from Chiffon, a rag, any old bit of linen or cloth.

Chiffonnier, Chiffoniere, a man or woman that collects rags.

Chiffonnier, an article of furniture, properly with drawers, where ladies keep their odds and ends. Some learned Frenchmen think this latter word ought to have the feminine form, Chiffonniere, which is indeed the more usual of the two.]

—Notes and Queries.

From The Spectator.

EPIGRAMS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

Mr. Booth has adopted a somewhat narrow and technical idea of the epigram. "In our own day and our own language," he says, "an epigram is understood to mean a poem distinguished for its point, elegance, and brevity;" but the definition is surely imperfect. The word, as the compiler allows, originally meant an inscription, and in England its use is certainly not restricted to verse. No Englishman thinks of questioning that Voltaire uttered an epigram when he said the "Frenchman was a cross between an ape and a tiger—tiger predominating;" or Disraeli, when he wrote on the Duke of Newcastle, "the house of Pelham has been distinguished for the last century by an incapacity for statesmanship and a genius for jobbing;" or the Legitimists, when they voted for Proudhon, because "one must pass through the Red Sea to reach the promised land." Even Mr. Booth would scarcely deny that the man who said "all the Luttrells have curly teeth and straight hair" made an epigram, or that Macaulay's description of Atterbury's defence of the letters of Phalaris, as "the very best book ever written on the wrong side of a question, of both sides of which the writer was profoundly ignorant," belonged to the same class of composition. In English, too, we submit, the word carries with it, by usage, though not by nature, the idea that the sentence or verse shall bite, shall be branded, as it were, upon somebody or something, an idea admirably put in the verse Mr. Booth has used for a motto:—

"An epigram should be, if right,
Short, simple, pointed, keen, and bright,
A lively little thing!
Like wasp with taper body—bound
By lines—not many—neat and round,
All ending in a sting."

If "lines" be taken to include lines of prose, and "point" be held to include all varieties of effective meaning, that definition is good, though it is still too limited. An epigram may occur *within* a poem which, in itself, is not one; as, for example, these lines in Moore's terrible song on the Prince Regent's treatment of Sheridan.

"No, not for the wealth of all those that despise thee,
Though that would make Europe's whole opulence mine."

* *Epigrams, Ancient and Modern.* By Rev. J. Booth. Longman.

After all definitions there is still an instinct required to tell an epigram from a mere comic rhyme, but Mr. Booth scarcely adheres to his own idea over two pages of his collection. This, for example, is a retort related in rhyme, but in no conceivable sense an epigram:—

"John Trott was desired by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why asses had ears.
'An't please you,' quoth John, 'I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I presume to know more than my betters;
Howe'er, from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be saved, without thinking on asses."
—Goldsmith.

While this, though it comes within the range of his rule, will seem to a stricter taste rather a rhymed pun than an epigram:—

"'Tis well enough that Goodenough
Before the House should preach;
For sure enough, full bad enough
Were those he had to teach."

Compare that with Pope's—

"And moonstruck poets midnight vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give to others sleep;"

or the excellent epigram given by Carlyle, as written over the door of Bishop Pompignan, who translated the Lamentations, and the difference will be at once perceived. So, too, a verse like this of Swift's is no more an epigram in the true English sense than any other bad pun or silly jest—

"When twosome throats together squall,
It may be called a Mad-rigal;"

which is only a little better than this, out, we suppose, from some Yankoo paper:—

"A correspondent, something new
Transmitting, signed himself X. Q.
The editor his letter read,
And begged he might be X. Q. Z."

While, despite the excessive breadth of the subject, Moore's description of Mahomedans constitutes a true specimen.

"Men of the saintly murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think, through unbelievers' blood,
Lies the directest path to heaven."

Brevity is an absolute necessity, and consequently Swift's scorching verses upon Marlborough, incisive as they are, are rather a string of epigrams than a complete one.

"This world he cumbered long enough,
He burnt his candle to the snuff;"

And that's the reason, some folks think,
 He left behind so great a stink.
 Behold his funeral appears,
 Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
 Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
 Attend the progress of his hearse.
 But what of that? his friends may say,
 He had those honors in his day;
 True to his profit and his pride,
 He made them weep before he died.
 Come hither, all ye empty things!
 Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings!
 Who float upon the tide of state;
 Come hither and behold your fate!
 Let pride be taught by this rebuke
 How very mean a thing's a duke;
 From all his ill-got honors flung,
 Turned to that dirt from whence he sprung."
 —Dean Swift.

It is not sufficient that a verse to be embalmed in a collection like this should be an epigram, but it should also be a good one. Mr. Booth is catholic in his tastes; he translates Martial, and also quotes *Punch*; but his notion of catholicity seems to be to publish all the funny verses in his scrapbook without attention to quality. Many of them are wretched, and some are on subjects so local or so fleeting that they are almost unintelligible. The following are about as bad in all ways as it is possible for epigrams to be:—

"Two butchers thin,
 Called *Bone* and *Skin*,
 Would starve the town, or near it;
 But, be it known
 To *Skin* and *Bone*,
 That *flesh* and *blood* wont bear it."

"Flam, to my face, is oft too kind,
 He overrates both worth and talents;
 But then he never fails, I find,
 When we're apart—to strike the balance."

"I've lost the comfort of my life
 Death came and took away my wife;
 And now I don't know what to do,
 Lest Death should come and take me too."

"Tis said, O Cambria! thou hast tried in vain
 To form great poets; and the cause is plain.
 Ap-Jones, Ap-Jenkins, and Ap-Evans found
 Among thy sons, but no Ap-ollo's found."

While this, which at the moment was excellent, now needs a gloss as long as itself:—

"Apollos was mighty in doctrine, we're told,
 When doctrine was found, in the good days of
 old:

But there's doctrine more *miley* in Shaftesbury's
 sees,
 For it's bred by corruption and comes from a
 Cheese."—*Punch*.

There are too many of this kind, while many of the very best in the language are omitted; but we must do Mr. Booth the justice to extract two or three which are good:—

"Ward has no heart they say; but I deny it:
 He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

"Charles keeps a secret well, or I'm deceived:
 For nothing Charles can say will be believed."

"Lie on! while my revenge shall be,
 To speak the very truth of thee."

"Vile Stanhope! demons blush to tell,
 In twice two hundred places,
 Has shown his son the road to hell,
 Escorted by the Graces."

"But little did th' ungenerous lad
 Concern himself about them;
 For base, degenerate, meanly bad,
 He sneaked to hell without them."

"Borgia Cæsar erat, factis et nomine Cæsar;
 Aut nihil, aut Cæsar, dixit, utrumque fuit."

"He preferred Hanover to England.
 He preferred two hideous mistresses
 To a beautiful and innocent wife.
 He hated arts and despised literature;
 But he liked train-oil in his salads,
 And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters.
 And he had Walpole as a minister;
 Consistent in his preference for every kind of corruption."
 —W. M. Thackeray.

Mr. Booth should issue a new edition, as perfectly printed as this is, put in some five hundred of the best English epigrams, leave out all he has quoted from *Punch*, omit the "monumental epigrams," which are specimens, not of polish, but of funny ignorance, and take nothing which is not an epigram unless it be as good as this enigma upon the vowels:—

"We are little airy creatures,
 All of different voice and features;
 One of us in glass is set,
 One of us you'll find in jet.
 T'other you may see in tin,
 And the fourth a box within,
 If the fifth you should pursue,
 It can never fly from you."—*Swift*.

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PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S REPLY TO THE
WORKING MEN OF MANCHESTER.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington, Jan. 19.

To the Working Men of Manchester :—

I HAVE the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the address and resolutions which you sent to me on the eve of the new year.

When I came, on the 4th day of March, 1861, through a free and constitutional election, to preside in the Government of the United States, the country was found at the verge of civil war. Whatever might have been the cause, or whosoever the fault, one duty, paramount to all others, was before me namely, to maintain and preserve at once the Constitution and the integrity of the Federal Republic. A conscientious purpose to perform this duty is the key to all the measures of administration which have been, and to all which will hereafter be pursued. Under our frame of government, and my official oath, I could not depart from this purpose if I would. It is not always in the power of governments to enlarge or restrict the scope of moral results, which follow the policies that they may deem it necessary, for the public safety, from time to time to adopt.

I have understood well that the duty of self-preservation rests solely with the American people. But I have at the same time been aware that favor or disfavor of foreign nations might have a material influence in enlarging and prolonging the struggle with disloyal men in which the country is engaged. A fair examination of history has seemed to authorize a belief that the past action and influences of the United States were generally regarded as having been beneficial toward mankind. I have, therefore, reckoned upon the forbearance of nations. Circumstances, to some of which you kindly allude, induced me especially to expect that if justice and good faith should be practised by the United States, they would encounter no hostile influence on the part of Great Britain. It is now a pleasant duty to acknowledge the demonstration you have given of your desire that a spirit of peace and amity toward this country may prevail in the councils of your queen, who is respected and esteemed in your own country only more than she is by the kindred nation which has its home on this side of the Atlantic.

I know, and deeply deplore, the sufferings which the working men at Manchester, and

in all Europe, are called to endure in this crisis. It has been often and studiously represented that the attempt to overthrow this government, which was built upon the foundation of human rights, and to substitute for it one which should rest exclusively on the basis of human slavery, was likely to obtain the favor of Europe. Through the action of our disloyal citizens, the working men of Europe have been subjected to a severe trial, for the purpose of forcing their sanction to that attempt. Under these circumstances I cannot but regard your decisive utterances upon the question as an instance of sublime Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or in any country. It is indeed an energetic and re-inspiring assurance of the inherent power of truth, and of the ultimate and universal triumph of justice, humanity, and freedom. I do not doubt that the sentiments you have expressed will be sustained by your great nation: and, on the other hand, I have no hesitation in assuring you they will excite admiration, esteem, and the most reciprocal feelings of friendship among the American people. I hail this interchange of sentiment, therefore, as an augury that, whatever misfortune may befall your country or my own, the peace and friendship which now exist between the two nations will be, as it shall be my desire to make them, perpetual.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE STARVING OPERATIVES IN ENGLAND.

THE English correspondent of the *New York Commercial Advertiser* says that immediately on the arrival of the ship at Liverpool with the supplies from this country, the Chamber of Commerce of that city immediately took appropriate steps to honor the occasion. Measures were adopted to hold a meeting of reception in St. George's Hall, at which the authorities and persons of distinction were to be present, and an address made to Captain Lunt, the commander of the ship. Annexed is the copy of the address:—

To the Commander of the ship George Griswold, as the representative of the American Contributors to the Relief of the Distress in the Cotton-manufacturing Districts :

Sir : Sixteen years ago, when our countrymen in Ireland were suffering the horrors of famine, your nation, then united and pros-

persons, sent across the Atlantic offerings of grain and provisions to alleviate their great distress. To-day, with your energies taxed to the utmost by the gigantic struggle through which you are passing, you have not ceased to be mindful of the misery which this sad contest is inflicting on fully half a million of our industrious workers, and you have a second time generously contributed of the abundance with which God has blessed you to help the necessities of those among us who, through no fault of their own, are reduced to a state of compulsory idleness and destitution.

We call to mind that out of the sufferings of that period there arose for us by the emancipation of our industry an unspeakable good—which has enriched our country—extended our commerce—banished not a few of our social discontents—and inaugurated a great moral revolution, the blessings of which have not been confined to ourselves, but are gradually working out in other countries the like beneficial results. May we not hope that the trial through which you and we are passing will be the precursor of equally great social ameliorations; and that out of the darkest hour of a nation's existence—that of bloodshed between members of the same family—there may issue for you some signal national deliverance, the benefits of which are to stretch beyond yourselves to the gain of our common humanity?

Our country accepts with gratitude this noble gift. We welcome to our port the bearers of this brotherly bounty—freely given, freely stowed, and freely freighted across the seas, by a commander who has given his free services to this benevolent work. Our government and the local authorities have shown their appreciation of the act by removing every impost on the free admission of the ship and her cargo. As representing the mercantile community of Liverpool, this Chamber of Commerce asks you to convey to the donors its sense of the liberal and friendly spirit in which your merchants and agriculturists have united to send forward to our distressed operatives so acceptable a message of good-will and sympathy. And in many a home darkened by the shadow of this terrible calamity the silent thanks and prayers of thousands, who are bearing their privations with a patience and a heroism beyond all praise, will be your best reward.

Addressing you on behalf of a community among whom, it is well known, great differences of opinion prevail as to the causes and objects of the contest now unhappily raging among you, it would be evidently unbecoming in us to put forward any statement that would create dissension and mar the general harmony of the occasion; but we think we are

warranted in saying that men of all shades of opinion would rejoice to see this war terminated in any way that would not be inconsistent with your honor as a people and with the great and responsible position which you occupy among the nations.

We shall recognize in the return of peace and prosperity among you the best securities for our own continued prosperity. We trust that nothing will arise to interrupt for a moment the friendly relations which have heretofore subsisted between us, and that no harsh judgment or misrepresentations of feelings and motives on either side will lead us to forget that we are kinsmen—sprung from a common stock, united by the bond of a common language, and fellow-laborers in the common cause of progress.

May the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family be found generous rivals in the arts of peace, and in efforts to ameliorate the condition of mankind! And at no distant period may the sword be sheathed throughout your land, and the sound of strife be exchanged for the conquests of industry.

Signed on behalf of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce.

PROTEST AGAINST FOREIGN MEDIATION.

THE following resolutions, reported to the Senate on Saturday last by Mr. Sumner, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, to which was referred the "message of the President of the United States, communicating, in answer to a resolution of the Senate, correspondence on the subject of mediation, arbitration, or other measures looking to the termination of the present rebellion," have passed both Houses of Congress:—

Whereas it appears from the diplomatic correspondence submitted to Congress that a proposition, friendly in form, looking to pacification through foreign mediation, has been made to the United States by the Emperor of the French, and promptly declined by the President; and whereas the idea of mediation or intervention in some shape may be regarded by foreign governments as practicable, and such governments, through this misunderstanding, may be led to proceedings tending to embarrass the friendly relations which now exist between them and the United States; and whereas, in order to remove for the future all chance of misunderstanding on this subject, and to secure for the United States the full enjoyment of that freedom from foreign interference which is one of the highest rights of independent States, it seems fit that

Congress should declare its convictions thereon: Therefore—

Resolved (the House of Representatives concurring), That while in times past the United States have sought and accepted the friendly mediation or arbitration of foreign powers for the pacific adjustment of *international* questions, where the United States were the party of the one part and some other sovereign power the party of the other part; and while they are not disposed to misconstrue the natural and humane desire of foreign powers to aid in arresting *domestic* troubles, which widening in their influence, have afflicted other countries, especially in view of the circumstance, deeply regretted by the American people, that the blow aimed by the rebellion at the national life has fallen heavily upon the laboring population of Europe; yet, notwithstanding these things, Congress cannot hesitate to regard every proposition of foreign interference in the present contest as so far unreasonable and inadmissible that its only explanation will be found in a misunderstanding of the true state of the question, and of the real character of the war in which the Republic is engaged.

Resolved, That the United States are now grappling with an unprovoked and wicked rebellion, which is seeking the destruction of the Republic, that it may build a new power, whose corner-stone, according to the confession of its chiefs, shall be slavery; that for the suppression of this rebellion, and thus to save the Republic and to prevent the establishment of such a power, the National Government is now employing armies and fleets in full faith that through these efforts all the purposes of conspirators and rebels will be crushed; that while engaged in this struggle, on which so much depends, any proposition from a foreign power, whatever form it may take, having for its object the arrest of these efforts, is, just in proportion to its influence, an encouragement to the rebellion, and to its declared principles, and, on this account, is calculated to prolong and embitter the conflict, to cause increased expenditure of blood and treasure, and to postpone the much-desired day of peace; that, with these convictions, and not doubting that every such proposition, although made with good intent, is injurious to the national interests, Congress will be obliged to look upon any further attempt in the same direction as an unfriendly act which it earnestly deprecates, to the end that nothing may occur abroad to strengthen the rebellion, or to weaken those

relations of good-will with foreign powers which the United States are happy to cultivate.

Resolved, That the rebellion, from its beginning, and far back even in the conspiracy which preceded its outbreak, was encouraged by the hope of support from foreign powers; that its chiefs frequently boasted that the people of Europe were so far dependent upon regular supplies of the great Southern staple that, sooner or later, their Government would be constrained to take side with the rebellion in some effective form, even to the extent of forcible intervention, if the milder form did not prevail; that the rebellion is now sustained by this hope, which every proposition of foreign interference quickens anew, and that, without this life-giving support, it must soon yield to the just and paternal authority of the National Government; that, considering these things which are aggravated by the motive of the resistance thus encouraged, the United States regret that foreign powers have not frankly told the chiefs of the rebellion that the work in which they are engaged is hateful, and that a new government, such as they seek to found, with slavery as its acknowledged corner-stone, and with no other declared object of separate existence, is so far shocking to civilization and the moral sense of mankind that it must not expect welcome or recognition in the Commonwealth of Nations.

Resolved, That the United States, confident in the justice of their cause, which is the cause, also, of good government and of human rights everywhere among men; anxious for the speedy restoration of peace, which shall secure tranquillity at home and remove all occasion of complaint abroad; and awaiting with well-assured trust the final suppression of the rebellion, through which all these things, rescued from present danger, will be secured forever, and the Republic, one and indivisible, triumphant over its enemies, will continue to stand an example to mankind, *hereby announce*, as their unalterable purpose, that the war will be vigorously prosecuted, according to the humane principles of Christian States, until the rebellion shall be suppressed; and they reverently invoke upon their cause the blessings of Almighty God.

Resolved, That the President be requested to transmit a copy of these resolutions, through the Secretary of State, to the ministers of the United States in foreign countries, that the declaration and protest herein set forth may be communicated by them to the governments to which they are accredited.

SCENE IN THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

SPEECH OF A BRAVE OLD PATRIOT—HIS TERRIFIC PHILLIPIC AGAINST TRAITORS.

In the Illinois Senate lately the following speech was delivered. There have been more pretentious and labored efforts during the present war, but none that had in them more of true natural eloquence and fervent patriotism. We should like to have seen and heard the old man. The report is taken from a Western paper:—

“A great sensation was then caused by a speech delivered by Mr. Funk, one of the richest farmers of the State, a man who pays over \$3,000 per annum in taxes toward the support of the Government. The lobby and gallery were crowded with spectators. Mr. Funk rose to object to trifling resolutions which were being introduced by the Democrats to kill time, and stave off a vote upon the appropriations for the support of the State Government. He said:—

“MR. SPEAKER: I can sit in my seat no longer and see such boys' play going on. These men are trifling with the best interests of the country. They should have asses' ears to set off their heads, or they are Secessionists and traitors at heart.

“I say that there are traitors and Secessionists at heart in this Senate. Their actions prove it. Their speeches prove it. Their gibes and laughter and cheers here nightly, when their speakers get up in this hall and denounce the War and the Administration, prove it.

“I can sit here no longer and not tell these traitors what I think of them. And while so telling them, I am responsible myself for what I say. I stand upon my own bottom. I am ready to meet any man on this floor, in any manner, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon, upon this charge against these traitors. [Tremendous applause from the galleries.] I am an old man of sixty-five. I came to Illinois a poor boy. I have made a little something for myself and family. I pay \$3,000 a year in taxes. I am willing to pay \$6,000, ay, \$12,000 [great cheering, the old gentleman bringing down his fist upon his desk with a blow that would knock down a bullock, and causing the inkstand to bounce a half-dozen inches in the air], ay, I am willing to pay my whole fortune, and then give my life to save my country from these traitors that are seeking to destroy it. [Tremendous cheers and applause, which the Speaker could not subdue.]

“Mr. Speaker, you must please excuse me. I could not sit longer in my seat, and calmly listen to these traitors. My heart, that feels

for my poor country, would not let me. My heart, that cries out for the lives of our brave volunteers in the field, that these traitors at home are destroying by thousands, would not let me. My heart, that bleeds for the widows and orphans at home, would not let me. Yes, these villains and traitors and Secessionists in this Senate [striking his clenched fists on the desk with a blow that made the house ring again] are killing my neighbors' boys, now fighting in the field. I dare to tell this to these traitors, to their faces, and that I am responsible for what I say to one or all of them. [Cheers.] Let them come on, right here. I am sixty-five years old, and I have made up my mind to risk my life right here, on this floor, for my country. [Mr. Funk stood near the lobby railing, his desk being one of the row immediately in front of it. A crowd, as he proceeded, collected around him, evidently with the intention of protecting him from violence, if necessary. The last announcement was received with great cheering, and I saw many an eye flash, and many a countenance grow radiant with the light of defiance.]

“These men sneered at Col. Mack, a day or two ago. He is a little man; but I am a large man. I am ready to meet any of them, in place of Col. Mack. I am large enough for them, and I hold myself ready for them now, and at any time. [Cheers from the galleries.]

“Mr. Speaker, these traitors on this floor should be provided with hempen collars. They deserve them. They deserve them. They deserve hanging, I say [raising his voice and violently striking the desk]. The country would be better off to swing them up. I go for hanging them, and I dare to tell them so, right here, to their traitor faces. Traitors should be hung. It would be the salvation of the country to hang them. For that reason, I would rejoice at it. [Tremendous cheering.]

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ther government nor Chamber would consent to expose the country." Let it be remembered that these sentences are addressed to a people who deem themselves the first of civilized nations, who began the new career of the world in 1789, who even now are aware that every movement in France shakes Europe, and one may imagine the bitter wrath they have awakened in French society. They would drive Englishmen, always patient of words, into acts not exactly deserving the praise bestowed in the queen's speech on English security and order. They indicate a spirit perfectly new even under the empire,—a disposition not only to refuse freedom, but to condemn it,—a wish not only to repress liberalism, but to repress it as something evil,—a willingness not only to rule France, but to rule it as a great body at permanent war with its rulers. The attitude is not that of a despotism like, for instance, the Russian, but of that despotism ruling in Poland, and telling the Polish gentry, as the Czar recently did, "mind, gentlemen, no illusions."

The words were followed by acts which proved that M. Baroche had not in the heat of debate exceeded his instructions. While discussing the amendment about Mexico, M. Jules Favre, the unconquerable leader of the French Opposition of five, ventured to call attention to the facts of the Jecker bonds, the claims against Mexico held by a house of naturalized Frenchmen. It is too long a story to recapitulate, but it is certain that these bonds for four millions sterling, condemned by our Government and that of Spain as absurd, have passed into the hands of great personages about the French Court, and M. Favre boldly asserted that the war had been undertaken to realize their value. The insinuation is rash, it being much more probable that the buyers had previously heard the secret resolve of the emperor to send out an expedition, but it is believed in Paris, and required an open reply. M. Billaut gave none, merely affirming that the claims were perfectly genuine, and had nothing to do with the war; but the very same day peremptory orders were sent to the press not to discuss the point. So timid indeed was the government that the press was virtually suspended, being forbidden by a violent stretch of the law to publish any com-

ment at all on the debates, and reminded publicly in the *Moniteur* that the laws of public security, those terrible engines of despotism, were still in force. All *litterateurs* shrank back aghast, and for ten days a perfect reign of terror was established among the class, who began to believe that the government had finally made up its mind to reduce them to passive obedience. The excitement was excessive, so great that the emperor himself seems to have interfered, and on Tuesday the pressure was relaxed—except as to the Jecker bonds. The incident, however, lasted sufficiently long to convince France that if the emperor aspired to liberty, it was only as men aspire in day-dreams to things they know they shall never obtain.

We have said that this change of tone threatens the welfare of Europe, for the first condition of prosperity for the Continent is that France shall be quiet. We have never been among those who think it advisable to insult the Emperor of the French, or who believe that every petty disturbance among the *salons* threatens the continuance of his power. But still less have we been of those who believe that he can ever become a simple autocrat, can rely on mere force, reign by repression alone, or govern France as Russia was governed under the last bad reign. France is too civilized and too rich, her interests too multi-form and complex, her internal relations too delicately organized for that vulgar scheme of control. As well govern London by a coercion bill intended for Tipperary. The condition of the emperor's power is that he shall keep himself on the whole *en rapport* with the public will, with the silent but all-powerful wish of the mass of the French population; and in suffering his ministers to adopt this tone, to proscribe liberty instead of suspending it, to insult the Liberals instead of controlling them, and to attack his own *raison d'être* by declaring that universal suffrage needs official manipulation, he is getting out of *rappor*t. If the alienation continues, the feverish restlessness of France, puzzled already by the priests and annoyed by the Mexican expedition, will perturb all the courts, and therefore all the exchanges, of Europe.

From The Spectator, 14 Feb.
THE LAST IMPERIAL PLAN.

It is difficult to exaggerate, not easy even to estimate, the importance of the Mexican expedition. "It is," said the emperor a few days since, "the great event of my reign," and if that event be great which involves the destinies of a continent and the fate of a dynasty, the emperor was right. The success of his plan will undoubtedly remodel all relations among the States of the American Continent, its failure will as undoubtedly give a dangerous shock to his throne. The rumors published in America of the defeat of the French, of a repulse from before Puebla, a retreat from Jalapa, a heavy loss arising from confusion when attacked in a fog, may be rumors merely. They are more probably exaggerations of isolated and not very important events, such as lend the interest of variety to every successful campaign. The French army, unless cowed by disease—and an epidemic cowed Frenchmen more than any European people—must be more than a match in the field for any Mexican force, and even a great disaster could always be retrieved. A martial nation of thirty-five millions, armed to the teeth, and governed by a cool, far-sighted brain, cannot be beaten in the field when once it has obtained a foothold, by one of six millions. We have no wish, therefore, to rely upon stories of petty disaster; but enough is passing at home to prove the magnitude of an attempt whose reflex action alone can disturb the whole course of political life. The Senate wisely abstained from discussing the expedition, for even that knot of pensioners could find nothing to say in its praise; but in the Corps Législatif there exists an opposition. M. Jules Favre attacked the transaction as freely as if he had stood in a British House of Commons, and exposed its colossal vastness in terms which sent a shudder through the assembly. The army, he said, had sixty-nine leagues to march only to arrive at Mexico, but nine hundred to catch Juarez. Mexico was a continent crowded with cities and provinces and means of a prolonged resistance. It had cost the United States, with their conterminous frontier, £20,000,000 and two years of campaigning only to force a peace, and France had to perform a greater task two thousand miles from her shores. He believed the occupation must be made permanent, and the army renewed by thirty

thousand men a year. He even dared to allude to the old Mexican scandal, the Jecker bonds, and hint that those bonds had been transferred to hands powerful enough to create a war in order that they might be realized. M. Billault, "Minister with a voice," was at a loss to reply, and took refuge in vague generalities. The flag of France should be respected throughout the world like the flag of Great Britain. Neither Jecker nor the archduke had anything to do with the matter. M. Billault did not venture to deny the vast extent of the enterprise, to speak of the speedy solution, or to fix the time when, her mission accomplished, France might retire with honor; indeed, he formally refused to answer those questions, and instead affirmed, in language of which those who understand France will clearly perceive the meaning, "Our maritime commerce, sure of protection, will multiply its undertakings, and our emigrants will carry with confidence to America their force and their activity. Let it not be said that I have escaped reality to pass into a world of dreams. Is it not a brave and a far-sighted enterprise to open to a part of our native population one of the important countries of the globe? In the New World territory lacks population . . . and we have already one hundred thousand Frenchmen dispersed among the Spanish American States." "Ships, colonies, and commerce," said the first Napoleon, and M. Billault humbly repeats the aspiration. M. Favre was left, of course, in a minority of five; but it soon appeared that the Government was seriously alarmed. The words of the orator had touched a nerve which is sore through all the limbs of France. The people detest an expedition of the true objects of which their ruler, with his usual love of *coups de théâtre*, has not attempted to make them informed. The *bourgeoisie* are annoyed at its cost, Liberals at its unscrupulousness, all politicians at the quiescence which it temporarily enforces on France, in matters, such as the Polish movement, of very much nearer concern. But, above all, the army dislikes the expedition; it is "a campaign with priests for friends and the black vomit for foe." There is no glory to be acquired, and no plunder, only a certainty, after months of exposure and fatigue, of filling an early grave. The excessive restrictions placed on despatches, on papers, and even on letters, create of themselves an impression of gloom, and the army

believes that Government, which, as they see, is always sending out reinforcements, purposely conceals the losses those reinforcements are to supply. To intensify all these feelings by free discussion seemed to the Government dangerous, for Frenchmen who tolerate official corruption so easily that they have invented the word *concussion*, despise it, nevertheless, with a scorn equal to that of England. To suppress Jules Favre would, after the emperor's formal concession of liberty to the members to discuss the address, have been a *coup d'état*, but what ministers could do they did. They privately prohibited all discussion upon the amendment, and publicly warned the press that the decrees passed as measures of public safety were still in force. The restrictions upon the press amounted for some days to suppression, and even now the journals dare not venture to discuss M. Favre's remarks. The Mexican expedition, vast in its object, its expenditure, and its prospective demands, is to go on in silence, till some fine morning France can be startled with the frank letter in which the emperor is to announce his success, reveal his plans, and claim the gratitude of the world. Meantime, all over France Government represents that Mexico will be the equivalent of India, that cotton, the want of which is now paralyzing three departments, will henceforward be an English monopoly, that it is essential to open up another source of supply, and that in Mexico soil and labor need only French energy and brains for the cultivation of the plant. All indicates what M. Billault foreshadows—the conversion of Mexico into a vast French colony, restraining the Anglo-Saxons, and dominating over the Isthmus.

More important, however, than even M. Billault's speech, is the letter addressed by the emperor to the Governor-General of Algeria, a letter the meaning of which seems to have escaped the French as well as the English press. Even Napoleon, with his rare resources, cannot settle the world at once, and the emigrant population has always been limited in France. To convert Mexico into a colony it must all be directed thither, and as the first step the emperor *abandons* the attempt continued for thirty years to colonize Algeria. The Arabs, hunted and dispossessed, are to be restored to their lands, to settle down, if possible, as cultivators. "To the natives are assigned the breeding of

horses and cattle, the natural cultivation of the soil; to the enterprise and intelligence of the European, the working of forests and mines, the introduction of improved modes of cultivation, the importation of those arts which always precede or accompany the progress of agriculture." Algeria is to be India instead of Australia, with Europeans as captains of labor, and not as simple laborers. No more Government colonists are to be sent, the Government "ceasing to direct colonization, and to lend a painful support to individuals attracted by gratuitous grants." Algeria is not to be "a colony, properly so called, but an Arab kingdom," and Napoleon "Emperor of the Arabs." All "useless regulations are to be suppressed, all transactions to enjoy the most complete liberty," and, in short, the emperor retires from the only conquest made by the house of Orleans. Of course, he preserves his theoretical dominance, and the actual control of the cities, forts, and coast; but the soil is returned to the Arabs; they are released from "useless" supervision, and the colonists with the boon of "liberty" receive also the permission to get along as they best can. It is as if England were to replace all native princes in India, retaining only her suzerainty and the great Presidency towns.

The measure is a most able one, and shows how profoundly the emperor has thought out his Mexican design. All that is worth having in Algeria is retained; but the new system will relieve the finances of at least a million a year, and throw all the colonizing power of France in a far more practical direction. Half a million of Frenchmen aiding one million of Spaniards to govern seven millions of half-castes and Indians *might* form a most powerful colony, capable, in their horror of slavery and under the shield of France, of resisting even the Southern States. They *might* grow cotton to an extent which would relieve France of foreign dependence, and draw from the natural wealth of the country, the undeveloped "diggings" of Sonora, and the half-developed mines of Potosi, the means of supporting a firm and stable government. Common honesty would raise the Mexican revenue up to eight millions a year, or at least as much as the South will, as a confederate power, have at its own disposal. Such a State, with such resources, seated on two oceans, and sheltered by a power no Ea-

ropean will attack, *might* make France as strong as England on the Pacific, a rival to America on the Western Atlantic. But to build up such a State is an enterprise which would tax the mightiest power on earth, an enterprise even greater than the conquest of India, and to be accomplished within the life of a man already fifty-five! It involves the complete subjugation of Mexico, that is, of an organized State rather larger than Europe within the Vistula, occupied partly by a race whose pride has made them brave, partly by a people so savage that the Mexicans call in the Anglo-Saxon hunters to hold them in partial check. It involves the creation of a new army which shall be brave, yet indifferent to subjugation; disciplined, yet obedient to enemies; cheap, and yet numerous enough

to occupy every post. We succeeded in forming, and then in destroying such an army; but Spanish half-castes are not Hindoos, nor are Frenchmen gifted with that strange pride which, by keeping Englishmen apart from all conquered races, makes them hated, but retains them in the position and invests them with the strength of a standing army. Frenchmen are not good colonists, and the task, therefore, to which Napoleon leads a half-unwilling people is to conquer a continent two thousand miles off, and then fill it with the one race in all Europe which never willingly quits its home. If he succeeds he will have changed the face, perhaps the fate, of the Western world; if he fails—well, failure, after all, will but cost earth a Napoleon.

ST. CECILIA, THE PATRONESS OF MUSIC.—Can any one of the readers of *Notes and Queries* inform me about what period St. Cecilia came to be regarded as the Patroness of Music?

The Very Rev. Dr. Husenbeth, of Cossey, in his valuable *Life of Bishop Milner* (Duffy, London, 1862), refers to a note in one of the earlier publications of the Bishop, entitled, *An Inquiry into the Existence and Character of St. George*, in which his lordship states that,—

“Musicians have been very fortunate in the choice of their patroness, no less than painters have been in their mode of representing her, as in the only passage in her ancient acts, in which there is any mention of music, the Saint appears rather to have slighted than admired it: ‘Cantantibus organis, Cæcilia in corde suo decantabat; fiat, Domine, cor meum immaculatum ante,’” etc., etc.

On the other hand, Mrs. Jameson, in her *Sacred and Legendary Art* (vol. ii. p. 202, ed. London, 1844), quotes long passages from the Acts and Legends of the Saint, amongst which are the following words:—

“As she excelled in music, she turned her gifts to the glory of God, and composed hymns, which she sang herself with such ravishing sweetness, that even the angels descended from heaven to listen to her,” etc.

Again,—

“She played on all instruments, but none sufficient to breathe forth that flood of harmony with which her whole soul was filled; therefore she invented the organ, consecrating it to the service of God.”

Sir John Hawkins, in his *General History of the Science and Practice of Music* (ed. London,

1853, vol. ii. p. 746), refers, in a long note, to the tradition connected with the saint,—

“That she excelled in music, and that this has been deemed sufficient authority for making her the patroness of music and musicians.”

It seems that in the ancient devotional representations of St. Cecilia, both in Rome and Florence, she was not painted with any musical attributes. Much curious and valuable information about the saint was published by Abbe Guéranger, in a work entitled *L'Histoire de Sainte Cécile* (Tournai, 1854). But not having the volume by me, I quite forget what the writer says respecting the “Acts” of the Saint, and how far they may be considered as authentic. I should be glad to see the subject discussed in *Notes and Queries*. JOHN DALTON.

—*Notes and Queries*.

TELEGRAM.—Why should not this word be abbreviated into *telm*, quasi “tell them,” “tell ‘em,” or “tell him?” Were *telm* commonly used as an abbreviation, it would doubtless soon be adopted as a word, which Macaulay’s New Zealander may believe to be pure Anglo-Saxon.

—*Notes and Queries*. G. O. W.

COLENSO.

THERE WAS a wise Bishop, Colenso,
Who was bothered among the black men so,
That he thought such a pen as his
Might overset Genesis:
Still, Moses may outlive Colenso.

—*Press*.

THE COLOR SERGEANT.

You say that in every battle
No soldier was braver than he,
As aloft in the roar and the rattle,
He carried the flag of the free :
I knew, ah ! I knew, he'd ne'er falter,
I could trust him, the dutiful boy.
My Robert was wilful—but Walter,
Dear Walter, was ever a joy.

And if he was true to his mother,
Do you think he his trust would betray,
And give up his place to another,
Or turn from the danger away ?
He knew while afar he was straying,
He felt in the thick of the fight,
That at home his poor mother was praying
For him, and the cause of the right !

Tell me, comrade, who saw him when dying,
What he said, what he did, if you can ;
On the field, in his agony lying,
Did he suffer and die like a man ?
Do you think he once wished he had never
Borne arms for the right and the true ?
Nay, he shouted Our Country forever !—
When he died he was praying for you !

O my darling, my youngest and fairest,
Whom I gathered so close to my breast ;
I called thee my dearest and rarest ;
And thou wert my purest and best !
I tell you, O friend, as a mother
Whose full heart is breaking to-day,
The Infinite Father—none other—
Can know what he's taken away !

I thank you once more for your kindness ;
For this lock of his auburn hair :
Perhaps 'tis the one I in blindness
Last touched, as we parted just there !
When he asked, through his tears, should he
linger
From duty ? I answered him, *Nay :*
And he smiled, as he placed on my finger
The ring I am wearing to-day.

I watched him leap into that meadow ;
There a child, he with others had played ;
I saw him pass slowly the shadow
Of th' trees, where his father was laid ;
And there where the road meets two others
Without turning he went on his way :
Once his face toward the foe—not his mother's,
Should unman him, or cause him delay.

It may be that some day your duty
Will carry you that way again ;
When the field shall be riper in beauty,
Enriched by the blood of the slain ;
Would you see if the grasses were growing
On the grave of my boy ? Will you see
If a flower, e'en the smallest, is blowing ;
And pluck it, and send it to me ?

Don't think, in my grief, I'm complaining ;
I gave him, God took him, 'tis right :
And the cry of his mother remaining,
Shall strengthen his comrades in fight.

Not for vengeance to-day in my weeping,
Goes my prayer to the infinite Throne.
God pity the foe when he's reaping
The harvest of what he has sown !

Tell his comrades these words of his mother :
All over the wide land to-day,
The Rachels who weep with each other,
Together in agony pray.
They know in their great tribulation,—
By the blood of their children outpoured,
We shall smite down the foes of the Nation,
In the terrible day of the Lord.

A. D. F. R.

THE RIVER OF TIME.

SLOWLY as sweetly, children's days are passed,
Their little lives discern not that they move,
The stream which bears them is to them so vast :
'Tis well ; for why should conscious change re-
prove
The calm of infant trustfulness ? or why
Should bliss and innocence make haste to fly ?

But youth, with his strong loves and ardent
dreams,
Stands in the tide, and beats its surf each way,
And in its bed builds up his glowing schemes
Which mock the fretted currents, cold and gray ;
'Tis well ; for what of man's may ever cope
With Time, save youthful energy and hope !

But oh, how fast, when once our prime is gone,
When dreams have faded, and the pulse grows
cool,
Grave though they be, how fast the hours skim
on,
How Yule on May is drifted, May on Yule !
Time's River feels the Mother-Ocean near,
And presses on its course in solemn cheer. ●

This, too, is well ; for who would linger o'er
The hours which memory and which conscience
freight ?
No ! let them hurry to their end, and pour
In that deep Ocean all their lifelong weight !
There only can their evil be undone,
There only finished what was well begun.
—*Fraser's Magazine.* E. HINXMAN.

HOPE.

In Hope, a kynge doth goe to warre,
In Hope, a lover loves fulle long,
In Hope, a merchant sailes from farre,
In Hope, good men do suffer wronge.
In Hope, a farmer sowes his seede,
Thus Hope helps nations at their neede.
Then fail not, hearte, among the reste,
Whatever chance, Hope thou the beste.

THE LIVING AGE.

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NIGHT ON THE LAGUNES.

Along the still lagoon,
While lutes and lips in tune,
Mingle around—come, gondolier, and oar us to
the moon.

Forth from this shadowy arc,
Stretched in our lamp-lit barque,
In festal silence let us float, soft through the
summer dark ;
Through streets based on the brine,
Mid droops of Syrian vine—
One tome of Tasso open, and one flask of Cypress
wine :

Now float we underneath
Some palace hushed as death,
Its marbles creased in wrinkles by the hot si-
rocco's breath ;
Now through the shadow rare
Of lofty column fair ;
Now by grave hooded porticoes around the silent
square,

Where springing fountains taste
The fresh light of the waste ;
Now by yon line of blood-red granite colonnade
we haste :

Now past cathedral doors,
Where spark the spraying oars,
Where altar-lights stream richly o'er the tessell-
ated floors.

Lo ! in yon casement chaste,
With vase and trailer graced,
In curtained dusk, a figure rises as from out the
east—

Some dusky tropic sphere,
Crown of the burning year,
Through twilight glimmers o'er the rich ambro-
sial breathing meer—

And garbed in silken stole,
Pours out her music soul
In gushes through the mazes of a joyous barca-
role ;

Now touching as she sings,
Her mandoline's bright strings,
Vibrates the smooth dark flowing air with thin-
nest tinklings :

While o'er the blue waves flow
A bacchant group below,
Quaff wine at leafy windows in the moon's au-
tumnal glow.

"Hail, traveller, hail !" and we
"Hail," echo, as to sea
We speed along the line of lustre trembling si-
lently :

Past terraces of flowers,
Past structures of old hours—
The low stars indurating dim their ruined roofs
and towers :

Past watery thickets gray,
Now lies our shadowy way,
Moon-shielded in the dead light of the mirrored
purple day ;

And now by stretching sands,
Where airy floating hands
And flashing mazed feet career in joyous sara-
bands.

Remote the city lies,
Music and mysteries
Breathing and brooding through it under mid-
night's magic skies ;
And broad the moon wave rolls,
And solemn distant tolls
The great cathedral bell above the multitude of
souls :

Parading round the square,
Flooded with lustrous air,
Or jesting with the masks along the lamplit casas
there ;

Where donnas sauntering whirl,
Black-eyed, with streaming curl,
And floating silver-girdled stoles and terzolas of
pearl.

But as for us—afar
We oar us past the bar,
And in mid-water point our prow straight to one
sumptuous star,

Near which we dimly mark
One shell-bright moving barque,
And hear a voice melodious streaming through
the azure dark ;

Now quivering like the ray,
On which it seems to play :—
Now fading down the main of splendor, spirit-
like, away.

But lo ! the morn is nigh,
And glimmer distantly
Borranos Alps, like drifts of withered rose, along
the sky :

And falls the dim dawn rain,
As Veniceward, amain
We speed to sleep and dream the hours 'till Ves-
per sparks again.

T. LAWIN.
—*Dublin University Magazine.*

A GREETING TO THE "GEORGE GRIS-
WOLD."

(*The Ship which bore to the Mersey the Contributions
of the United States to the relief of Lancashire.*)

BEFORE thy stem smooth seas were curled,
Soft winds, thy sails did move,
Good ship, that from the Western world
Bore freight of brothers' love.

'Twixt starvi'g here and striving there
When wrath flies to and fro,
Till all seems hatred everywhere,
How fair thy white wings show !

O'er the great seas thy keel plowed through
Good ships have borne the chain
That should have knit old world and new
Across the weltering main.

The chain was borne—one kindly wave
Of speech pulsed through its coil ;
Then dumb and dead in ocean's grave
Lay hope and cost and toil.

But thou, good ship, a gain hast brought
O'er these wide waves of blue,
The chain of kindly word and thought
To link those worlds anew.

—*Punch*, 21 Feb.

From The Saturday Review.

TURNER'S LIBER STUDIORUM.*

As we turn over the portfolio of these exquisite photographic prints, which seem really to be in all respects equal to the original handiworks of the great master, it is impossible not to remember the prediction of a high authority that a hundred years hence all the sun-drawings in which our generation takes such delight will be either altogether effaced, or will have become indistinguishable blots and smears of a brownish monochrome. Whether this prophecy will be verified or not is as yet unknown. Many a collector of photographs looks wistfully at his treasures, and observes from time to time the indisputable paling and fading away of the earlier specimens of the art. It is possible that the better qualities of the "chemicals" which are now procurable may postpone or avert the catastrophe; but we confess that we are disposed to rest our best hopes for the future on Sir Henry James's newly discovered zinc-photo-graphic process. By this admirable invention, the inimitable delicacy and fidelity of a sun-drawn picture are transferred to a metal plate or a surface of stone, from which again imperishable copies may be multiplied, almost without limit, by the ordinary printing-press. Meanwhile, however, until the noble process is perfected, we must be grateful for this second *fasciculus* of photographic copies of the *Liber Studiorum* plates, and must not allow our fears for their permanency to interfere with the pleasure and profit which these reproductions afford to us. As we said in noticing the former series, the usefulness of these photographic copies to a student of art cannot possibly be exaggerated. No more valuable present to a landscape painter can be imagined than these reproductions of Turner's matchless masterpieces. They will guide, reform, and improve the taste of thousands of amateur artists, and will often implant a love of landscape-drawing where it never existed before.

We proceed to point out some of the special excellences of these photographs in the order in which they here appear. First of all, we have the coast of Yorkshire.

* *Liber Studiorum*. Second Series. Photographs from Twenty-one Original Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., in the South Kensington Museum. Published under the Authority of the Department of Science and Art. London: Cundall, Downes, & Co. 1862.

It is the most poetical and has the deepest tragic interest of them all. A terrific gale is bursting on the rocky shore of a bay, and a wrecked hull is tossing in the surf in the foreground. In the distance is a stern headland, scarcely distinguishable from the inky sky, with its outline obscured by the rain and the spray. A white lighthouse gleams fitfully on its summit; and the flashing wings of a flight of sea-gulls driven inland by the storm are made, by the highest cunning of art, to intensify the gloomy murkiness of the sky, and to throw the foreland into the extreme distance. At the foot of the rocky point the surf is boiling and drifting as no one but Turner has ever drawn it. In the immediate foreground there are nearer and blacker rocks, with a few figures trying to rescue the perishing wretches who are seen, in strong relief against the surf behind, clinging to the helpless wreck. This is a picture which grows in force and truth the more it is looked at, until it becomes scarcely a stretch of the imagination to fancy one's self present at the very scene. The next plate, called "Cephalus and Procris," is of course a woodland view with two ill-drawn figures, which were better away, in the foreground. The marvel of the drawing is its slightness. It is nothing but a short wild avenue of trees seen obliquely, in which the trunks and leafage are scarcely more than indicated by a few hasty touches. The most beautiful part of the picture is a sunlit copse, seen in the distance on the right through the stems of the nearest trees. "Pastoral with Cattle" is the name of the next plate. It seems to be a sort of reminiscence of Claude-like landscape—a broad open valley with near trees on each side, cattle in the foreground, scattered trees in the mid-distance, and a massive rock, castle-crowned, filling up the vista on the horizon. The foliage here is inimitable; and the long sloping shadows athwart the valley are managed with infinite skill. We may add that outline, leafage, and general character in this landscape are clearly intended to represent a scene in some upland of the mountain limestone. The plate of the "Wye and the Severn" is of course a study of far distance. Here, as is often the case in art, the hand of the master is evident by its reticence—so to call it. In this exquisite landscape there is positively no outline at all in the further distance; and the spectator's eye pores

into the vanishing horizon for some more definite forms of the sinuous Wye and the stately stream into which it is falling, just as it would do in nature itself. The great lesson which nature teaches in vain to the præ-Raffaellite landscapist—viz., that art must represent objects as the human eye sees them—may perhaps be brought home to him by the careful study of this masterpiece. The next plate is inscribed, "Laufenburg on the Rhine." As usual, it is a study, and not a transcript, from nature. The river, dark, narrow, and foaming, is spanned by an irregular, picturesque bridge. Both banks are lofty and crowded with houses and towers, rising in stages one above the other. This view embodies, no doubt, the painter's recollection of the general characteristics and effects of the Rhine scenery of this type. In "Dumblane Abbey" we have a steep bank, clothed with wood, sunk in the deepest shadow, surmounted by the ruined eastern gable and roofless side-walls of the ancient church. At the foot winds a narrow river, with a low bank on the other side, a hamlet in the distance, and a group of women washing clothes in the foreground. The elements of the picture are simple enough. The leading idea seems to be the intense blackness of the wooded steep above which the ruin stands. The architectural truth of the delineation of the lancets in the gaunt gable of the choir deserves to be noticed. The next plate is "East-Gate, Winchelsea"—a less interesting scene of ruin. This view again is by no means truthful as to its bare facts; but it manages to convey, in a most masterly manner, the peculiar general effect of that decayed town. Tall trees are growing on the walls, and the old road is shown as a mere sheep-walk. Turner was never more at home than on the sea. His "Sketch for a Sea-Piece" is truly admirable. Here we have a man-of-war riding at anchor in the distance, while a cutter almost on her beam end as she heels over under a very stiff breeze is making for her. It is wild dirty weather, and the pitch black waves are only relieved by the white of the flying scud. The sky too is wonderfully truthful and unexaggerated. The big ship, gleaming in the offing, will be to an intelligent student a perfect model of the proper conventional method of indicating a distant object. Not a spar nor a rope of the rigging is delineated which could possibly be

spared. What are given indeed are little more than barely suggested; and yet to the imagination the idea intended to be conveyed is perfectly rendered. This is the true province, and the highest success, of art. One could wish the figures away from the "Young Anglers," which is the next plate in succession. As always in Turner's landscapes, they are ill-drawn and inexpressive. Apart from them, the scene here depicted, though unpretending, is full of pictorial interest. The sluggish stream, the reeds and flags on its bank, the osiers on one side, and the rustic villa on the opposite bank, are all marvels of consummate rendering. Still more cynical in its disregard of the proprieties of figure drawing is the group of boys, engaged in putting a companion into a trough, which gives the inappropriate name of "Juvenile Tricks" to the next plate. The whole scene indeed is much below the average merit of the series; and none but the most enthusiastic of Turner-worshippers can be expected to admire the distant row of suburban houses which is discerned through the gnarled trunks of the scanty and aged wood of the foreground. Almost equally sketchy, but far cleverer in the handling of the foliage, is the "Bridge and Cows," which follows in the series. This plate, by the way, in the copy before us, is an exception to the general uniform excellence of the photographic impressions of this series. The exposure has been insufficient. In "Pembury Mill, Kent," Turner has given a weird picturesqueness to a homely enough scene of rustic life. He must have seen the mill at Pembury under some such accidental combination of light and shade, and his faithful memory has here reproduced it with the necessary modifications and exaggerations. We like infinitely better his next plate, called the "Water-mill;"—not so much, however, for the picturesque half-ruined mill in the centre as for the exquisitely drawn trees beyond the stream, and the tender distance. Mr. Ruskin has discovered unfathomable depths of meaning in Turner's "Hedging and Ditching." To us it seems merely a powerful sketch of a scene of familiar and disagreeable rustic toil. The skill with which the wild common beyond the hedge is delineated in this plate is above all praise. A far more pleasant picture is the next, the "Stack-yard;" but its chief interest arises from its consummate delineation of the leafage of the

few trees which make their appearance in the view. Almost the same may be said of the "Farmyard with Pigs;" where indeed, all the animals—both pigs and poultry—are badly drawn, and the rest of the accessories are poor and out of proportion. But the docks in the foreground and the leafage are excellent. "Marine Dabblers" is an absurd title for a most vigorous sketch of a fishing boat hauled up dry on the beach, with a rough sea and a stormy sky behind. Mark here the contrast between the black hull, with the dark flapping sail hanging over it, and the gleaming sea, with its single white sail against the leaden horizon, and the sea-gulls, which are put in just where they are wanted, to light the picture with an infallible skill. We have quite another kind of landscape in "Hindoo Ablutions." There is nothing Oriental about it, but the single tree in the foreground, and the far distance, and the hot but cloudy sky, are in their way miracles of drawing. By the "Crypt, Kirkwall," Turner means one of the ruined chapels of that abbey. This is a fine study of the lights and shadows of the receding vaults of a groined

roof, with distant peeps of daylight. The "Bridge with Goats" seems to us unequal to the rest, though we may except from the censure the trees on the left hand. Finally, the concluding plate, entitled "Sketch of Shipping," is a picture which no one but Turner could have attempted. Some five or six large ships in immediate proximity to each other, and sailing in all directions, are dashing about in a stormy sea close to a harbor-mouth, in most imminent danger of collision. But no one can examine this plate carefully without the deepest admiration for the painter's skill. For here we have real sea and real sky, each terrible in its wildness. The waves are running mountain-high, and the storm-clouds brooding to the left-hand of the picture is positively awful in its threatening intensity. Nothing more powerful than the drawing of the actual shipping of the piece can well be imagined. We conclude with repeating our congratulations to all who are concerned in this invaluable work, by which Turner's best landscapes have been brought literally within the reach of "the million."

SALT.—What proof is there of the "fact" (of the *Encyclopedians*) that when some criminals formerly, in Holland, were deprived of the use of salt, they perished miserably, infested with worms? Multitudes of savages in different parts of the world do not use salt with their food, which would indicate that its use is not imperatively necessary, as is commonly held. Dr. Livingstone found "When I procured a meal of flesh [after a long use of vegetable diet], though boiled in perfectly fresh rain-water, it tasted as pleasantly saltish as if slightly impregnated with that condiment."—*Travels in South Africa in 1857*, p. 27.

Mr. Galton says, "The Damaras never take any salt. . . . We never found it a necessary of life."—P. 182. "The game in the Swadop do not frequent the salt licks as they do in America." And he adds: "I am informed that certain New Zealand tribes not only eat without salt, but actually look upon it with distaste and aversion."—P. 183.

Admiral F. Von Wrangell mentions that the natives about the Kolyma River, Siberia, "never use salt, and even dislike it."—*Expedition to the Polar Sea in 1810*, pp. 76. 377.

Mr. J. G. Kohl observes, "The Ojibbeways have a perfect aversion for salt," and that even

European traders among them came to employ "sugar instead of it" (p. 319), though a decoction of wood-ashes used to take off the insipidity of the maize cakes, "is a sort of use of salt."—*Kitchi-Gami*, 8vo, 1860, p. 322.

Mr. Catlin says: "None of these tribes of Indians (on the Upper Missouri) use salt in any way, though their country abounds in salt-springs . . . and incrustations of salt. . . . The Indians cook [boil] their meat more than we do." (Vol. i. p. 124.) He says however, that Indians along the frontier who use vegetable food, take salt (vol. i. p. 125); but this may be from imitation of the whites. Mr. Catlin also says:—

"During the ravages of the cholera . . . I was in these regions, and I learned from what I saw and heard . . . that it carried death among the tribes on the borders in many cases, as far as they had adopted the civilized modes of life, with its dissipations, using vegetable food and salt; but wherever it came to tribes living exclusively on meat, and that without the use of salt, its progress was suddenly stopped."—*Letters and Notes on the N. American Indians*, vol. ii. p. 258. 2 vols. 1841. J. P.

—*Notes and Queries*.

From Chambers's Journal.

LOVE IN A DIVING-BELL.

SEVENTEEN was just the age at which I first met Charlotte Elizabeth—*under water*. What think you of *that*, Mr. Editor? Are not such circumstances of first-love new? Permit me also to add, with my hand upon my heart, that they are moreover true.

It was on a Saturday afternoon, which was a holiday at our office in the city (although the Early-closing Movement was not so much as heard of at that time), and I was spending it in the improvement of my mind at the Polytechnic. I had sat in that stately hall, which is something between a theatre and a dissecting-room, to behold the wonders of science; I had gazed upon that wondrous apparatus for learning to swim upon dry land until my limbs were on the point of involuntarily "striking out" for an imaginary shore; and I had gazed upon the electrical eel to repletion, when a great bell was rung, and a sonorous voice exclaimed: "Experiments connected with the diving-bell." Upon this, a great rush was made from all parts of the building to that circular pond of clear green water, the excessive depth of which has always been a marvel to me. Into whose cellars does it descend? What sewers does it forever threaten with untimely flushing? From what fountains do its pellucid waves arise? Then the intrepid diver made his toilet in the presence of the company, being loaded with heavy weights, as though he were some desperate criminal, and having on his face a helmet fixed, to be presently screwed round by the assistants, a proceeding which appeared to the unscientific eye like wringing his neck. Covered with polypi in the shape of india-rubber tubing, this monster tadpole clumsily descended by an iron ladder into the pond, the bottom of which was already strewn with halfpence; after these, we could dimly see him waddle and stoop, made more hideous even than before by the watery medium—foreshortened at right angles to himself, exaggerated, disproportioned, slow—the most horrible picture of cupidity that the mind is capable of conceiving. Above him arose large and noisy bubbles; and now and then he would emerge as to his head and shoulders, and tap his metal helmet with the halfpence, to let us know—as though we had not watched his horrid movements all along—that he had picked them up. Incredible as it may appear, I was attracted towards this

amphibious pursuit of his; I felt as though I too should like to explore those airless depths, and make my business in those mighty waters. When he came out at last, like a two-trunked sea-elephant, and bowed in his repulsive manner to the spectators, I was almost afraid that he was going to offer "any lady or gent" the loan of his apparatus. I was infinitely relieved when I saw it put away in a cupboard, for now no unnatural temptation—

"Any lady or gent for the diving-bell?" exclaimed the sonorous voice. "The machine is now about to descend."

My heart came into my mouth and then retired about half-way down my throat, as I should judge. My extremities became cold as ice, as I gasped out: "Stop a minute: take me in, please do." The crowd that already surrounded the machine parted to left and right, to let me pass. There was not the least hurry, of course; but if I had not spoken at once, I should not have done so at all. I was the first volunteer for this tremendous enterprise, and an object of great public interest.

"I wouldn't do it myself for a 'underd pound," observed one gentleman, for the purpose of re-assuring me, I conclude; and a friend of his replied, "No, nor yet for two; it's what I call fool'ard."

I passed the little barrier; I gave the manager the requisite shilling for the submarine passage; and I crept under the great goggled bell amid quite a popular ovation. A narrow seat ran round the interior of the machine; the atmosphere seemed close, even as it was, and the light was dim, although we were as yet in the land of the living. I perceived, however, a shining substance immediately opposite to me, which turned out to be a boy covered with buttons—the page of the establishment, whose dreadful trade it was to descend, I don't know how many times a day, in company with subaqueous amateurs. He had a rope in his hand that hung down from the top of the bell, and which I fondly imagined communicated with the scientific authorities, so that we could be hoisted up again at a moment's notice, by signal; but this confidence was entirely misplaced. A certain round spot with a number of little holes—like the top of a sink—was the sole ornament of the apartment in which we were; and through this was to come the air we breathed. To say that I would gladly have

got out again, and sacrificed my shilling, is to give a very feeble idea of my state of repentance. I would have given forty shillings to be once more gazing—under the light of heaven—at the least remarkable object of interest in the institution. All the crimes I had ever committed during a checkered life seemed to crowd in upon my recollection. I made the most ardent resolutions for conducting myself for the future after a different fashion—if I should only be permitted to emerge alive out of that bell. It is true that there was yet time for me to do so, for the director was still touting for passengers, but I had not the moral courage for such a step as this. I could not have descended amid the same crowd which had applauded my intrepidity, to experience its scornful jeers. I perceived the same feelings were actuating two other individuals who now joined us; they, too, cast wistful glances at the mouth of the bell, and were evidently contemplating in their minds the most salient points in their past wicked lives.

"You had better put your legs up, gentlemen," observed the page; "there will then be less chance of falling out at the bottom, when we get under water."

"Less chance!" gasped I, as I hastened to obey this suggestion. "Do you mean to say there is *any* chance?"

"Well, you must sit quite still, of course, or there's no knowing what may happen. You will be safe enough, however, like this."

We had all got our feet in each other's laps, forming quite a reticulation of legs beneath us, so that, if we fell at all, it must needs have been all together, when the director suddenly exclaimed: "By your leave, gentlemen, there's a lady coming."

"A lady coming! Where on earth is she to come to?" inquired I. There was not room for a pin's head to make its way among us, and far less a lady's.

"Is there no room?" inquired one of the sweetest voices I ever heard in my life.

"Plenty of room, miss. Legs down!" cried the conductor.

Then a bonnet appeared, with one of the most lovely faces in it you can imagine, and a look of tender appeal upon it—at finding the bell full of legs—which it was impossible to resist. I sidled nearer towards the page, in whom I had some sort of confidence, and made room for this charming creature on my

left hand. It was before the days of crinoline, but she wore some expansive gauzy garment, which, as she took her seat, flowed over all the others, and seemed to leave her alone with me and the page—who, except as a scientific assistant, I considered as nobody.

"Is there any danger?" asked she, in soft, low tones, and putting her hand upon mine in order to steady herself—for she had very little to sit upon. "I almost regret that I ventured to come."

"Oh, say not so," returned I. "Hold on to me. You may squeeze my hand as tight as you please; *that is the only way to keep yourself from falling.*"

Even in that dim bottle-green light, I saw a lovely blush steal over her damask cheek; but she *did* take hold of my hand, and held it pretty tight, too.

"What an oppression I feel about my forehead," observed she; "my brain seems on fire."

"So does mine, my dear young lady," replied I; "and my heart goes pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat."

"So does mine," said she. "I am told the phenomenon happens in all these submarine excursions."

"Why, we aint off, yet," observed the page contemptuously, who had been (most unjustifiably) listening to our conversation. I should perhaps have rebuked him, but at that moment the awful bell swung out from terra firma, and we beheld beneath us the cold and treacherous wave.

"What a terrible situation!" ejaculated my fair companion.

"Not altogether," returned I, with a pressure of the fingers.

"We are leaving all behind us—or at least above us," added she, for even in that awful moment her native correctness did not desert her. "Heaven preserve us, what was that!"

A cannon appeared to have gone off immediately outside my ear, and then it went on firing a royal salute—and didn't stop then.

I trembled like an aspen-leaf, but not so much as the beautiful being who relied upon me for succor. We leaned up against one another for mutual support. With my left arm, I mechanically encircled her waist; with my right hand, I grasped half a dozen of the page's buttons. On one side of me was Poetry; on the other, Science.

"What are those dreadful guns?" inquired the young lady.

"Guns!" cried the page laughing, a laugh peculiar (I hope) to water-kelpies. "That's only the tinpanium of your ear a-busting, bless yer. It'll get wuss and wuss, and the top of your 'ed will be like to fly off, as it seems to you, before we gets to the bottom. A-comin' up, you'll like it better."

"Dear girl," whispered I, in tones of comfort, "you will find it some relief to lay your head upon my shoulder."

She did so, and I caught her broken tones inquiring what was that dreadful thing that kept beating against the bell, as though it wanted to get in among us. "I hope and trust, my good boy," said she, addressing the page with sudden animation, "that it is not that electrical eel!"

I do believe, if I had not had fast hold of that boy by his buttons, that he would have fallen off his seat into the water, in a paroxysm of mirth, and left us without any protector. "Lor' bless ye, miss," replied he, when he got breath enough to do so, "that's the beating of the hair-pump, that is: if that was to stop for arf a minute, it would be all Hookey with us in this 'ere bell."

"Hookey!" ejaculated the terrified young creature. "What dreadful language he does use!—You haven't got a waterproof coat on, have you, sir?"

I trembled as the dear girl made this extraordinary inquiry, for I thought that terror was depriving her of reason. Could she imagine that a Mackintosh would save us, ever so many fathoms under water as we now were!

"Alas, no," said I, thinking it best to humor her; "I left my waterproof coat up above, and also my umbrella."

"I asked," returned she, "because I seem to breathe nothing else but india-rubber."

Perhaps it was this peculiar atmosphere which erased her words, as it were, as soon as she had uttered them, that compelled me to keep my cheek quite close to her, to catch the precious tones.

"They pump the air through india-rubber tubes," I answered.

"How wise you are," said she admiringly; "how nice it must be to know everything."

"Very nice," said I; "please to tell me, therefore, what name you bear in the upper world. I have read of sirens and mermaids—How dare you touch that lady's dress," cried I with excessive indignation, as the scientific page made a sudden snatch at her petticoats.

"They was a-gettin' into the water, that's why," returned the youth with sulkiness. "Don't you go a-hollering at me. It's my duty to take care of all as comes down here, and I have my orders about their petticoats."

"My good boy," said I, "here is half-a-crown for you. I am sorry I spoke so loud, because water conducts sound with great facility, and they may have heard me up above. All that passes among ourselves here should be respected, as being of a private nature."

"Mum is the word," observed the page, and he winked with an air of supernatural and submarine cunning at the unconscious Charlotte Elizabeth—for it is needless to say that the enchanting young mermaid was she.

Almost immediately afterwards, we began to ascend; every instant the guns fired with less distinctness, and we became more like our usual selves. But during the few minutes that we had been immersed, I had experienced a complete metamorphosis—I had "suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange; I had descended fancy free, I arose a captive to the Diving Belle.

The rest of the courtship was of the ordinary description, and terminated in the usual way.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHN BROWN.—When John Brown, D.D., first settled in Haddington, Scotland, the people of his parish gave him a warm and enthusiastic reception; only one of the members of that large church and congregation stood out in opposition to him. The reverend doctor tried all the means in his power to convert the solitary dissenter to unity of feeling which pervaded the whole body, but all his efforts to obtain an interview proved abortive. As Providence directed, however, they happened one day to meet in the street, when the doctor held out his

hand, saying, "My brother, I understand you are opposed to my settling at Haddington." "Yes, sir," replied the parishioner. "Well, and if it be a fair question, on what grounds do you object to me?" "Because, sir," said he, "I don't think you are qualified to fill so eminent a post." "That's just my opinion," replied the doctor; "but what, sir, is the use of you and me setting up our opinions in opposition to a whole parish?" The brother smiled, and their friendship was sealed forever. "A soft answer turns away wrath."

From The Spectator.

THE SEAS AND SNOWS IN MARS.

THESE are, perhaps, no other scientific interests so absorbing as those which open glimpses to us of the possible conditions of life in the other worlds which man can never hope to penetrate, except by the sense of vision. When, about ten years ago, Dr. Whewell exerted himself to persuade us that the stellar and planetary universe is a spiritual desert, with the sole exception of the little planetary oasis inhabited by man, his hypothesis was received, not so much with incredulity as with intellectual resentment. The interest which astronomy excites half consists in the pleasure of conceiving the great variety of intellectual conditions which the observed differences of situation would introduce into the life of a human emigrant. How the wealth of moons would affect the inhabitants of Jupiter, whether it has stimulated their scientific powers, supposing them to have scientific powers, in the same proportion in which one single moon has stimulated our own,—whether the four moons figure four times as much in Jovian poetry and mythology as one single moon in ours—what effect the frequent lunar eclipses have had on their astronomical progress,—what the consequence of the enormous weight which the great bulk of Jupiter gives to both inanimate and animate bodies, may be on Jovian architecture and Jovian gymnastics,—whether the very short days and nights, of less than five hours each, tend to intellectual activity or despair, to fast or slow life, haste or dawdling,—all these questions, unanswerable as they are, are part and parcel of the acute interest with which we investigate the Jovian astronomy. Who can help interesting himself profoundly in the same way about the Saturnian rings? Do the inhabitants of the two rings (if any) communicate across the very inconsiderable distance of 1,790 miles?—a telegraph across it would not be so long as the Atlantic telegraph. Can the Ringers, as we may call them, get at the inhabitants of the ball—it is not so far from the interior ring as it is round the circumference of our own Earth—and what may be the ethnological relations of the Ring-racers and the Saturnian globe-racers? No doubt these are all to us insoluble questions, and yet the mere fact that we can and do put such questions to ourselves is the secret of half the intensity of interest with which we

pursue the subject. Or again, going still farther away from the centre of our own situation in the Universe—what was the secret of the delight with which the existence of double and different-colored suns moving round each other was first recognized? Surely it was the surprise to the imagination of so new a situation as the (possible) inhabitants of any planet of one of these suns would occupy. They would sometimes have, we argue, a blue day and a red day following each other, like our day and night,—the blue sun rising as the red sun set. Sometimes they would have a partially white day, caused by the mingling of the two lights, with, perhaps, a blue early morning and a red afternoon; and a double noon, as each sun separately comes to the meridian. All these complexities of outward influence would probably engender corresponding complexities of intellectual and moral culture, and the inhabitants of such worlds may be conceived with a literature and a science as far superior to our own as the variety of their physical influences is greater. And whatever new stellar fact astronomy discovers for us, the avidity with which we seize on it half depends on the assumption that there are minds like or superior to ours, to be influenced by the new conditions thus presented to our imagination; so that Dr. Whewell's cruel hypothesis, though it did not touch the interests called scientific, would, if it could be proved, rob astronomers of half the fascination of their study.

The fascination of this half-belief, of course, increases as the conditions under which distant worlds exist are known to be really akin to our own. Dr. Whewell had no difficulty in alarming men's imaginations about life in Saturn, Uranus, or even Jupiter. He showed how dismal it would be for us, how little light and heat get thither from the sun, how very little firm footing there might be in worlds with a density very little greater, or even less (in the case of Saturn, less by nearly one-half), than water. He suggested that cork worlds or wool worlds were unlikely; that probably the small weight meant fluid worlds; and so, by very skilfully appealing to the English objection to damp, he pretty effectually threw a wet blanket on the ardor of analogical reasoning in the case of the planets beyond Mars. But Dr. Whewell obviously felt himself that he had no very good case against

the existence of beings even organized exactly like ourselves in Mars. Mars, though not absolutely the nearest of our planetary neighbors, is certainly—(of course, excluding the Moon, which is in many respects a world far more different in physical condition from the Earth than the proper planets)—more within our range of observation than any other attendant of the sun. Venus, no doubt the next of the planets to the Earth going sunwards, is often nearer to the Earth than Mars, whose orbit envelopes our own, can ever be; but the difficulty of observing a planet which is so bright that all the imperfections of our instruments are exaggerated, and which, when at its nearest point to us must usually be observed at a low altitude, are so great, that we know less about Venus than about almost any other of the planets except Mercury. Mars, which can be observed, and has quite recently been closely observed by Mr. Lockyer, of Wimbledon, within the very moderate distance of about fifty millions of miles, is at present the only planet into the secrets of whose physical, as distinguished from purely mechanical structure, we can at present hope to peep. We know all about it that we know of any other planet, and a good deal more as well. We know that the day and night of all the four planets, Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars, are nearly of equal length, and considerably more than *double* the days and nights of the more distant and more elaborately moonlit (or ringlit) planets. We know that they are, all four, much heavier, bulk for bulk, than the bigger planets, the little Mercury being much the heaviest in material of the four; we know that they all have atmospheres of greater or less density; and we know very little more about any of them except Mars. But of Mars the observations of Messrs. Beer and Mädler, in 1830, 1837, and 1841, had already given us a good deal of fresh knowledge, which Mr. Lockyer's admirable drawings, from observations made during the last autumn, have partly confirmed and partly supplemented.

Dr. Whewell's case against Mars chiefly consisted in its presumed cold, and in a general improbability argument derived from the vast number of ages during which the Earth,—which is more favorably situated with regard to heat—had remained certainly untenanted by man. Of course to the last argument there is no reply, and no need for reply,

as no one cares to believe that a planet is at this moment inhabited, but only to believe that it is prepared for the dwelling-place of rational beings. But with regard to the extreme cold of Mars, the assumption is probably quite unwarranted. A recent astronomer asserts that "water would not remain fluid even at the Martial equator, and alcohol would freeze at the temperate zones." Probably no assertion was ever less well grounded. The calculation is made on the principle that Mars is so much farther from the sun that the intensity of his rays is there only four-ninths of their intensity here. That is true. But then so much more depends on the collecting effect of a thick atmosphere than on the mere intensity of the sun's rays, that water will freeze on Mount Blanc, where the mere rays are certainly much intenser, while it is summer heat in the valleys below. Accordingly, if the Martial atmosphere be only slightly denser than our own, the diminution in intensity would be in great measure compensated. So much for *a priori* reasoning. Now what is the fact? The polar snows of Mars can be distinctly seen. A white spot of excessive brilliancy at the pole, which diminishes as the summer draws on, and enlarges again with winter, has been observed by many astronomers in Mars. How is this compatible with water freezing at its equator and alcohol at its temperate zone? Mr. Lockyer watched the south pole of Mars throughout last autumn. Early in last August the southern hemisphere of Mars would be entering on the season which corresponds with us to our May. In about a month's time, between August and September, he saw the white spot at the southern pole of Mars dwindle from about twenty degrees to ten degrees. In other words, the snow melted—for that this phenomenon is caused by the melting of the snow is scarcely doubted—from about eighty degrees south latitude up to ninety degrees south latitude, as the summer heat came on. The white spot was stationary, if not beginning to extend again before the observations ceased, nearly three months after the polar snow had begun to dwindle. This is a very remarkable confirmation, and even extension, of Beer and Mädler's observations. They noted the decrease, but no decrease so rapid as that observed by Mr. Lockyer.

Mr. Lockyer's observations are also very interesting on the forms of what we may fairly

call the oceans and inland seas of the southern hemisphere and equatorial regions of Mars. The observations are so clearly defined and agree so well in general outline, with all that have been made for the last thirty years, that it is at least quite certain that they are permanent features of the planet, and not merely bands of clouds. It is assumed that the permanent dark surfaces,—many of which, of exceedingly remarkable shapes, have now been verified again and again by successive observers,—represent either seas, or permanent rifts and chasms in the planet,—seas, of course, being much the more likely,—while the brighter regions indicate the more perfect reflection of light from the surface of continents or land,—the permanently dazzling spots being confined to the polar snows. If this be so, we can assert that several very remarkable seas,—including inland seas,—some of them connected, and some not connected by straits, with still larger seas, are now defined in the southern hemisphere, in which (as is the case also with the Earth) water seems to be much more widely spread than in the northern hemisphere. There is, for example, a southern sea exceedingly like our Baltic in shape. And there is another, and still more remarkable sea, now defined by the observations of many successive observers, near the equator, a long struggling arm, twisting almost in the shape of an S laid on its back from east to west, which is at least a thousand miles in length and a hundred in breadth, as if a channel as wide as that between Liverpool and Dublin existed in equatorial Africa, and ran inland for a thousand miles or more. The masses of land in Mars appear to be least unbroken in the northern hemisphere,—but it is long since we have had any good opportunity of observing the northern hemisphere of Mars, as its year is so nearly equivalent to two earthly years, that it continually returns into proximity with the Earth, with the same southern pole towards us. The improved instruments of the last generation have therefore been employed as yet successfully only on the southern hemisphere.

There is every reason, then, to think that human life on Mars might be very much like human life on the Earth. The light cannot be so bright, but the organs of sight may be so much more susceptible as to make the vision quite as good. The heat is probably

less, as the polar snows certainly extend further; but by no means less in proportion to the lessened power of the solar rays. The density of the rocks and geological strata is very nearly the same, and the peculiar red color of the planet has sometimes been ascribed to a preponderance of red sandstone. The weight of bodies there is nearly half what it is on our Earth, so that muscular Christianity, if it exist there, produces much greater apparent effects for the same amount of effort. The whole condensation of society may be greater, since the surface of the planet is one-quarter only of the surface of the Earth—a moral advantage, as we conceive it, to which only Americans, with their quantitative ideas of civilization, will be blind. It would appear at present that there is less sea and more land in proportion, on Mars than on the Earth; but of this we are scarcely yet competent to judge; and if it be so, this is, we fear, a disadvantage to our Martial neighbors, as the sea has always proved anything but “dissociating,” as Horace calls it, in the later stages of civilization. Finally, the Martialites (if Martialites there be) have probably no moon, but get an additional half-hour in every diurnal revolution to make up for this disadvantage, and their year is twice as long as ours; so that their thoughts and actions have probably a longer stroke, as we may say; that is, they have less temptation to be constantly taking stock of their progress.

From Chambers's Journal.

SCIENCE AND ARTS FOR JANUARY.

ELECTRICIANS enlivened their Christmas holidays by talking about Mr. Cassiot's latest experiments, which formed the subject of a paper read before the Royal Society. As the former experiments by the same persevering gentleman have been repeatedly noticed in this *Journal*, particularly those in which luminous effects were produced in glass vacuum tubes, we may with propriety take occasion to add a few particulars thereunto. Mr. Cassiot's present battery consists of three thousand five hundred cells, filled with salt water, by which he obtains an extraordinary continuity of action, and surprising effects. One of the most remarkable takes place when the ends of the wires which connect the battery with the vacuum tube dip into water.

When slightly dipped, a disk of brilliant light appears in the middle of the tube, remaining stationary, dazzling the eyes of the beholder. Plunge them a little deeper, and another disk marches out, so to speak, from the electrode at the end of the tube, and takes up a position by the side of the first; and so with every successive plunge, until not fewer than thirteen disks of light occupy the central space. This is a very striking experiment; one that fascinates the eye while it interests the mind. As Professor De la Rive of Geneva has shown, the passing of electric currents through vacuum tubes seems to afford a means for explaining the appearance of auroræ boreales and some other cosmical phenomena. Meanwhile, Mr. Cassiot is pursuing his experiments, and the visitors to his next electrical soirée may anticipate an unusual treat.

At the same meeting of the Royal Society, Professor Tyndall announced that further investigation had confirmed his views as to the relation between radiant heat and aqueous vapor. This is a subject which we noticed some months ago, when first brought forward. The meaning of it is that aqueous vapor is proved to act a most important part in the interception of radiant heat; so much so, that the said vapor in the atmosphere intercepts eighty times more heat than the air itself. From this, Professor Tyndall shows that the stratum of air, say ten feet in thickness, nearest the surface of the earth may be regarded as a blanket; for the aqueous vapor therein contained, by preventing terrestrial radiation, keeps the earth warm. As was stated on a former occasion, the perfume of flowers floating on the air serves to economize the warmth of the bed beneath. We thus see that this apparently dry subject has important relations to chemistry, meteorology, and horticulture; and we are glad to hear that Professor Tyndall is at work on a book in which the whole of the interesting question will be discussed and published.

We hear that spectrum analysis, which, as many readers know, is a beautifully refined experiment, is likely to be applied in the great wholesale hardware manufactory—Sheffield. In the casting of steel, it is essential that certain gases injurious to the metal should be allowed to fly off, and it is always a delicate question as to when they are completely got rid of. This question, it is said, may be answered by observing the spectrum of the

gas as it rises; and when the color peculiar to it appears in the instrument, then the moment will have arrived for shutting down the furnace, and running off the metal. This would be as beautiful an application of a philosophical fact to practical uses, as that of optical rotation in the preparation of sugar and saccharine fluids.

Anatomists and physiologists have long questioned as to the reason why the stomach does not digest itself during life. The gastric juice is so powerful that it will dissolve steel and other hard substances, while it is perfectly harmless upon the stomach itself; except after death, and then one part of the operation of decomposition is the eating away of the stomach by its own secretion. John Hunter was one of those who examined into the question, and he came to the conclusion that the stomach was protected by its "living principle." This is not a satisfactory conclusion for those who believe that in the progress of physiology a more definite answer would one day be found, and many ingenious experiments have been tried, in the hope of solving the question. Among the latest are those of Dr. Pavy, described in a paper read at a recent meeting of the Royal Society. Having a dog with a fistulous opening into its stomach, he introduced the hinder parts of a living frog, and the ear of a living rabbit, and found that in each case the process of digestion did actually begin. Hence, it is a mistake to suppose that the gastric juice will not act on the living substance, and the popular notion that a frog swallowed by accident or design will live for years in the human stomach, is proved to be as fallacious as popular physiological notions commonly are. Dr. Pavy has varied his experiments, testing one set of results by another arrived at in a different way, and the conclusion he comes to is, that as the blood in a state of health is always alkaline, so the alkalinity of the blood circulating through the coats of the stomach neutralizes the action of the acid, or gastric juice. And seeing that the taking of food into the stomach excites a greater flow of blood to that organ, the protection is most active at the very time that the gastric juice is poured out in greatest quantity for the process of digestion.

Some time ago, a chemist pointed out that it would be easy to detect fraud in woven goods by means of a simple test—that is, by dipping samples of the articles into a chemi-

cal solution which would dissolve all the cotton, and leave the silk or wool uninjured. It is well known that silk and woollen goods, so called, are offered for sale which contain more cotton than is fair to the purchaser, and by this method the amount of adulteration or of substitution may be ascertained. A solution of ammoniuret of copper dissolves cotton quickly; after a time, it dissolves silk also. By this means, therefore, silk can be reduced to a pulpy state; and M. Ozanam, a French chemist, taking advantage of this fact, informs the Academy of Sciences that he is experimenting as to the possibility of manufacturing silk without the trouble of spinning or weaving. The silkworm produces a soft, gummy thread which gradually hardens, and the proposal is to imitate nature, and to draw out threads of any required thickness from a mass of silk-pulp. This might be called silk-wire-drawing; and if M. Ozanam succeeds, we may expect to see silk-cloth made by a process of pouring out and passing between rollers, somewhat after the manner of sheet-lead. Other applications suggest themselves; and if the silk-pulp can be hardened on drying, it might be manufactured into ornamental and useful articles for which gutta-percha is now used. At any rate, it seems probable that the demand for silk will increase, and we observe that South America is about to add to the supply. Some of the lands along the Rio de la Plata and in Uruguay are well suited for the growth of the *Palma Christi*, or castor-oil plant, on which one species of silkworm thrives to a remarkable degree; and the climate is so favorable, that six crops of cocoons may be gathered in a year.

The importance of the silk-trade may be judged of by a few particulars concerning the produce of Europe only. In an ordinary year, the silk-crop of Italy, including Southern Tyrol and the canton of Ticino, amounts to more than 100,000,000 pound's weight, worth, according to quality, from fifteen-pence to half a crown a pound. The total value is thus seen to be of great importance; and from that a notion may be formed of the loss arising from the silkworm disease, a disease for which no effectual cure has yet been discovered. In an average year, Lombardy alone produces 30,000,000 pounds of silk; in the year just past, the quantity was not more than 10,000,000 pounds.

The utilizing of silk-pulp will effect a great

economy, as all kinds of silk-waste and silk-rags can be dissolved, and reconverted.

Admiral Fitzroy, who has been doing the state good service for some time past by his storm-warnings at our seaports, has now published a handsome octavo, entitled *The Weather Book*, for the benefit of all classes of readers. The admiral is not covetous of a monopoly of weather-wisdom, and he tells us in his opening chapter that the reader need not expect to find "abstruse problems or intricate difficulties" in his book; that it "is intended for many rather than for few, with an earnest hope of its utility in daily life." The subject is one in which everybody is more or less interested; how should we ever get into conversation if it were not for the weather; and those who wish to devote some study to it will be encouraged by Admiral Fitzroy's assurance, that "the means actually requisite to enable any person of fair abilities and average education to become practically 'weather-wise,' are much more readily attainable than has been often supposed." Let any one accustomed to notice signs of weather provide himself with a barometer and two or three thermometers, and inform himself as to the way in which he should observe the instruments, and take their readings, and he will soon increase his knowledge of meteorology: a word which is to be understood as expressive of all that takes place in the domain of the weather. If he reads the book now under notice, he will find all the information he can desire about instruments and observatories, and the results which they ought to accomplish; about the history of the weather in our own and other countries; about the weather peculiar to the different zones of the earth; about the effect of the moon, and the occurrence of cyclones and such storms as that in which the *Royal Charter* perished.

The present season has excited much attention among meteorologists; it has been unusually mild, and yet very windy, accompanied by unusually high tides. On December 22, primroses were gathered in full bloom in the neighborhood of Penzance; and in London, the sun shone so warm on Christmas-day that overcoats were oppressive. Up to the first day of the new year, the temperature was seven degrees above the average. In Naples, on the contrary, the weather had been bitter, and in the north of Europe the frost was severe and unusually destructive, because of

the small quantity of snow that had fallen. But in other respects we did not escape: the fierce gales occasioned disasters round the coast; in Norfolk, the sea in two or three places regained its place upon reclaimed lands, and extraordinarily high tides pushed the salt water so far up the rivers that it reached some of the inland Broads, and killed thousands of fish, which were afterwards seen floating on the surface.

Bank-note forgeries, if provocative of ingenuity on the wrong side, do also inspire ingenuity on the right side; and now a new method of engraving and printing bank-notes is announced, which is said to accomplish all that can be desired as regards security. The printing is so curiously interlaced, the black with another color, that copying by photography is impossible. The ornamental part of the plates is engraved from an arbitrary matrix of very intricate design, obtained by transposition after the manner of a kaleidoscope. No engraver could imitate or reproduce such a plate unless he were in possession of the matrix, which would seem to render forgery impossible; for a banker has only to hold possession of the matrix from which his own notes were engraved, in order to defeat any schemes of imitation that may be attempted. In a busy commercial community such as ours, a method which offers security to bankers will no doubt receive consideration; and it is probable that something might be made of the practical suggestions put forward by the late A. Bradbury, whose handsomely illustrated volume showed to what admirable perfection the mechanism for engraving had been brought.

The Institution of Civil Engineers have issued their annual list of subjects for premiums. It contains forty-three articles, some of which have been suggested by the disastrous tidal irruption into the fen country above Lynn last year. For example, one of the subjects, stripped of details, is a history of the successive changes of any fresh-water channel; another is a history of any tidal river or estuary; on the modifications of the tidal wave in its passage upwards; on the construction of dams, docks, and harbors. Another class of subjects takes in the building of suspension-bridges, boring of tunnels, drainage, sewage, and water-works; on the construction of railway carriages and wagons, with a view to the reduction of the gross weight of passen-

ger and goods trains; on the means of utilizing the products of the distillation of coal, so as to reduce the price of coke. Then we have the processes of iron manufacture, and steam-engines and superheated steam; so that any competent person having knowledge and experience to communicate, may now send in his paper to the Institution above named. The highest premium is twenty-five guineas.

Among the papers to be read at the United Service Institution, we notice one on "The Means for Scientific Physical Training, and on Rational Gymnastics;" another "On the Formation of Bars at the Mouths of Rivers;" on "British Columbia and Vancouver's Island;" on "A Proposed Plan for a wholly Iron-made Armor-plated Vessel;" and on "The Future of Naval Attack and Defence."

From The Press.

A Dictionary of English Etymology. By Hensleigh Wedgwood, M.A. Vol. II. London: Trübner and Co.

Few books are so readable as a good dictionary. A folio "Johnson" has always been a favorite resource on a wet day; and all men acquainted with literature are aware how much entertainment may be found in the quaint pages of Bailey, and in Dr. Richardson's exhaustive volumes. Exhaustive—no; the epithet is ill-chosen. The sources of language are inexhaustible; its fountains possess perennial flow. Mr. Wedgwood's book shows clearly that, with all the achievements of his predecessors, he has found much to do. Well has he done it; and upon a foggy December day we should desire no better amusement than that which his volumes afford.

Language is a living thing. The writer who works with it often finds that he has unconsciously produced beautiful and felicitous phrases, due less to his own genius than to the fertility of his material. Earl Russell once remarked, in his sententious way, that a proverb is the wisdom of many and the wit of one; concerning language it may be said that it is the concentrated wisdom and wit and poetry of millions. Every word was at first a poem. Every word is now a history. As the gold in a sovereign of Victoria's may have formed a part of some unknown coin that was current in Thebes or Troy, so the word which the English peasant uses has in

other shapes been syllabled by men who are now mummies in Egyptian catacombs, or whose bodies were burnt by the margin of Homer's immortal sea. If only we could call up the circumstances under which any given word was suddenly coined, how marvellous would be the picture! If only we could trace any word from its origin to this day—as it passed over the lips of a hundred nations—how amazing the history! The most perspicacious etymologist can but guess, vaguely and uncertainly; yet his guesses suffice to construct a science and to furnish intellectual entertainment second to none.

A few of the etyma in this volume, which ranges from E to P, may interest the reader, though taken at random. "Eglantine" is a charming word beloved by the poets; connect it with *aiguille*, a needle, and we see how the prickly sweetbrier won its name. "Farm" is from the Anglo-Saxon *feorm*, a supper: rents were originally paid by supplying the lord with so many nights' entertainment for his household, as appears by Domesday Book and other ancient records: and eventually the word which indicated rent was transferred to the land itself. "Fers" is a word for the queen at chess, found in Chaucer: the Persian was *ferz*, a general—the old French *fierge*; and this last seems to have been corrupted into *vierge*—whence queen. "Franchise" and "Frank" come from those Franks who conquered Gaul; and, in charters of the year 799, *ingenuus*, *nobilis*, and *francus* are synonyms. "Garret"—hear this, ye authors who write in airy solitudes—is from the French *garite*, the strongest and last-entered part of a fortress. "Gazette" has been derived from *gazzetta*, a coin of Venice worth less than a farthing; it comes in reality from *gazza*, a magpie, whence also the French *jaser*. We presume that the souls of editors pass into magpies; and that when, riding or driving along some pleasant country road, we hear the cacophonous screams of those mischievous birds, they are vainly attempting to tell us the latest news. "Girl" has nothing to do with the Latin *gerula*, as fanciful etymologists have held, but is connected with the Low German *gür*, a child, and was formerly applied to children of both sexes. Neither is "Glade" from *gladius*, as meaning a clear space in a wood cut with swords for the passage of an army—but is cognate with the Norse *glitte*, a clear spot

among clouds. The initials *gl* and *g* are frequently equivalent: and *glade* is identical with the Danish *gade*, a street. "Gout" is from *gutta*, a drop; not indicating that the sufferer has been in the habit of taking a drop too much, but derived from the old medical theory which attributed disease to the settling of a drop of morbid humor on the part affected. "Heathen" has no ethnic derivation, but comes from the Gothic *haiþi*, the open country, being equivalent to *paganus*. "Hoyden," a word formerly applied to both sexes, is another form of heathen. "Hospital" and "hotel" are identical, though the two words have come to indicate two very different kinds of *hospitia*. "Huge" is derived from the interjection *ugh!* (from *ug*, to shudder) and means, so great as to cause terror. "Junket," a Devonshire syllabub, is from the Italian *giuncata*, a cream-cheese served upon rushes. "Laundress" is *lavandress*, from the Italian *lavanda*, soap-suds: hence "lavender" is the name given to the favorite herb for perfuming clean linen. "Lizard Point" in Cornwall gets its name from having been a place of retirement for *lazars*; which latter word is derived from Lazarus in the parable. "Manure" and "manœuvre" are identical—*manu operare*: and, in old English, to manure signified to occupy. Thus Warner—

"The first manured Western ile
By Cham and Japhet's race."

"Maroon" is chestnut color, from the French *marron*: so we suppose the heroine of Tennyson's idyl, "The Brook," had maroon hair.

"In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within."

"Marry" is from the French *mari*, and properly should be used of women only, as it means to join to a husband. "Platform," as used in America to signify a political prospectus, is really older English than our own sense of it: thus Sharp writes of "God's pattern or platform of his dealings with all the nations of the world," and Bacon of "the platform of the conspiracy."

We have made extracts enough to show that Mr. Wedgwood's work is as entertaining as it is useful. It deserves a place in every library and when complete will be without a rival among English dictionaries of pure etymology.

From The London Review.

A FEMALE RAGGED SCHOOL IN EGYPT.*

MISS WHATELY had visited Egypt once before, as an ordinary tourist; but she went there again, and lived for a twelvemonth in her own hired house at Cairo, for the purpose of establishing a day-school, in which plain needlework and the reading of the Bible might be taught to the poor little girls of that city. The result of her labors and observations is put before us, in a very unaffected and pleasing manner, in this little book. Since "The Englishwoman in Egypt," we have not had such a glimpse into the domestic life of the native population there. Miss Whately really lived quite among them, and sought by neighborly kindness to persuade them to trust her with their children. Her chief assistance was from a Syrian Christian family who occupied the lower story of her house. The mother, Um Usuf, or "Mother of Joseph," entering very readily into Miss Whately's plan, went round with her into the lanes and alleys of the quarter to canvass for scholars, while the eldest daughter, Menni, was teacher and Arabic reader; Miss Whately, who knew only a few words of the language to begin with, superintending the school. Before the twelvemonth was out, she was able to talk pretty freely, both to the children who were gathered in, and to their parents whom she visited at home. A Syrian lady, Mrs. R——, who seems to have been an educated person, the wife of a European settled at Cairo, sometimes accompanied Miss Whately in going amongst the people. With all this, it may still be imagined that the difficulties of opening confidential intercourse with the motley folk of Egyptians, Moslem and Copt, the Bedouin Arabs, Syrians, Turks, and others, who came in her way, must have been extremely formidable; and the cleverness with which she got through this courageous enterprise, though she herself may not think much of it, will rather surprise the home-staying reader. But we know that a good will can go a good way; Miss Whately found the power to talk, when called upon to explain her proceedings, in the presence of thirteen or fourteen Moslem grown-up persons, because she had something which she earnestly desired to say to them.

* Ragged Life in Egypt. By M. L. Whately. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

With rare prudence, however, she refrained on all occasions from directly assailing the Mohammedan faith, and rather strove to assure her Moslem hearers that our Book, since they hold it as an axiom that a true Religion must be founded on a book, contains the full histories of Joseph, Moses, David, and Jesus, who are venerated as prophets by every true disciple of Mecca. When asked if she wanted to make Christians of them, she replied with a touch of evangelical diplomacy, that she was not able to do so; that to make Christians was beyond any human power, but that she would show them the truth, and leave God's word to operate on their minds,—since it was one great point in her favor, that the Mohammedans are taught to regard both the Old and New Testament with reverence, as preliminary to the Koran. Miss Whately's harmless stratagems to make the people acquainted with the New Testament may provoke a smile, but would have been an inexcusable deception if its reading had been forbidden to them. It is pleasant to see how she bribed the professional story-teller to recite, in a public coffee-house, the parables of Christ instead of the popular tale of "Abou Hassan's Slippers," while the missionary ladies, from their own windows on the opposite side of the narrow street, listened for the well-known words of St. Matthew's Gospel, to make sure that he had faithfully performed his bargain. A scene of deep interest is that of one evening on board a Nile boat, where the simple boatmen, waiting in idleness, after they got tired of their rude songs and dances, were entertained by the strange lady with the reading of "stories," being those of the lost sheep, the lost piece of silver, and the prodigal son. They heard all this, followed by the Ten Commandments and the fourth chapter of St. John, with earnest attention; after which, one old white-bearded man, "who seemed to have the spirit of a little child, lowly and ready to learn," looked up at her, with a touchingly wistful expression, and said; "What shall I do? I cannot read, and you will soon go; I hear no more of this; how am I to know what God would have me do?" None of us can refuse to join in Miss Whately's hope that, from these few attempts of hers to scatter amongst an ignorant race the seeds of a purer morality and of a more spiritual faith than that of the

Koran, some good fruits, though unobserved, may grow.

One serious obstacle to her special work of instructing the native girls was the notion of Mohammedans that the souls of women are essentially inferior and unworthy of cultivation. To this prejudice, one of the most pernicious features of Eastern superstition, the vices of their social life are in a great measure due. Polygamy, indeed, is seldom practised by the lower classes; but the denial of female education, attended by the monstrous custom of disposing of mere children in marriage, has most degrading and distressing effects. We are told, for instance, of a little creature eleven years old, "neither in looks nor manners at all older than girls of that age among city children of the poor in England," being espoused to a lad of fifteen for a bridal gift of fourpence, which she spent in buying sweetmeats, and got a beating from her mother for so doing; in the very week before this she had stayed away from school in a huff, because another girl had torn off the arms of her doll! This shocking haste of parents to get rid of their daughters by premature matrimony is owing, perhaps, in many cases, to their scanty house accommodation; for poor Salhah, the child-wife just mentioned, is seen, in one of the woodcuts from Miss Whately's drawings which illustrate her book, actually seated upon the roof of a small hovel about the size of an English pigstye, in which her mother crouches, with no room to spare, while the father smokes his pipe outside, and the little ones crawl in the mire. One young matron, whose frank and confiding disposition soon gained Miss Whately's heart, was Shoh, i.e., "Ardently Beloved," not fifteen years of age, and still a victim of a maternal as well as of a conjugal tyranny which moved the author's compassion. On her first visit to the school, leading in her little sister, she stood listening and smiling, but thought herself, perhaps, too much of a woman to join the A B C class; she came, however, again and again, with a dirty baby and a lot of oranges; till one day, fired with a sudden resolution, she put the baby on the floor, presented the oranges to the teacher; and, seating herself on the mat at Miss Whately's feet, seized an alphabet-card, and began to pronounce the letters, that she might learn to read with the busy little maids around her. Poor Shoh! when-

ever she could get away from household drudgery, her husband being absent with his donkey on errands of trade, she would come to the foreign lady's house, "and bounce in with an air of joyous triumph," kiss Miss Whately's hands, then run to wash her own, pulling off her handkerchief to show that her plaited hair was neat, and, settling down in a corner, repeat the lessons in which she delighted. Overhearing a conversation, in which Miss Whately assured the suspicious women that her only motive for opening this school was her love for the children whom she would try to benefit, poor Shoh anxiously whispered to Menni, pointing at Miss Whately, "Does *she* love *me*?" It was impossible to resist all this, and we do not wonder that the eager, affectionate girl became a special favorite. "*Ya habeeby*, oh, yes, my dear, certainly I do love you, Shoh, and all of you. I want you to go to Heaven with me!" replied the good English lady; at which declaration we can fancy how those wild Egyptian girls, having never heard the like of it in their lives before, opened their great black eyes, and stared at the friendly speaker, as though an angel had visited them from some brighter and happier sphere.

These touches of true humanity, which abound in Miss Whately's narrative, give to her little book an interest even for those who may not reckon on much positive outward success of missionary schools in Egypt. "She kissed my child!" exclaimed a fond mother, on returning from her first interview with the stranger who had come, for such incredible objects of Christian philanthropy, to dwell amidst the neglected poor in a Moslem quarter of Cairo; it seemed wonderful to those lowly people that anybody, most of all, that a Frank and a *Sitt* or "lady" should care for them. "I believe you love God, for you love the children," said the Turkish milliner, Sitt Haanem, or Mrs. Haanem, as we might call her, as she sat, smoking and directing her work-girls, when Miss Whately called upon her. This logic could scarcely be disputed in the case of one who was approaching, in the name of Christ, the hearts of an alien and jealous population, with the gentle entreaty, "Suffer your little children to come, and forbid them not." Indeed, the mothers sometimes feared that Miss Whately might be too fond of their children, and carry them off to England. She exclaimed indignantly, at this

charge of being a kidnapper, "Listen O woman! we have girls plenty in our country, —more girls than we want" (which, as Miss Rye and Miss Faithfull tell us, is but too true), —why should we take yours?" This disclaimer was borne out by Shoh, testifying that she had seen pictures of Miss Whately's own *bint och* or sister's daughters, who were much nicer, prettier, and cleaner, than her young country-folk, and therefore Miss Whately was not likely to want to carry these away. An elder sister of Shoh's, likewise a married woman, named Fatmeh, her own three children having died within a fortnight, burst into passionate tears when she saw the portraits of Miss Whately's fair little nephews and nieces hang upon the wall. What less could the kind Englishwoman do than try to soothe her sorrow with the only words of universal comfort, "Dear Fatmeh, God is good!" It is for incidents such as these, full of that natural feeling which makes the whole world kin, that we are charmed with Miss Whately's humane and womanly book.

We should like to know what has become of poor Shoh, the "Ardently Beloved." She has, perhaps, since Miss Whately's departure, had rather a hard time of it, with a cruel mother and aunt, who disliked her attending the school, and who once set upon her in the

street, beating her most unmercifully, tearing her hair, and dragging her along the ground, and bidding one of the boys to bite her savagely in the arm. It may well be believed that Miss Whately had some pain in leaving these poor people, when the twelvemonth was over, after the many affecting conversations she had had with them, and the children's holiday feast in the tamarisk grove, and "the mothers' meeting," at which she bade them farewell. Her hope and promise is, that this work of charity, which she began in faith and conducted with exemplary prudence, shall not be discontinued. We know little, as yet, of the "Society for Promoting Female Education in the East;" but if its counsels and operations are always guided by such a spirit as that which pervades this volume, we should be pleased to hear of its success. Difficulties, however, still greater than any of those to which she has alluded, will probably arise in any attempt to uproot Mohammedanism, and to plant Christianity in its stead, on the banks of the Nile. Meantime, we are glad that a country-woman of ours, having commenced this generous experiment, gives us, in such an interesting narrative, a genuine picture of the lower strata of social life in Egypt.

A BACKWOODS SERMON.—The Rev. J. H. Aughey, in his "Iron Furnace"—a narrative of his experience and sufferings in rebellion—gives the following report of a sermon which was delivered by an unlettered preacher in Mississippi:—

"My brethering and sistern:—I air a ignorant man, follered the plow all my life, and never rubbed agin nary college. As I said afore, I'm ignorant; and I thank God for it. [Brother Jones responds: 'Parson, yer ort to be very thankful, fur yer very ignorant.'] Well, I'm agin all high larnt fellers what preaches grammar and Greek fur a thousand dollars a year. They preaches fur the money and they gets it, and that's all they'll git. They've got so high-larnt they contradicts Scripiter what plainly tells us that the sun rises and sets. They says it don't, but that the yearth whirls round like clay to the seal. What ud come of the water in the wells ef it did? Woden't it all spill out and leave em dry, and whar'd we be? I may say to them as the sarpent said unto David, 'Much larning hath made thee mad.'

When I preaches, I never takes a tex till I git

inter the pulpit; then I preaches a plain sarment what even women can understand. I never premedertates, but what is given to me in that same hour, that I sez. Now I'm a gwine to open the Bible, and the first verse I sees I'm a gwine to take it for a tex [suiting the action to the word, he opened the Bible and commenced reading and spelling together], 'Man is f-e-a-r-f-u-l-l-y—fearfully—and w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l-l-y—wonderfully—m-a-d-e—mad—[pronounced mad]. Well, it's a quar tex, but I said I's a gwine to preach from it, and I'm a gwine to do it. In the fust place, I'll divide my sarment into three heads. Fust and foremost, I show you that a man will git mad: second, that sometimes he'll get fearfully mad; and thirdly and lastly, when thar's lots of things to vex and pester him he'll git fearfully and wonderfully mad. And in the application, I'll show you that good men sometimes gits mad, for Possle David hisself who wrote the tex got mad, and called all men liars, and cussed his enemies, wishen 'em all to go down quick into hell; and Noah, he got tite, and cussed his nigger boy Ham, just like some drunken masters now cusses his niggers. But Noah and David repented, and all on us what gits mad must repent or the devil'll git us."

From The Examiner.

The Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature, containing an Account of Rare, Curious, and Useful Books, published in or Relating to Great Britain and Ireland, from the Invention of Printing; with Bibliographical and Critical Notices, Collations of the Rarer Articles, and the Prices at which they have been Sold in the Present Century. By William Thomas Lowndes, New Edition, Revised, Corrected, and Enlarged, by Henry G. Bohn. Parts I. to VIII. Bohn. 1857-1863.

In preparing this edition of *Lowndes's Bibliographer's Manual*, Mr. Bohn has conferred a very great boon upon students of literary history and book collectors. The original work, published in 1834, was as perfect as a single hand could be expected to make it, and it is a proof of the value set upon it that for a long time it has been hardly procurable, even at an exorbitant price. A cheap reprint, such as Mr. Bohn at first proposed to himself, would have been very welcome; but, while adhering to the rule of cheapness, he has greatly increased the worth of the book by spending some five or six years in correcting many errors into which Lowndes had slipped, and in making the large additions necessitated by the growth of English literature during the last quarter of a century. All books first published since the time of Lowndes are reserved for a supplement, but new editions of old works, and often new commentaries or treatises relating to them, are carefully recorded. From these causes while the original *Manual* occupied 2,002 pages, Mr. Bohn's edition has already extended to 2,400 of about the same size, and if, as is likely, two other parts are needed to complete the alphabet, the whole work will not be comprised in less than 3,000 pages.

Yet there is hardly a waste word in the book, and Mr. Bohn has adhered, with praiseworthy strictness, to the plan of giving fully all needful bibliographical information, but of giving nothing else. In the very few cases in which he has overstepped the line and trenched upon the ground of biography or literary anecdote, he has done so to good purpose. Concerning Thomas de Quincey—who is indexed under Q because Lowndes's omission of him was not noticed until after the D portion had been printed—we are told that the "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," originally in the *London Magazine* in 1822, "were

written in a little room at the back of Mr. H. G. Bohn's premises, No. 4 York Street, Covent Garden, where Mr. de Quincey resided, in comparative seclusion, for several years. He had previously lived in the neighborhood of Soho Square, and for some years was a frequent visitor to the shop of Mr. Bohn's father. The writer remembers that he always seemed to speak in a kind of whisper."

Under the name of Lord Macaulay, Mr. Bohn prints from a broadside, of which he believes he possesses the only extant copy, a curious illustration of the historian's wit, when he was counsel for Mr. Evans, one of the successful candidates in the fierce election for Leicester in 1826.

To the strictly bibliographical information afforded by Lowndes, Mr. Bohn has been careful, in each instance, to add as much as he could, and with this intent he says, "every sheet has been read over at least four times." Each volume shows that experience has suggested improvements upon its predecessors, and in perfecting the notices of the most important authors especial labor has been bestowed. Thus, the article on Newton, exceeding four pages, contains a classified list of all the editions of the great philosopher's works, supplemented by an enumeration, not only of the published biographies, but also of chief manuscript material on the subject; and ten pages are occupied with as careful a description of the Pope-literature, which Byron's praise has tended almost to double during the last thirty or forty years. Especial pains have been taken to prepare a complete catalogue of Ritson's writings, so scattered abroad, and many of them so buried in local libraries, that it is peculiarly difficult for the general student to know what he wrote and where it is to be found; and the work done by Sir Harris Nicolas, an antiquary worthy to be ranked with Ritson, but overlooked by Lowndes, is as fully chronicled. Many other men, too new to be included in the original *Manual*, among whom such authors as Dean Milman, Doctor Newman, and Professor Owen are noticable, also have justice here done to them.

But it is to his account of Shakspeare "elaborated up to an extreme point, as a warrantable exception to all ordinary rules," that Mr. Bohn points with proper pride as "a main feature in his bibliographical labors, past, present, and to come." The informa-

tion that Lowndes found twenty-three pages enough to contain, is here so much augmented as to fill a hundred and fourteen, while the whole is so complete, and is presented in so orderly a way, that it certainly deserves to be issued as a separate work, and used by every student as a companion to Shakspeare's plays. Of the first four folio editions, published in 1623, 1632, 1663, and 1685, Mr. Bohn gives precise descriptions, including a comparison of all their principal variations, and these are followed by an enumeration of the date, size, and price, and special feature of each of the two hundred and fifty-nine editions of the complete dramatic works that have appeared during the last hundred and fifty-four years, beginning with Rowe's octavo, in seven volumes, and ending with Chambers's Household Edition now in course of publication. The various editions of selected plays or parts of plays are next catalogued, and after that comes a long list of the issues of each separate play, interspersed with many interesting fragments of literary gossip. *Hamlet* has been more than forty times printed in a detached form, most of the publications being "acting editions," some few being adapted for schools, and others being made the basis of elaborate disquisitions. In 1712 it was issued as an opera, and thirty years before that date appeared an edition in which—in characteristic indication of the taste for rant not then inconsistent enough to proclaim its own condemnation—*Hamlet's* instructions to the players are marked for omission. In 1811, in 1838, and in 1849 travesties were published of the play which it is almost blasphemy to ridicule, and in 1834 one Doctor Rush, a Philadelphian, was bold enough to print "*Hamlet, a Dramatic Prelude*," beginning with the hero's schooling at Wittenberg and ending with his arrival at court to be present at his father's burial. Of the first quarto edition of Shakspeare's drama, published in 1603, only two copies are known to exist. The one, wanting the last leaf, was sold in 1825 for £250; the other, lacking nothing but the title-page, was bought by Mr. Rooney, a bookseller, of Dublin, at an old stall, in 1856, for a trifling sum,—we believe, fourpence,—and sold by him to Mr. Boone, of Bond Street, for £70, who disposed of it to Mr. Halliwell for £120, who in his turn sold it a few years ago to the trustees of the British Museum.

Turning to the foreign part of Mr. Bohn's article, we find, as might be supposed, that the Germans have been far more industrious translators and critics of Shakspeare than any others. Of the whole collection of plays seven-and-twenty editions, not reckoning reprints, have appeared. In addition to these there have been twenty-six separate publications of *Hamlet*, accompanied with more or less copious notes and commentaries, and it has been once burlesqued. The complete series of the plays have, in like manner been published fifteen times in French, five in Polish, four in Italian, twice in Dutch, and once each in Danish, Swedish, Bohemian, and Hungarian. Still to use *Hamlet* as a test of the value set upon Shakspeare, it appears that the Dutch have access to four issues of the play as a separate work, the French to only three, the Italians to two, and the Danes, Swedes, and Bohemians to one apiece. Spanish acquaintance with Shakspeare is confined to such as can be obtained from two translations of *Hamlet* and one of *Romeo and Juliet*. The modern Greeks have access to one version of *Hamlet*, and one of *The Tempest*, and the Bengalese to a *Merchant of Venice* and a *Romeo and Juliet*, while the Russians—whose language has been misread by Mr. Bohn's transcriber—have single translations of most of the plays, but none of *Hamlet*.

Under the head of "*Shaksperiana*," Mr. Bohn gives more than seventy columns of information. It is not in a form very available for reference; but who could succeed in classifying the huge accumulation of wisdom and folly shown by the thousand and one commentators and critics from Thomas Rymer, whose "*Tragedies of the Last Age examined by the Practice of the Ancients*" appeared in 1678, to Mr. Bailey, whose "*Improvements on the Received Text of Shakspeare's Dramatic Works*," were noticed in our columns a few weeks ago? The Collier-controversy alone extends to seven-and-twenty English and at least seven German volumes, besides a numberless array of newspaper articles and reviews.

Besides the information on Shakspeare, the last part of the *Bibliographer's Manual*—extending from "Reid" to "Simon"—contains several articles, for the preparation of which very great credit is due to its editor. Respecting Schiller, Lowndes made only three entries. Mr. Bohn gives a full list, reaching

to nearly six columns, of all the translations and biographies published in English. English readers were introduced to the greatest of German dramatists, by Lord Woodhouselee's version of "The Robbers," in 1792, and Coleridge's masterly rendering of "The Piccolomini" and "The Death of Wallenstein" appeared in 1800. Of "William Tell" alone there have been thirteen separate renderings, many of them several times reprinted; and there have been as many independent versions of "The Song of the Bell," besides those contained in Sir E. B. Lytton's and Mr. Edgar Bowring's collective translations of the "Poems" and the detached compilations of various other hands.

The English popularity of Schiller, however, is of course far exceeded by that of his great contemporary in our own country. The editions of Scott's *Poems*, ranging from

splendid gift-books, adorned with pictures by such artists as Wilkie, Turner, Stanfield, and Maclise, to shilling and sixpenny pocket volumes, are too many to be counted, and his novels, in forms equally adapted to every taste and pocket, are still more popular. Mr. Bohn cannot tell how many thousand copies have in each case gone to a reprint, nor is it in his power to calculate how many hundred readers have been delighted by the well-thumbed copies in constant demand at every circulating library, but a very full account of Scott bibliography, including mention of the more important series of pencil illustrations, occupies twelve columns of the *Manual*. Among the *Ss*, the names Shelley and Sheridan, and the subjects Scotland and Shorthand, give special evidence of original research, and, as an attractive feature of the part soon to be published, Mr. Bohn promises a very careful account of every edition of every book written by and about Dean Swift.

THE REVIVAL OF SPAIN.—The material revival of Spain, of which we have had vague accounts from various sources, is established beyond question by recent official publications. An English magazine writer, who has carefully studied the reports of the Spanish Statistical Commission, gives an excellent analysis of the results of the inquiries which were instituted by that body under the direction of General Narvaez. It appears that not only has the population of the country rapidly increased (in 1857 it was 15,464,000), but agricultural industry and the railway interests have been enormously developed within a few years.

The increase of railway facilities, by affording ready access to market, has greatly stimulated the agriculture of the kingdom, while the revenue from the land-tax has kept pace with the progress of rural industry and the increase of population. In 1861 fifteen hundred miles of railway were in operation, whereas in 1848 there were but twenty-five. The common roads, too, which were formerly neglected by the government, have been extended and improved in similar proportion; two hundred and fifty-four leagues having been made between 1840 and 1855, at a cost of sixty-three millions of reals, and the whole length now amounting to eleven thousand miles. The natural result of this liberal system of communication is the opening of new districts for tillage, the creation of new centres of trade, and the increase of markets for agricultural produce.

According to the latest official returns, agriculture is the occupation of seventy-five Spaniards in every hundred, and the proportion is increasing; while the land-tax, which in the year 1846 produced but 238,000,000 reals, now brings to the national treasury an average annual income of 400,000,000 reals. The yearly production of grain is 66,000,000 hectolitres; the yield of the

iron mines has risen from nine million kilogrammes in 1797 to 41,000,000 in 1861; copper yields 2,704,000 kilogrammes, and zinc 1,858,000. The consumption of coal has increased so rapidly that the mines of the country are incapable of supplying the demand, so that the imports of this article have quadrupled in twelve years. The importation of cotton has trebled in twelve years, and the silk trade has revived in nearly equal proportion.

Spain has also developed her commerce and her mercantile navy with remarkable rapidity. From 1843 to 1860 the exports and imports together increased three hundred and fifty per cent.; and in 1860 her mercantile marine had risen to an aggregate of 19,224 vessels, measuring 2,526,508 tons—against 9,800 ships of 1,050,000 tons in 1843.

The energetic efforts of the government to restore Spain to her proper rank among the continental powers appear to have been wisely directed, and the results are already amazing. The sloth of many years has given place to a better spirit, and the process of regeneration will be watched with interest.

PRODUCT OF PETROLEUM OIL IN PENNSYLVANIA.—From a report published in a Pittsburg (Pa.) paper, it appears that not a barrel of petroleum had been landed at Pittsburg three years ago. Within that space of time 2,000,000 barrels have been delivered on the wharves of that city. The value of this quantity unrefined, amounted to \$8,000,000; when refined \$17,000,000; two-thirds of the quantity was refined in Pittsburg and its vicinity. There are sixty oil refineries in that city, in which six hundred persons are employed, and which, in buildings and apparatus, represent a capital of \$1,000,000. In these refineries 1,200,000 bushels of coal are consumed annually.

From The Spectator.

THE ARCHIVES OF THE VATICAN.*

A GERMAN student of the name of Laemmer has had the good fortune to gain admittance to the secret archives of the Vatican, and has given to the world the results of his researches in an octavo volume of five hundred pages. The documents he has selected for publication, though but a small portion of his collection, are of unusual interest. They commence with the year 1521, and bring us down to 1546. Of the value of these papers to the historian of the sixteenth century some idea may be formed from the rank and names of the writers. The selection has been made from the despatches (*nuntiaturæ*) of Papal nuncios and ambassadors at the different courts of Europe to the Sovereign Pontiff. As it has been M. Laemmer's main purpose to illustrate the history of the Reformation and the policy pursued by the Popes, there is scarcely an event or prominent actor during the first half of the sixteenth century that is not brought into notice in the course of these pages. Besides the negotiations immediately affecting our own country, we light upon the names of Erasmus, Melancthon, Charles V., Francis I., and Ferdinand, the proceedings of the Zwinglians, the Anabaptists at Munster, the disturbances in Hungary and Bohemia. New facts are brought to light and deficiencies in the chain of history are supplied.

It would be impossible in the narrow limits of our space to do more than notice some few of the more important letters which relate to this country; and, even here, we must restrict our observations to one topic. We pass by a letter from Cardinal Wolsey on the captivity of Clement VII., to notice the reports which Campeggio gives of his proceedings in the divorce of Henry VIII. His own letters now for the first time enable us to clear up mistakes made by historians of the Reformation, even by the latest, who have trusted too implicitly to Burnet. On his arrival in England the Legate was lodged at the Palace of Bridewell, not suffering, as Mr. Froude represents, from a "convenient," but a very inconvenient fit of the gout, which kept him an unwilling prisoner in his house. He "was carried in a chair between four persons, for he was not able to stand," as Stowe tells the

story; a statement fully confirmed by these documents. On the second day after his arrival he was visited privately after dinner by Henry, full of impatience to break off the marriage. For four hours the conversation of the king and the legate was confined to two arguments. In the first, Campeggio urged all his rhetoric to turn the king from his purpose, and induce him to satisfy his conscience and establish the succession by applying for a fresh dispensation from Rome. In the other, it was debated whether the Pope could dispense, and, granting he could, whether the dispensation was valid. "And, in fact," says Campeggio, "his majesty has studied this subject with so much diligence that I believe he knows more about it than any great lawyer or theologian." Henry gave the cardinal clearly to understand that he would listen to no other arguments than this—"was the marriage valid, or was it not?" the king always assuming its invalidity; "and I believe," says Campeggio, "if an angel came down from heaven he could not persuade him otherwise."

In his anxiety to remove some part of the odium which clings to Henry for his conduct on this occasion, Mr. Froude has advanced the extraordinary hypothesis that Catherine, with a refined selfishness, had proposed that both of them should pledge themselves to a vow of celibacy. "She seems," says Mr. Froude, "to have said that she was ready to take vows of chastity if the king would do the same. It does not appear whether the request was formally made, or whether it was merely suggested to her in private;" and then Mr. Froude volunteers a series of reflections on a supposed fact, which has no other foundation than his own imagination. The truth is, that the king, in a despatch to his ambassadors at Rome, had directed them to inquire, in the event of his being able to persuade Catherine to take the vows (a project to which she was "in no wise conformable"), on the express understanding that he would do the same, "only thereby to conduce the queen thereto,"* whether the Pope, "for so great a benefit to ensue unto the king's succession with the quiet of his conscience," would dispense with the vow in the king's case, and allow him to marry again! For a deception so base and dishonorable, heightened, if possible, by the lonely and friendless state of Catherine, whose

* *Monumenta Vaticana Historiam Ecclesiasticam Sæculi xvi. illustrantia; excerptis Hugo Laemmer.* Friburgi. 1861.

* State Papers, vii., 136.

own rights, as well as those of her daughter, the husband and the father was thus attempting to subvert, Mr. Froude has not one word of indignation. From Campeggio himself we learn a little more of this scheme, and how it originated, though not in the more repulsive form it afterwards assumed from the desperation and impatience of Henry and Anne Boleyn. "On finding the king immovable, we (i.e., the legate, the king, and Wolsey) then entered into a discussion how we could persuade the queen to retire to some place of religion,—a project which pleased the king mightily. And there is certainly much to be said in its favor; among others, by so doing the queen will only lose the king's society (*l'uso della persona del Rè*), which she has lost already for upwards of two years, and will never recover it, let the matter end as it will."

It was accordingly arranged between them that Campeggio and Wolsey should break this delicate project to Catherine the next day. She received the legates with that profound respect she was accustomed to pay to the representatives of God and the Church. With the skill of a veteran diplomatist Campeggio told her that the Holy Father, out of his paternal affection and regard, had great confidence in her prudence; and, considering the extreme difficulties of her case, advised her, without pressing her rights too far, to adopt some compromise which should meet with general satisfaction, and be to her own advantage. "I didn't express what that was," says Campeggio, "but watched her to see what she would say." She guessed his meaning; made but little reply to all the brilliant inducements which the legate put forth in their most attractive shape; said she was a lone woman, and a stranger, and would beg the king to grant her advisers, and promised to see him again. This was on 17th October, 1528.

Campeggio flattered himself that he had made an impression. He even commenced a letter a few days after to his correspondent at Rome, expressing his satisfaction at his success, and was seriously thinking of venturing a little further and addressing a letter to Charles V. to use his authority with Catherine and urge this proposal, when the queen herself appeared. It was two o'clock in the day, and Campeggio, then in bed with the gout, had been prepared by Wolsey for the interview. She gave him an account of

her whole history, from the day she first set foot in England to that hour. She spoke of her marriage with Prince Arthur, "*et che da lui resto intatta*," and, in reply to the legate's exhortation to take the veil, she solemnly protested that "she would live and die in the holy state of matrimony, into which God had pleased to call her." "She spoke this," says Campeggio, "many times, so collectedly and so deliberately, that I am convinced she will do so." She affirmed that were the whole kingdom set on one side, and the greatest tortures on the other, were she even torn limb from limb, nothing should induce her to change her resolution; and she ended by entreating the legate to remove all such notions from the mind of His Holiness. Campeggio concluded his letter by expressing his increased opinion of her wisdom; but he adds, "I am not very well pleased with her obstinacy in refusing the sound advice which I gave her."

These extracts are sufficient, we think, to disprove the supposition put forward by Mr. Froude, that Catherine herself was a party to this arrangement, much more that she was the first to suggest to her faithless consort the project that they should both embrace the religious state, and, after the fashion of married saints of the eleventh century, pass the rest of their lives in a sort of monastic celibacy. It was the object of the king and his advisers to disengage the king from a connection which had now become burdensome; if possible, by means which might, in the eyes of the world, shift the responsibility from themselves and the king to his unhappy consort. If any proof were needed how little religious scruples had to do with the matter, it may be found, we think, in a design which, Campeggio tells us, was even then in hand, and was put forward as an inducement for Catherine's compliance (to be laid aside, doubtless, as soon as its purpose had been answered), of marrying the king's legitimate daughter Mary to his illegitimate son the Duke of Richmond, upon a dispensation to be obtained from the Pope! (P. 30.) We have no intention here of criticising Mr. Froude's history. He is probably by this time better aware of its errors and deficiencies than we are. It rarely happens that any historian comes fully armed to his task, and we are not surprised that Mr. Froude's researches among original documents, in all that relates to this

momentous subject of the divorce should have been meagre, partial, and unsatisfactory. The printed materials he has used diligently; the unprinted materials he has scarcely touched.

We have not space for further extracts from this curious volume. But if any doubt could exist as to Wolsey's sincerity in promoting the divorce, it is entirely dispelled by Campeggio's letters. It was the sole engrossing topic of all Wolsey's thoughts. He was up early and late, writing letters to Rome, applying all the incentives of threats, blandishments, and promises, to induce the Pope and the legate to comply with the king's wishes. Before daybreak he presents himself at the bedside of the suffering legate, who is tormented with the gout (*non poco tormentato della gotte*), and with the less tolerable agonies of mediating between two par-

ties, each of whom he found inflexible. He is on his knees before Catherine, urging, supplicating, beseeching her to adopt more wholesome counsel. "Domine Reverendissime," he repeats in anxious accents to Campeggio, "beware lest, as the defection of a great part of Germany from the Catholic faith and the See Apostolic was owing to the unrelenting sternness of one Cardinal, it should be said that another Cardinal gave the same occasion to England." (P. 31.)

What impression, if any, this prophetic warning of the great minister left on the mind of the legate we have no means of deciding. A little more than two years after he writes to a correspondent from Cologne, "I received yesterday a packet from England, and heard of the death of the most reverend York. May his soul rest in peace! *et sic transit gloria mundi!*"

CRAVING FOR LUXURIES.—The rebel soldiers at Fredericksburg rig little boats of pieces of plank and send them across the Rappahannock to our soldiers, bearing requests to exchange coffee and sugar for tobacco or greenbacks. A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* says, under date of 7th March:—

"On Monday they launched quite a 'fleet' of little vessels, made out of board planks, two or three feet long, on which they rigged little sails, and then sent them on a voyage to this side. One was brought into the Lacy House, on Monday, which had sailed across from the opposite side. It was sloop rigged, with mast, jib, and mainsail, made of old cotton cloth, apparently having been once part of a man's shirt. In the sail was fastened a copy of the *Richmond Examiner* of the previous Saturday, dry and in good order. There was also a letter written with pencil, requesting our people to send over sugar and coffee, and they would send tobacco in return; or if that would not suit us, then they would send 'greenbacks' in lieu of the tobacco; or, in other words, they wanted us to sell them coffee and sugar for Union money. Both the paper and the note were handed over to the field-officer of the pickets, to be forwarded to head-quarters.

Scarcely had the curiosity occasioned by this incident subsided, when another little boat was seen to start from the opposite bank, and making a diagonal trip across the river, it 'came to' on this side, near the piers of the Commerce Street bridge. The pickets captured the prize, and brought it up on the lawn in front of the house. It was schooner rigged, with sails made of bed-ticking. The little craft capsized on the way over and wet the sails, but on examining the folds closely, a copy of the *Richmond Enquirer* was found looped inside, dry and in good order.

The same disposition was made of this paper as the other.

Both boats were broken up in full sight of the rebels, who could not fail to see by this that our officers are not very willing to hold communication with them. Notwithstanding this, however, they sent over other vessels on Tuesday, with small quantities of tobacco, with renewed requests to 'wade' and exchange newspapers."

JAPANESE ODDITIES.—One great peculiarity of the people is their mania for squatting; they seem to do everything in this position, and even when a man is plowing in a field he looks as if he wanted to squat. Their habits in many things seem to be so often exactly the opposite of ours, that it almost resolves itself into a rule that everything goes by contraries. When they cook a goose, instead of putting the goose on the fire, they put the fire in the goose, thus making a great saving of fuel. In planing or sawing a board, they plane or saw toward themselves instead of from themselves. When you go into a house, instead of taking off your hat, you take off your shoes. Instead of saying John Smith, they would say Smith John, and instead of Mr. Brown, Brown Mister. The country is rich in flowers and in vegetable productions. They have carried the art of making paper to great perfection. Dr. Macgowan showed an overcoat made of paper, perfectly strong and serviceable. In this country we have paper collars, but in Japan they go further, and have paper handkerchiefs, which are very beautiful and soft, and of very fine texture. But they are more delicate than we, in one respect. After they have used a handkerchief they throw it away, and are thus saved the trouble of washerwomen. They even weave their paper, and make what may be called paper cloth of it.

From *The Spectator*.

THE CAPITAL OF THE TYCOON.*

The Capital of the Tycoon has but one fault—intolerable verbosity. Sir Rutherford Alcock, British Minister in Japan for five years, probably knows both the country and its capital better than any living European, and he has poured out his stores of knowledge with unreserved profusion. All things small and great, native feudalism and European discomforts, the tricks of the Tycoon's Government and the drift of English diplomacy, Japanese women's immodesty and European merchants' aggressiveness, the system of agriculture and Japanese toilettes, the policy of the oligarchy and native caricature, all are described with a fulness which leaves on the reader's mind the impression of acquiring exhaustive knowledge. The author's style is clear and simple, his mind has few prejudices, and he has a pictorial power, not perhaps great in degree, but easily and incessantly applied. His book will be read with almost excited interest by all men who have time, and they will concur with us in annoyance at the diffusive garrulity by which its permanent value has been so greatly reduced. Sir Rutherford Alcock has caught the oriental official disease. Everything is related at length, nobody is supposed to know anything, and there is as total a want of perspective as in a Chinese picture. The book almost begins with two pages about his furniture, and the Japanese habit of dispensing with chairs and tables is alluded to some twenty or thirty times in the volumes, always in lengthy and carefully worded paragraphs. Then the man's mind is full of bottled ideas. He has been thinking for twenty years with no better opportunity for getting rid of his thoughts than consular and vice-consular despatches might afford, and he has sprung at his opportunity with an eagerness almost comical. From page 23 to page 29 we have, for example, instead of words on Japan, two capital leading articles on the expediency of supplying English officials to direct all Chinese efforts at reform. Whole essays on civilization and Government might be pieced together out of these volumes, and might, for aught we know, be exceedingly valuable

* *The Capital of the Tycoon: A Narrative of Three Years' Residence in Japan.* By Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B. Two Vols. London: Longman, Green, and Co.

to mankind. Sir Rutherford has lived many years among many and very strange races of men, and thoroughly understands the oldest social polity now existing on earth. His views on civilization, therefore, are entitled to a respectful hearing, but somehow, scattered through a work on Japan, they seem to stand between us and the subject, to suggest only thoughts which distract attention, and resemble too closely those insufferable speeches in which the chorus of the old Greek drama tries to educate the spectator's eyes.

This, however, is our single objection to the work, which is by far the best yet produced on Japan, in many departments exhausts existing knowledge of the subject, and in all creates the strongest impression of authenticity and trustworthiness. It is, too, in almost all readable, for the author's garrulous diffusiveness, his wholly colloquial tone, however wearisome on many subjects, on others rather increases than diminishes the ordinary reader's enjoyment. It is "nice" to be told minutely what one may buy in a Japanese bazaar, and if the "reflections" are tiresome, why the reader, unlike the critic, is under no law which compels him to abstain from skipping.

It is, of course, hopeless to give in the compass of a review an idea of the different subjects touched or discussed in a work so desultory and so exhaustive. Articles might be written on Sir R. Alcock's adventures, on his narrative of official massacres, on his theory of Japanese government, on his account of Japanese civilization, and each, if it borrowed freely from him, would be a contribution to our existing knowledge. But we must perforce rest content with a less complete analysis, and confine ourselves, one "reflection" excepted, exclusively to results. The entire book will leave, we think, on the mind of the careful reader just two distinct impressions.

1. Japan is the seat of an old civilization, highly organized, and very successful, but of the Pagan type. The people are fairly well off, hunger and want being apparently unknown in Japan. They are governed by laws pretty fairly administered, which ensure steady obedience, and reduce the relations of man to man to a complex but endurable form. They have made great progress in some arts, architecture and painting, agriculture and me-

chanics, erect magnificent buildings, sketch any scene in a satirical or a pathetic spirit, farm on the principle of using all the manure we waste, and have actually built a working steamer from the sight of Dutch drawings alone. Sir R. Alcock vouches for that fact, absolutely unique in the history of progress, on the evidence of his eyes. They have built mighty cities, and govern them rigidly; have constructed grand roads, and kept them in order, and have covered the country with splendid though too often fortified chateaus; have made their populace a law-abiding people, and have perfected a system of government which, in its searching despotism and minute kindness surpasses that of Venice—the only European form to which it presents even a partial analogy. On the other hand, they have, like the Chinese stereotyped their system, and, like all Pagans, have succeeded in destroying the instinctive reverence for life, the savage regard for truth, and the desire for female purity. If a common man kills a common man, even by accident, he is executed, Japan not desiring murder; but Yeddo is crowded with bravoes who, for anything Sir R. Alcock could detect, take human life at will.

“These are the classes which furnish suitable types of that extinct species of the race in Europe, still remembered as ‘*Swashbucklers*,’—swaggering, blustering bullies; many cowardly enough to strike an enemy in the back, or cut down an unarmed and inoffensive man;—but also supplying numbers ever ready to fling their own lives away in accomplishing a revenge, or carrying out the behests of their chief. They are all entitled to the privilege of two swords, rank and file, and are saluted by the unprivileged (professional, mercantile, and agricultural) as *Sama*, or lord. With a rolling straddle in his gait, reminding one of Mr. Kinglake’s graphic description of the Janissary, and due to the same cause,—the heavy projecting blades at his waist, and the swaddling-clothes round his body,—the Japanese *Samourai* or *Yaconin* moves on in a very ungainly fashion, the hilts of his two swords at least a foot in advance of his person, very handy, to all appearance, for an enemy’s grasp. Such a fellow is a man to whom all peace-loving subjects and prudent people habitually give as wide a berth as they can! Often drunk, and always insolent, he is to be met with in the quarters of the town where the tea-houses most abound; or returning about dusk from his day’s debauch, with a red and bloated face, and not

over steady on his legs, the terror of all the unarmed population and street-dogs. Happy for the former, when he is content with trying the edge of a new sword on the quadrupeds; and many a poor crippled animal is to be seen limping about slashed over the back, or with more hideous evidences of brutality. But at other times it is some coolie or inoffensive shopkeeper, who, coming unadvisedly between the ‘wind and his nobility,’ is just as mercilessly cut down at a blow.”

The people cannot seize these men, and the police are afraid of the lords whose insignia the bravoes wear, and of the *camaraderie* which induces them to avenge each other at any cost. Life under such circumstances is not pleasant for the nine parts of society who are not *yakonins*, the populace, even in Yeddo, for example, always dreading to go abroad after dark. Then every law is enforced by death, and the people are drilled by terror into an abject obedience, of which Sir Rutherford Alcock gives one amusing, and many very shameful examples.

As for purity, the Japanese have adopted the oriental idea that the value of chastity is not moral but social, as preserving the family bond, and have carried out that theory to its logical conclusion. The wife who commits adultery is put to death, but with this single exception license is unrestricted. Girls are sold by respectable parents for a few years of prostitution, then marry, pass under a strict law of chastity, and are received as modest and excellent members of society. Men seem under no restriction whatever. Prostitution is legalized, the pictures of leading prostitutes are exhibited in the great temple, “to honor them,” and the whole land teems with a half-grotesque obscurity. Sir R. Alcock seems to doubt whether, after all, the women are not modest, and no doubt the habit of bathing naked in public does not prove the contrary. The notion that modesty is matter of clothes belongs only to cold climates and to very recent times, the lower classes of Italians, for instance, till lately sleeping naked, and the Burmese, whose women are, on the whole, perhaps, the purest in Asia, being as careless in the matter of bathing as Japanese dames. But the rule about unmarried girls is fatal to the very existence either of modesty as a habit, or chastity as anything but a social convenience, and must gradually brutalize society by destroying the possibility at once of real love, of healthy passion, and of

instinctive respect for womanhood. Society can exist, and repeatedly has done so, without chastity; but it cannot improve without it, or develop any of the higher and more complex advantages which should belong to high civilization. The extraordinary filth of Japan, too, which so permeates society that children's toys and schoolbooks must be carefully scrutinized before they are sent to England, must tend to keep up the passions at a level very fatal to the physical or mental development, even of orientals. Then as to truth, the Japanese lie habitually, without any sense of shame, officials, for example, when taxed with falsehood, remarking that their business is to obey orders, not to tell truth. To this day it would seem almost certain that the legal sovereign has never even heard of the European treaties, which he is officially held to have ratified, and no statement whatever from a Japanese official can be trusted, unless confirmed by circumstantial or other evidence. A civilization which produces no personal manliness, no respect for truth, no reverence for human life, and no sense of the value of sexual purity, must be held to have failed in most of the objects for which human society exists.

2. The Government of Japan, apparently one of unparalleled complexity, is really simple, being an oligarchy complicated only by the efforts of the central Government to reduce it to something like civilized order. There was and is but one king, the Mikado, originally a powerful sovereign, but now kept—much like the long-haired Merovingians—a state prisoner in his own palace, yet invested with some legal power and excessive traditional respect. He has, like those Merovingians, a mayor of the Palace, the Ziogoon, or Tycoon, who has a right apparently to all authority, but who practically passes his life in maintaining a system devised to keep the great nobles in order. These latter are the real rulers of the country, governing their estates with absolute power and by sheer brute force, their revenues from the soil enabling them to keep up small armies of soldiers, through whom they oppress or govern the provinces around them. Sir R. Alcock publishes in an appendix a kind of Japanese peerage, giving the revenues, fortresses, and official position of all the greater peers. There are twenty-three of these Daimios, whose revenues range from £115,000 a year to £769,-

728, of whom seventeen are more or less independent, and some dozens of smaller magnates, ranging from the lower sum down to seven and eight thousand a year. The greater magnates maintain a council around the Tycoon, and it is by the fluctuations of opinion in this council that the "haute politique" of Japan is really carried on. There is no party, Sir R. Alcock inclines to think, in favor of the admission of foreigners, but one is afraid of their hostility, and the other is not. The former granted the treaty, as they thought, under menaces, but they, from the day the council discovered that Europe would not go to war without cause, the latter, or Conservative party, has been rapidly gaining ground. It is this party which succeeded in isolating the British settlement at Yokohama, which encouraged the various attempts at assassinating foreigners, and which has now broken up Yeddo, and apparently transferred the nominal government to the powerless hands of the Mikado and all real power to their own. Its secret object, thinks the British minister, is so to disgust Europeans that Japan may return to its old isolation with new guarantees for retaining it an perpetuity. This party will never be favorable to foreign commerce, which they have intelligence enough to perceive would ultimately emancipate their people, unless, indeed, they find it excessively profitable to themselves. Hitherto, they have not found it so, the Tycoon absorbing all the duties, of which part belonged to the nobles, and intriguing to prevent open ports in territories under the immediate government of the peers. It is with this class our Government will ultimately have to deal, and the whole narrative leaves the impression that Japan is only to be opened in one of three ways—the re-assertion by force of the Mikado's original power, using him as we used the Mogul; the conquest of the country; or alliance with two or three of the greater princes. The latter course would be the easiest, while the first will probably be the one ultimately adopted, if not by us directly, at least by our Anglo-Chinese allies.

We have noticed one "reflection" made by Sir Rutherford Alcock as deserving more than a passing word. We allude to chapter xi., which though devoted to Japanese affairs, is really an able essay on the feeling of Asiatics towards Europeans. It would be difficult to

find in English a clearer or more satisfactory account of the true relation of Asiatic and European.

"The rapid growth and progress of modern nations in Europe has left Asia so far behind, that the elder race has become as a child in the grasp of the younger, and incapable of any effective resistance in actual conflict. There is a dull consciousness of the fact in the Asiatic mind, and of the giant power wielded by the younger and still despised branches of the great human family. And only thus is the collateral fact to be accounted for, that no people or nation of Asiatic blood ever yield to the superior strength of the European, without a dogged and determined resistance, and a struggle often continued long after all hope of final success must have died out of their hearts. Like the Greeks of the Byzantine empire, and later, the polished but effeminate Italians of the middle ages, the Chinese and Japanese are brought in contact with races surging in upon them from unknown lands beyond the outer limits of their civilization—barbarians, in a word, far superior to themselves in bone and sinew, in prowess and military tactics, but still barbarians, and thus *superiors* in all that constitutes superiority in *their* estimation: in knowledge of their language, literature, religion, and philosophy—the only religion or philosophy they recognize as having a real existence or value. As Goths and Vandals could trample down and sweep before them any array the effeminate Byzantine court could marshal in the field, so can we the hosts of China or Japan, though the latter makes pretensions to be considered warlike. But the result is

still the same. The triumph over their weaker frames and their ignorance of arms does not command any respect, or *mental recognition of superior*. They bend their necks to superior force, but harden their hearts, and console themselves under defeat, by hoarding in secret a cumulative and rankling contempt for their conquerors."

There are exceptions to that rule, the Bengalee, for example, never having struggled at all; but it is only from an overwhelming sense of physical power of the stranger. The very man who crouches and fawns to the Englishman, and borrows his ways and acquires his learning, still holds that the Bengalee and not the European is the really civilized man. "God," said an old pundit to the writer one day, "has enabled you for some mysterious purpose to conquer the world, and sell cotton, and make penknives; but what else can you do?" In Japan the past and the present are more closely linked than in any country in Asia, except, perhaps, Arabia, and the Japanese, therefore, scorns while he dreads the intrusion of the foreigner, who with dissonant habits and ways which seem to him savage, wants to teach him as well as control. That is the root of bitterness, and the fact that Sir Rutherford Alcock has detected it under all the forms in which Asiatic politeness addresses a great official, speaks as well for his judgment as the rest of his book for his powers of observation.

CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLERS.—These men carry on their profession in the streets of the city also, where there is space available. A mat is spread on the ground, with a stick fixed at each corner, around which a strip of cloth is cast to form an enclosure for the fortune-teller and his hen, which is in a small bamboo cage. By his side is an open box containing a number of very small rolls of paper with sentences or single characters written on them. In front of him is a long row of fifty or sixty small pasteboard envelopes, which also hold single characters, or the divination sentences. A little board painted white, for writing on, and the "inkstone" and pencil are at hand ready for use. An inquirer who wishes to consult him, squats down on his heels outside the enclosure, pays three cash (half a farthing) and tells his story, stating what he wishes to know. He is told to pick out a roll from the box, which having done, he hands it to the man, who unrolls it, and writes its contents on the board. He then opens the door of the cage, and the hen marches

forward to the row of envelopes; after peering over them inquisitively, she picks out one and lets it fall to the ground. A few grains of rice are thrown into the cage and she returns. The envelope is opened, and the characters inside also written on the board, from the two inscriptions on which the consulter's prospects are announced. The hen is regarded as the arbiter of fate, incapable of moral motive in the selection of the roll, and is therefore supposed to give the decree of fate, without the possibility of collusion, or misinterpretation of any kind.—*The Medical Missionary in China.*

TRADITION THROUGH FEW LINKS.—I have recently met a gentleman, whose mother died at Bath in 1822, at the age of eighty-eight. She had talked with a woman, who, when a child, had seen the dead bodies on the field of Langdowne in 1643.

M. N.

—*Notes and Queries.*

From The Spectator, 21 Feb.

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE.

THERE are crimes, as there are acts of beneficence, which are possible only to kings; and Frederick William of Prussia is about to commit one of the basest among them. Unless a statement believed in every capital of the Continent be a simple invention, he has leased out a national army to butcher a people with whom neither that nation nor himself have, or profess to have, any cause of serious quarrel. He has entered into a convention with the Government of St. Petersburg containing two stipulations. By the first, he surrenders the first privilege of an independent State—the right of asylum, Russian soldiery being authorized to hunt Poles within the Prussian frontier; by the second, he turns *condottiere*, engaging, of course for a price, on the demand of the Czar, to advance his army and crush a growing rebellion within the Russian dominions. Both agreements seem already in partial process of execution; Russian soldiers daily traversing Prussia in full battle array, and an army of eighty thousand men being organized on the frontier with the equipments required only for immediate service. Prussia has, in fact, without cause or provocation, or inducement other than reward, declared war upon helpless Poland.

We must recall the antecedents of this affair before we can understand the baseness to which a legitimate king can descend. Not six weeks since, the people of Poland were living, unhappy, it is true, but still in quiet obedience, when the Marquis Wielopolski was inspired with a diabolic idea. If the whole youth of the middle classes could be arrested at once, and transported for life to the Caucasus, the independence of Poland would be at an end forever. The nation would be emasculated at a blow. The poor Faust to whom the Marquis acts as Mephistopheles, the Archduke Constantine, embraced the idea, the Czar gave a possibly reluctant approval, and on the 22d of January an effort was made to carry out the decree for kidnapping the flower of a nation. The unhappy Poles fled to the woods, and being massacred for flying, took arms. Aided by the universal support of the people, by the hatred Russian tyranny has inspired even in Russians, and by a spirit of heroism which induced two hundred lads at Wengrow to

offer themselves to death that Poland might save the nucleus of an army, they shook even the vast organization of Russia. It seemed probable that they might hold out till March, and then be aided by an enormous movement expected within Russia itself. There was hope then even for Poland, and the knees of every oppressor in Europe shook with a novel fear. If that unhappy country, mutilated and dismembered and bound, could resist a sovereign whose armies almost outnumber her males, no oppression however organized or however ancient, could be considered safe. With a rare judgment, which proves like so many other incidents, that the fire of their long suffering has at last annealed the Poles, they abstained from violating Prussian territory, or, as they hoped, from giving cause of offence to Prussia. They forgot that their chance of freedom was in itself the highest offence, and the court of Berlin resolved to teach them their error. They resolved, that knot of old martinets, middle-aged squireens, and dandy diplomats who surround the sergeant-major king, to bring the vast strength of an army, organized to keep back the French, against the unhappy Poles. The odds are already sixty to six, but what then?—Who gives odds to vermin, or justice to men whom kings fear? The Prussian army may succeed where the Russian army has failed, and the soldiery, once inured to the delights of plunder and blood, will be in a mood in which it may be safe to let them loose upon over-liberal fellow-citizens. The wretched Poles who have fled from a conscription into the morasses are to be massacred by conscript Germans, who, but for Polish self-sacrifice, might at this hour have been the serfs of Mussulman lords, and who, patient as they are, would have punished a crime such as that which Poland resisted by destroying a dynasty. Imagine Germans half in revolt for their right to tax themselves forced to shoot down Poles because they object to be kidnapped against the law! And they are to do this solely in order that a small knot of men, using the name of their king, may be more completely prepared to deprive themselves of the few liberties they have acquired.

It is useless to resort to strong words to denounce a transaction such as this. No language however trenchant, no invective however fiery, could add one iota of force to the simplest state-

ment of facts. There have been soldiers sold before, but even the wretched Hessian who handed his conscripts over to England for so much hard cash per head, believed that his troops would be used in battle, not employed as mere executioners. Russia, who by a strange irony of fate now undergoes the humiliation she inflicted, committed an equal crime in invading Hungary; but at least she struck at a regular and a victorious foe. The gallant Prussians are to be sent to hunt down wretched lads armed with scythes, strong only in their despair, and the pitying friendship which, spite of themselves, has invaded the ranks of their oppressors. It is useless in such a case even to scorn, but we may ask whether the Western powers intend to suffer their laws, as well as those of the Almighty to be openly set at defiance. For nearly six years they have enforced, as the cardinal law of Europe, the principle of non-intervention. If a government, however tyrannical crush a people however feeble, that is no business either of its allies or its foes. It is a measure of internal policy, no more to be commented on than the decree which sends a French journalist to die by slow torture within the tropics for an over-sarcastic squib. But then the government must act for itself—show that it can at least command strength sufficient to maintain order, that it need not purchase allies to perform the work of internal police. The day a second power steps in the question becomes European, and the governments which, with some shortcomings, still respect humanity and civilization, have as clear a right of speech and action as the powers which have declared open war on both. From the day Prussia officially intervenes, England and France are entitled to intervene also; if not by open force, at least by that open expression of opinion which, as it reverberates through Berlin and St. Petersburg, will encourage every honest man to denounce the crime in which he is made by his rulers a reluctant accomplice. It is the fashion to sneer at moral force when exerted by nations, and doubtless opinion has little power on natures capable of acts such as those the Prussian Government has apparently bound itself to perform. But there are good men in every country well inclined to resist oppression, from whom foreign sympathy removes their one fear—the sense of isolation, and by encouraging them to speak out, enables them to

discover how many they really are. Great Russian nobles protested against the Warsaw conscription. Great Russian families are countermanding orders for travel, ashamed to face the opinion they know their master has outraged. The Prussian Chamber still contains a majority anxious to claim and keep the moral headship of Germany. A vehement protest from England would bring out all these elements of resistance, perhaps bring into the field an actual physical force. By a strange concurrence of circumstances the third of the powers who robbed Poland has become doubtful of the expediency of that successful crime. It has brought Russia too near her throat, and Austria, which has so governed Galicia that it at least does not rebel, looks with no fear at an insurrection which must weaken a dreaded ally, perhaps overthrow the prospects of a deeply detested rival. A protest from England, a menace from Austria, a hint from France as to the Rhine, and the Prussian Government, energetic only when evil is to be safely done, might recoil from intervention, and leave Poland to fight out her battle with her old household foe. Delay is all that is required. If in the spring all Russian society is not dissolved by internal forces, if April finds regular Russian troops still hunting maddened Polish insurgents, Poland must resign herself to the doom which her death would not avert. But, if, as we half believe, foreign action will in March become impossible, even to the Czar, if the Poles, holding out amidst their morasses, stimulated by a suffering which benefits them because it arrests despair, are at last offered terms, the face of Europe will be changed, and the permanent peace of which men dream be one step nearer to possibility. But one great internal revolt, the uprising against the Turks, will then remain to shake Europe, and end, by completing, the great struggle for life which we call the new revolution. Surely, if either our principles or those of France, the right of freedom, or the claim of the nationalities, be more than the merest words, the Western powers are bound to hold back the Government which, in full police uniform, is rushing to assist, not arrest the ravisher. Nobody questions the right of Prussia to defend her own property, however badly acquired. If Posen rebels, crush Posen; if Poland attacks, march on Poland; but to lease out an army to crush strangers who have only asked an asylum is an act as fatal to the European system of polity as to the repute of the Hohenzollerns. They acquired their share of Poland by a theft. Are they now to be permitted to hang the victim, because he claims from an accomplice some small share of what was once his own?

From The Saturday Review.

HUGH MILLER'S TALES.*

THE character of the late Hugh Miller was a very uncommon one. Force of will was its principal element; but the power of forming a strong purpose was not Miller's highest endowment. He showed, when still far too young to estimate with accuracy his capacities and chances in life, an unstained loyalty to honest freedom, and an instinctive abhorrence of a divided intellectual allegiance. Self-education is probably, at the best of times, a great deal harder thing than most of us are disposed to imagine. But to begin self-education by closing up what at the moment appeared to be the readiest, if not the only, avenue towards it, and deliberately to go to work in the quarry instead of preparing for college, was a deed of heroism. Nor did this blameless allegiance to truthful action go unrewarded. In due time, the young quarryman was able, from a more congenial standing-point, to carry out schemes of mental development very far beyond any which would have been within his reach had he yielded, in early days, to the wishes of his friends, and taken orders in the Kirk.

But Hugh Miller's intellect, however vigorous and acute, was not of so uncommon a type as his moral character. His activity and success were indeed prodigious. These posthumous *Tales and Sketches* make the eleventh of a long series of volumes produced by his pen during a busy lifetime prematurely cut short. By a recent advertisement, we were informed that their aggregate sale had reached no less than eighty thousand copies. But, taken as a test of merit, this high figure tells little or nothing. Like many other successful authors, Hugh Miller in reality considerably over-wrote himself. Gifted with great perseverance and great powers of observation, materially aided by his long practical familiarity with external nature, he had it at one time within his reach to become a first-rate scientific man. But he had the misfortune, for to him it was a real misfortune, to be appointed editor of a public journal—the *Witness*; and the distractions attending the duties of that office effectually stood in the way of his ever acquiring the solidity and depth indispensable to a position in the front

ranks of science. Besides this, his power of imagination was singularly small. Some of the *Tales and Sketches* before us, and many portions of his other writings, especially of the *Testimony of the Rocks*, show the exercise of a certain kind of fancy, but in the higher endowment of imagination Hugh Miller, in common with so many of his compatriot authors, was almost entirely deficient. Charles Lamb remarks, that to tell a story imaginatively is to be so acted upon by your subject that it shall seem to direct *you*, not *you* to have arranged it. In these *Tales and Sketches* all is arrangement—all is effort. The editor informs us that the greater number were composed literally over the midnight lamp, after returning late in the evening from a long day's work with the ledger and balance-sheet. And we can well understand, from internal evidence, that this was the case; only wondering that, under such circumstances, republication should have been thought advisable.

None but a thoroughly unimaginative writer could have composed the first two papers in this series. They are entitled "Recollections of Fergusson," and "Recollections of Burns," describing several imaginary conversations supposed to have been held between each poet and a "Mr. Lindsay," who is, of course, understood to sustain the part of Hugh Miller. At one point in the "Recollections," Burns and his companion are represented as following the course of the river Ayr on a lovely summer's afternoon, when Burns is made to deliver himself thus:—

"'Can he be other,' he said, 'than a good and benevolent God, who gives us moments like these to enjoy? O my friend, without these Sabbaths of the soul, that come to refresh and invigorate it, it would dry up within us! How exquisite,' he continued, 'how entire the sympathy which exists between all that is good and fair in external nature, and all of good and fair that dwells in our own! And oh, how the heart expands and lightens! The world is as a grave to it—a closely covered grave; and it shrinks and deadens and contracts all its holier and more joyous feelings under the cold earthlike pressure. But amid the grand and lovely of nature—amid these forms and colors of richest beauty—there is a disinterment, a resurrection, of sentiment; the pressure of our earthly part seems removed; and those senses of the mind, if I may so speak, which serve to connect our spirits with the invisible world around us,

* *Tales and Sketches*. By Hugh Miller. With a Preface by Mrs. Miller. Edinburgh: Black. London: Hamilton and Co. 1863.

recover their proper tone, and perform their proper office.”

There is no more reason for putting talk of this kind into the mouth of Burns than of anybody else. It is certainly not the kind of reflection with which Burns may be supposed to have accompanied his “gloamin’ shots at the Muses” on the banks of the Nith at Elliesland. The fact is, that the writer was incapable of that peculiar effort of mind which enables it to project itself beyond its own sphere, and to conceive of circumstances and characters wholly distinct from itself. Being powerfully impressed by admiration for Burns’s poetry, Hugh Miller, nevertheless, completely failed in understanding the poet. What he did was to write down a number of his own reflections, going through the form of putting them into the mouth of Burns, and then persuading himself that they might have proceeded from that mouth. The illusion reaches a culminating point in the following passage, where Burns is described as coming suddenly on a girl to whom he was attached :—

“A little grassy platform that stretched between the hanging wood and the stream was whitened over with clothes, that looked like snow-wreaths in the hollow; and a young and beautiful girl watched beside them.

“‘Mary Campbell!’ exclaimed my companion; and in a moment he was at her side, and had grasped both her hands in his. ‘How fortunate—how very fortunate—I am!’ said he; ‘I could not have so much as hoped to have seen you to-night, and yet here you are! This, Mr. Lindsey, is a loved friend of mine, whom I have known and valued for years—ever, indeed, since we herded our sheep together under the cover of one plaid. Dearest Mary, I have had sad forebodings regarding you for the whole last month I was in Kirkoswald; and yet, after all my foolish fears, here you are, ruddier and bonnier than ever.’”

The notion of the man who wrote,—

“Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly—”

meeting a girl of whom he was fond, with “How fortunate—how very fortunate—I am.” is more than enough to justify all that we have said above about the writer’s failure to conceive a mind quite of another cast than his own. Hugh Miller was a geologist. As a geologist he first attracted the notice of really eminent men, like Sedgwick and Mur-

chison; and as a geologist, not a man of *belles lettres*, he will go down to posterity. We cannot but regard it as an indiscretion, to say the least of it, which permitted these crude and uncongenial results of his early literary efforts to see the light in a collected form.

The “Recollections” are followed by seven short tales, not one of which would attract notice in the *Cornhill* or *Macmillan’s Magazine*. But these are succeeded, and the book is in great part redeemed by a long concluding paper called, “The True Story of a Scottish Merchant of the Eighteenth Century.” It is a narrative of the life of William Forsyth, who for about half of the last century was chief magistrate, principal inhabitant, and *factotum* of Cromarty, the author’s native town. On the thread of this biography there are hung a large number of extremely interesting details relating to the origin of modern modes of commerce and modern social usages in Scotland, which country, about a hundred and fifty years ago, was beginning slowly to recover from the state of depression in which it had been sunk during the greater part of the century preceding. When Forsyth settled in Cromarty, about 1740, this was the condition of things there :—

“The herring-fishery of the place, at one time the most lucrative on the eastern coast of Scotland, had totally failed, and the great bulk of the inhabitants, who had owed to it their chief means of subsistence, had fallen into abject poverty. They seemed fast sinking, too, into that first state of society in which there is scarce any division of labor; the mechanics in the town caught their own fish, raised their own corn, tanned their own leather, and wore clothes which had employed no other manufacturers than their own families and their neighbor the weaver. There was scarce any money in the district; even the neighboring proprietors paid their tradesmen in kind; and a few bolls of malt or barley, or a few stones of flax or wool, settled the yearly account.”

He had, however, the wit to perceive that, though a tradesman would be sure to sink in a district of this kind, yet a merchant might find it to be a field worthy of his attention. He went actively to work, buying a freight-boat to navigate the Firths of Dingwall, Dornock, and Beaul, that led away far into remote parts of Ross and Sunderland, and hiring a large shop for trading with Holland and the commercial towns of the south. In

a short time the whole country side was astir; and so strong an impulse had been given to business operations, that even the shock of the '45 Rebellion produced only a temporary derangement. Meanwhile, Forsyth, who must have had a genius for governing, managed to keep the town and neighborhood in order and in good humor by administering a species of excellent, though homegrown, law:—

"For more than thirty years after his appointment he was the only acting magistrate in the place; and such was the confidence of the townspeople in his judgment and integrity, that during all that time there was not in a single instance an appeal from his decisions. In office and character he seems to have closely resembled one of the old landammans of the Swiss cantons. The age was a rude one; man is a fighting animal from very instinct, and his second nature, custom, mightily improves the propensity; and nine-tenths of the cases brought before Mr. Forsyth were cases of quarrels. With the more desperate class of brawlers he could deal at times with proper severity. In most instances, however, a quarrel cost him a few glasses of his best Hollands, and cost no one else anything. The disputants were generally shown that neither of them had been quite in the right; that one had been too hasty, and the other too ready to take offence; that the first blow had been decidedly a wrong, and the second unquestionably a misdemeanor; and then, after drinking one another's health, they parted, wonderfully pleased with the decision of Mr. Forsyth, and resolved to have no more fighting till their next difference. He was much a favorite, too, with the town's boys. On one occasion, a party of them were brought before him on a charge of stealing green pease out of a field. Mr. Forsyth addressed them in his sternest manner. There was nothing, he said, which he so abhorred as the stealing of green pease—it was positively theft. He even questioned whether their parents did right in providing them with pockets. Were they again to be brought before him for a similar offence, they might depend, every one of them, on being locked up in the Tollbooth for a fortnight. Meanwhile, to keep them honest, he had resolved on sowing a field of pease himself, to which he would make them all heartily welcome. Accordingly, next season the field was sown, and there could not be a more exposed locality. Such, however, was the spirit of the little men of the place, all of whom had come to a perfect understanding of the decision, that not one pod of Mr. Forsyth's pease was carried away."

The finest trait in Forsyth's character re-
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mains yet to be told. Quite late in his life, and when he had long been accustomed to be regarded as the leading potentate of the neighborhood, the estate of Cromarty was bought by the famous George Ross, an army agent who, after amassing a large fortune in England, returned to his native land to do more for its trade in the last fourteen years of his life, than most men are able to do in forty. He began by setting up in Cromarty a manufactory of hempen cloth, which has ever since kept constantly employed, outside and in, about six hundred persons. He next built an extensive brewery, with the double object of finding the farmers a market for the staple grain of the country, and damaging the markets of the smugglers. He then furnished the town with an excellent harbor, and started a pork trade, which reached the extent of nearly twenty thousand pounds annually. A nail and spade manufactory and a lace working establishment were also set on foot; but his great pride was a reform which he achieved in agricultural matters. Finding his tenantry averse to all new-fangled notions on the subject of rearing wheat, he took a large farm under his own management, and conducting it on the most approved principles of modern science, he read a profitable lesson to Scottish farmers generally. However valuable an acquisition such a man as this must have been, Forsyth might easily have been forgiven a little jealousy on his first arrival. It was almost a change of dynasty; the elder tutelary of Cromarty was called on to accommodate himself to a new order of things. But this large-minded merchant was equal to the occasion. Every scheme of the agent found a second in him. He took shares in the hempen factory; and, catching the agricultural mania, he rented a farm and went thoroughly into the theory and practice of cultivation under the guidance of his new neighbor.

This excellent man's life and influence are described in a very interesting way. Forsyth and Hugh Miller resembled one another in this, that each possessed that astonishing degree of energy and perseverance which sometimes of itself amounts almost to genius. And, while protesting against this fresh instance of a deceased writer's papers being ransacked to the uttermost leaf, we own that we should have been sorry to miss the tribute of cordial admiration so well paid in this memoir.

From The Spectator.

THE WORLDLY WISDOM OF BACON.*

THE meanness of Bacon, spoken of in the bitterest line of one of the bitterest poets, contrasts so strangely with the elevation of Bacon's genius, that even they who cannot get rid of the impression left upon their minds by his conduct to Essex remain perplexed by the apparent enigma. To us it seems that the peculiar character of his extraordinary worldly wisdom has not been sufficiently considered, and that we require a more careful analysis of his absorbing speculative turn, on one hand, combined, on the other, with the momentous period of English history in which he lived, and the personal interest which the position of his family at court gave him from his earliest youth in all the intrigues of those turbulent days, before we can pronounce with justice upon Bacon's character. It is to the personal and almost familiar relations in which he stood to the queen and the court that we must look, if we would understand the peculiar vitality, the almost microscopic universality of his insight into human motive. Aristotle's experience may be said to have been in some respects analogous to that of Bacon, and, assuredly, no mere scholar, no man without the minutest familiarity with society in its most active phases, could have written the rhetoric of the former, parts of which correspond to the "Colors of good and evil" of the latter. There probably never was a time or country in history, so far as we know, when so many different moral feelings and tendencies met and clashed with such strange concentration, and reached such an exuberant climax, as in Shakspearian and Elizabethan England. At no time probably in English history was the individual personality of the leading men, in contradistinction to the operation of representative class action, so highly developed—statesmen, orators, poets, historians, courtiers, soldiers, and sailors, the very queens, unfolded their separate powers, and acted upon one another with an individuality, an eagerness, an intensity of feeling which it is almost impossible to contemplate without astonishment. Hence the absorbing interest, the passionate attention of such men as Bacon to details of court influence, which

at this distance seem mean, petty, and trivial; but which at the time were, no doubt, felt to be vitally connected with the great interests of the day. Hence, too, the heat and turgescence of the Elizabethan style. Greece has kept futurity entranced by the exquisite beauty and symmetry of her intellectual remains. But even the relics of the Peloponnesian, the greatest of Greek eras, seem coldly beautiful, compared with the rank, hot, and almost tropical growths of the English moral conflict under the Tudors. When, after Sophocles, we read Shakspeare, it is as if we passed from the open portico of the Acropolis, gleaming whitely in the sun, into all the quaint shapes, the myriad conceits, the courtless effects of lurid color, of elfish magical sound, which make the heart beat in a modern cathedral. We look in vain to Shakspeare for what, in the present day, has finely been called a white light, unless it be in his descriptions of low life. Every fact is seen by him through a gorgeous metaphorical prism, the prism of an imagination nursed to a point beyond which it can scarcely go without becoming too violent and gross, but within which it embraces every relation and aspect in life with marvellous fulness, forming the whole into a moral kaleidoscope never before witnessed, and, perhaps, never to be witnessed again.

What is true of Shakspeare is true of Bacon. Bacon thought in parables. Of the astounding versatility of his thought, of the universality of its reach, the subtlety of its discrimination, the practical Machiavellian omniscience of motive good and evil, it is difficult by words to convey any adequate idea. But the plasticity of his thought is always the humble servant of his omnipresent imagination. His intellect is always at the mercy of his fancy for a clothing. All his intellectual facts are wrapt in visions of beautiful illustration. Here again the same parallel holds between Bacon and Aristotle, as between Shakspeare and Sophocles. The Greek philosopher's language is like a cold limpid crystal, compared with the imagery of Bacon, even when the latter labors to be abstract. Nor could a better instance be given than the name of "colors," which he gives to the common opinions of good and evil as means of rhetorical persuasion. This exuberance of the emotional element also shows itself in the subtlety of the logical dis-

* *Bacon's Essays*. By W. Aldis Wright, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Macmillan and Co., Cambridge and London. 1862.

tinctions applied to the conduct of life. Nothing, we think, throws stronger light upon the immense part which personal and practical affairs played in Bacon's moral speculations than his letter to Essex, after the latter's victory at Cadiz. There is an eager and trembling minuteness of analysis, which men never display, except when their whole being is stimulated by close personal, almost family, considerations. Bacon's advice to Essex in regard to the queen is that of a conceited young philosopher, very vain of his own sagacity and experience, zealously prompting and instructing an older and more headstrong brother how to deal with a refractory and crotchety sister. Hence the cunning of the serpent of which Bacon is accused. But as Cicero well says, men will do for their friends what they will not do for themselves, and so also relations, or people standing in a position almost analogous to relationship, will descend into particulars below the dignity of public life. All those statesmen were like members of a common family. Bacon tells Essex to labor to remove the impression of his nature being *opiniastre* and not rutable, and for that end—1st. To acknowledge to past deficiencies, and not set them up as wilful. Mind, he adds, and harp upon this. 2d. Not to parade his scorn of Leicester and Hatton. I know, he adds, that they are far enough from you in merit, but you know how the queen likes them. 3d. When you pay her a compliment don't look as if you did not mean it. 4th. Make some show of having some eager pursuit, and drop it to please her. Again, he advises him not to parade his military character, which he ought to have left at Plymouth (on his way home from Cadiz). "And here (my lord), I pray, mistake me not. It is a thing that of all things, I would have you retain. . . . But, I say, keep it in substance, but abolish it in shows to the queen." For, 1st. Her majesty loves peace. 2d. She is avaricious. 3d. A military dictator is a natural subject of her fear. And so Bacon goes on through two octavo pages more of close print, refining and refining, and analyzing and analyzing, with a minuteness utterly alien to the statesmanship of the present day, which strives to rise above personal considerations to the calculus of general causes. That much of Bacon's advice seems, in itself, intrinsically mean, we do not for a

moment deny; but what we feel very strongly is, that until we can place ourselves in the peculiar focus of his own familiar position, and of the personal relations of the great family of statesmen who then lived round the English throne, occupied by an able, crafty, and conceited—a vacillating and dangerous woman, whose word could and did decide the fate of any one or more of them, we cannot rightly judge the exact standard of Bacon's worldly wisdom.

So again, although in his *Essays* it may be impossible to recover in all cases the trace of personal influences on his language and speculation, this personal element is sometimes very observable, as for instance, in the essay on "Beauty." It is true this essay, Mr. Aldis tells us, was first published in 1612; but the tone of it is so hampered, and contrasts so strangely with the gaudy and luminous discursiveness of the other essays, that we can hardly resist the feeling that he wrote it in the lifetime of Elizabeth, long before it was published, with her dread before his eyes, equally afraid of writing and of not writing upon the subject, and equally concerned what to say, and what to leave unsaid. For instance, he begins most of his other essays with the direct mention of the thing he is about to discuss. His essay on "Truth" begins, "What is *Truth*?" on "Death," "Men fear *Death*," and so on; but when he comes to talk of "Beauty," he starts on the safer theme of Virtue, or, as we should say, Merit. "*Virtue*," he begins, with Machiavellian caution, "*is like a rich stone, best plaine set.*" Scowl not, Elizabeth, and fear not, James, most meritorious but plainest fool in Christendom! For Elizabeth, surely, "*virtue is best in a body that is comely, though not of delicate features*" (!) And that hath rather "*Dignity of Presence than Beauty . . . of Aspect.*" Elizabeth conceived she had both. And be of good comfort, James, for "neither is it almost scene that very beautifull persons are otherwise of great vertue." Again, "in beauty, that of favour (feature), is more than that of colour, and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour." James flattered himself that his motions were very decent and gracious, and, in fact, that he moved right royally. How different is the trimming tone of this essay from the hard, cold, analytic, almost brutal dissection of de-

formity: "Deformed persons are commonly even with Nature. For as Nature hath done ill by them, so do they by Nature; being for the most part void of natural affection. And so they have their revenge of Nature." The essay proceeds with masterly precision and acumen, and we recommend our readers to compare the two for their own edification.

The beautiful little edition of *Bacon's Essays* now before us does credit to the taste and scholarship of Mr. Aldis Wright. The preface, which is written with classical sobriety and accuracy, puts the reader in possession of all the essential literary facts and chronology necessary to read the *Essays* in connection with Bacon's life and times. We wish that in his second edition Mr. Wright might be induced to analyze the *Essays* with an eye to Bacon's personal history, and the known character of the men of his day. It would also be interesting to mark the passages which Bacon successively added in the different editions. Many curious biographical and psychological hints into his character might thus be obtained, which the frequently barren disquisition upon outward actions, capable of so many different interpretations may have failed to give.

MARSHAL NEY'S LAST SPEECH.

[Extract from the *Saturday Review* on Senior's Biographical Sketches.]

AFTER the second Restoration, M. Berryer, in concert with M. Dupin, defended Marshal Ney before the House of Peers. Mr. Senior justly censures the Duke of Wellington and the English Government for their refusal to stipulate for the impunity of the illustrious criminal, although it might not be legally secured by the capitulation of Paris. In recording the most striking incident of the defence, Mr. Senior omits to furnish the characteristic explanation. M. Berryer, according to his own account, after failing in his argument from the Convention of Paris, offered the technical objection that Sarre Louis, the birthplace of Ney, having recently been ceded to Prussia, he was no longer a subject of France:—

"Here, however, the counsel were interrupted by Ney, 'No,' he exclaimed, 'I was born a Frenchman, I will die a Frenchman. Up to this time my defence was free, but I now see that it is to be fettered.' . . . 'Gen-

tleman Counsel for the prisoner,' said the chancellor, 'continue your defence within the limits which I have prescribed.' 'My lord,' said Ney, 'I forbid my counsel to say another word. Your excellency may give to the House what orders you think fit; but as to my counsel, they may go on if they are free, but if they are to be restrained by your limits I forbid them to speak. You see,' he said, turning to M. Berryer, who was anxious to continue, 'that it is a decided thing. I had rather have no defence than one chalked out by my accusers.'"

Mr. Senior can seldom be charged with a want of historical scepticism, but it is surprising that the frivolity of M. Berryer's plea to the jurisdiction has not led him to suspect the real origin of Ney's patriotic apostrophe, which had previously been settled in consultation by his ingenious advocates. The story is told at length, apparently on the authority of M. Dupin, in the *History of the Restoration* by Lamartine, who seldom condescends to so prosaic an adherence to the truth. He may be excused for consoling himself by the composition of some imaginary declamation supposed to have been addressed by the marshal to M. Dupin and M. Berryer. When it was seen that a conviction was inevitable—

"M. Berryer whispered to his client, 'Now is the moment; all hope is lost—it only remains to illustrate your end, and to save your memory, by falling with patriotism and nobleness in the presence of France.' 'I understand you,' answered the marshal, and under the pretext of wanting air and rest he retired, accompanied by his two defenders, to settle in concert with them his attitude and his language. They assured him with painful but necessary candor of the inflexibility of the Peers, and of the certainty of the sentence. 'But we have reserved for you,' said M. Dupin, 'the means of shaming by your last noble words in the close of your trial and your life. We will return into court, I will ask to defend you in my turn, and I will begin to plead your quality of a foreigner to France, which withdraws you from her own jurisdiction by your birth at Sarre Louis, a town now detached from our dominion. At my first words indicating the purpose of covering you with the character of a foreigner, you will interrupt me with a burst of indignation and an impulse of patriotic feeling which you will not fear to assume, and you will forbid me to save your life at the price of your glorious nationality.'"

M. Dupin proceeded to draw the extemporaneous formula which Ney was to deliver, and

at the proper moment the marshal sprang from his seat, and laid his hand on his heart, "Non, monsieur, je suis Français, et j'aurai mourir en Français," and so forth, according to M. Dupin's instructions. M. de Lamartine's comment is worthy of the theatrical contrivance which almost throws ridicule on the last hours of a hero ;—

"L'émotion préméditée fut immense. L'instant, l'accent, le geste, le regard de l'accusé y ajoutèrent ce que la préparation n'avait pas prévu. La nature, comme tous les jours, dépassa toute prévision."

M. Dupin and M. Berryer were of course aware that, if the Peers had been inclined to listen to their audacious plea, their clients' repudiation of their line of defence would not have deprived him of the benefit of the quibble.

The "Life of Tronçon Ducoudray," is not less instructive, and from the beginning to the end Mr. Senior's volume is full of interesting matter. His memoir of Lord King, which is the most strictly biographical of all the essays, contains some valuable remarks on the effect of the Bank Restriction Act, and on the principles of currency. A miscellany of so solid a character is seldom equally amusing.

From The Saturday Review.

PRACTICAL YOUNG LADIES.

MANY changes have passed over the world in the last fifteen years. We are all colder, more prosaic, less hopeful than we were. A generous theory, based on a belief in the perfectibility of man, was as certain then to evoke a cheer as it is now to be scouted with a scornful laugh. In those days men believed in an extended suffrage, and eternal peace, and the possibility of extirpating crime by reformatory prisons. Some went so far as to believe in an approaching union of all Christian Churches. Others, of an opposite turn of mind, had persuaded themselves that a drab-colored millennium was dawning on the other side of the Atlantic. Rude facts have roughly woken us from these luxurious dreams, and taught us that the antagonism which divides sects and classes, the ambition which embroils nations, and the love of a good dinner which animates the garotter, are passions as rife and powerful as they ever were before at any period of human history. It is the

melancholy but complete collapse of optimism. We are compelled with heavy hearts to give up our aspirations after ideal churches and ideal commonwealths, and content ourselves with patching a little here, and altering a bit there, in the hope that the systems under which we live may at all events furnish us shelter for our time. Practical philanthropy, which has abandoned all other hope but that of being a temporary palliative for ills it cannot cure, is useful, but little fascinating. The flood of evil wells up ceaselessly ; and it requires no small philosophy to labor on, baling it out little by little, with the certainty that no exertions that we can make will ever materially abate its flow.

Such thoughts, pressed home by the events of our day even upon the most sanguine, have produced a marked alteration, not always for the better, in the tone of popular thought. Many delusions have disappeared ; but much of the zeal which it seems can hardly be maintained without their aid has evaporated at the same time. Of course this tendency shows itself the most strongly in the women, who are always the quickest barometers to mark the progress of a general change of feeling. The feature "most conspicuous by its absence" in the educated society of the present day, is the class of devout women and clerical young ladies who formed a very familiar type of womanhood ten or fifteen years ago. Whether the women of the present day are essentially better or worse than those of the same age half a generation back, is a matter too delicate for male critics to decide. But that they are externally less devotional there can be no question whatever. At the time to which we are referring, religious observances formed a material part of a young lady's business in life. She entertained very strong views in favor of one or other of the schools into which the religious world was then divided. She got up regularly for early church, or taught industriously in a Sunday school. She had some pet clergyman whom she defended against all comers, and the praise of whose voice in intoning, or whose eloquence in preaching, she sounded on every possible occasion. She was usually engaged in the conversion of her parents, and often of one or two Guardsmen into the bargain ; and besides this, she was active in good works—especially in collecting money for penitentiaries. She possessed an abundant store of de-

votional works, magnificently bound; and she was a diligent reader of the religious novels which at that time issued so copiously from the press. Her conversation between the intervals of dancing was upon subjects of the day—that is to say, Transubstantiation and Baptismal Regeneration. So decided was the theological tinge of her mind, that she imposed the pretence of it, at least, upon those who sought her favor. Flirtation involved a certain proficiency in the terms of current controversy; and love-making wore the pleasant disguise of a mutual exploration into each other's religious difficulties.*

There was a good deal that was ridiculous in the young-lady religion of that day; but its absurdities were a healthy sign. The affectation and fashion of the many was a sure symptom of the real earnestness of the few. There is no fertility where there are no weeds. Moreover, the pretence did a good deal of indirect good. If people were talking polemics, they could not be talking scandal; and as there is no evidence that they talked more than the feminine average at that period, it is evident that a considerable amount of scandal was thereby elbowed out of existence altogether. Nor was the general fashion which it induced, under which every one was obliged to have a theological opinion of some kind, and to be able to support it in argument, altogether an unhealthy one. A religious fashion, if it does nothing else, at all events fills up the ground that would be otherwise occupied by an irreligious fashion. The world is in the main composed of people who have no particular opinions, or tastes, or tendencies of their own, and who must, by the law of their being, always begin by pretending to be something that they are not, though they sometimes end by conforming their characters to the pretence. Whether these people pretend to be good or pretend to be bad—whether they conform to the fashions of Victoria's time, or the fashions of George IV.'s time—matters little as far as their sincerity is concerned. In each case they begin by being equally unreal. But it makes a great difference as to the reality into which their pretences ultimately develop. The change, at all events, whether unhealthy or the reverse, has been very complete. Devotion is no longer fashionable, and the clerical young lady is rapidly disappearing. Specimens may undoubtedly be found, like the specimens of the

bustard or capercaillie, to testify a state of things that has passed away. But the average young lady of the present day has a mortal aversion to parsons, and a profound ignorance of theology. She entertains no schemes for the conversion of her benighted parents, and cares a great deal more about the hearts of Guardsmen than their souls. Controversy lends her no aid in small talk. She cannot make love by a free exchange of sweet experiences with some mustachioed penitent. Compliments on one side, and chaff on the other, is now the debased currency with which she transacts a flirtation; and with her accepted she chiefly discourses on upholstery. A photographic album replaces upon her table the illuminated *Thomas à Kempis* or *Christian Year* of other days—which album is adorned by a large number of manly forms, which she modestly assures you are those of "her brother's friends." She wholly ignores the theological topics of the day, and does not feel at the thought of Bishop Colenso one-half the glow of indignant horror with which the young lady of twelve years ago would have mentioned the name of Gorham or Bennett, as the case might be. She knows more about operas than churches, and more about dressmakers than either.

No doubt there is more reality in the later type. We now see the young-lady mind as nature made it, and not as good books have dressed it out. But few people will deny that there was something more fascinating in the enthusiastic fashion than in the practical fashion. The human mind needs clothes as well as the human body. There is something revolting in the photographic truthfulness with which very unreserved or very cynical people unveil to the world the workings of their minds. It is always pleasanter to believe that those around you have at the bottom of their souls aims higher than can be satisfied by the passing amusements of each succeeding day; and most people furnish their neighbors with that innocent gratification by assuming such aims, even if they have them not. Men very seldom go mentally naked. They have almost always sufficient reserve and restraint to clothe themselves in the decorums prescribed by the public opinion of their day. Women, and especially young women, are scarcely diplomats enough for this. Their only chance of presenting to your eye a mind fair to look upon is to array it in some genu-

ine or affected enthusiasm. Even the latter, though it be only the contagion of a passing fashion, is better than nothing at all.

In the most practical point of view the practical young lady is a mistake. Far-sighted matrons ought to cultivate enthusiasm in their daughters merely as a marketable article. In these evil days, when angling in matrimonial waters is a toilsome and ungrateful labor, and the fat, well-fed fish—the only fish an angler cares to hook—nibble so sluggishly and bite so rarely, it is not a time to throw away any kind of bait that might be useful. A languid generation requires some stimulant more exciting than the conversation of a voluble chronicler of crinolines. There is something gratefully exciting, like the acid of a tropical fruit, in the vehemence of charming women who talk of things they do not understand; but a pumpkin is the only vegetable that, in point of flavor and solidity, can supply a comparison for the small talk of the charmers of the present day. If young ladies will be practical, it is no wonder that elder sons should have become practical too. It requires something of enthusiasm, something in the nature of an illusion, to impel an elder son into the weary ways that lead to matrimony. The public courtship, the regulation observances of engaged happiness, the fierce battle of settlements, the ceremonies contrived for duly exhibiting the bridegroom, are nuisances from which very practical men, with very mundane views of the duties and objects of life, will be inclined to escape. Some mental fascinations, some bait beyond mere personal beauty, is needed to attract the shy fish of our generation. This practical fashion falls very hard upon the large number of young ladies who have no unusual intellectual power to countervail it. Every mother who knows her own interests will earnestly pray that the times of enthusiasm may come back again. And if the mother desire it from interested motives, those who merely wish to see the influence and usefulness of women extended will desire it still more keenly.

From Notes and Queries.

BODY OF JOHN HAMPDEN.

THE exhumation of the body of Hampden has been lately mentioned by Mr. Forster in his Memoir of Lord Nugent, prefixed to the third edition of *Some Memorials of John*

Hampden, his Party, and his Times; and still more recently by Mrs. Grote in her *Collected Papers, etc.*

I had the pleasure of being intimately acquainted with Lord Nugent for many years, and I may speak with some authority upon this subject, as I am, I believe, with one exception, the only survivor of those immediate friends who were specially invited by him to be present on that occasion. I never heard that he was inclined to “deny his participation,” but I believe Mrs. Grote may be right when she further describes him as “becoming in some sort ashamed of the part he had borne in the affair.” For myself I have always extremely regretted that I was an assistant in it, and I sympathize entirely with the feelings of the parish clerk as related by Mrs. Grote. It was indeed a “sorry sight”—the remembrance of it even now haunts my imagination.

It is right, however, to observe that Lord Nugent had deceived himself in his expectations. He said, when he asked me to accompany him upon this expedition, that he had obtained permission to open the Hampden vault, and that we should readily find the coffin of John Hampden, and therein probably a mere skeleton, from which it would be easy to ascertain whether the bones of the arm and shoulder had been in any way fractured. It turned out, however, that there was no family vault in Hampden church, and that the exact spot where the patriot had been laid in the earth was not certainly known.

On Saturday the 19th of July, 1828, I left London with Lord Nugent and Mr. Denman (then Common Serjeant of London, afterwards Lord Denman). We halted at Chalfont to see the church, and the house where Milton had for a time resided; thence to Amersham and Aylesbury, where we visited the county gaol; and upon that occasion I made my first, and I hope my last, appearance on the treadmill, in company with the future Lord Chief Justice of England. We arrived in the evening at Lillies, Lord Nugent's residence, and on the following Monday morning started early for Great Hampden, where at the church door, we were met by the Rev. Mr. Brooks, the rector; Mr. Grace, Lord Buckinghamshire's land steward; Mr. C. Moore, the eminent sculptor; Mr. Coventry, and one or two other gentlemen.

After the inscriptions on several coffins had been examined, one was found about four feet from the surface, on the right-hand (south?) side of the communion table, on which no letters were legible; and as the plate was not much decayed, it seemed probable that there never had been any inscription. It was immediately determined that this should be opened. The outer coffin of wood had been covered with velvet. The inner coffin was a very thick leaden one. It was cut open, and the lead rolled back; the body was laid in a wooden shell, and upon removing the sawdust, was found to be enveloped in very numerous folds of cerecloth, which would perhaps account for its remarkable preservation; the flesh was white and warm, but with no other odor than that of the surrounding earth. The features were much compressed by the weight of the bandages; the eyes were covered with a white film; the beard had been shaven, but there appeared a growth of about a sixteenth of an inch. The hair was long and flowing, as represented in the portraits of Hampden; it had been collected and tied with a black ribbon at the back of the head. In color it corresponds with the description given by Mrs. Grote. I cut off a lock, which is still in my possession.

As there was no surgeon present, Lord Nugent descended into the grave, and endeavored to ascertain whether there was any wound upon or near the left shoulder; but it being found impossible thus to make a satisfactory examination, the coffin was raised, and set upon tressels in the middle of the chancel. The body was placed in a sitting posture, with a shovel to support the head. The shoulders and arms were then carefully inspected, and the result proved that Lord Nugent's "foregone conclusion"—that Hampden's death was occasioned by a gun-shot wound in the shoulder—was at once dissipated. There did not appear any discoloration, or the slightest injury to the shoulders or arms; but in order to be perfectly satisfied, Lord Nugent himself, with a small pocket knife borrowed from me at the instant, made several incisions in the parts adjacent to the shoulder joint, without finding any fracture or displacement of the bones. Lord Nugent was evidently disappointed: he did not care to establish the fact that Hampden's death was occasioned in any other manner than by a shot from the king's troops.

My own opinion rather leaned to the tradition related by Sir Robert Pye (Hampden's son-in-law), that his right hand was shattered by the bursting of his pistol, and that death probably ensued from lockjaw, arising out of extensive injury to the nervous system. When I took up the right hand it was in a sort of funeral glove like a pocket. On raising it I found it was *entirely detached* from

the arm; the bones of the wrist and of the hand were much displaced, and had been evidently splintered by some violent concussion, only the ends of the fingers were held together by the ligaments. The two bones of the forearm for about three inches above the wrist were without flesh or skin, but there were no marks of amputation; both the bones were perfect. The left hand was in a similar glove, but it was *firmly attached* to the arm, and remained so when the glove was drawn away. There were slight portions of flesh upon the hand; the bones were complete, and still held in their places by the ligaments which supported them. This remarkable difference in the condition of the hands sufficiently proves the truth of Sir Robert Pye's relation of the cause of Hampden's death.

I have written down the facts as they came under my own observation. If any of your readers should desire to see what has been further said upon this subject, I would refer them to your own pages as above quoted; to the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper of the time; to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1828; to the *Quarterly Review* for 1832, and to the two works which are mentioned at the commencement of this paper.

I left the church early in the afternoon with Lord Nugent, Mr. Denman, and Mr. Moore: and after having been hospitably entertained at the old mansion-house of Great Hampden, we returned to London the same evening.

I know nothing of what subsequently passed in the church. It was said that several hundred persons had been there during the afternoon, and on the following morning, for the body was not re-interred until the next day. Exposure to the air must have caused great alteration in the state of the flesh, for a rapid change was apparent even during the first hour. While Lord Nugent was in the church no surgeon had been present; the arms were not amputated, nor was the body touched with a knife by any other person but Lord Nugent himself, and in the manner above mentioned.

Mr. Forster states that Lord Denman always entertained the strong belief that he had gazed on what *had been* Hampden. Such I know to have been his opinion at the time, and such I also know was *then* Lord Nugent's opinion, however he may have afterwards thought proper to change it. His letter to Mr. Murray, as quoted by Mr. Forster, shows that he desired to throw an air of ridicule over the transaction.

In the inscription which he wrote for the monument to the memory of Hampden, erected in 1843, on the field of Chalgrove, the cause of death is so evidently guarded, that it cannot be questioned—"he received a wound of which he died." Under the circumstances a very safe and prudent conclusion.

WILLIAM JAMES SMITH.

From St. James's Magazine.

THE WOOTINGS AND WEDDINGS OF OUR PRINCES OF WALES.

THE marriage of a Prince of Wales has been of such rare occurrence, not only in modern times, but throughout the annals of England, that an unusual degree of interest naturally attaches to antecedent incidents and ceremonies, as well as to those of the forthcoming auspicious event.

From the time of that great Plantagenet, Edward I., who to the epithet of *malleus Scotorum*, "hammer of the Scots"—given him for his valor as a soldier,—earned the better appellation of "English Justinian," from the excellent laws he placed on our statute-book; and who first presented, in 1284, to the refractory Welsh, then clamoring for a native prince to rule them, his infant first-born son, with the words, "Eich Dyn," ("here's your man"), this proud title has been borne by five only of our king's sons who married whilst heirs-apparent to the crown.

Edward of Caernarvon and his son, Edward of Windsor, having both ascended the throne bachelors, our interest in the wooing and wedding of a Prince of Wales commences with Edward of Woodstock. No name upon the brilliant roll of England's chivalry bears brighter lustre than that of the renowned Black Prince. He was a true nobleman, a valiant warrior, a courteous knight, a thorough Englishman, a good son, and an honest man. Early excelling in every martial exercise and pastime, he was the first Prince of Wales who distinguished himself in the field. At ten years of age Edward was a tall, well-proportioned, and symmetrically grown boy, with those courtly graces which won the admiration of the fair sex, and gave high promise of a virtuous and glorious manhood. The marriage of this "hopeful young gentleman" was projected thus early, and Margaret, daughter of the Duke of Brabant, at the tender age of four years, was the selected demoiselle. Prince Edward, however, boy as he was, seems to have had a will of his own, and strongly objected to be thus paired off or controlled in the matter of matrimony, having indeed already bestowed his affections upon his cousin, Joan Plantagenet, the Fair Maid of Kent, and such bestowal led to the failure of the contemplated alliance with the little Margaret. The romantic attachment of the royal

cousins, and the story of their loves, became traditionary in many a town and village of merry England.

Joan was the only daughter of Edmund, Earl of Kent, youngest son of Edward I., by his second wife, Marguerite of France. This most amiable and exemplary young prince, at the age of twenty-nine, was impeached of high treason, and on Sunday, March 13th, 1429, was condemned by Queen Isabel and her paramour Mortimer to die on the morrow. Every effort of the "young lion" of England, Edward III., proved fruitless to save the life of his uncle. So beloved and popular was the earl, that no Englishman could be found to execute the sentence. The chronicler* says that the executioner stole away, and that the unfortunate Earl of Kent sat waiting on the scaffold until five o'clock in the afternoon, to be launched into eternity. The man who was at length persuaded to behold him was a condemned criminal in the Marshalsea, who accepted the terrible office as the ransom of his own life. That noble victim to the machinations of the infamous queen-mother left three children, the youngest, Joan, being then only a year old. While still an infant, her mother affianced her to the Earl of Salisbury, who soon after went abroad, and appears never to have troubled himself for many years about his betrothed.

As Joan advanced towards womanhood her peerless beauty became the envy and admiration of every one; but she acquired also, whether deservedly or no, a reputation for coquetry. Her temper, moreover, was not of the meekest or most amiable; indeed, by some she is styled "the gay, giddy, proud, and passionate princess."

John, her eldest brother, having early died unmarried, her father's title reverted to her brother Edmund. The Prince of Wales then besought the consent of his royal parents to an union with his cousin Joan. His virtuous and high-minded mother, Queen Philippa, had, however, a strong objection to the match, on the score of the fickleness of the princess's character, and entreated her gallant son to give up all further thought of the alliance. Edward ostensibly obeyed, but still cherished his affection in secret; and the seemingly rejected Joan, believing Salisbury, her absent betrothed dead, espoused in her twenty-fourth year, Sir Thomas Holland, K.G. The con-

* Leland.

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tract duly signed, and the marriage over, who should, spectre-like, make his appearance to claim the bride; but Lord Montacute, Earl of Salisbury. Her mother asserted her right to dispose of her daughter's hand as she willed; Sir Thomas Holland peremptorily demanded that the contract just entered into in good faith should be fulfilled; and most firmly, but with much courtesy, did Lord Montacute maintain his prior claim, in spite of countess, princess, or knight. Just at this juncture, on the 7th January, 1353, the young Earl of Kent died, and his sister Joan became countess in her own right.

The prize now to be secured was a rich one. The two claimants therefore redoubled their energies, and contended with such unflinching determination, that the bride's friends at last suggested an appeal to the pope. Following out this suggestion, the stout Knight of the Garter laid his contract and the fact of his marriage at the feet of Clement the Sixth, whilst the courtly earl prayed his holiness to enforce his prior claims, contending that he was the original contractor, and that during his absence abroad Sir Thomas Holland had taken possession of his true and lawful wife, the Princess Joan of Kent. The pope, deeming the accomplished marriage of greater weight than the early contract, ruled that the princess should be restored to her rightful lord, Sir Thomas Holland. Whereupon the much-coveted beauty was resigned by her mother to the arms of the victorious husband, who, in right of his wife, took the title of Earl of Kent. His happiness, however, was of short duration, for some six years after he died, leaving his still youthful countess a widow with four children.

The fair Joan, since her marriage, had happily become as noted for her wit and amiability as she had been previously for her personal charms. Her own inclinations having never been consulted in her union with the knight, she now—arbitress of her own destiny—determined not to remarry without giving her heart with her hand. The Black Prince, whose attachment to his lovely cousin had undergone no abatement, ardently contemplated renewing his suit with her, but now found himself placed in a very embarrassing position. One of his intimate friends—a knight of his own household—avowed his love for the Countess of Kent, and ear-

nestly implored his royal master to forward his suit. The Prince of Wales—not only the soul of honor, but the impersonation of generosity—calmly consented to ask a question, the answer to which might overshadow his whole life. This noble act of self-abnegation strikingly illustrates the character of the man. The prince rode leisurely through the shady woods of Windsor to the manor-house, where the widowed countess kept solitary state, surrounded by her children, and was warmly welcomed and entertained at dinner. The repast over, the gallant Edward, in perfect outward calmness, proceeded to open the delicate commission with which he had charged himself, and urged his friend's pretensions warmly, and with entire good faith. The countess promptly and repeatedly rejected them, and her royal cousin as repeatedly begged her to reconsider her decision. She, however, firmly adhered to it, and finally, on being requested to hold out some hope of changing her determination eventually, Joan looked up from her embroidery, and told the generous pleader plainly, “how, when she was under ward, she was disposed of by others: but that now, being at years of discretion, and mistress of her own actions, she would not cast herself beneath her rank; but remembered that she was of the blood-royal of England, and therefore resolved never to marry again but to a prince of quality and virtue like himself.*

Though very widow-like, the concluding words of this reply might have been unintentional. However this may be, they were uttered by one who, though two years older than the prince, was, says Barnes, “still mistress of such graces and agreeable qualities as might worthily recommend her to the love of the greatest prince on earth.” Edward, sympathizing entirely with the frank and spirited sentiment, quickly showed his lovely cousin the interpretation he chose to give it, by bestowing upon her a hearty kiss. The blushing widow does not seem to have objected to this mode of construing, and the prince, with a beating heart, galloped back to impart to his royal parents the renewal of his own and Joan's love. He entreated his mother to part no longer two hearts so warmly attached. Queen Philippa, already sinking under that malady for which “there was no remedy but death,” laid her hand on

* Barnes, “Life of Edward III.”

the head of her first-born, and "bade him God-speed!" Edward the Third was pleased at the idea of his son's marriage, for he had thrice vainly sought to mate him with royal ladies of foreign birth,—first with Margaret of Brabant; then with a princess of France; and next with the Infanta of Portugal. All in vain. Edward was true to his first love. But there were great difficulties to overcome. The prince and his cousin were within the degrees of consanguinity. Added to this, Edward had stood sponsor to one, if not both, of Joan's sons; which, in the eyes of the Church of Rome, placed a greater obstacle in his way. Queen Philippa urged that Joan was two years older than her cousin, but this was no ecclesiastical objection. The close blood-relationship of the contracting parties was a grave difficulty; and a still graver one was the spiritual relation into which they had entered. But all these difficulties were overruled by Pope Innocent issuing from Avignon the bull of dispensation, September 7th, 1361. One dignitary of the Church, however, was not satisfied—the Archbishop of Canterbury. He wrote a very long Latin letter to the prince a few days before his marriage, in which he set forth that "many scandals might arise from it;"—as that, previous to her marriage with Sir T. Holland, Joan had been contracted to the Earl of Salisbury, and though judgment was given against the earl, and she had remained with the knight, yet as the Earl of Salisbury was still living, and married, it was very doubtful whether the princess could contract marriage at all. This verbose epistle, however, had no effect, for on the 10th of October, 1361, Edward married his cousin at Windsor Castle. Their nuptials were celebrated with extraordinary pomp and splendor. In the enumeration of those present, some chroniclers omit the name of the king; but notwithstanding the queen's state of health, and her former repugnance to the match, all agree that she honored the ceremony, together with the Queen of Scotland, Maude, Countess of Hainault, and Edward's sister, Isabel. The rite was performed by the Bishops of Lincoln, Winchester, Salisbury, and Worcester, one Abbot of Winchester, and the Deans of Lichfield, Lincoln, and the Chapel Royal. This marriage was confirmed, two months afterwards, by a second bull.

For some time after their union this affectionate couple resided at Berkhamstead, Hert, where they threw off the trappings and anxieties of state, and drew around them a cheerful domestic circle. The Black Prince was fond of a joyous life, and at his town house high festivity was kept up. This house, Stowe tells us, stood upon Fish Street Hill, a little above Crooked Lane End. In that writer's time it was an inn, known as the "Black Bell." The yard which led from it, called "Bell Yard," was removed when the present London Bridge was erected. After fifteen years of uninterrupted happiness, the fair Joan lost her loving and beloved lord, at the age of forty-five. She survived him only nine years. She died of a broken heart, caused by the fact that King Richard II, her youngest son, could not pardon his elder half-brother, Sir John Holland, for the murder of Sir Ralph Stafford.

The wooing and betrothal of the next Prince of Wales and heir-apparent, which claim our notice some hundred years afterwards, were those of Edward of Westminster, son of the unfortunate Henry VI., born on St. Edward's day, 1453. Margaret of Anjou, his mother, was poor and proud, hence unpopular, and the internal pence of the kingdom was menaced by the existence of this prince; for Richard, Duke of York, was heir-presumptive until Edward of Westminster was born. He was created Prince of Wales before he was a year old; and for eight years during the Wars of the Roses, became a refugee in France. Margaret and her son made short visits at various chateaux, in which the French lords were proud to entertain the royal exiles. In Paris, too, they occasionally resided, and there, it is said, the Prince of Wales first saw the Lady Anne Neville, second daughter of the great Earl of Warwick, whose childish beauty so impressed his boyish heart, that at the age of fourteen he became enamored of her. The early youth of Anne was chiefly passed at Calais, England being only occasionally visited, when the star of York was in the ascendant. There is a tradition that when the wily Louis XI. despatched the Archbishop of Narbonne on a mission to Edward IV., there were in his suite two ecclesiastics,—one a very young theological student, the other several years older,—whose real names were only known to the archbishop. The younger

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was Edward, Prince of Wales; and the grave yet handsome priest who accompanied him, Margaret, his mother. They were lodged secretly in London, in a house of the Duke of Exeter; and the energetic queen, by the aid of many disguises, much money, and kind-hearted jailers, actually passed a whole week with her unfortunate husband in the Tower. For this she had crossed the sea, and encountered a thousand dangers. When she returned to her hiding-place in the city, her despair was intense to find her son, from whom she had never before been separated, gone—no one knew whither. After a few days the truant prince returned, the excuse he gave for this strange escapade being that "it was all for love." He had crossed to Calais, where Warwick was then captain, and the Lady Anne resided. The lovers had met in secret, and had renewed their vows. Margaret was more proud than ever of her bold boy, and ardently longed to see him once again secure in the possession of that princely estate to which he was born. Though the queen was as ambitious as she was energetic, her ambition and energy were devoted to securing her son's power, not her own.

When Margaret of Anjou and Warwick both fled before the victorious Yorkists, they embarked disguised from Sussex for Dieppe. On board the ship they mutually recognized each other, and long before they landed the queen had agreed to accept the Lady Anne as her future daughter-in-law. Thus far tradition states. But it is certain that when Margaret consented to a marriage between the daughter of Warwick and her son, the Prince of Wales, it was upon condition that "the King-maker" should reseal her priestlike husband on the throne. Warwick, indeed, proposed this match as the price of his aid for the restoration of Henry. Lancaster. It is stated that the Lady Anne Neville and Edward of Westminster, Prince of Wales, were married at Amboise, in 1470, the bride being then in her seventeenth, the bridegroom in his nineteenth year. Prevost affirms that the match was one of ardent love on both sides. Young Edward, who was strikingly handsome, had received as liberal an education as those troublous times permitted, and his manners were characterized by dignity and refinement. The ill-fated pair remained in each other's society until the spring of 1471—a brief nine months of bliss. A Flemish chronicler, indeed, asserts

that Anne was with her husband when that unfortunate prince was murdered at Tewkesbury, in the presence of Edward IV.; but this fact is as doubtful as that there was anything more than a betrothal between the Prince of Wales and Anne of Warwick. This much, however, is certain, that she was styled Princess of Wales, and that she was the first Queen Consort of England (by her second marriage with the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.) who had previously borne that title.

In touching upon the union of Arthur of Winchester with Catherine of Arragon, we now at one step find ourselves advanced to the clear and open platform of modern history. Political considerations, long on the *tapis*, between Henry VII. of England and Ferdinand of Spain, brought about a marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Spanish Infanta. Both prince and princess had been born prematurely, within a few months of each other—the one at Winchester, where his mother, the White Rose of York, kept her court in 1486; the other at Alcala de Henares, near Toledo, where Queen Isabella was going to keep the Christmas of 1485. Affianced in 1497, the nuptials were not celebrated until November 14th, 1501; their crafty sires having each dallied and demurred until by the execution of the unfortunate Earl of Warwick, Henry's throne seemed unassailable, and the crown of Ferdinand and Isabella radiant with glory.

Prince Arthur at eleven years old was a handsome and intelligent boy, a scholar by inclination, of an ardent temperament, but rather grave than gay, and possessing none of his brother Henry's exuberant vigor and joyousness. His betrothed, on the contrary, we are told, was a very lively girl, passionately fond of dancing; and, if we may believe Speed, she was "beauteous," with auburn hair—a hue very rare among the tresses of the dark daughters of Castile. Her portrait represents her face as oval, with a very calm and benevolent expression—the features regular, and forehead remarkably high. Among the royal consorts of England hardly one is invested with greater interest than this high-minded but unfortunate princess; and much of her character may be traced by means of existing letters, which date from the time of her betrothal until long after her brow had

sched with that weight of woe which, signally for her, the crown-matrimonial of these realms, through her second marriage, brought with it.

With a view of cultivating their mutual affection, so far as might be between those who had never met, Arthur and Katherine were allowed, under the supervision of lord-governors, tutors, confessors, bishops, and duennas, to correspond with each other in the Latin language—French being then a rare acquisition even in a princely education of that period. We spare our readers the crabbed Latinity, and give in our mother English one of those effusions in which the young prince wooed his distant bride-elect:—

"Most Illustrious and Most Excellent Lady, my dearest Spouse,—I wish you very much health, with my hearty commendation. I have read the most sweet letters of your Highness lately given to me, from which I have easily perceived your most entire love to me. Truly those letters, traced by your own hand, have so delighted me, and have rendered me so cheerful and jocund, that I fancied I beheld your Highness, and conversed with and embraced my dearest wife. I cannot tell you what an earnest desire I feel to see your Highness, and how vexatious to me is this procrastination about your coming. I owe eternal thanks to your Excellence, that you so lovingly correspond to this my so ardent love. Let it continue, I entreat, as it has begun; and like as I cherish your sweet remembrance night and day, so do you preserve my name fresh in your breast. And let your coming be hastened, that, instead of being absent, we may be present with each other, and the love conceived between us, and the wished-for joys, may reap their proper fruit.

"From our Castle at Ludlow, 3d Nones [5th] of October, 1499.

"Your Highness' most loving Spouse,

"ARTHUR, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, etc., Eldest son of the King.

"To the Most Illustrious and Excellent Princess, the Lady Katherine, Princess of Wales, Duchess of Cornwall, etc.; my most entirely beloved Spouse." *

All preliminaries having been satisfactorily arranged between the royal sires of the affianced couple, Katherine left the Alhambra on the 21st of May, 1501, with a well-appointed suite of gentlemen, the Countess de Cobra, and Donna Elvira de Manuel, chief

* Wood's "Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies."

lady of honor, with four attendant young ladies. She went on shipboard at Corunna, August 17th. But, as it then commonly befell many of our royal brides, storms and contrary winds so prevailed, that she was obliged to return to Old Castile, where she became seriously ill. She was able to re-embark, however, on the 28th of September, and, after a favorable passage, landed at Plymouth, October 2d—her journey having occupied as many months as the same distance would now be traversed in almost the like number of days. By the people of Plymouth, the Spanish Infanta was right royally entertained, and the nobility and gentry flocked from the neighboring counties to do honor to their future queen. The feasting, rejoicings, and west-country sports highly delighted her, and seem to have been kept up there throughout the month. But it is somewhat strange to read that the Prince of Wales was unaware of his bride's arrival in this country until he met his father at East Hampton on the 5th of the following month. The king, however, having been apprised of the landing of his daughter-in-law, had sent forward the Duchess of Norfolk and the Earl of Surrey, with Lord Broke, steward of the palace to "purvey, and provide for the Infanta." The next day the royal bridegroom hastened on to meet his bride. As soon as the Spanish cavaliers espied the *cortege*, they hurried across the downs in order to forbid the nearer approach of the king and his son towards the Infanta's presence. By order of Ferdinand, the bride was not to be seen by her betrothed until she stood at the altar,—neither was her veil to be raised until she was a wedded wife. King Henry, an English-born prince, though a stickler himself for forms and ceremonies, did not feel disposed to acquiesce in the observance of such Eastern fashions in his dominions.

In this dilemma, therefore, he sought advice of the privy councillors who were with him. Their discussion of this nice point of etiquette occupied some time, but finally they came to the decision, "that the Spanish Infanta being now in the heart of this realm, of which King Henry was master, *he might look at her if he liked.*" Following this advice, Henry made all speed to Dogmersfield, at which place the princess and suite had arrived a few hours previously, and demanded to see her. His entrance to her lodgings was opposed by a Spanish archbishop, a bishop,

and a count, who urged that "the Lady Infanta had retired to her chamber." Unheeding the perplexity into which his sudden appearance had thrown her retinue, he insisted upon an interview, protesting that if she were in bed he meant to see and speak with her, for that was his mind, and the whole intent of his coming." The determined bearing of the royal father-in-law carried the point. The Infanta rose, re-attired herself, and gave him the interview in an adjoining chamber. The king was as ignorant of Spanish as Katherine was of English; "but," says an eyewitness, "there were the most goodly words uttered to each other in the language of both parties, to as great joy and gladness as any persons conveniently might have." Henry then presented Prince Arthur to his long-looked-for consort, and made the young couple formally plight their troth in person. This ceremony over, the royal party, we are told, were admitted into the Infanta's bedroom," when she and her ladies called for minstrels, and "with great goodly behavior and manner they solaced themselves with dancing." On the morrow the bride-elect set out for Chertsey, where she passed the night, and two days after reached Kennington Palace, in which she abode until prepared to be presented with due honor to the English people; "who always," remarks an old chronicler, "are famous for the wonderful welcomes they give to acceptable and well-behaved strangers."

The Spanish princess entered London in state, escorted by a retinue of nobles and ecclesiastics, on the 12th of November. She was mounted on a mule, the young Duke of York (afterwards Henry VIII.) riding at her right hand, and the Legate of Rome on her left. Katherine's head-gear was a carnation-colored coif under a hat shaped like a cardinal's, fastened with a lace of gold, her rich auburn hair streaming over her shoulders. Her duenna, Donna Elvira, wore the garb of a religious woman. The saddle of the princess's mule, in the form of a small arm-chair, was richly ornamented. Four Spanish maidens followed their royal mistress, also on mules, led by four English damsels, riding palfreys, and attired in cloth of gold. The Spanish ladies rode on the right side of their steeds, whilst the fair Britons rode on the left. "as if," says the recording herald, "each pair of damsels had quarrelled and

rode back to back." The loyal citizens of London were profuse in their expenditure to give their prince's bride and future queen a fitting reception. Pageants, tedious from their number and similarity, detained her, whilst passing from London Bridge to St. Paul's, for several hours in well-meant but injudicious greeting. In the bishop's palace she was lodged till the day of her marriage, whilst Prince Arthur abode at the Dean of Paul's Place, whence, on the wedding morning, the bridegroom entered the cathedral with a noble company. The bride, led forth by Henry, Duke of York, was accompanied not only by a bevy of beauties, but by "a great estate of bachelors that had not been married." The illustrious pair were married by banns publicly "asked" in the church. By way of a heavy joke, the rite was solemnly forbidden. Mock formalities were gone through, for and against it, by "budge doctors of the stoic fur." But the Master of the Rolls, having gravely examined both arguments, pronounced that the marriage would be good and effectual in the eye of the church. Whereupon the Archbishop of Canterbury, with nineteen bishops and abbots, at last firmly tied the knot, and pronounced Arthur and Katherine man and wife.

It was a strange feature in this elaborate wedding, that after the observance of so much formality—due and undue—her brother-in-law, young Henry should lead back the bride from the altar instead of her husband, but the fact is recorded.

After a fortnight's series of brilliant festivities, the Prince and Princess of Wales retired to Ludlow, where they held a miniature court, modelled after that of the English king. The young couple were deservedly popular, but their happiness proved of brief duration, for this amiable prince, who was the hope of the nation, died suddenly—of plague, it is said—April 21, 1502, within six short months after his nuptials. Soon after this melancholy event, Henry of Greenwich, Duke of York, being created Prince of Wales, a project of his marriage with the widowed Katherine arose between the astute and politic fathers, Henry and Ferdinand. The latter wished his daughter and that part of her dowry already paid, to be returned to him; but the avaricious Henry not only insisted on retaining that portion (100,000 crowns) he had already received, but was desirous that

the remainder should come into his coffers. Katherine evinced much distaste at being made over like a bargain, to her deceased consort's brother; but being compelled to submit, was, in the summer of 1504, betrothed to a second Prince of Wales, he being only thirteen years of age, while she was a full-grown woman of nineteen.

Notwithstanding this strange betrothal, for nearly the whole period from Prince Arthur's death to her marriage with his brother (two months after his accession), Katherine's existence in England had been one of penury, suffering, and seclusion. At the time of this second union, Henry, without flattery, was acknowledged to be the handsomest prince, and probably one of the most accomplished men, in Europe. His frank, hearty, and graceful manners endeared him to all; and no scruples having yet arisen in the mind of Henry on the score of the marriage with the widow of his brother, that period was, in all probability, the happiest of Katherine's wedded life.

During the long lapse of a century—from the death of Henry VII. till James I. created his son Henry Prince of Wales, that title was dormant. It was next borne by the two princes of the house of Stuart, Charles I. and II. No heir-apparent after this bore it in England until the son of George I. was so created. That prince had been already married nine years. Upon his accession as George II., his son Frederick Louis was created Prince of Wales, at the age of twenty-two; and who, previous to his coming to England, had been anxious to espouse a princess of Prussia. State intrigues, however, prevented that match, but so over head and ears in love was he, that he offered to marry the lady secretly—at least, so one story runs. Another goes that, being deeply in debt, he prevailed upon the old Duchess of Marlborough to give him to wife her granddaughter, the lady Diana Spencer, with a dowry of £100,000. As the Royal Marriage

Act, however, was a bar to the public recognition of such an alliance, it was agreed that the Prince of Wales should wed the fair Diana clandestinely. The bride-elect fortunately was saved from certain misery by the interference of Sir Robert Walpole. Frederick being thus thwarted in his own choice, consented, when afterwards importuned to marry, with contemptuous indifference, to accept a wife chosen for him in the person of the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Coburg, who was twelve years younger than himself. This union took place in 1736. The next and last marriage of a Prince of Wales was that of our beloved sovereign's uncle (George IV.) to Caroline of Brunswick, in 1795, the incidents of which are too well known to need repetition.

The youthful Henry (afterwards the Eighth of England) was the last Prince of Wales born of an English mother. Upwards of three centuries, therefore, elapsed ere England saw another Prince of Wales, who derived his birth from not only a royal daughter, but a queen-regnant of these realms, in the person of Albert Edward, our present "expectancy and rose of the fair state."

A high and brilliant career, in all human probability, awaits our young Lord of the Isles and his fair bride; a career which far be it from us to foreshadow by one sage reflection, trite perchance as true, upon what, alas! is alike the common lot of prince and peasant; for it is too often idle to speculate on the future, till "forthcoming events cast their shadows before." We are not so gifted as the witches in "Macbeth," who

—"Could look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will
not."

But at least we shall not err, either in good taste or feeling, by the expression of a lively hope and earnest prayer for welfare, happiness, and length of days to ALBERT EDWARD of England and ALEXANDRA of Denmark.

HAPPY OLD AGE.

I FEEL that age has overta'en
 My steps on life's descending way,
 But time has left no lingering pain,
 No shadow of an evil day ;
 And you, my children, gather near
 To smooth and solace my decline,
 And I have hope that your career
 Will be as blest as mine.

Not all exempt has been my sky
 From threatening storm and lowering cloud,
 But sunbursts shed from source on high
 Have cheered my spirit when it bowed.
 Not all without the shard and thorn
 Has been my path from first to last ;
 But springs and flowers, of Mercy born,
 Have soothed me as I passed.

And now my mind, all clear and cool—
 As I serenely talk or muse—
 Is tranquil as yon glassy pool,
 Reflecting Autumn's sunset hues.
 Time has not dulled my moral sense,
 Nor has it dimmed my mental sight ;
 No passions weaken my defence,
 No doubts and cares affright.

But Retrospection, even yet,
 Will lead me through past trodden ways,
 And I remember—why forget !—
 The magic of my early days ;
 All nature so divinely wrought,
 The unravelled mystery of things,
 Awoke me to exalted thought,
 And lent my spirit wings.

And I remember how I grew
 Up to the sunny noon of youth,
 From youth to manhood, till I knew
 That love was near akin to truth.
 My trials, bravely overcome ;
 My triumphs, not of purpose vain—
 All these with vague but pleasant hum,
 Still murmur through my brain.

My children, offspring of a tree
 Whose top is hoary with decay,
 Whose trunk is shaken as may be
 Before it falls and fades away—
 Receive what faithful men unfold,
 Revere what truthful men proclaim,
 And before Heaven and man uphold
 The honor of my name.

For me, I have no mortal fear,
 No tremblings as I hurry down ;
 My way is clear, the end is near,
 The goal, the glory, and the crown.
 Then shed no bitter tears for me,
 As ye consign me to the dust ;
 Rather rejoice that I shall be
 With God, my strength and trust.
 —Chambers's Journal.

THE OLD VAGRANT.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.)

WEARY and old, here let me die—
 Here, in this ditch—I care not how.
 "He's drunk !" the passing crowd may cry ;
 I do not want their pity now.
 'Tis so, save when, with shudd'ring glance
 And scarce a pause, their souls are thrown.
 Why stop to lose the play, the dance ?
 Pass on ! for I can die alone.

Yes, here to time I yield at last,
 Since hunger can no longer kill.
 I once did hope, when youth was past,
 My age some sheltered nook might fill ;
 But in no Refuge was there room,
 So many wretches houseless roam !
 The streets through life have been my doom ;
 So, after all, I die at home.

When young, to those who earned their bread
 "Teach me your trade," I used to say.
 "We scarce find work ourselves," they said ;
 "Go beg, my lad,"—and turned away.
 Ye rich, who bade me work, nor saw
 How hard I strove, ye gave, 'tis true,
 My crust of bread, my couch of straw :
 I dare not lay my curse on you.

I might have robbed—I begged instead :
 The greatest theft I can recall,
 Was but the apple o'er my head
 That overhung some garden wall.
 Yet want has such an evil look,
 That into gaol I oft was thrown ;
 The only wealth I had they took :
 At least the sunshine was my own.

What country has the poor man ? None !
 How shared I in your corn and wine ?
 The battles by your soldiers won—
 Your arts, your commerce, were not mine.
 Yet, when beneath the strangers' rule
 The pride of France lay crushed and low,
 I wept !—"Twas like a thoughtless fool,
 For rich and generous was the foe.

If we, indeed, mere vermin are,
 'Twere wise to crush us ere we sting ;
 If men, oh ! teach us—wiser far—
 How from our lives some good may spring.
 Worm that I am, had human aid
 Or guidance reached me, even I
 Might here have labored, loved, and prayed,
 Where now I leave my curse, and die.

H. W. HIGGINS.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

WHAT is lighter than a feather ?
 Dust, my friend, in driest weather.
 What's lighter than the dust, I pray ?
 The wind that wafts it far away.
 What is lighter than the wind ?
 The lightness of a woman's mind.
 And what is lighter than the last ?
 Nay ! now, my friend, you have me fast.

THE LIVING AGE.

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TO BRIDES AND BRIDEGROOMS.

THE following admirable picture of a negro wedding sermon at the South, is from the advance sheets of "My Southern Friends," by Edmund Kirke, author of "Among the Pines."

"My chil'ren, love one anoder; bar wid one anoder; be faithful to one anoder. You hab started on a long journey; many rough places am in de road; many trubbles will spring up by de wayside; but gwo on hand an' hand togedder; love one anoder; an' no matter what come onter you, you will be happy—fur love will sweeten ebery sorrow, lighten ebery load, make de sun shine in eben de bery cloudiest wedder. I know's it will, my chil'ren, 'case I'ae been ober de groun.' Ole Aggy an' I hab trabbled de road. Hand in hand we hab gone ober de rocks; fru de mud; in de hot, burnin sand; ben out togedder in de cole, an' de rain, an' de storm, fur nigh onto forty yar, but we hab clung to one anoder; we hab loved one anoder, and fru eberyting, in de berry darkest days, de sun ob joy an' peace hab broke fru de clouds, an' sent him blessed rays down inter our hearts.

"We started jess like two young esplin's you's secd a growin' side by side in de woods. At fust we seemed way 'part, for de brambles, an' de tick bushes, an' de ugly forns—dem war our bad ways—war 'tween us; but love, like de sun, shone down on us, an' we grow'd. We grow'd till our heads got above de bushes; till dis little branch an' dat little branch—dem war our holy feelin's put out toward one anoder, an' we come closer an' closer togedder. And dough we'm old trees now, an' sometimes de wind blow, an' de storm rage fru de tops, and freaten to tear off de lims, an' to pull up de berry roots, we'm growin closer an' closer, an' nearer an' nearer togedder ebery day. And soon de old tops will meet; soon de ole branches, all cobered ober wid de gray moss, will twine round one anoder; soon de two ole trunks will come togedder 'an grow into one foreber—grow into one up dar in de sky, whar de wind neber'll blow, whar de storm neber'll beat; whar we shill blossom an' bar fruit to de glory ob de Lord, an' to his heavenly kingdom foreber!

"Yes, my chil'ren, you hab started on a long journey, an' nuffin' will git you fru it but love. Nuffin' will hole you up, nuffin' will keep you faithful to one anoder, nuffin' will make you bar wid one anoder, but love. None ob us kin lib widout it; but married folks want it most ob all. Dey need it more dan de bread dey eat, de water dey drink, or de air they breafe. De world couldn't gwo on widout it. De bery sun would gwo out in de heabens but fur dat! An' shill I tell

you why? You hab heerd Massa Robert talk 'bout de great law dat make de apple fall from de tree, de rock sink in de water; dat bines our feet to de round 'arth so we don't drop off as it gwo fru de air; dat holes de sun an' de stars in dar 'pointed places, so day after day, an' yar after yar, dough dey'm trabblin' fasser dan de lightnin' eber went, dey'm right whar dey should be.

"He call it 'traction, an' all de great men call it so, but dat ain't de name. It am love. It am God, fur God am love, an' love am God, an' love bines de whole creashun togedder. An' shill I tell you how to do it? Does you see dis hand! how I open de fingers; how I shet'm up; how I rise de whole arm? Does you see dis foot, dat I does wid jess de same? Does you see dis whole body, how I make it, in a twink'l'n, do jess what I like? Now what am it dat make my hand move, an' my whole body turn round so sudden, dat I'ee only to say: 'Do it, an' it'm done? Why, it am me. It'm me dat libs up yere in de brain, and sends my will fru ebery part—fru ebery siner, an' muscle, ebery little jint, an make all do jess what I like.

"Now man am made in de image of God, and dis pore, weak ole body am a small pattern obe de whole creashun. Eberyting go on jess as it do. Eberyting am held togedder, an' moved 'bout, jess as it am—but it'm God dat move it, not me! He libs up dar in de sky—which am his brain—wid de stars fur his hands, de planets fur his feet, an' de whole univarse fur his body; an' he sends his will which am love—fru ebery part ob de whole, an' moves it 'bout, an' make it do jess as he likes.

"So you see, it am my will sent fru ebery muscle, an' ebery little siner, dat moves my body; so it am His will sent fru what de 'stronomers an' de poets call de heavenly ether, dat moves his body—which am de 'arth, an' de sun, an' de stars, an' you an' me, an ebery libin' ting in all creashun! His will move 'em all; an' his will am love! An' don't you see dat you can't do widout his love? Dat it am de bery breafe ob life? Dat, ef it war tooken 'way from you, fur jess one moment, you'd drop down, an' die, an' neber come to life agin—no, not in dis worle, nor in any oder worle?

"It am so, my chil'ren; an' de more you hab ob dat love, de happier you'll be: de more you'll love one anoder; de easier you'll gwo fru you' life—de more joyfuller you'll meet you' deaf—de happier you'll be all fru de long, long ages dat am comin' in de great Yereafter! Den', O my chil'ren! love God, love one anoder! You can't be happy widout you love God, an' you can't love him widout you love one anoder."

From Good Words.

WICLIF'S VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

It was in or about the year 1380 that Wiclif published his English Bible. Of all the books that have been published in this land, Wiclif's version of the Scriptures is certainly one of the most interesting to British Christians, partly because of the light which it throws on the character and growth of the English language, but chiefly because of the great influence which it exerted in bringing about the Protestant Reformation. It is intended in this paper to lay before the readers of *Good Words*, a few of the peculiarities of Wiclif's version, and, lest the field should prove too extensive, all the instances referred to will be taken from the New Testament.

Wiclif translated from the Vulgate, and his version, therefore, partakes of the Vulgate's imperfections. It is almost needless to observe, that it is in many respects inferior to that which was published in 1611, and which is called the Authorized Version. It is to be presumed that each translation and revision, from 1380 to 1611, was an improvement on its predecessors, and, without entering into the question of the expediency of a new translation or revision, this much may be said, that there is no reason to suppose that in the version of 1611 perfection was attained. In many respects, then, Wiclif's version is not equal to the authorized, but in a few it is perhaps superior. I have noticed a considerable number of passages to which, I think, this remark applies; to some of these passages I shall presently refer, and the reader shall judge for himself.

The change that has taken place in the English language during the last five hundred years is certainly very great. Many words that were commonly used in Wiclif's time have utterly disappeared; many others have been strangely altered in their orthography; and others, again, are no longer used in the sense which they formerly bore. In the course of a few generations Wiclif's version will be as unintelligible to the unlearned Englishman as the Vulgate from which it was taken.

Already it is difficult for the English reader to recognize in Wiclif's version some of the proper names in Scripture with which he is most familiar. The difficulty is enhanced by the fact that Wiclif so often gives proper

names of both persons and places without an initial capital. Perhaps "pilat of pounce" may easily be made out; nor does "farao" puzzle us much; nor is it hard to recognize in "tite" the good man whom Paul left in Crete; but it is no easy matter to discover in in "sache," "Zaccheus;" in "caym," "Cain;" in "astirak," "Aristarchus;" in "oold poul," "Paul the aged;" in "a mighti man," "Tyrannus;" in the "che-pinge of Appius," "Appii Forum;" in "a child mak," "Aceldama."

Again, the reader is sometimes perplexed by the fact that there are words which Wiclif has not translated, and for which English equivalents are given in the Authorized Version. For instance, the gospel is often with Wiclif "the evangeli;" the pearl of great price is "o precious margerite;" the music which the elder brother heard in his father's house is "symfyone;" the napkin in which the pound was laid up is a "sudari;" the governor of the wedding-feast at Cana appears as the "architriclyn;" the feast of tabernacles is the "senofegia;" the place that is called the pavement is the "lithostratos;" the festival of the new moon is the "neomynye." There is, however, one word which Wiclif has very sensibly translated, and which in the Authorized Version is untranslated: that word is Mammon. Wiclif leaves the unlearned reader in no doubt as to this word, "ye moun not serve God and riccheese."

Occasionally, too, a Latinism of unusual form, perplexes the plain unlettered Englishman, as he reads Wiclif. He will meet with the "loaves of propousioun," instead of the shew-bread; for principality and power, "principat and potestat;" for idols, "symylacris." Generally, however, this last word is rendered by an equivalent even more perplexing to the English reader than "symylacris." Wiclif's almost constant word for idols is "mawmets;" a very curious word with a very curious history, as will be seen on consulting the following extract from Selden's *Table Talk*, Art. Popery: "We charge the prelatial clergy with Popery, to make them odious; though we know they are guilty of no such thing; just as, heretofore, they called images mammetts, and the adoration of images mammetry, that is, Mahomet and Mahometry; odious names; when all the world knows the Turks are forbidden images by their religion." Anything, however false, that

could bring the Mahometans into disrepute, was welcome, and so they were represented as worshippers of idols, although iconoclasm was a main article of their religion. Mahomet, mawmet, and idol, became equivalent terms, and Wiclif, falling in with the general prejudice, adopts this product of spleen and misrepresentation, and says, "Little children, keep yourselves from mawmetis."

Wiclif's version has also much of this defect, viz., the numberless multiplication of English words where there is but one in the original. Our own version is by no means free from this fault. In one verse we have the untranslated word *Areopagus*, and three verses afterwards the very same word is translated *Mar's Hill*. One of the noblest words in Scripture is, without any reason, sometimes rendered by love, sometimes by charity; another is translated atonement here, and reconciliation there. Dean Trench, in his work on the revision of the New Testament, points out many cases of the needless multiplication of English words, where one would have answered better. This fault appears often in Wiclif. Thus the chief priests are sometimes called the "Princis of Priests," sometimes "Bischopis"—"the Bischopis answeride we have no kyng but the emperour." For the sop that was given to the traitor we have three words, "soppe," "mossel," and "musel;" and for one and the same word we have "eldermen," "senyouris," and "preestis." Wiclif, however, does not commit the egregious blunder of calling the passover Easter; with him the passover, I believe, is always, or almost always, "pask." And I have observed instances in which two words given in the original, which are translated by one in the Authorized Version, are properly distinguished by Wiclif. For example, in the beginning of Luke 7 we read of the centurion's servant whom Jesus healed. In the Authorized Version the word servant is used all through the narrative. But in the original, two words are used: one denoting a servant or slave; the other also denoting a servant, but having, in addition, the sense of child, a term indicative of affection. Now, we read that the servant was dear to the centurion. In the first place, the servant is spoken of as a servant; but when the centurion speaks of him in verse 7, the word indicative of affection is used. This distinction, which is overlooked in the Authorized Version,

is preserved by Wiclif. Verse 2, "A servant of a centurion, that was precious to him, was sike." Verse 7 (here the centurion speaks), "Seie bi word, and my child schal be heeled." How beautifully does the affection, asserted in verse 2, come out in verse 7, where this word has full justice done to it. Here, I think, Wiclif is decidedly in advance of the Authorized Version. Dean Trench complains of the Authorized Version, that it often renders by one English word several not perfectly synonymous Greek words. He mentions in particular two cases, in each of which there are twelve Greek words, and but one English equivalent in the Authorized Version. Now, on consulting Wiclif, it will be found that for the first twelve he gives six English words, and for the other twelve, seven. In these cases, notwithstanding the enrichment of our language, which took place between the years 1380 and 1611, we find the earlier version much wealthier than the later.

It is very curious to observe what extraordinary alterations have taken place, since Wiclif's time, in the accepted meaning of words. Thus the verb to sue has now an almost exclusively legal signification; to sue a man is to prosecute a man for the payment of a debt. But this is Wiclif's word for follow, although he uses follow as well. Christ said to Matthew, "Sue thou me: and he rose and followed him." In connection with Matthew's call, we have another word which is used in a very different manner now. In our version we read that Matthew, when called, was sitting at "the receipt of custom." Wiclif tells us that he was sitting "in a tolbothe." The word *tolbooth* now means a Scotch prison, but it was originally applied to a hut erected at a fair for the purpose of accommodating the takers of tolls or customs; and, so, Wiclif is perfectly correct; and, indeed, the "tolbothe" is a rather better rendering than "the receipt of custom." As Wiclif calls the "receipt of custom," or, rather, the custom-house, a "tol bothe," so, when he translates the passage "custom to whom custom," he renders it, "to whom tol, tol." The word *duke* is another that has been somewhat altered in its range of application. Wiclif applies it to Christ in Matt. 2: 6. *Sovereign* is a word of very high import now, and is set apart for the greatest person in the state; but Wiclif gives it to Christian ministers. "Have ye mynde of youre sovereyns that have spokun

to you the word of God." One of the most singular specimens of change in the application of words is to be seen in this passage; "Also I preie and the german felowe." My readers may well wonder what German felowe is to be found in the New Testament; they will discover him in Phil. 4: 3, "And I entreat thee also, true yoke-fellow." If an Englishman, utterly unacquainted with the Authorized Version, were to take up Wiclif, he would be astonished to find what a number of castles Jesus and his disciples visited. Their whole progress seems to have been a series of journeys from one castle to another. "Jesus made iournee bi citees and castels prechyng." "Jesus came not yit in to the castel." Castle is Wiclif's usual word for village. But his use of the word town is still more curious. It is rather startling to find one of the men who excused themselves from the supper saying, "I have bought a toun, and I have nede to go and see it." But town is Wiclif's word for a field. Indeed, I may say that toun is Wiclif's word for country. In our version we read that Simon the Cyrenæan was coming out of the country when he was compelled to carry Christ's cross. Wiclif tells us that he was coming "fro the toun." It seems to be a hopeless contradiction, but it is not; both are right, because town is a word which properly signifies any enclosed space; in fact, its radical meaning seems to be a hedge; it is therefore, applicable to a field, to a farm, in fact, to the country. Sad is a word which Wiclif uses in a manner which, to the modern Englishman, must appear very strange. With us it has an exclusively mournful signification, and suggests nothing but sorrow and affliction. Having only this idea of the word, we may well be perplexed on finding it asserted that the wise builder's house fell not, because it was founded on "a sad stoon;" that Paul rejoices to behold in the Colossians the "sadnesse" of their faith in Christ; that Peter warns Christians not to fall away from their "sadnesse;" that hope is a "sad" anchor of the soul. But such is Wiclif's word for firm, steadfast, and it is in fact, the past participle of the verb to set. Cunning was once a very noble word; used as a noun it meant knowledge, science, skill; used as an adjective it had a corresponding signification. It has been degraded, the crown has fallen from its head. To be called cunning was

once the highest compliment; the application of such an epithet we should now resent as an insult, because the word savors of rascality; its better meaning is rapidly disappearing, and probably can never be restored. In Wiclif's time it was a word capable of the highest service, and incapable of any base occupation. With Wiclif, the key of knowledge is "the key of kunnyng." Paul has great satisfaction in feeling that the Christians in Rome are filled with all "kunnyng;" he thanks God that the Corinthians are rich in all "kunnyng;" and in one of the apostle's most magnificent passages, he says, "Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and 'kunnyng' of God." Wit, originally synonymous with cunning, has, like its synonyme, gone the downward road, though not in the same direction, nor in so discreditable a direction. It has not a bad sense like cunning, but it has acquired a somewhat poltry sense. Wit now shows itself for the most part in joking; it used to show itself in every form of intellectual effort; it is now that which makes men laugh, it was that which made men think; in fact, it was wisdom, it was understanding. And so, Wiclif translates Paul as exhorting the Corinthians not to be children in "wittis," to be in malice children, but in "wittis" men. Gal. 3 commences thus: "O unwitti Galathians;" and in Rom. 11: 33, we have this question, "For whi, who knewe the witte of the Lord?" As it is with families, so it is with words; some go down and some go up. Cunning and wit have each fallen from the noblest position; the one has become a knave, and the other a trifier. There is, however, one word at least which, since Wiclif's time, has evidently improved itself, and is now used in better service than that which it frequently discharged five hundred years ago. I refer to the word virtue. This word Wiclif generally uses in its ancient sense of strength; it is his standard word for power, whether physical or spiritual, but he uses it altogether irrespectively of any moral value. The miracles of Christ are with Wiclif virtues, of which application a remnant exists in the Authorized Version, where we read, concerning the Saviour, that "there went virtue out of him, and healed them all." But in Wiclif the word is of perpetual occurrence. Paul is persuaded that neither angels, nor principalities, nor "virtues," shall be able to separate us from the love of

God; and in 2 Thess. 2: 9, he speaks of that wicked one, "whose coming is after the working of Satan, in all 'vertu,' and signs, and lying wonders." Virtue, we thus perceive, was ascribed to Satan and other wicked beings; virtues were among those elements which might tend to separate Christians from the love of God; the word has been rescued from this degradation, and now has an exclusively good signification. Much the same honorable history pertains to the word famous. It has not attained the same moral standing as virtue, but still it is so far on the side of goodness that we are obliged to use its exact contrary—"infamous"—when we speak of something particularly bad. But the word famous had not, in Wiclif's time, established for itself a good character, for I find that Pilato had a "famous" prisoner called Barabbas. There is another word which, I think, has very properly been degraded, or rather, it has been restored to its proper position from a higher, which all, excepting very ill-natured people, will agree it never ought to have occupied. I refer to the word leech. Wiclif, in common with many later writers, applies this term to physicians. The woman with an issue of blood had "receyved many thingis of ful many lechis;" and instead of "Luke the beloved physician," we have "luk the leche moost dere." Wiclif's version brings before us another word which, unhappily, has suffered in the lapse of time. Health is a word which has now an almost exclusively physical meaning, or at most a physical and intellectual one. We speak of bodily and mental health, and, in a figurative sense, we speak of a healthy trade; but we do not apply either health or healthy in a purely spiritual sense. This, however, is Wiclif's constant practice. Health is, in fact, his standard word for salvation; the knowledge of salvation is "the science of helthe;" the gospel of salvation is "the gospel of helthe;" the way of salvation is "the way of helthe." A thoroughly Saxon word instead of the Latin, and a word, perhaps, better than salvation in some respects, because it seems to carry with it the idea of sanctification as well as that of justification, which, to most persons, salvation does not; for salvation, as generally understood, means deliverance from some external evil, e.g., hell torments. But this word health teaches us to consider the subjective in religion; it reminds

us not only of danger, but of danger proceeding from disease; it tells us that salvation must be wrought in us as well as for us, that it is a subjective as well as an objective process. It were well if this fine word could be restored to its former position, if the spiritual could be again associated with it; so that every man might be reminded that, however strong he may be in body and in mind, he is not in a healthy state unless he is a believer in the Son of God. A thoroughly religious man is the only healthy man. Such is the train of thought suggested by Wiclif's use of this word.

Some of Wiclif's words have altogether gone out of common use. The loss of some of them will not perhaps be very much regretted; for example, "bilipre," for which we have "measure;" "volatalis," for which we have "fatlings;" "chepyng," which is Wiclif's word for market, and which, perhaps, still exists in its old signification in Cheapside. We can also dispense with "erthetiliere," although it is much more to the purpose than husbandmen; for why a husbandman should be a farmer any more than a blacksmith it would be very difficult to show; judge serves as well as "domesman," and officer as well as Wiclif's "maisterful axer," who casts the insolvent debtor into prison; murderers, too, are neither better nor worse than "manquellers," and we understand talents better than "beauntis," and unleavened bread better than "therf loaves." But there are some words the loss of which we have, I think, reason to regret; such, for example, are "soth" and "sothfast." Truth and truthful are as good, but still for words which, happily, are in such great request, the more synonyms the better. "Soth" and its kindred terms appear often in Wiclif. "Sothli, sothli," for verily, verily; Nicodemus says to Christ, "Maister, we witen that thou art sothfast;" the Ephesians are exhorted "to stand, having their loins girt about with 'sothfastness,'" and Paul asks the Galatians whether he was become their enemy because he tells them the "sothe." This word, however, has almost disappeared, and what traces are left of it are discreditable; as, for instance, in forsooth, which is a word of contempt, and in soothsaying, which is anything but truth-saying. If the loss of the word "soth" is to be regretted, much more may we regret

the loss of the word "ruth." This is one of Wiclif's favorites; it means compassion, and is a fine Saxon equivalent for this Latin word which has superseded it, but is by no means its superior: Jesus had "ruth" upon the multitude. And now what is left of this word? We certainly have it, we have it entire, but we have it with an addition that destroys it—ruthless. What shall we say? Is it true that we have lost the "ruth," and are indeed ruthless? Our language, at all events, is all but ruthless, seeing that "ruth" is scarcely recognized amongst its words, certainly not amongst its leading words. But it will be said we have rueful, which is equivalent to ruthless. Yes, we have rueful; but rueful is not, as used by us, the opposite to ruthless; that is to say, rueful does not mean compassionate, unless it be compassion for one's self. Rue and rueful are used exclusively in a subjective sense. I do not rue another man's mistakes or misfortunes, but my own; my countenance is rueful when I contemplate my own misery, not when I contemplate my neighbor's sorrows. Thus, what little of "ruthfulness" is left us we keep to ourselves; it has become so scarce that we have none to spare for others; and the word is chiefly known by its appearing simply in order to deny itself in "ruthless." According to Wiclif, John the Baptist tells the soldiers (whom Wiclif always calls "knyghtis") to be content with their "soudis." These "soudis" meaning wages, are so intimately connected with soldiers, that they seem to favor that melancholy and discreditable etymology which connects soldier and sell, and which, in fact, proclaims a soldier to be a man who has sold himself for pay. On this derivation, however, I venture to offer no further opinion.

The Authorized Version is justly admired and prized as a noble specimen of the Anglo-Saxon tongue; but as the reader will naturally expect, Wiclif is still more Anglo-Saxon than those who lived more than two hundred years after him; and perhaps it is not until we read Wiclif that we are forcibly reminded of the great extent to which the Latin element pervades the Authorized Version. Without being very careful in my search, I have found more than fifty distinct words and phrases which Wiclif renders in his own native tongue, but for which the translators of 1611 have had recourse to the

Latin. Some of these Anglo-Saxon words have died out, or nearly so; for instance, "stie" which Wiclif constantly uses for ascend: "Ye shall see heaven opened, and the angels of God 'stiyng' up and coming down upon the Son of Man;" or, as Wiclif generally, if not always renders it, "manne sone." This word, I suppose, is still found in "stairs," things by which we "stie" or go up. "Outakun" may also be regarded as obsolete, although the reader will perceive that it is exactly equivalent to except. Wiclif's most usual word for except, however, is but = be-out; that is to say, *minus*; e.g., "But a man be borun agen he mai not se the kingdom of God." "Sourdough" is a word which can scarcely be looked upon as extant, although each of its component parts is in general use; at all events, sourdough is a term no longer employed in the sense in which it occurs in Wiclif, viz., as equivalent to leaven. "The kingdom of heaven is like to sourdough." "Beware of the sourdough of Pharisees and Saducees." Again, we scarcely ever use the word "feldy;" Wiclif speaks of a plain as "a fieldi place." Compare Matt. 23: 12, in the Authorized Version, with Wiclif, and you will find a good specimen of old Anglo-Saxon, and its capability of expressing ideas which are now commonly expressed in terms derived from the Latin: "For he that higheth hym self shall be mekid, and he that mekith hym self schal be enhaunsid." This last verb, it should be remarked, is not Saxon. Another and very similar instance will be found in John 3: 30, "It bihoveth hym to wexe, but me to be made laese." Another old English word is "arede," used by Wiclif instead of prophecy, which we have in our present version, "Thou crist, arede to us who is he that smote the" (Matt. 26: 68).

The following are specimens of Saxon terms in Wiclif which are represented by Latin in the Authorized Version. It should, however, be observed that Wiclif does not constantly use these words; thus, for example, he has redemption as well as "agenbiyng," and "regeneracioun" as well as "agenbigotinge." Still, "agenbiyng" is his usual word for redemption. "Thou were slayn, and agenboughtest us to God in thy blood," Rev. 5: 9. So, again, his usual word for resurrection is "agenrisyng;" "I am demed of the hope and of agenrisyng of deed men,"

Acts 23 : 6. Then we have in Wiclif "endid," for perfected; "goynge out," for deoase; "hunger" for famine; "gode doers," for benefactors; "token" for sign; "showid," for revealed; "teeld out," for declared; "dwellyngeis," for mansions; "putte," for ordained; "make redi," for prepare; "liknes," for similitude, and for parable; "gilte," for offence; "lived agen," for revived; "feynyng," for dissimulation, and for hypocrisy; "schepardis," for pastors; "gilour," for deceiver; "beheestis," for promises, and "bihote," for promised; "halowyng of the temple," for dedication; "holi men," for saints; "goostli," for spiritual; "sle" (slay), for mortify; "un deedliness," for immortality; "sight," for vision; "nigh goynge," for access; "turnynge up so down the folk," for perverting the nation; "moot halle," for judgment hall. Instead of "suppose," Wiclif generally has "gesse," using it exactly as the people of the United States use it now, e.g., "Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most? Simon answered and said, I 'gesse' that he to whom he forgave most." We also find the word "dresse" used by Wiclif where the Authorized Version has direct, e.g., "But God himself, and our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, 'dresse' our way unto you." This meaning of the word "dress" still lingers in "address;" that which directs a visitor or a letter to a man's house. But, perhaps, the most remarkable of all Wiclif's Saxonisms is that by which he avoids the Latin word "create." To create is not to make up or fashion anything out of existing materials, but to bring it into existence out of nothing. "Create" and "creator" are, certainly, very convenient words, as will be seen when we notice Wiclif's rather clumsy substitutes, e.g., "For thy pleasure they are and were created;" "for thy wille the werun and ben made of nought" (Rev. 4 : 11). "A faithful creator;" "the faithful maker of nought" (1 Peter 4 : 19).

In some of the above instances it will, I think, be seen that, for the unlearned Englishman, Wiclif is, even now, a better translator than the learned divines of 1611. Ministers find that they must explain such words as similitude, parable, and redemption; but "liknes" and "agenbiynge" explain themselves; put them into modern orthography, and every man who can read them will un-

derstand them. Other cases might be given; for example, the word "prevent" has become so altered in its meaning that we may truly say that it suggests an idea exactly the reverse of that which it once conveyed, and when we read, "We which are alive, and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep," we find it necessary to enter upon an explanation, if we have to address ignorant persons; but Wiclif, using instead of prevent "come bifor," gives the apostle's meaning clearly and at once. In the Authorized Version of John 10 : 1, the words thief and robber do tolerably well convey the distinction implied in the original terms, the thief being the man who secretly appropriates that which is another's; while the robber does so openly and with violence; but this distinction, if not more accurately marked, is much more strongly given, by Wiclif, who calls these characters respectively, "a night theef and a day theef." Dean Trench considers it probable that in the expression "which strain at a gnat" an error has crept into our version, through the carelessness of some printer, and that the translators intended us to read "which strain out a gnat." However this may be, "straining at a gnat" is a phrase almost destitute of meaning. Wiclif reads, "blinde leders clensynge a gnat, but swolowyng a camel;" this, though not very clear, seems a nearer approach to the idea of carefully removing a gnat from the cup than the authorized version affords. When we read that the Baptist's head was put into a charger, we have by no means so plain a statement as Wiclif gives us by using the word "dische." "Do violence to no man," seems to be rather a strange injunction to soldiers, who are in the same sentence told to be content with their wages, and who, therefore, are permitted to continue in the service. Wiclif's version, if not so literal, seems to be more in accordance to the spirit of the passage—"smyte ye wrongfulli no man." "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee;" here our version is certainly not literal, nor does it well express our Lord's meaning. Wiclif renders the passage thus, "Fool, in this night thei shalle take thi liif fro thee." To whomsoever the plural pronoun refers, the original is plural, and the propriety of altering the expression into an impersonal form is, at least, questionable. "How hardly shall they

that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." I do not know that I have ever met with a man who thought himself rich; as long as any person knows of another who is wealthier than himself, he thinks himself very poor; and so these solemn words are words which often fail to reach a rich man's conscience; while a comparatively poor man, however greedy of gain, thinks that because he has not £10,000 a year the text cannot have any reference to him. Now, I think that Wiclif's version is more literal, and at the same time more calculated to impress us all with the danger arising from the love of gain,—"How hard thei that han money schuln entre into the kyngdom of God." Most justly do we find fault with the epithet which the Authorized Version introduces in the passage, "who shall change our vile body" (Phil. 3: 21). Alford, Ellicott, and others, reject this adjective in a most decided manner, and read, "the body of our humiliation." But Wiclif anticipated our modern scholars, "whiche schal refourme the bodi of our mekenesse." When in our version we read, "Whether it be to the king, as supreme" (1 Peter 2: 13), we apply to a creature an epithet which seems more fitting for the Creator, whom, accordingly, we call "The Supreme Being." I do not know whether it was the desire to gratify James I.'s lofty notions of the royal prerogative that induced the translators of 1611 to adopt this word; I believe it is not to be found in any of the earlier English versions of the passage. Wiclif does full justice both to the text and to the

king by reading the clause thus: "Be ye suget . . . to the king as to hym that is higher in state." Our version tells us that the prophets testified concerning the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow" (1 Peter 1: 11). Glory is in the original a plural noun, and so Wiclif has rendered it, giving us, as the inspired author intended to give us, a better, a more comprehensive idea than our version suggests. Not one glory but many followed the Saviour's sufferings. Once more, the phrase "a peculiar people" (1 Pet. 2: 9), is so utterly incapable of conveying the sense of the original to the generality of readers, that it has to be most carefully explained. For anything that appears to the contrary, the word peculiar may refer to this or that quality, property, or characteristic of Christians; to anything that causes them to differ from the unconverted. To very few readers will it occur that the great doctrine of redemption is contained in this word. Such, however, is the fact, and Wiclif shows it, not perhaps in the very clearest manner, but still in such a manner that nothing but great stupidity can permit any reader to miss it. Wiclif reads, "a people of purchasyng"; i.e., a people whom Christ has bought with his blood; this it is that makes Christians "a peculiar people."

I have thus endeavored to present some of the most remarkable features of the version made by our great Reformer; and I hope that, whether considered in a literary or a theological light, this article may prove not altogether destitute of interest and instruction.

HUGH STOWELL BROWN.

DARING OF ALPINE GUIDES.—It is almost incredible with what safety and ease the mountaineer passes the most dangerous places, carrying heavy burdens. When Hugi, on his Finsteraarhorn expedition, could scarcely get on, owing to an injury to his foot, Leuthold took him up *no lens volens* on his back, and hastened with him down the glacier, whilst storm and night were approaching. The other two experienced guides, *Wahren* and *Zent*, emulated him in carrying their master. Hugi says, it was incredible to him how these men, without a stick, holding their burden with both hands, sprang over crevasses in the twilight where all was deceitful and uncertain.

We have already given examples of the audacity with which the guides venture upon breakneck leaps; here is one more that will illustrate their courage in another way. Got. Studer, on his return from the Jungfrau, had let his hat fall into a deep crevasse, which sank without a break,

with surfaces of ice as steep as the steepest tower. The crevasse grew narrower further down, whilst the opposite wall rose vertically out of the darkness covered with icicles. The guide, Bannholzer, who was annoyed at the loss of the cap, called out at once that he would see where it was, and, in spite of all dissuasion, had the rope tied round his body, and let himself slide down into the awful depth. When he had got some way down, having got a footing on an ice pillar that threatened to give way every moment, he saw the lost cap lying still some way below him. The rope, held by the two men above, was not long enough. The foolhardy Bannholzer untied himself and got further down. After an anxious pause he gave an exulting cry. He had got his prey, and came up again to daylight. Although he had been to a depth of at least 100 feet, he said that the crevasse continued to an unfathomable depth.—*Sketches of Life and Nature in the Mountains.*

MRS. CLIFFORD'S MARRIAGE.

PART I. — CHAPTER I.

THE LADIES' OPINION.

"You don't mean to say she's going to be married—not Mary? I don't believe a word of it. She was too fond of her poor husband who put such trust in her. No, no, child—don't tell such nonsense to me."

So said old Miss Harwood when the dreadful intelligence was first communicated to her. The two old sisters, who were both charitable old souls, and liked to think the best of everybody, were equally distressed about this piece of village scandal. "I don't say anything about her poor husband—he was a fool to trust so much to a woman of her age," said Miss Amelia; "but in my opinion Mary Clifford has sense to know when she's well off." The very idea made the sisters angry; a woman with five thousand a year, with five fine children, with the handsomest house and most perfect little establishment within twenty miles of Summerhayes; a widow, with nobody to cross or contradict her, with her own way and will to her heart's content—young enough to be still admired and paid attention to, and old enough to indulge in those female pleasures without any harm coming of it; to think of a woman in such exceptionally blessed circumstances stooping her head under the yoke, and yielding a second time to the subjection of marriage, was more than either of the Miss Harwoods could believe.

"But I believe it's quite true—indeed, I know it's quite true," said the curate's little wife. "Mr. Spencer heard it first from the Miss Summerhayes, who did not know what to think—their own brother, you know; and yet they couldn't forget that poor dear Mr. Clifford was their cousin; and then they are neither of them married themselves, poor dears, which makes them harder upon her."

"We have never been married," said Miss Amelia; "I don't see what difference that makes. It is amusing to see the airs you little creatures give yourselves on the strength of being married. I suppose you think it's all right—it's a compliment to her first husband, eh? and shows she was happy with him?—that's what the men say when they take a second wife; that's how you would do I suppose, if——"

"O, Miss Amelia, don't be so cruel," cried the little wife. "I should die. Do you think I could ever endure to live without Julius? I don't understand what people's hearts are made of that can do such things; but then," added the little woman, wiping her bright eyes, "Mr. Clifford was not like my husband. He was very good, I dare say, and all that—but he wasn't—Well, I don't think he was a taking man. He used to sit such a long time after dinner. He used to—it's very wicked to be unkind to the dead—but he wasn't the sort of man a woman could break her heart for, you know."

"I should like to know who is," said Miss Amelia. "He left her everything, without making provision for one of the children. He gave her the entire power, like a fool, at her age. He did not deserve anything better; but it appears to me that Mary Clifford has the sense to know when she's well off."

"Well, well!" said old Miss Harwood, "I couldn't have believed it, but now as you go on discussing, I dare say it'll turn out true. When a thing comes so far as to be discussed, it's going to happen. I've always found it so. Well, well! love has gone out of fashion now-a-days. When I was a girl things were different. We did not talk about it half so much, nor read novels. But we had the right feelings. I dare say she will be just as affectionate to Tom Summerhayes as she was to her poor, dear husband. O, my dear, it's very sad—I think it's very sad—five fine children, and she can't be content with that. It'll turn out badly, dear, and that you'll see."

"He'll swindle her out of all her money," said Miss Amelia.

"Oh, don't say such dreadful things," cried the curate's little wife, getting up hastily. "I am sure I hope they'll be happy—that is, as happy as they can be," she added, with a touch of candid disapproval. "I must run away to baby now; the poor dear children!—I must say I am sorry for them—to have another man brought in in their poor papa's place; but oh, I must run away, else I shall be saying cruel things too."

The two Miss Harwoods discussed this in-

teresting subject largely after Mrs. Spencer had gone. The Summerhayes people had been, on the whole, wonderfully merciful to Mrs. Clifford during her five years' solitary reign at Fontanel. She had been an affectionate wife—she was a good mother—she had worn the weeds of her widowhood seriously, and had not plunged into any indiscreet gayeties when she took them off; while, at the same time, she had emerged sufficiently from her seclusion to restore Fontanel to its old position as one of the pleasantest houses in the county. What could woman do more? Tom Summerhayes was her husband's cousin; he had been brought up to the law, and naturally understood affairs in general better than she did. Everybody knew that he was an idle fellow. After old Mr. Summerhayes died, everybody quite expected that Tom would settle down in the old manor, and live an agreeable useless life, instead of toiling himself to death in hopes of one day being lord chancellor—a very unlikely chance at the best; and events came about exactly as everybody had predicted. At the same time, the entire neighborhood allowed that Tom had exerted himself quite beyond all precedent on behalf of his cousin's widow. Poor Mary Clifford had a great deal too much on her hands, he was always saying. It was a selfish sort of kindness to crush down a poor little woman under all that weight of wealth and responsibility; and so, at last, here was what had come of it. The Miss Harwoods sat and talked it all over that cold day in the drawing-room of Woodbine Cottage, which had one window looking to the village green, and another, a large, round, bright bow-window, opening to the garden. The fire was more agreeable than the garden that day. Miss Harwood sat knitting in her easy-chair, while Miss Amelia occupied herself in ticketing all that miscellaneous basket of articles destined for the bazaar of ladies' work to be held in Summerhayes in February; but work advanced slowly under the influence of such an inducement to talk. The old ladies, as may be supposed, came to a sudden pause and looked confused and guilty when the door opened and the Miss Summerhayes were announced. Perhaps the new visitors might even have heard something of the conversation which was going on with so much animation. Certainly it came to a most abrupt conclusion, and the Miss Harwoods looked

consciously into each other's faces when the ladies of the manor-house came to the door.

These ladies were no longer young, but they were far from having reached the venerable certainty of old-maidhood which possessed the atmosphere of Woodbine Cottage. They were still in the fidgety, unsettled state of unweddedness—women who had fallen out of their occupation, and were subject to little tempers and vapors, not from real ill-humor or sourness, but simply by reason of the vacancy and unsatisfaction of their lives. The Miss Summerhayes often enough did not know what to do with themselves, and being unphilosophical, as women naturally are, they set down this restless condition of mind, not to the account of human nature generally, and of female impatience in particular, but to their own single and unwedded condition—a matter which still seemed capable of remedy; so that the fact must be admitted, that Miss Laura and Miss Lydia were sometimes a little flighty and uncertain in their temper; sometimes a little harsh in their judgments; and, in short, in most matters betrayed a certain unsettledness and impatience in their minds, as people generally do, in every condition of existence, when they are discontented with their lot. The chances are that nothing would have pleased them better than to have plunged into an immediate discussion of all the circumstances of this strange piece of news with which Summerhayes was ringing; but the position was complicated by the fact that they were accompanied by little Louise Clifford, who was old enough to understand all that was said, and quick enough to guess at any allusion which might be made to her mother, however skillfully veiled; so that, on the whole, the situation was as difficult a one for the four ladies, burning to speak but yet incapable of utterance, as can well be conceived.

"Oh, how far on you are," cried Miss Laura; "I have not got in half the work that has been promised to me; but you always are first with everything—first in gardening, first in working, first in—"

"All the news, I am sure," said Miss Lydia; "we, of course, never hear anything till it has happened. Provoking! Loo, shouldn't you like to go to Miss Harwood's maid, and ask her to show you the chickens? She has a perfect genius for poultry, though

she is such a little thing; and Miss Amelia has such loves of dorkings. We sha'n't be leaving for half an hour; now go, there's a dear!"

"Thank you, Cousin Lydia, I'd rather look at the things for the bazaar," returned Loo, lifting a pair of acute, suspicious eyes; a pale-faced little creature, sharp-witted and vigilant, instinctively conscious why her amusement was thus carefully provided for—Loo did not choose to go.

"Such a nuisance!" said Miss Laura; "I say we are just far enough off at the manor to be out of the reach of everything except the bores and the troubles. You always think of us when you have stupid visitors, but you keep all that's exciting to yourselves. Loo, darling! the Miss Harwoods' violets are always out earlier than any one else's. I have such a passion for violets! Do run out, dear, and see if you can find one for me yonder under the hedge."

"I will ask mamma to send you some tomorrow, Cousin Laura," said the determined little Loo.

"Did you ever hear anything like it?" said Miss Lydia, in a half-whisper. "Loo!"

"Loo will carry this basket up-stairs for me to my room," said Miss Harwood, "and ask Harriet to show you the things in my cupboard, dear. All the prettiest things are there, and such a very grand cushion that I mean to make your mamma buy. Tell Harriet to show you everything; there's a darling! That is a very bright little girl, my dears," said the old lady, when Loo withdrew, reluctant but dutiful. "I hope nothing will ever be done to crush her spirit. I suppose you must have both come to tell us it's not true."

"Oh, you mean about my brother and Mary Clifford," cried out both sisters in a breath. "O, Miss Harwood, did you ever hear of such a thing? Did you ever know anything so dreadful? Tom, that might have married anybody!" cried Miss Lydia; "and Mary Clifford, that was so inconsolable, and pretended to have broken her heart!" cried the younger sister. They were both in a flutter of eagerness, neither permitting the other to speak.

"Oh, dear, dear, it does come so hard upon us," said Miss Laura, "we that have always had such a prejudice against second marriages; and a cousin's widow—it's almost like a

brother; and if poor Harry could rise from his grave, what would he say!" concluded Miss Lydia, who took up the strain without any intervals of punctuation. "I begin to think it's all true the gentlemen say about women's inconstancy; that is, your common style of women," ran on the elder, without any pause; "and poor, dear Tom, who might have married any one," cried the younger, out of breath.

"Then I perceive," said Miss Amelia Harwood, "it's true? Well, I don't see much harm, for my part, if they have everything properly settled first. Poor Harry was all very well, I dare say, but he was a great fool not to provide for his children. Your brother said so at the time; but I did think, for my part, that Mary Clifford had the sense to know when she was well off."

"Oh, she shows that," cried Lydia Summerhayes, with a little toss of her head; "widows are so designing; they know the ways of men, and how to manage them, very differently from any of us—if we could stoop to such a thing, which of course, we wouldn't. Oh, yes, Mary Clifford knows very well what she's about. I am sure I have told Tom he was her honorary secretary for many a day. I thought she was just making use of him to serve her own purpose; I never thought how far her wiles went. If it had been her lawyer, or the curate, or any humble person; but Tom! He might have done so much better," said Laura, chiming in at some imperceptible point, so that it was impossible to tell where one voice ended and the other began.

"Well, I must say I am disappointed in Mary Clifford," said Miss Harwood, "she was always such an affectionate creature. That's why it is, I dare say. These affectionate people can't do without an object; but her five children——"

"Ah! yes, her five children," exclaimed the Miss Summerhayes; "only imagine dear Tom making such a marriage! Why, Charley Clifford has been at Eton ever so long; he is fifteen. And dear Tom is quite a young man, and might have married anybody," said the last of the two, taking up the chorus: "it is too dreadful to think of it—such a cutting blow to us."

"I can't see how it is so very bad for you," said Miss Amelia Harwood; "of course they will live at Fontanel, and you will still keep

the manor-house. I think it's rather a good thing for you for my part. Hush! there's the child again—clever little thing—she knows quite well what we've been talking of. My dear, I hope Harriet showed you all the things—and isn't that a pretty cushion? Tell your mamma I mean to make her buy it, as she is the richest lady I know."

"Are you going, my dears?" said the elder old lady. "I am sorry you have so little time to stay—I hope you will find things arrange themselves comfortably, and that everybody will be happy. Don't get excited—it's astonishing how everything settles down. You want to speak to me, Loo," said Miss Harwood, starting a little when she had just rescued herself in her easy-chair after dismissing her visitors. "Certainly, dear; I suppose you have set your little heart on one of the pretty pincushions up-stairs."

"No, indeed, nothing of the sort—I hope I know better than to care for such trumpery," said Loo, with an angry glow on her little pale face. "I stopped behind to say, that whatever mamma pleases to do, we mean to stand by her," cried poor Mary Clifford's only champion. "I'm not sure whether I shall like it or not for myself—but we have made up our minds to stand by mamma, and so we will, as long as we live; and she shall do what she likes!" cried the little heroine. Two big tears were in those brown eyes, which looked twice as bright and as big through those great dewdrops which Loo would not for the world have allowed to fall. She opened her eyelids wider and wider to re-absorb the untimely tears, and looked full, with childish defiance, in Miss Harwood's face.

"Loo, you are a dear!" said prompt Miss Amelia, kissing the child; "you shall have the prettiest pincushion in all my basket." The little girl vanished suddenly after this speech, half in indignation at the promise, half because the tears would not be disposed of otherwise, and it was necessary to rush outside to conceal their dropping. "Ah! Amelia," said kind old Miss Harwood, "I'm sorry for poor Mary in my heart—but I'd rather have that child's love than Tom Summerhayes."

"Poor Mary! for my part, I have no patience with her," said the practical Miss Amelia; "a woman come to her time of life ought to have the sense to know when she's well off."

Such was the character of the comments upon Mrs. Clifford's marriage when it was first talked of, in Woodbine Cottage, and generally among all the female portion of society as it existed in Summerhayes.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT THE GENTLEMEN SAID.

THE rector of Summerhayes was the Miss Harwoods' brother, much younger however, unmarried, and rather a fine man in his way. He had a little dinner, as it happened, the same evening. His table only held six, Mr. Harwood said. The rectory was an old-fashioned house, and the dining-room would have quite admitted a table which could dine twenty—but such were not the rector's inclinations. There are enough men in the neighborhood of Summerhayes to make it very possible to vary your parties pleasantly when you have a table that only holds six, whereas with a large number you can only have the same people over and over again; and Mr. Harwood did not like to be bored. He had a friend with him from town, as he always had on such occasions. He had his curate, and young Chesterfield from Dalton, and Major Aldborough, and Dr. Gossett; rather a village party—as he explained to Mr. Temple, the stranger—but not bad company. The dinner was a very good one, like all the rector's little dinners, and was consumed with that judicious reticence in the way of talk, and wise suspension of wit, which is only practicable in a party composed of men. By means of this sensible quietness, the dinner was done full justice to, and the company expanded into full force over their wine. Then the conversation became animated. The rector, it is true, indulged in ten minutes' parish talk with the doctor, while Mr. Temple and Major Aldborough opened the first parallel of a political duel, and young Chesterfield discoursed on the last Meet to poor Mr. Spencer, who, reduced into curatehood and economy, still felt his mouth water over such forbidden pleasures. Then Mr. Harwood himself introduced the subject which at that time reigned paramount over all other subjects at Summerhayes.

"So Tom Summerhayes is going to marry little Mrs. Clifford," said the rector; "hadn't you heard of it? Yes, these grapes are from Fontanel. She has a capital gardener, and her conservatories are the finest in the coun-

ty. A very pleasant little house altogether, though there are some particulars about her table which one feels to be feeble. Her dinners are always a little defective since poor Clifford's death—too mild, you know—too sweet—want the severer taste of a man."

"Mrs. Clifford—a pretty little woman with brown eyes?" said Mr. Temple. "I've met her somewhere. So she gives dinners, does she? When I saw her she was in the recluse line. I suppose that didn't last."

"It lasted quite long enough," said Dr. Gossett; "nothing could be more proper, or more lady-like, or more satisfactory in every way. If I had a wife and were unluckily to die, I should wish her just to wear her weeds and so forth like Mrs. Clifford—a charming woman; what should we do without her in the parish? but as for Tom Summerhayes—"

"He's an ass," growled the major. "What's he got to do burdening himself with other people's children. Why, there's five of 'em, sir! They'll hate him like poison—they'll think he's in no end of conspiracies to shut them out of their fortune. By Jove! if he knew as much about other people's children as I do. I've had two families consigned to me from India—as if I were a reformatory, or a schoolmaster, by Jove! She's all very well, as women go; but I wouldn't marry that family,—no, not for twenty-five thousand a-year."

"I confess I think it's a pity," said Mr. Spencer, playing with the Fontanel grapes. The curate perhaps was thinking in his heart that such delicate little souvenirs might have gone quite as appropriately to his own little *ménage* as to the rector's, who lacked for nothing. "It's like going into life at second-hand, you know. I shouldn't like it, for my part. The children are a drawback, to be sure; but that's not the greatest, to my mind; they are nice enough children."

"Delightful children!" cried the doctor, "little bricks! plucky little things! I don't care for babies, though they're partly my business. A family ready-made would just suit me."

"Well, it aint much in my line to say what a fellow ought or oughtn't to do," said young Chesterfield. "I'm not a marrying man myself. I don't pretend to understand that sort of thing you know. But Summerhayes aint a spoon, as everybody will allow. He knows

what he's doing. Last time I was at Fontanel, I couldn't make out for the life of me what Mrs. Clifford wanted with that new set of stables. She said they were preparing against Charley's growing up. I thought somehow Summerhayes must have a hand in it, and it's plain enough now."

"Well, he has done a great deal for her," said the rector; "he's been a sort of unpaid steward at Fontanel. I dare say she didn't know how to reward him otherwise. I believe that's the handiest way of making it up to a man in a lady's fancy. It's a dangerous kind of business to go on long; but I don't know that there's anything to find fault with. She's pretty and he's not young;—well, not exactly a young fellow, I mean," said the rector, with a half apology. "I dare say they'll do very well together. If poor Clifford had only made a sensible will—but for that nobody would have had any right to talk."

"And what was poor Clifford's will?" asked the stranger, with a polite yawn; "men don't generally study their wife's convenience in a second marriage, in that document; has the defunct been harder upon this lively lady than most husbands, or what's wrong about his will?"

"Deuced fool, sir," cried the major; "left her every farthing he had in the world, without settling a penny on those deuced children, or binding her up anyhow; left her at thirty or so, I suppose, with every penny he had in her hands. Never heard of such an ass. Of course that's what Summerhayes means, but I can tell him it won't be a bed of roses. They'll hate him like poison, these brats will—they'll make parties against him—they'll serve him so that he'll be sick of his life. I know the whole business. He's well enough off now, with his old father's savings, and the manor-house, and nothing to do; but he'll be a wretched man, mark my words, if he marries Fontanel with five children in it. It's the maddest thing he ever did in his life."

"The poor lady doesn't seem to count for much," said Mr. Temple. "She's a pretty nobody, I suppose."

Upon which vehement disclaimers rose from all the *convives*. "No, she was a charming woman," Gossett said. "A dear, kind-hearted, good little soul," said the rector. "Very well, as women go," the major admitted; while the two young men added

warmer, but equally vague commendations. "Yet none of you imagine she is being married for herself," said the solitary individual, who did not belong to Summerhayes, with a little laugh at the perturbation he had caused. But nobody saw the fun of it: they went on with the discussion, ignoring Mr. Temple.

"When a woman is in Mrs. Clifford's position," said the doctor, "it is nonsense to talk of her *being* married. She is active, she is no longer passive in such a business. She's richer, she's *gooder*, she's handsomer, she's better off every way than Tom Summerhayes. How she ever came to fancy him is the wonder to me."

"Deuced nonsense," said the major; "why didn't he marry off his sisters and set up snug for himself? He's old enough to know better, that fellow is. There's young Chesterfield there, he's at the time of life to make a fool of himself; but Summerhayes must be, let me see——"

"Don't let us go into chronology," said the rector. "Poor little Mary, I hope she'll be happy all the same. I married her to poor Clifford, and I dare say I'll have this little business to do as well. I wish she had a brother, or an uncle, or some one to take that piece of duty off my hands. I think I will have one of my attacks, and go off to Malvern, and leave it, Spencer, to you."

"I wish she had an uncle or a brother for more than that," said the doctor; "it ought to be seen to—the settlement and all that should be looked well into. I hope she'll have her wits about her. Not that I mean to ascribe any mean motives to Tom Summerhayes; but still when there's five children to be considered——"

"They'll kill him, sir," said the major, with energy. "He'll not enjoy her money for long, mark my words; they'll kill him in a year. I have only got this to say, sir," continued the warrior, turning round upon Mr. Temple, who had ventured a remark not bearing on the present subject to the curate, "if this income-tax is going to be kept up without any compensation, I'll emigrate—it's the only thing that remains for honest Englishmen. After a life spent in the service of my country, I'll be driven to a colony, sir, in my old age. It's more than the country can bear, and what's better, it's more than the country *will* bear. We'll have a revolution, by Jove! that's what will come of all this

taxing and paying; it's not to be borne, sir, in a land that calls itself free."

Whereupon politics came into possession of the elders of the party, and young Chesterfield resumed that tantalizing account of the Meet which made the poor curate sigh.

Poor Mrs. Clifford! she had but scant sympathy in those innumerable discussions, male and female, of which she was at present the subject, all in and about Summerhayes.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT THE CHILDREN HAD TO SAY.

MEANWHILE little Loo, with another pair of big tears in her brown eyes, had been driven home in the wintry twilight over the frosty road, which rang to every stamp of her ponies' heels in a way which would have excited the little thing into positive enjoyment of the exhilarating sounds and sensations of rapid motion, had things been as usual. As it was, she sat wrapped up in a fur cloak, with her little veil over her face, watching the great trees glide past in the darkening, and turning her wistful looks now and then to the young winterly moon, which had strayed like a lost child into the midst of a whole covey of clouds, still crimsoned with reflections from the sunset. Loo's little heart ached so, and she was so steadfastly determined not to admit that it was aching, that she was almost glad to feel how chill her little feet were getting, and how benumbed the hand which was outside the fur cloak. She kept her little stiff fingers exposed to the frosty breeze all the same, and was rather glad of that sensation of misery which gave her a little excuse to herself for feeling unhappy. As the tinges of crimson stole out of the clouds, and the sky grew so wistfully, coldly clear around the moon, Fontanel came in sight, with lights in all its windows, twinkling through the trees in the long avenue, now one gleam, now another, as the little carriage drove on. There first of all was the great nursery window blazing with firelight, where Loo meant to hold a little committee as soon as she got in, and where she could so well picture "all of them" in all their different occupations, populating all the corners of the familiar room. A little further on it was the window of mamma's room, which lightened brightly out behind the bare branches of the great chestnut tree. What would the house be without mamma? the lit-

the girl asked herself, and the great blobs of hot dew in her eyes fell upon her cold fingers. "Aren't you well, Miss Loo?" asked the old groom who drove her, and Loo made him a very sharp answer in the irritation of her troubled little heart. She ran into the light and comfort of the house with a perverse, childish misery which she did not understand. She would not let old William take her cloak from her, but threw it down, and stumbled over it, and stamped her little foot, and could have cried. Poor little Loo! she was sick at heart, and did not know what it meant. Instead of going to her mother, as she usually did, she hastened up to the nursery where "all of them" were in a highly riotous condition at the moment, and where the darkness of her little face was unnoted by all but nurse, who took off her boots and warmed her feet, and did away with the only physical reason Loo dared to pretend to as an excuse for looking wretched. It was not very easy to look wretched in that room. By the side of the fire where a great log blazed was Harry, aged ten, with a great book clasped in his arms, and his cheeks and hair equally scorched and crimsoned with near vicinity to the flame. Little Mary, and Alf, the baby, were playing at the other end of the room. Alf was six, though he was the baby; but Mrs. Clifford was the kind of woman to love a pet, and the little fellow's indignant manhood was still smothered in long curls and lace tuckers. He avenged himself by exercising the most odious tyranny over his next little sister, who was baby's slave. All this little company Loo looked round upon with mysterious looks. She herself was twelve, little and pale, with nothing particular about her but her eyes, and her temper, which had already made itself, unfortunately, felt through the house. She sat maturing her plans till she heard the clock strike, and saw that it would shortly be time to go to her mother in her dressing-room, as the Fontanel children always did before dinner. She immediately bestirred herself to her task.

"Nurse," said Loo, "will you take these things down to mamma's dressing-room, please, and tell her we will all come presently; and if you wish to go down-stairs, you may. I will take care of the children, and take them down to mamma."

"Thank you, Miss Loo; but there's nobody to be at dinner but Mr. Summerhayes

and mademoiselle, and you're all to go down," said nurse; "you're too little to have the charge of Master Alf, and you've all got to be dressed, dears, for dessert."

"Then you can come up when I ring. I want the children by themselves," said little Loo, with her imperious air. "You can go away."

"You're a deal too forward for such a little thing. I'll speak to your ma, miss, I will," said the offended nurse. "At least I would if it was any good; but as long as missis encourages her like this;—O children dear, there's changed times coming! You won't have the upper hand always; it's a comfort to a poor servant anyhow, whatever it may be to other folks. I'm going, Miss Loo; and you'll come up directly the very minute you leave your ma to be dressed."

Loo watched her to the door, and, skipping off her chair, closed it behind the dethroned guardian of the nursery. "Now, children, come here, I want to speak to you all," said the little princess. "Mary, don't be as great a baby as Alf; you are eight—you are almost a woman. Alf, come here and stand by me like a gentleman. Harry——"

But Harry was not so easily roused. He had been lectured so long about scorching his face that he was now proof to all appeals. He had to be hunted up out of his corner, and the book skilfully tilted up and thrown out of his arms, which operation surprised Loo into a momentary laugh, of which she was much ashamed. "Harry!" she cried, with redoubled severity, "it is no nonsense I am going to talk of—it is something very serious. O children!" exclaimed the elder sister, as Alf jumped upon Harry's back, and the two had a harmless scuffle in continuation of that assault which had roused Harry. "O children!" cried Loo, who had laughed in spite of herself, now bursting into quick tears of impatience and vexation. "You play and play and think of nothing else—and you won't let me talk to you of what's going to happen to mamma."

"What is it?" cried Harry, opening a pair of great bright eyes, and coming hastily to his sister's side. Alf asked "What is it?" too, and placed himself on the other hand. As for Mary, she was frightened and stood a little apart, ready to rush off to her mother, or to ring for nurse, or to do anything else that the exigency might demand.

"Do you remember what mamma said to us when we were in the dining-room on Sunday after dinner, when Tom—I mean Mr. Summerhayes was there—when he kissed us all?" said Loo, with a little red spot suddenly glowing out upon one indignant little cheek.

"She said he was going to be a father to us," said Harry, rather stolidly.

"And we didn't know what it meant," said little Mary, breaking in eagerly, "but nurse told me afterwards. It means that mamma is going to be married to Cousin Tom. Oh, won't it be queer? Shall we have to call him papa, Loo? I shall never recollect, I am sure."

Loo gazed with eyes growing larger and larger in the face of her insensible sister. Then seeing Mary's arm on the top of the great nursery fender, Loo, we are sorry to say, was so far betrayed by her resentment as to thrust little Mary violently away with a sob of passion. They all looked at her with wondering eyes.

"O, you stupid, stupid children!" cried the poor little heroine, "don't you know mamma, though she is so pretty, is not a young lady like other people that are going to be married; don't you know people talk about it, and laugh at her, and say she is foolish? I have heard them do it!" cried Loo. "I heard them in Summerhayes to-day talking and scolding about our mamma. She knows best what to do—better than all of them. She will never be unkind to us, or stop loving us. Oh, only think if she knew that people said such things—it would kill her! I heard them, and I thought I should have died. And now, children," said Loo, solemnly, "what we've got to do is to go down to mamma, not jumping or making a noise like great babies, but quiet and serious; and to tell her that she is to do what she thinks best, and never mind what people say; and that we—we," sobbed the little girl, vainly trying to preserve her composure, as she brought out word after word with a gush of tears—"we'll stand by her and trust in her, and never believe anything. That is what we must go and say."

After she had finished her speech Loo fell into a little passion of crying, in which she partly lost the slight murmurs and remonstrances of her calmer and wondering audience; but passion as usual carried the day.

When Mrs. Clifford's bell rang the children went down-stairs, looking rather scared, in a kind of procession, Loo coming last with Alf, who had to be held tightly by the hand lest he should break out into gambols, and destroy all the solemnity of the proceeding. Mrs. Clifford was sitting by the fire when they went in, in an attitude of thought. The candles were not lighted, and it was very easy to suppose that mamma herself looked sad, and was quite in a state of mind to be thus addressed. Harry and Mary, rather ashamed of themselves, were already carrying on a quiet scuffle at the door when Loo came up to them. "You go first, Harry,"—"No, you," they were saying to each other. "O, you stupid, stupid children, you have no feeling!" cried Loo, bitterly, as she swept past them. Mrs. Clifford looked up with a smile, and held out her hand, which she expected to be grasped immediately by a crowd of little fingers, but the mother's looks were dreamy to-night, and some one else was before her children in her thoughts. She was startled when she felt Loo's little cold hand put into hers, and woke up and pushed her chair back from the fire to look at the little things who stood huddled together before her. "What is the matter?" said Mrs. Clifford.

"O mamma, mamma!" cried Loo; her poor little voice grew shrill, notwithstanding all her efforts. She had to make a pause, and to preserve her dignity had to let Alf go, who immediately went off to ride on the arm of the sofa, and compromise the seriousness of the scene. "O mamma, dear," said Loo, feeling that no time was to be lost, "we have come to say that we will never believe anything; that we know you love us, and will always love us—and—and—we believe in you; O mamma, we believe in you, and we will always stand by you, if everybody in the world were on the other side."

Here Loo fell, choking with tears and passion, on her mother's footstool, and laid her poor little head, which ached with cold and crying, on Mrs. Clifford's lap. The mother's eyes had woke up out of all their dreaming. Perhaps it was as well the candles were not lighted. That cheek which the widow screened with her hand was as crimson and hot as Harry's had been reading over the fire. She was glad Loo's keen eyes were hidden upon her lap; she blushed, poor, tender

woman as she was, before her children. The little woman-daughter was dreadful to her mother at the moment—a little female judge, endued with all the awfulness of nature; shaming the new love in her mature heart.

"What does all this mean, children?" said Mrs. Clifford, trying to be a little angry, to conceal the shock she had received.

"O, please, mamma, it's Loo," cried Mary, frightened. "She made us come; it was one of her passions."

"No, it was not one of her passions," said Harry, who was Loo's champion; "it was to tell mamma we would always stand by her; and so I will," cried the boy on his own account, kindling up, "if there were any robbers or anything—for I'm the eldest son when Charley's at school."

Loo heard this where she lay, with her head on her mother's lap; she was incapable of speech or motion almost, but she could not but groan with impatience over the stupidity of the children; and Alf was riding loudly on the arm of the sofa, shouting to his imaginary horse. Loo gathered herself up with a blush upon her cheeks; it did not enter her head to imagine that her mother blushed much more hotly and violently when the little face unfolded itself slowly out of her lap.

"Hush! Loo, don't say any more," said Mrs. Clifford; then with a little effort the mother put her arm round the child and drew her close. "I understand what you mean—but you must not say any more," she said; then she stooped down her hot cheek upon that wet one of poor Loo. "We shall all be very happy, I hope," said Mrs. Clifford in the dark, in her little daughter's ear. "I am doing it—for—for all your sakes, dear. He will stand by you and me, and all of us, Loo. I hope we shall be—very happy—happier even than we are now," said Mrs. Clifford with a faint little tremble in her voice and quiver at her heart. When she had kissed Loo, and the child had gone away to compose herself, poor Mary, the mother, sat for a long time looking into the fire with a terrible misgiving upon her—"happier even than we are now." Ah! just then she had been so happy—all well in the prosperous, plentiful house; not an ache or a trouble that she knew of among all her children; not a single look of love dimmed to her yet by her resolution; and the new love, sweet as any girl's dream, restoring to her firmament

all the transitory, delicious lights of youth. Somehow that prospect darkened under a strange cloud of alarm and shame when the mother felt her cheeks flush at the look of her woman-child. "I am doing it for—all their sakes," she tried to say to herself; but her innocence grew like guilt, as she felt in her heart that this pretence was not true.

CHAPTER IV.

HER OWN THOUGHTS.

Mrs. CLIFFORD had not much time to think that night, and the impression went off her when she was in her lover's company—which was very nearly always; for, long before this had been thought of, Tom Summerhayes had been the soul of everything at Fontanel. She had come so gradually to consult him about everything—to take his counsel upon small and great that happened—that it seemed only natural now that he should belong to her; but after Loo's little scene a variety of annoyances came upon Mary—indications of the world's opinion—evidences that it did not seem so natural to other people as to herself. Even Charley's schoolboy letter was rather dreadful to his mother. The boy bestowed his approbation upon her match, and was to stand by her, too, in Loo's very vein; and the mother felt more humbled by thus obtaining the consent of her children than she would have been by the sacrifice of all she had in the world. Still it never came into her head to give up her marriage—never, perhaps, till a day or two before, when things were much too far advanced for any drawing back, and when she sat alone by her fire, with her desk open before her, late at night, when all the household were asleep. In her desk were various little matters which had been treasures to Mary Clifford. She took them out with trembling hands—a withered flower, given to her, oh, so long ago, when she was little more than a child, and preserved with girlish romance; a little ring made of hair, which she had worn in her days of betrothal; a little faded drawing, made by herself at the same period, of her early lover; and last and most important of all, some letters—not many, but very tender—the love-letters of her youth. How she had cried over them many a sad day after her Harry died; how she had gradually forgotten them again and left them in their safe concealment; how of late she had rather

avoided the place where they were, and shrank from touching the little desk that contained them; and now, at last, upon the eve of her second wedding, here they were all spread out before her, to be disposed of somehow. Mary's treasures! she had heard them called so—had called them so herself. What were they now!

Poor, little, soft, tender-hearted woman! There was no passion in her. She was in love with all her heart, but it was affectionately, not passionately, or else she never could have opened that desk. She took out the flower, and cried, and looked at it; then, with a hasty impulse, put it softly on the fire, and watched it blaze into sudden ashes, and cried again, and felt guilty to her heart. "I was such a child," she said to herself in her tears, and took a kind of melancholy comfort from thinking how young she had been when she was first a bride. Then she looked at her own drawing, which was not the least like him, and thought with a compunction of her Harry. Poor Harry! All this bright house, all these dear children, were his as well as hers; but he was put away in the family vault, poor fellow, and nothing was henceforward to belong to him in this living world—not even the name he had given her, not her thoughts, not any of her heart. She cried over that too like the rest. She put up the ring in a little parcel for Loo—she laid aside the portrait for little Harry. She tried to indemnify him by making over all those little mementoes, which it troubled her to look at, to his children. Then she took up the bundle of yellow letters and timidly opened one of them, and read a few sentences. There she read of the young love that was never to die, never to know change. Poor Mary put them away again with a sob almost of terror, and hastily locked up the desk, and resolved to put it away somewhere out of sight. She could not examine any further into those "treasures" which had become ghosts. She drew her chair to the fire, and shivered in her thoughts. She was a simple-minded woman, not wise, but moved by every wind of feeling. It came to her mind just then to recollect how, in her first widowhood, she had taken comfort from the thought that Harry was near and saw her tears for him, and knew how faithful her poor heart was. Now that thought was too much for Mary's strength. She gave a cry of helpless terror when it occurred to her.

Alas, for that immortality of union which comforts the heart of grief! What if Harry met her at the very gates of heaven when she got there, and claimed her, she who was going to be another man's bride? Sitting alone in the night, with all the household asleep, and such thoughts for companions, it was not wonderful if a panic seized upon Mrs. Clifford's heart. Poor Harry, who had loved her so well, appeared like a pursuing spectre to the soft little woman. If it was true that she belonged to him forever and ever, how could she dare to love Tom Summerhayes? and if she did not belong to him forever and ever—he who had loved her to the end, and had never done anything to forfeit her affection—what was the hereafter, the heaven where love, it appeared, could not be immortal? These fancies wrung poor Mary's heart. She did not know any answer to make to them. The question put by the Sadducees now answered her case. She who blushed before her children, how could she ever look Harry in the face? She felt herself an infidel, trembling and crying over that everlastingness which had once given her such consolation. That Harry could ever cease to love her, nature contradicted as impossible. He was in heaven, far off, unseen, fixed in solemn unchangeableness in all the elevation of love and grief he died in, never to alter; and she? — Step by step unconsciously that elevation of grief and love had died away from her in the changing human days, and now here she sat weeping, trembling, thinking with awe of Harry, wondering how he would claim her hereafter, how she could dare name his name when she was another man's wife. Poor little trembling soul! She stole away to bed when she could bear it no longer, and sought refuge in sleep with the tears still in her eyes, some grand and desperate resolution of making a sacrifice of herself being in her mind, as was natural. She had troubled dreams, and woke up quite unrefreshed in the morning, which was very unlucky that day of all others, because the lawyers were coming, and all her business affairs were to be settled before her marriage. However, Mrs. Clifford could not remember at her first waking what it was which had thrown such a cloud upon her; and when her thoughts of the previous night did return to her mind, they were neither so intolerable nor so urgent as they had been. In the daylight, somehow,

those gates of heaven, at which Harry might be standing to claim her, looked a very far way off to the bride of Tom Summerhayes—there was no such immediate certainty of Harry's existence anyhow, or of the kind of interest he might take in her proceedings; and the philosophy of the question did not recur to her mind with those puzzling and hopeless speculations. She was a great deal more content to accept the present and to postpone the future—to let herafter take care of itself—than she had been at night. She put away the desk with Harry's letters in a dark vacant upper shelf of a bookcase in her own dressing-room; there, where she could not even see it, it would no longer witness against her. It was a sunny morning, and the children came in all fresh and rosy to say their prayers, and there was a note from Mr. Summerhayes on the breakfast-table, naming the hour at which the law people were to arrive. Mrs. Clifford had recovered her color and her spirits before they came; she was a little agitated, and looked very pretty in the commotion of her heart. Hers was a position very peculiar and interesting, as Mr. Gateshead himself, the old family solicitor, suggested, as he read over the deed she was to sign. He was perfectly pleased with the arrangements altogether, and said that Mr. Summerhayes had behaved most honorably and in the most gentlemanly way. It was very clear that *his* motives were not mercenary. The deed Mrs. Clifford had to sign was one by which Fontanel and all its dependencies was settled upon her eldest son, she retaining the life-interest in it which her husband had meant her to have. Mr. Summerhayes, who had been brought up for the bar, had himself advised Mr. Gateshead in the drawing up of this important document. The new bridegroom was anxiously solicitous that the children should be portioned and the property distributed exactly as the family agent, who knew poor Clifford's mind, would have advised him to settle it; and the deed was irrevocable and framed in the most careful manner, so that no ingenuity of the law could make it assailable hereafter. It was so rigid in all its provisions that poor Mary wavered a little over it. She thought it scarcely fair that *he* should be shut out entirely from every interest in all this wealth, which, at the present moment, belonged absolutely to herself. It was Mr. Summerhayes

himself who put, with a certain gentle force, the pen into her hands, and pointed exactly to the spot where she was to sign. "I have *you*, Mary," he said in her ear, as he leant over her to keep the parchment steady; and Mary Clifford signed away all her power and secured her children's rights, with "a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye," feeling to her heart the delicious flattery. What she possessed was nothing to him—he had *her*, and a kingdom could not make him happier. So said the tone of his whisper, the glance of his eye, and the echo of her heart. This living Love which stood by her side, securing so carefully that Harry Clifford's wealth should go to Harry Clifford's heirs, and seeking only herself for its own, completely swallowed up poor Clifford's ghost, if that forlorn spirit might by chance be cognizant of what was passing. Mary remembered no more her qualms and misgivings; and the prospect before her—now that the very children had got used to it, had ceased either to oppose or to stand by her, and had fallen into natural excitement about the approaching festivities, the guests who were to be at Fontanel, the new dresses, the great event about to happen—looked as bright as the glowing day.

CHAPTER V.

THE MARRIAGE.

FONTANEL received a considerable party of guests for the marriage. Miss Laura and Miss Lydia, who were to be at the head of affairs while the new Mrs. Summerhayes was absent on her wedding tour, arrived two days before, that they might get into the ways of the place, and know what was required of them, which was not very much, for Mary was but a languid housekeeper. Then there were two aunts, an uncle, and some cousins of Mrs. Clifford, none of whom in the least approved of the match, though decorum and curiosity and kindness prompted them to countenance poor Mary in her foolishness, notwithstanding their general surprise, like Miss Harwood, that she had not the sense to know when she was well off. Then there was Charley from Eton, who had grown so much lately, that his mother blushed more than ever when he kissed her and said something kind about her marriage. These were not pleasant days for poor Mrs. Clifford. She knew in her heart that nobody particularly approved of her, not even Tom's sisters

—that people were saying it was just what was to be expected, and that a woman left at her age with so much property in her hands was sure to make a fool of herself. She knew that the ladies when they got together had little conversations over her—that one wondered why she could not make herself happy with these dear children and another with this fine place—and that a third mused what poor Mr. Clifford would have said could he have known. Poor Mary was very thankful when the day dawned on her wedding-morning—she was glad, as brides seldom are, of the arrival of the fated moment which was to place things beyond the reach of censure or criticism, and relieve her from her purgatory. The rector of Summerhayes had not been called on to do that piece of duty. The bridegroom luckily had a friend whose privilege it was; and still more luckily there was a little old disused church within the grounds of Fontanel in which the ceremony was to be performed, without the necessity of encountering the gaze and remarks of the village. It was not intended to be a pretty wedding or to put on those colors of joy which become the espousals of youth. Mingled and complicated, as are the thoughts of middle age, were the feelings of the two who stood side by side before the bare rural altar. The bridegroom was slight and tall in figure, with a careless, languid air, through which occasionally a little gleam of excitement sparkled. If you watched him closely you could see that his mind was no way absorbed with the ceremonial of his marriage. The quick, sudden glance here and there under his eyelids, of those cold but clear gray eyes, turned inquiringly to everything within his range. He read in the looks of the clergyman, even while he pronounced the nuptial blessing, what his opinion was of the entire transaction. He penetrated the mask of propriety in which the bride's relations concealed their feelings—he investigated with oft-repeated momentary glances the face of Charley, who stood in his Etonian certainty of manhood, premature but not precocious, near his mother's side. Mr. Summerhayes even scanned, when all was over, the downcast countenance of Loo, who stood behind, watching with stout endurance, and resolute not to cry during the entire ceremony. What was the meaning which lay in those quick, furtive darts of the bridegroom's eye it was impos-

sible to say; his closest friend could not have elucidated this strange secret by-play, of which nobody in the company was conscious, except, perhaps, one child; but one thing it proved at any rate, that his heart at this special moment was not engrossed, to the exclusion of everything else, by his bride.

Mary was much less mistress of herself. She cried quietly under her veil as she stood and listened to the familiar words. She repeated those that fell to her with a little shiver. In her heart she could not but feel what a terrible act she was completing as she vowed her love and obedience over again, and separated her future from her past. But Mary, with her downcast eyes, was insensible to everybody's opinion at that moment. Had she been standing in a wilderness she could not have felt more isolated. She was conscious only of her new husband by her side—of an indistinct figure before her—of God above and around, a kind of awful shadow looking on. Mr. Summerhayes was aware of her tears, and they moved him so that his color heightened involuntarily, and he pressed her hand with a warning pressure when it came to that part of the ceremony. But Mary herself was not aware that she was crying till she felt this touch of remonstrance, which startled her back into consciousness. Such was this marriage, at which, as at other marriages, people looked on with various shades of sympathy and criticism, and which, with all its concealed terrors and outward rejoicing, was the free act of hearts uncoerced and acting only at their own pleasure—a free act, suggested by no third party, unless, perhaps, it might happen to be a certain grim, inflexible Fate who, if the reins are but yielded to her for a moment, pursues her victim through a throng of inevitable consequences. But perhaps, when a woman is being married like Mary Clifford, it is a kind of comfort to her to feel as if she could not help herself, rather than to know that she is entering all these new dangers voluntarily, and in obedience to nobody's will but her own.

"Well, I am sure, I wish them every comfort in life," said Miss Harwood, as she stood leaning on her brother's arm at the hall door of Fontanel, watching the carriage drive off which contained the happy pair. "She can't feel much like a bride, poor thing, leaving all these children behind her.

I am sure I wish her every happiness. I hope she'll never live to repent it," said Miss Harwood, with a sigh.

"Don't be spiteful," said the rector. "This is not a time for such ill-omened wishes. It's a very suitable match, and I wish them joy."

"O Mr. Harwood," said Miss Laura, taking up her position at the rector's other side, thus effecting a natural separation from Mary's relations, who were comparing sentiments a little apart from the Summerhayes party—"a suitable match! when dear Tom is well known to represent the oldest family in the county, and might have married anybody—not to say a word against dear Mary, who is our sister now, and such a sweet creature. But O, Mr. Harwood," cried Miss Lydia, who had interposed, as usual, "to talk of a suitable match!"

"There are no suitable matches now-a-days. I don't believe in 'em, by Jove!" said Major Aldborough, who, with eyes slightly reddened by champagne, was watching the carriage just then disappearing down the avenue.

"But there might be, major," said Miss Lydia, so softly that her sister could not take up the meek remark.

The major only answered "By Jove!" under his breath. He was startled by the close vicinity—the gentle look—the mild suggestion. He moved a little away in a momentary panic. There was never any telling, as he said to himself, what these women might mean.

"It is so strange to be left in charge of the house," said Miss Laura, "it gives one such a funny feeling. I don't know how in the world we shall do with all the responsibility; but dear Mary insisted upon it, you know—though I am sure Mrs. Tansey would have been much more suitable for the head of the table than one of us, who are so inexperienced," cried Miss Lydia; "but dear Mary thought it best for the children's sake. I hope, dear Mrs. Tansey, you don't mind being our guest," proceeded the sisterly duet; "dear Mary thought it of such importance that the children should get used to us—though they know us perfectly well, still things are all so different; though otherwise, of course, she would so much have preferred you."

"Oh, pray, don't think it necessary to

apologize for my niece to me, Miss Summerhayes," said the offended aunt. "Mary has consulted her own inclinations, and so long as she is happy, that is all *we* can possibly want of her. I think she is *quite* right to make friends, if she can, in her new family. She knows she can always calculate upon *us* if she ever wants any service," added the bride's relation, with a slight heightening of color and the ghost of a courtesy. The Miss Summerhayes were not unequal to the emergency.

"We all know how much poor dear Mary is liked among her own friends," cried Miss Lydia. "Your dear girls were so fond of her last year when they spent such a long time at Fontanel; and dear Mary has such a taste in presents," said Miss Laura, coming in so eagerly that she began out of breath. "We have gone shopping with her often when she was buying her little souvenirs. I hope you don't think it will make any difference now she is married again. She is so affectionate; but as for wanting services from anybody, that is very unlikely," resumed the elder sister, "now she has dear Tom. Dear Tom is so very devoted," said Miss Laura, breaking in headlong. "You would think she was only eighteen to see all the attention he pays her. It is quite sweet to see them, like two turtle-doves."

Such being the conversation that succeeded immediately upon the departure of the bridal pair, it is not to be supposed that the dinner-table was spread with a very joyful feast, or that the evening was spent in much happiness. Mary's relations, who had up to this time felt themselves much at ease at Fontanel, kept greatly by themselves during the remainder of the wedding-day. Their occasional minglings with the Summerhayes party called forth bursts of smart dialogue, more exciting than amiable, and the opposing sides contended much for the notice of Loo and the other children, when they came down-stairs in their new dresses after dinner. It made little Loo's heart-sick to feel herself enfolded in the embraces of Miss Lydia and Laura on one side, and then to be talked to and admonished by Aunt Tansey on the other, who hoped she would be a good girl, and a great comfort to her poor mother. The children could not tell what to make of the aspect of affairs. Mamma gone, who was the sun and centre of the domestic world, and already a

new rule and vague possibilities of change in the startled house. Down-stairs, among the servants, though the means of merry-making were plentiful, this threatening cloud was even more apparent. A new master, known to like "his own way," was an alarming shadow impending over the little community hitherto mildly and liberally governed by the mistress, whom her servants could scarcely forgive for the step she had taken. "With five lovely children and every blessing as this world could afford," as the house-keeper said, shaking her troubled head. The new husband by no means ranked among the blessings of Providence to the mistress of Fontanel in anybody's judgment, and nowhere was Mary's rash act resented more warmly than in the servants' hall.

"But, Loo," said Etonian Charley, next morning, when Aunt Tansey and all her belongings had left Fontanel, and everything had fallen under the restless sway of the Miss Summerhayes, "I'm not going to put up with all this. You said we were to stand up for mamma; you mean we are only to pretend to stand up for mamma, you little

humbug. Now that's not my meaning," said the heir of Fontanel. "I'm not going to make believe that I think she's done right, when I don't. I am going to swallow Cousin Tom right out," cried the boy, not without a little flush on his face. "It's a little awkward, to be sure, to know what to call him—but look here, Loo—I mean to stand by my mother without any humbug. I mean to think she's done the very best for us all, and for herself too; and if she don't think the same when she comes back, I'll try to make her; and if you look black, as you're looking, you're not the little brick I took you for, and I won't have anything more to do with you, Loo."

"O Charley, I am not half as good as you are," cried the admiring little sister, looking up to him with tearful eyes. Charley's resolution acted like a charm upon the house in general; and so, with a gradually improving temper, though much pressed and fretted by Miss Laura and Miss Lydia, the nursery and the servants' hall, and all the dependencies of Fontanel, waited for the advent of the new master and the return of Mrs. Summerhayes.

PICTORIAL HISTORY: JUNIUS.—The *London Magazine* for Feb. 1770, contains what is called on the title-page a "Portrait of the celebrated Junius." Junius, as there represented, is dressed in a clergyman's gown, seated, and reading a MS. of the "Letter to the King;" with Lord George Sackville on his left, and Edmund Burke on his right, apparently suggesting some alteration. About Lord George and Burke there can be no doubt; both are leaning on the table—the forefinger of the one touching a letter addressed, "For Ld. G. S.—k—lle," and the arm of the other resting on a volume lettered "Sublime and Beautiful." But who was meant for Junius? Of course, who was the writer of the *Letters* is not here the question; but simply, Who was assumed to have been the writer? There have been some wild conjectures on the subject, with which I need not trouble you. But by way of help to a conjecture, I would ask, was this clergyman meant for Dr. John Butler, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, translated to Hereford? In an anonymous letter to George Grenville, in 1764 (*Gren. Corr.*, ii. 330), the writer warns the minister against Dr. Butler; and describes him as "a particular friend of the infamous Wilkes, with whom he lived in the closest connection two summers at Winchester, whilst he was engaged on the *North Briton*." It is known that, from the first appointment, Butler was called "Lord George Germaine's Bishop;" and we learn, from Mr. C. Butler (*Reminis.*, i. 86), that to the last Wilkes's "suspicious fell on Dr. Butler, Bishop of Hereford."—*Notes and Queries*. P. H. S.

DIGESTION OF MENTAL FOOD.—In an amusing article upon the "Physicians and Surgeons of a By-gone Generation," a foreign journal describes Abernethy conversing thus with a certain patient: "I opine," said he, "that more than half your illness arises from *too much reading*." On my answering that my reading was chiefly history, which amused while it instructed, he replied: "That is no answer to my objection. At your time of life, a young fellow should endeavor to strengthen his constitution, and lay in a stock of health. Besides, *too much reading never yet made an able man*. It is not so much the extent or amount of what we read that serves us, as what we assimilate and make our own. It is that, to use an illustration borrowed from my profession, that constitutes the chyle of the mind. I have always found that really indolent men, men of what I would call *flabby* intellects, are great readers. It is far easier to read than to think, to reflect, or to observe; and these fellows, not having learned to think, cram themselves with the ideas or the words of others. This they call study, but it is not so. In my own profession, I have observed that the greatest men were not the mere readers—but the men who observed, who reflected, who fairly thought out an idea. To learn to reflect and observe is a grand desideratum for a young man. John Hunter owed to his power of observation that fine discrimination, that keen judgment, that intuitiveness which he possessed in a greater degree than any of the surgeons of his time."

From The Saturday Review.

TROLLOPE'S TALES OF ALL COUNTRIES.*

THERE are some collections of works of art which consist almost entirely of the sketches which great painters have made as studies for large paintings. Very often, too, the painter has had no intention of working his sketch up into a great painting, but has meant it to be only something done to satisfy the whim of the moment, or to ascertain what the effect would be of some new feat of artistic skill, or merely to keep his hand in practice. But although the angel, or girl, or baby who forms the subject of the sketch may have no particular object, yet if it comes from the pencil of a great master, connoisseurs value it highly, both on account of its intrinsic merits and also because it shows the versatility of the man they admire. They like to know how he works, and how many of his first ideas he has thought worthy or unworthy of being reproduced on the permanent canvas. Mr. Trollope's tales, a second series of which is now published, have the same sort of interest. He is a great master in one particular branch of fiction. In many other branches he is also successful, but in one he stands without a rival. He alone can describe young ladies—and especially young ladies in a state of flirtation or love—as they really are, or at least as they really seem to a calm, dispassionate observer. He can sketch their characters, and paint their ways, and reveal their thoughts, and make them natural, pleasant, and easy—not painting them as at all too good, or discreet, or wise, and yet throwing over them the air of being ladies, and making us respect them while we are amused by them. Above all, he can describe proposals. He can make them in all sorts of forms, and have them rejected or accepted with every description of appropriate remark. This is a great feat. It is almost as hard to write a good proposal about imaginary people as to make one in the flesh to a real girl. Mr. Trollope, however, almost always succeeds; but he succeeds because he takes great pains, and does not shrink from going at considerable detail into all that is said, or should be said, or might be said on such occasions. Nor does he succeed in his larger works without making many minor efforts which give

him practice, and allow him to try on a small scale whether a particular sort of young lady, going through a particular sort of love-making, is likely to answer in one of his more important productions. Brummel's servant was met coming down-stairs with three dozen white cravats, each slightly crumpled, and said, "These are our failures." It would be too strong to say of these *Tales of all Countries* that they are Mr. Trollope's failures, but they are such first faint sketches of young ladies in different states of mind, and behaving in different ways to young gentlemen, as he has not cared to work out at length in a serial.

One specimen is that of a young lady whose father is a clergyman in Devonshire, and who is called the Parson's Daughter of Oxney Colne. She is a study of a girl at once reserved and quiet, and yet full of passion and of high pride, and all her qualities are brought out by her loving and agreeing to marry a gay young captain whose fate leads him to the simple region where she dwells. At first he is desperately in love; but she is sensible and cautious, and although she likes him, she bids him go to the gay world for a few months before he makes up his mind that he would like a country girl. He returns enamored as ever, and meets her as she is walking alone on a fine summer evening. There is no attempt on the part of the writer to shun the conversation which must ensue. Mr. Trollope quite revels in putting out in full, and in the detail of question and answer observed in Blue Books, all that the gentleman has to say to the lady, and all that the lady has to say to the gentleman. The lady is jocose and trifling at first, and will not give him a serious answer; but at last he brings her to give an answer, and then, when she has once confessed her love, she allows her hidden passion free play and lets him know how she idolizes him. Thus ends the long summer day; but when this gallant captain retires to his bed, he thinks over his wooing, and begins to be not quite sure that he is as happy as he thought he was. He is a little doubtful whether she will do in London, and, forgetting her long reserve and hesitation, he has an uneasy feeling that she has been a little too demonstrative in telling how she loves him. Impetuous young ladies may undoubtedly read this story with profit; and the parson's daughter is quite ready to repair her

* *Tales of all Countries*. Second Series. By Anthony Trollope. London: Chapman and Hall. 1863.

mistake when, in the course of a day or two, she begins to perceive that her lover has a certain air of patronage in his manner to her, and conveys an impression that he thinks he is doing rather a magnanimous thing. She is quiet for a day or two, to make sure that she is not misjudging him, but then she fires up, and tells him that she gives him quite as much as he can give her, for she gives him her heart, and nothing but hearts are of worth. Next morning she follows up the stroke by ordering him to go with her to a summer-house, where she explains to him her views, and offers to release him from his engagement. She could not even then believe that he would not be overpowered by so great a blow; but he quietly says, "With all my heart," and so all is over between them. It is a nice touch of art that, before she leaves him, she takes his hand and kisses it. These are the sort of touches which make us imagine, or recognize, that Mr. Trollope knows what girls are like.

Another study is that of a German young lady, who behaves as German ladies are, we suppose, accustomed to do, and who is pleasant, and with a kind of heroism, but who is also more undisturbed and practical than her lover likes. This lover is a young Englishman who has come out to learn business in the banking-house of which the father and the uncle of the lady are the proprietors. Of course he falls in love with Isa, who, of course, knows he is in love with her. But she has so much to do in the way of business for him, as he is a lodger in her father's house, and she is so business-like and calm that two years steal away before he tells his tale. At last he finds an opportunity and a tongue, and goes through it very nicely. Isa tranquilly remarks that she must have a day to think over it. To his surprise, he finds his offer the subject of a regular family debate, which is conducted freely without his presence being an obstacle. His proposal seemed to be considered exactly as if it had been an offer to take another sitting-room at a slightly increased rent; and Isa, though quite willing that, metaphorically speaking, her room should be let, was also quite willing that the best arrangement possible for all parties should be made. The discussion ends by an agreement that everything shall go on as it is for a few months, and Isa explains to her admirer that "We are not betrothed as yet, you know,

and perhaps we may never be so." To which he not unnaturally replies, "Isa!" The months pass away; relatives are applied to without success; and the result of the final deliberation is, that Herbert is told he may either be betrothed to Isa and wait four years to be married, or let the thing come to an end at once. Isa is quite ready to acquiesce in this, but Herbert thinks it hard on him, and finds it still harder that Isa does not think it hard. He asks her whether she really loves him, and, with a fine power of analyzing and stating her feelings, she replies, "I do not love you so that I need make every one around us unhappy because circumstances forbid me to marry you. That sort of love would be baneful; and thus waiting would not make me unhappy. I should go on as I do now, and be contented." Herbert's remark is—"Oh, heavens!" Afterwards Isa warms up, and teases her uncle into letting Herbert be admitted as a partner, and in this part of her behavior she shows romance as well as courage. Still, to English readers, the parson's daughter is a dearer type of a possible wife than this too tranquil German.

These are good girls, but Mr. Trollope can draw naughty girls too. One of the most amusing stories in the collection tells of a gentleman who travelled about the Continent with a grown-up daughter and a young second wife, and who kept his wife's jewels and his money in a box. This box was the great object of thought to the whole family, and they were overwhelmed by their anxiety lest it should be lost. At length it is lost. The party—accompanied by a young gentleman, a casual travelling acquaintance, who is supposed to tell the story—land at Bellaggio, and when Mr. Greene and the ladies are established in their rooms and come to count their baggage, the one precious package is missing. The whole house is thrown into confusion; Mrs. Greene denounces everybody as a thief; and the unfortunate young gentleman is persuaded or ordered by her and her step-daughter, with whom he has struck up an incipient flirtation, to go off to Como and Milan to see if he can find it. His search is unavailing, and he returns. Sophonisba, as the lady of his passing affection is called, rewards him with a confidential history of her family, consisting principally of abuse of her step-mother. Soon, however, things are changed, for Sophonisba takes it on her to assure her papa

that their young friend will lend them all they want. This frightens him, and when they go to the Serbelloni Gardens to have a stroll and a *tête-à-tête*, he candidly tells her that it will be impossible to advance Mr. Greene any money at present. "Then Sophonisba's arm dropped all at once, and she exclaimed, 'O Mr. Robinson!'" In the end, the box is found in the wretched Robinson's bedroom, covered with a rug, and he is, of course, thought to be a swindler by all the family, excepting, in a half sort of way, by Sophonisba, who good-naturedly remarks that, "after all, it may have been accidental." But Sophonisba—though a neat sketch of the pretty and tolerably well-behaved girl whom we are not meant to like—is excelled by another of Mr. Trollope's young ladies, in a story which seems to us the best in the book, and which is called "A Ride across Palestine." The narrator tells us how he was once sitting lonely in an hotel at Jerusalem, planning an expedition to the Jordan and the Dead Sea, when he was told that a young Englishman wished to see him, and in walked Mr. John Smith. He is a nice, delicate, melancholy looking young man, and the narrator takes a fancy to him; and when Mr. Smith says that he is come to ask whether, as he too is staying alone at Jerusalem, he may join in the expedition to the Dead Sea, the proposal is cordially accepted. Mr. Smith is punctual the next morning, and rides some miles on a hard Turkish saddle without uttering a sound or syllable of complaint, but, when the halting time comes, is found to be so faint and stiff that his stronger companion has to lift him to the ground. At last they reach the Dead Sea, and the narrator, being enthusiastic, determines to bathe in its waters, in

order to say he has done so; and he earnestly implores Smith to join him, that some day he may tell his children of his feat. But Smith replies that he does not expect to have any children, and does not like bathing, and gently rides away behind a clump of trees, where he waits for his more adventurous companion. The same scene is repeated at the Jordan. They pass through Jerusalem, and as Smith, hearing that the narrator is going to Jaffa, expresses a wish to go there too, they reach the sea together, and are just going to start off in the Austrian boat for Alexandria when an infuriated old gentleman rides up to the hotel, and seeing the narrator, accuses him of eloping with his niece, Miss Julia Weston. Then a scene follows, such as might be expected. The uncle laughs at the notion of his being asked to believe that the gentleman travelled with his niece and honestly thought her to be Mr. Smith. So he calls on the narrator to marry his niece at the nearest British Consulate, or else take the punishment he deserves. Most of this work an inferior artist could have done, but the conclusion is touched in with the hand of a master. The narrator has to own that he is married, and although he sincerely wishes to spare Julia's feelings, and to get her and himself out of a scrape, he cannot help trying to ascertain whether she looks disappointed at hearing a piece of intelligence that must end their intimacy. To let Julia's disappointment be seen, and yet to make her perfectly proper—to give the impression that she is sorry her days of being Mr. Smith are over, and yet that she has not involved herself too deeply—is a task which few artists could fulfil as Mr. Trollope has fulfilled it.

EXTRAORDINARY CHRISTMAS CAROL.—In a town in Mid Kent some children were going from house to house the other day, singing carols; one of them struck me as very odd; I took down the words as well as I could collect them, which ran thus:

"As I sat under a sycamore tree [*the last three words three times*],

I looked me out upon the sea,

A Christmas day in the morning.

"I saw three ships a-sailing there [*three times, as above*],

The Virgin Mary and Christ they bare,

A Christmas day in the morning.

"He did whistle and she did sing [*three times*],
And all the bells on earth did ring,

A Christmas day in the morning.

"And now we hope to taste your cheer [*three times*],

And wish you all a happy new year,

A Christmas day in the morning."

The children said there were a great many more verses, which they did not know. Has this very singular production ever been printed? The tune was that generally known among children as "A cold and frosty morning." A. A.

—Notes and Queries.

From The Athenæum.

Recollections of Tartar Steppes and their Inhabitants. By Mrs. Atkinson. With Illustrations. Murray.

EVEN after the very full and highly colored works on "Oriental and Western Siberia," and on "The Upper and Lower Amoor," produced by the pen and illustrated by the pencil of Thomas Witleam Atkinson, there was still room for this pleasant little volume by his wife. The married pair made their great journey through the Steppes together; and if he was the better artist, she excelled in a more available knowledge of the Russian idiom and race.

Besides, a woman's points of view, when visiting a strange land and mixing in a new society, are different from those of a man. If she is apt to omit a good many things which he might consider of leading interest, she will be pretty sure to describe for us many scenes which he in his pride would have overlooked. A man will commonly seize on the masses, a woman on the details; he will take count of the landscape, she give her eyes to the roadside. If it pleases him to depict the mountains and the sunsets, she will delight in collecting and preserving the flowers. If he deals mainly with the important topics of history, ethnology, and physics, she will pay attention to the domestic arrangements, the customs of society, the manners, and the dress. If nothing is too large for him, nothing, on the other side, is too small for her. If he has more sympathy with nature, she will probably have more sympathy with life. The feminine mind has a peculiar genius for that detail of observation which is the soul of recorded travel. Whether rolling through Hyde Park or scampering over the Tartar Steppe, a woman will avoid, so far as she can, the distant, the ideal, and the complex; loving what is near, appreciating what is useful, and enjoying what is plain. Women hate nonsense. The most practical engineer that ever built a bridge or a mill, was probably a dreamer and a theorist when compared against his wife. The one speculates, the other acts. A man feels a thousand temptations to wander into space; while his companion plants herself immovably at the kitchen fire. One is discursive, the other adhesive. One is centrifugal force, the other centripetal force. A man yearns to establish relations between his own being

and the universe; a woman is satisfied when she has come to a cordial understanding with her housekeeper's book. The real and the near have an enduring charm for her, to which the poetic and the romantic can make but a vague and passing pretence. Every one has met that pair of rosy Britons who are always studying nature on Lake Lemman, or in the Bay of Naples, or on the Rhine. The male points to the snowy Alps, to the smoke of Vesuvius, to the ruined schloss among the vineyards, as the case may be; spouts a mouthful of Byron, or mumbles some flimsy and Shelley-like stuff about the spirit of the scene: the female lifts now and then a rebuking blue eye, smiles meekly at her slave, and falls back again to the realities of a collar with a rent. That woman will take a stroll in the Coliseum by moonlight with a man she loves; but the chances are many that her attraction to the walk, and the object of her thoughts, is the living lover at her side, not the melancholy arena or the storied arches overhead. She would lose the finest sunset in the world to go in and make tea: and in doing so she would be acting by the best lights of her sex. A woman first looks to the useful, and, reversing the saying of Goethe, leaves the beautiful to take care of itself. She has a very poor opinion of abstract truth, and she barely finds toleration in her heart for endeavor which brings no visible return in either meal or malt. No woman has ever tried her hand at speculative philosophy. Women have no imagination, though they have active and abundant fancies. All the larger exertion of the race must be achieved by men. Yet much remains for the other sex to do. The male investigates, the female applies. To one belongs the distant, to the other the proximate. Man creates, and woman cooks!

This diversity of function lends a charm and imparts a character to the observation of each. In some departments of literary art, such as story-telling and travel-talk, the ladies have a place of their own, distinct from that of their masculine rivals, and certainly not below it. We have a noble army of female tourists, each of whom has left her mark on the country through which she passed. Italy has won the attention of a thousand writers; but has any of them left us brighter pictures of her beauty than Lady Morgan, Fanny Kemble, and George Sand? Has any pen done more than Harriet

Martineau for the Holy Land? Has any one described the Sogné Field in a style to compare with the Unprotected Female?

Then, again, we have to remember that in some countries, with very peculiar and highly exciting domestic institutions, women are the only explorers of the seraglio, the harem, the zenana: a male inquirer can learn nothing beyond the vaguest of travellers' tales. His eyes may not profane the family precincts. He is an outcast from the hearth. One-half of life, and that the most interesting to strangers of another creed, is hidden away from him. Here the female tourist comes to our aid. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu makes us amends for the silence or the blunders of a hundred writers of the less privileged sex. This advantage of womanhood lends a charm to Madam Pfeiffer's volumes.

Mrs. Lucy Atkinson, in her long ramble through the wild districts of Northern Asia, had all the privileges of her sex. She was a woman, and was therefore admitted to the intimacy of women everywhere, in the Russian *aoul* and in the Tartar harem. Her husband was an artist, an explorer, a sportsman; where he moored his boat or tied up his horse, it was to use his paint-brush or seize his gun: She had hours, and even days, to herself in the savage desert, which gave her plenty of time, not only to observe, but to write. She knew the languages of the country, for she had resided in Russia from the days of her youth. She had also the great advantage, for a Siberian traveller, of having enjoyed in St. Petersburg, an acquaintance with the families of many of the public men who had been exiled for political crimes against the Czar, which caused her to be everywhere received as a friend. She entered the houses of these exiles, and saw the conditions under which they live. The glimpses which she gives of these exiles will, to many persons, make the charm of her book.

The Russian question has arisen once more; and men who had almost forgotten the existence of our Literary Association of the Friends of Poland are again looking back to the poetic ardor of Campbell and Tennyson in the cause, and are even recalling their romantic sorrows over the Exiles of Siberia. At the very outset of Mrs. Atkinson's book, we stand in presence of the frightful realities of banishment to the mines:—

"During my short stay in Moscow, it be-

came known to the families of many exiles that I was going to visit regions where their husbands, fathers, and brothers had spent more than twenty years of their lives. Each member of these families had something to communicate—a wife, who had stood at the gate of Moscow with an infant in her arms, to take the last look at the husband and the father as he was driven slowly past; young children, who were now men and women, who had been horrified with the clanking of chains when receiving the last embrace; then there were mothers who had gazed with agony on their sons as they passed under the great archway, and were lost to them forever; sisters who had received the last salute of those so dear, and brothers who had met here and grasped each other's hands, but were destined never to meet again; all these had some message which they wished to be delivered."

Each family that had a son, a father or a brother at the mines—and these were of the best and bravest in the land—would have had the English travellers for their guests. They dared not write to their beloved ones far away. They could only send to them a message of affection and of comfort by word of mouth, and so each one would have had the two travellers make of their grief a particular case. They loaded them with details of distress, many of them dramatic, and all of them melancholy to the last degree. But who can blame them? How the wife who had been parted from her husband for twenty years, how the mother who had been torn from her son, must have envied the English lady who was going where she would look on the well-remembered face!

"There was a melancholy interest in these gatherings which few can appreciate; it was only by a knowledge of the circumstances which had sent their friends into exile, and the difficulty of making any confidential communication to those so dear to them that I could understand their anxious desire to detain us; nor shall I ever forget the parting and the blessing which they bestowed upon us."

At length the travellers started. The first pause in the journey was at the Siberian Gate of Moscow:—

"The horses were soon in a gallop, dashing up the snow and slush in showers. In some parts we were really brought to a stand on the bare stones, and at five o'clock the sentinel stopped us at the gate of Moscow, an officer demanded our passports, which were shortly returned, and the bar was ordered to be raised. As we passed through, I seemed

to be bidding farewell to the world ; I thought of the many exiles who had crossed this barrier ; and it was a relief when we had passed beyond the great archway. Amongst the prisoners who are marched through this portal on their way to Siberia, some are steeped in the deepest crimes, others are convicted of minor offences, and hundreds have passed this spot whose only crime was resisting the cruel treatment of their brutal masters."

And so they rode into the clear night and the frosty air, alone with nature and their Cossack guides :—

"Mouravioff was looked upon as one of the most determined of the conspirators of 1825. His brother Serge was hanged. His was a hard fate, for the rope broke before life was extinct, and another had to be procured ; in the mean time, consciousness returned, and he became aware of what was going forward, when he mildly said, 'it was very hard for a man to have to die twice.' The one who was exiled was condemned to solitude on reaching Siberia ; he was separated from his comrades, and banished to the forests of Yakoutsk, where he spent a wretched life ; his food was of the coarsest kind. The ground on which he had to lie was nothing but a marsh ; here he dwelt two years, having intercourse with no one. Every comfort was denied him, even to books and writing materials. Count Orloff, in one of his despatches to the officer of justice who had him in charge, and who had received strict injunctions that a rigid supervision should be kept over the poor exile, demanded how he spent his time. His reply was rather laconic, 'he sleeps—he walks—he thinks.' He was after this never interfered with, till he joined his companions in exile. He is a most perfect gentleman, but there is no doubt that he has great determination of character ; and I should think to look at him, years of exile have not changed his indomitable spirit."

At Jaloutroffsky, the town in which Czar Nicholas confined the chief conspirators of 1825, the year of his accession, they went to see M. Mouravioff, one of the exiles, and a member of the great Russian family of that name. At M. Mouravioff's house Mrs. Atkinson came upon one of the most common and most melancholy incidents of the Siberian exile's life :—

"On entering the dwelling a gentleman in the prime of life came forward to meet us ; he appeared not a little surprised at seeing strangers, Jaloutroffsky being off the great post road. I inquired for M. Mouravioff ; he said he was the person I required. I told him I had come from Petersburg, and gave

him my maiden name ; I was instantly received with open arms ; he then hurried us into his sitting-room, giving me scarcely time to introduce my husband. I was divested of all my wrappings, although we stated that our stay would be short ; he then seated me on a sofa, ran himself to fetch pillows to prop against my back, placed a stool for my feet ; indeed, had I been an invalid, and one of the family, I could not have been more cared for, or the welcome more cordial. One of his comrades, whose family I was likewise acquainted with, was immediately sent for, as also the wife of one of the exiles, a peasant woman ; her husband was dead ; many of these poor 'unfortunates' have married with the peasantry, or with the daughters of the Cossacks. This woman came with her two children ; I was the bearer of many a message, as well as little gifts for all. There was likewise a request for her to part with her children, so that they might receive proper education. She told me she would think the matter over ; we all urged her to consent, seeing it was for their future well-being ; she left us, promising to do her best in bringing her mind to look upon the separation as she ought to do. I am happy to say that I have just heard she has allowed the children (a boy and a girl) to go to their aunt's, in Ekaterinburg, with whom we are acquainted, and who will receive them with great affection. Poor mother ! at the same time, I know the pang of parting with her little treasures must have been great ; but by the parting from them she has shown her great love."

In some respects, the exiles of Jaloutroffsky are leniently treated ; their crime being one of very old date. According to our countrywoman's report, they "form quite a little colony, dwelling in perfect harmony, the joys and sorrows of one becoming those of the others ; indeed, they are like one family. The freedom they enjoy is, to a certain extent, greater than any they could have in Russia ; for instance, full liberty of speech. They fear nothing ; the dread of exile has no terrors for them. But what they have not, is liberty to go where they please ; they are restricted in distance, as also in the use of fire-arms ; however, the authorities in the town are exceedingly lenient towards them, permitting those who are fond of the chase to hunt wherever and whenever they please. These gentlemen, grateful for the indulgence given them, never fail to return the same night." M. Mouravioff, from his family connection with powerful governors and active generals in the service, was perhaps enabled to shield

from the petty malice of subordinates his companions in disaster. One of the stories told by him of the long march from Moscow to Jaloutroffsky is rather droll :—

“The officer in command, after they had reached a certain distance from the capital, relaxed in his treatment, and made associates of them, inviting one or more to partake of the meals prepared for himself. At one little place where they stopped, the officer breakfasted with one of his prisoners; he then stepped out of the room to see that all was in preparation for departure, leaving his companion seated on a bench at a table. The exile was sitting reflecting on his position, when one of the authorities of the village entered the room, the doors of which were so low, that every one had to bend the body to be able to enter. This man came to say that all was ready for starting. He bowed low on perceiving a gentleman sitting, whom he concluded to be the officer. He then entered into conversation which naturally turned upon the scoundrels that were being conveyed into exile, and (continued this man, looking into his face) ‘there is no mistaking they are villains of the blackest dye; indeed, I should not like to be left alone with any one of them, and, if I might presume to offer a little advice, it would be to observe well their movements, as they might slip their chains, and not only murder you and all the escort, but spread themselves over Siberia, where they would commit all kinds of atrocities.’ At this point of the conversation, the bell rang to summon them all to depart, whereupon the exile arose, but when the visitor heard the clanking of the chains, the farce was complete. Mouravioff told us, he never saw a man look so aghast; when he saw the object of his terror about to move forward, he made a rush at the door, but, not having bent his head low enough, he received such a blow that it sent him reeling back into the room, and sprawling on the floor.”

One is sorry to learn that these poor fellows meet with little or no pity from the inhabitants of the towns through which they have to march. M. Mouravioff said the people in one place wanted to stone them, and their guards had the utmost trouble in saving them from the mob. In Siberia the lower classes are said to adore the emperor: a fact which political men ought never to forget. It is one of the elements of his power.

If our countrywoman's pictures of the Russian people be in the main correct, we have very little room to congratulate the Czar on the virtues of his adorers. High and low,

with a mere surface difference, are shown to be idle, profligate, drunken, dirty and dishonest. The trader of Nishni Novgorod is not much superior in these respects to the savage of the Steppe. They may be said to be the same in everything except their clothes. If you strip a Russian, you find a Tartar. At the first stage of the journey from Moscow, the sledge drew up for a change of horses. The ostlers of the post were long in coming, and Mr. Atkinson sent his Cossack to stir them up. More time elapsed, when Mr. Atkinson went into the house himself. Every man was lying drunk and asleep on the floor, including his own servant, who had joined the toppers, and drunk himself insensible. How are you to deal with such fellows? They know no argument except the knout. Hence the whip is in universal use among the Russians; and there are whipping-houses for servants in every considerable town of Siberia, just as there are whipping-houses for slaves in New Orleans and the cities of Louisiana. The peasants submit to the lash without shame. Mrs. Atkinson never mentions any *Cassy-like* protests against the rod and the cat. On the contrary, the Muscovite seems to expect his fate. She tells of one fellow who went to the guardhouse for his usual drubbing, and being refused by the officer of the day on the ground that he had no orders to beat him, prayed that he might have his lashes, saying that he had come a long way for them, and would be sure to be sent back should he go home with a whole skin. In short, the genuine Russian adores the Czar and expects the knout.

Men and women are alike described as wallowing in dirt. Even in places where she found the houses clean, the people were themselves unutterably filthy. No Russian, in his own country, ever washes his skin while on a journey, for he requires, as he alleges, the dirt to keep him warm. This antipathy to soap and water is found, however, in many places to which the argument of frosty air and icy wind would not apply. The Andalusian, the Sicilian, the Levantine, has each the same love of dirt, though he gives the contrary reason, that it helps him to bear without injury the sultry heat. It is a curious fact, that the dirtiest nations in the world are those which have been in fiercest conflict with the scrupulously clean Mohammedans; the bad habit starting, perhaps,

from a religious point. We know how the Gothic conquerors of Seville and Granada destroyed the Moorish baths and water-ways; making soap suspicious and bathing penal. Under the rule of Mendoza, a Spaniard who appeared in the street clean was suspected of having a bath in his house and a recollection of the crescent in his heart. To wash was to be as bad as a Moor, while to be unkempt and dirty was to be orthodox. A traveller may trace the influence of these ideas and events in the south of Spain at this very hour. The same set of ideas must have operated, more or less powerfully, on every frontier of Islam, from the Vega of Granada to the Kirghis Steppe. It is certain that if dirt is an evidence of sound faith, the Russians are safe. More than once our fastidious countrywoman could not sleep under their roofs for the stench; more than once she had to cast away the clothing that should have kept her warm. The people in towns were dirtier than those in the country places. "We invariably found the peasants dirtier and poorer the nearer they are to large towns." The women she found dirtier than the men.

Dirt, however, is not the only kind of fanaticism in which the Muscovite peasant rivals his fellow-Christian in the south of Spain. He is very solicitous, in his wild fashion, for the salvation of souls. Here is the story of a man who in other circumstances might have become a Russian Torquemada:—

"A father and son were travelling together on the same route we intend taking: they stopped one night at a peasant's cottage; it was late, and the inhabitants had retired to rest. Amongst this class of people the top of the stove forms the sleeping apartment of as many of the family as can be stowed away upon it. The travellers were admitted to the only room the house contained; and, having been many hours without food, brought forth their provisions and commenced eating their supper, which consisted of cold meat, etc. Their supper ended, they lay down on one of the benches to sleep, which was not long in overtaking the weary travellers. They had been but a short period in the land of dreams, when one of the men on the stove slid gently down, and, taking in his hand a hatchet (which every peasant carries with him in his belt), with cautious steps approached the sleepers, and, lifting the instrument with both hands, brought it with such force down upon the head of the poor father, that he literally cleft it in two; he then

turned to the son, who was in a sound sleep, and despatched him likewise. The brutal murderer then returned to his birth and slept till morning, when he went and informed the nearest authorities of the two murders he had committed. His object was not plunder, he said, when asked his reason for committing so horrible a deed; he described how he was sleeping, and hearing these two men conversing, he was induced, from what he heard, to watch their actions, and saw them committing the awful sin of eating meat in Lent, how it weighed upon his soul, how he turned away and tried to sleep but could not, how he felt that for the sake of Him who had died to save sinners, he ought to prevent these men from sinning again; he had tried to avoid committing a crime, which he knew it was, but a voice kept continually urging him on, and saying that he was only putting an end to sin."

Thieving is common among all classes, and is consequently not so disgraceful as in civilized lands. A Russian does not even take the Greek precaution, of not being found out in his offence. The servant robs his master, the master robs his neighbor. Everybody cheats the Czar. Mrs. Atkinson tells us how the tribute furs from Siberia are delivered to the emperor. These tribute furs are of the finest kind, and of very great value, the peasants supposing that his majesty will receive them in person and inquire the names of his tributaries. "These furs pass through the hands of many individuals, and each one substitutes another of an inferior quality; so that when they arrive at their destination they are of a very different value to those given by these simple people, who would scorn to present such miserable articles to his majesty."

Those who cheat the emperor will not hesitate to rob his people. "I was once told by a Cossack officer," says Mrs. Atkinson, "that their pay was inadequate to their wants,—it was really insufficient to purchase a uniform; 'and yet,' said he, 'we are expected to have it always good, and, besides, we must have a horse; so what are we to do? why, steal one.' To my knowledge, it is not alone horses, but other things likewise. At one time we used to consider their conduct very reprehensible, but after becoming acquainted with all their means, we were much more lenient in blaming them; it is the system which is defective."

But the soldiers are worse than their officers. Mrs. Atkinson had two in her service,

"both of them thieves." There is one condition, and only one, under which she found them honest: when they had charge of the travellers and were responsible for their safety. Their integrity was then like that of José Maria, the famous Alabama bandit. But while guarding their particular charge, the Cossack gentleman would steal from others whatever they could lay their hands on. If they discovered that Mrs. Atkinson was carrying a present to some one, they considered that present, as belonging to a third party, lawful spoil. A gun, a tub of honey, a fur cloak—any article which did not actually belong to the traveller they thought they had a right to steal.

Of course, we admit that accusations like these of lying and theft and corruption are very easily made. We admit, too, that even when they are unquestionably true in many particular cases, they may not be true in the

main. England is not a nation of wife-beaters, though a good many examples of that offence may be heard in the police courts. France is not a country of drunkards, though a tipsy man is very often thrust out of the wine-shops. The American people are not to be fairly described as table-turners, though they send us a number of mediums. We must not put a part for the whole, unless we would fall into the blunder of M. Ledru Rollin in his "*Décadence de l'Angleterre*." Were we inclined to do so, we should be instantly met by a counterpoint. A Russian writer might assert that our clothing colonels take (or until lately took) bribes from the army tailors, and thereupon declare that the higher and more aristocratic grades of our army are incurably corrupt. We should only smile at such a statement and such an inference. We must allow something for custom in the Muscovite as in the English case.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY REGISTER.—The register of the imperial family, on which has been inscribed the *proces-verbal* of the birth of Prince Napoleon's son, is a large folio volume, bound in red velvet, and having at the corners ornaments of silver gilt, with the family cipher "N" in the centre. It was commenced in 1806, and the first entry made was the adoption of Prince Eugene by the emperor. The second, made the same year, relates to the adoption of the Princess Stephanie de Beauharnais, who recently died Grand Duchess of Baden, and who was cousin of the Empress Josephine. Next comes the marriage of the Emperor Napoleon I.; then several certificates of the birth of princes of the family, and lastly of the King of Rome; which closes the series of the certificates inscribed under the reign of the First Emperor. This register was confided to the care of Count Regnault de Saint Jean-d'Angely, Minister and Councillor of State, and Secretary of the imperial family. It was to him, under the First Empire, as it is now to the Minister of State under the Second, that was reserved the duty of drawing up the *proces-verbaux* of the great acts relative to Napoleon. At the fall of the First Empire, Count Regnault de Saint Jean-d'Angely carefully preserved the book, which at his death passed into the hands of the countess, his widow. That lady handed it over to the President of the Republic when Louis Napoleon was called by universal suffrage to the imperial throne. In this same register, continued by the Second Empire, may be seen the certificates of the marriage of the Emperor Napoleon III., and of that of the Princess Clotilde; of the birth of the Prince Imperial; of the death of Prince Jerome; and, lastly, of the birth of the Prince Napoleon Victor Jerome Frederic, just born. The name of Napoleon commemorates that

of the head of the dynasty; that of Victor is in remembrance of the house of Savoy; Jerome is that of his paternal grandfather; and Frederic was given in compliment to the family of Wurtemberg.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

THE GRACELESS FLORIN AND THE POTATO DISEASE.—The following story was stated the other day at a meeting of some eminent natural historians. When a particular type of florin was coined some time ago, it was found the usual affix to the royal title D. G. had been inadvertently omitted. The coin was called in, and another type issued with the proper connection; the former is of course very scarce, and goes by the name of "the graceless florin." The same year was the first of the potato blight, and it was stated at the meeting alluded to as a fact, that a sermon was preached at the time, in which the calamity was gravely asserted to be a divine judgment on the nation for the omission. Can this be true? And if so, who was the preacher, and to what denomination did he belong? He could not have been an Irishman, as that country suffered most, and must have had least to do with the issuing of the coin.

NUMISMATICUS.

NICEAN BARKS.—Can any of your correspondents favor me with an explanation of the allusion in these lines of E. A. Poe?—

"Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore." A GALWEGIAN.
—*Notes and Queries*.

From Good Words.

ON THE BIOGRAPHY OF CERTAIN HYMNS.

It is only hymns, common hymns, that are in penny books, that everybody knows, and yet they have biographies; they have a life pierced all through, like ours, with joy and sorrow; linked on, like ours, to other lives; they have their birth and story, eventful sometimes, sometimes calm and even; biographies that are written in the surest place—in the secrets of many hearts.

Perhaps every hymn has its history; but it would be cruel to suggest to any possible reader that every hymn should have its biography. Some hymns, like some people, have biographies; the rest, like the majority of the world, occupy just so much space and that is all. Some have been mere untimely births; some have died after a year or two of struggling infancy, and been buried in the British Museum or Stationers' Hall; a vast number are simply labelled hymns, and exist in hymn-books; of a few it may be said, they have lived. Some, no doubt, live on a precarious reputation, an accident of birth, the favor of a past generation, an incident in which they played an exaggerated part. Some would not bear a rigid scrutiny into their antecedents; some have won their place by barefaced impudence and plagiarism; many turn out shallow and commonplace and wearisome. But even here their lives will compare advantageously with other biographies, and there is not one of them guilty of having kept a diary. Most of them are democratic; their story, their power, belong to the people. The select aristocracy of hymns is not fertile in memoirs. They are well dressed, well printed, well bound; they lie on the prettiest tables, and are welcome in cathedral closes; but they are uninfluential; the pleasantest companions, friends even, but treated as such, as a charming addition and solace to life, and no more. It is in the penny hymn-books that the sense of power is felt. Probably the hymn is essentially democratic. It must seize the common thoughts of many, translate the feeling of some religious movement, meet the deep and often but half-conscious craving of the people. If it appeals to an intellectual audience by its thoughts, or images, or play of pious fancy, it strips itself of power. And it is in the penny hymn-book that the fact of a biography of hymns has been recently recognized.

Some of these books may have been noticed to be printed with a painful irregularity; large, bold type, starting abruptly out from a crowd of small verses, sometimes a word, sometimes a line or a stanza. It is disagreeable reading, but is only a rough way of stating a genuine truth. For every line in large type there is a story by which that line has connected itself with a human heart, with its burden, or sorrow, or longing, or sudden light, or eternal peace. It is a rough, ugly way of putting it, and probably, over-hasty; but it indicates where the truest biographical interest will be found; it suggests also the difficulty of procuring biographical details. For the hymn is its secret autobiographer, and only by some casual accident is a page of that writing brought to light.

Yet even detail is not wanting. There is a memoir, now unhappily out of print, devoted to one hymn, *My Mother dear, Jerusalem!*—a hymn that has been a great favorite by Scottish firesides, and wandered far and wide with Scottish emigrants. Others have not been so fortunate. But let any one stand in some old German church—for Germany is pre-eminently the land of Christian hymns—and listen to the hymn that is lifted up with such strong and hearty voices, and think how the same words have been sung by perhaps ten generations; how the people have heard them from childhood; how they have been met by them in every conceivable circumstance of life and in the brightest and darkest days of Christendom; what struggles of the soul they have roused, and witnessed, and shared; in what strange and often tragic scenes they have mingled; what they have been to successive mourners, to widows and orphans, and the sick and dying, and hypocrites and plotters, to all that shifting group of worshippers,—let any one do this, and the hymn seems already to have received its memoir. A Jew passing by a church with his sister, steps in while the people are singing; he cannot resist the hymn; his sister rouses and scolds him in vain; it goes singing on in his heart, though she calls it an abomination of the Gentiles; and in the same church he is baptized. Luther writes a hymn, and soon after a poor cloth-worker walks through the streets of Magdeburg singing it; the mayor lays hands on him, and throws him into prison; but the hymn has done its work, and two hundred sturdy Magdeburgers march up

against the mayor and demand their singer. It must have been a heroic song, for Luther, shut up among doubts and fears at Coburg, took it for the comfort of his own heroic soul, saying to his servant, "Come, and let us sing it against the devil." And the crowd that followed Luther's body through Halle on its way to Wittenburg, strove to raise the same heroic measure through their tears. One would like to know more of this noble paraphrase of the 130th Psalm; but the only other record seems to be this, that it was the last Protestant hymn sung in Strasburg Cathedral, now well-nigh two hundred years ago. Another hymn has had a singular fate. It was a favorite of Luther; entitled by him *A Song of the Law and of Faith, marvellous well furnished with Holy Scripture*; and the story goes that a beggar lad from Prussia sung it one day at Luther's door. Handing him a crown of St. George, his last piece of money, with the words, "Come here, my St. George, the Lord Christ is there," he asked him to sing it again. And when it was finished he asked him where he had learned it; and he said, In Prussia, where they used to sing it in church; and Luther's eyes filled with tears of joy that God had spread his word so far. Afterwards the people sung mass and priest out of the churches with it in many parts of Germany; and now, strange change of fortune, there are villages in Austria, where it is regularly sung at the close of the Romish worship, a last, and, in the circumstances, whimsical relic of the once prevalent evangelical faith. Magdeburg is memorable in the story of hymns, for it was at the cruel sacking of it by Tilly that the school-children marched across the marketplace singing, and so enraged him that he bid them all be slain; and from that day, say the chroniclers, the fortune departed from him, nor did he smile again. Other hymns were more fortunate, for we read of a certain rough captain who would not bate a crown of the thirty thousand he levied of a captured town, till at last the archdeacon summoned the people together, saying, "Come, my children, we have no more either audience or grace with men; let us plead with God;" and when they had entered the church, and sung a hymn, the fine was remitted to a thousand. The same hymn played as merciful a part in another town which was to be burned for contumacy. When mercy had been asked

in vain, the clergyman marched out with twelve boys to the general's tent, and sang there before him, when, to their amazement, he fell upon the pastor's neck and embraced him. He had discovered in him an old student friend, and spared the place, and still the afternoon service at Pegan is commenced with the memorable hymn that saved it. Of another, it is said that a famous robber having been changed himself, sang it among his men, so that many of them were changed also. Rough hearts, indeed, seem often the most susceptible. A major in command of thirty dragoons entered a quiet vicarage, and demanded within three hours more than the vicar could give in a year. To cheer her father, one of his daughters took her guitar, and sang to it one of Gerhardt's hymns. Presently the door softly opened; the officer stood at it, and motioned her to continue, and when the hymn was sung, thanked her for the lesson, ordered out the dragoons, and rode off. And another story of the same hymn I make no apology for quoting entire. "In a village near Warsaw there lived a pious peasant of German extraction, by name Dobry. Without his fault he had fallen into arrear with his rent, and the landlord determined to evict him, and it was winter. He went to him three times in vain. It was evening, and the next day he was to be turned out with all his family, when, as they sat there in sorrow, the church bell pealed for evening prayer, and Dobry knelt down in their midst, and they sang—

"Commit thou all thy grief
And ways into His hands.

And as they came to the last verse—

"When Thou wouldst all our need supply
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?"—

there was a knock at the window. It was an old friend, a raven, that Dobry's grandfather had taken out of the nest and tamed, and then set at liberty. Dobry opened the window, the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring set with precious stones. Dobry thought he would sell the ring; but he thought again that he would bring it to his minister, and he, who saw at once by the crest that it belonged to King Stanislaus, took it to him, and related the story. And the king sent for Dobry, and rewarded him, so that he was no more in need, and the next year built him a new house, and gave him

cattle from his own stall, and over the house-door there is an iron tablet, whereon is carved a raven with a ring in his beak, and underneath, this verse—

“Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.”

Of another hymn, we read that a countess once sung it in a public-house. For, as she was travelling in Austria, she stopped at a village inn, and found the parlor full of Austrian peasants. The law forbade Christian assemblies, but it allowed any drinking assembly, so they met, and had beer-jugs on the table, but in reality came to share the Lord's Supper. And having asked permission to join them, as also a servant of Christ, she raised the hymn. Yet the singularity of this incident is surpassed. A Christian nobleman put up on his journey at a little village inn, where there was one of those wild, immoral dances that still disgrace some parts of the country. Having obtained permission to look on at the dance, he went up to the musicians, and asked if he would be allowed to have any tune he wished played for his money. And being told that he would, he asked them in one of the lulls of the dance to play a hymn, and sung it with them. Some ran away, but most stayed, and he prayed with them, and this was the beginning of a singular awakening in the neighborhood.

Hymns have sometimes been curiously used in stirring times, especially about the Reformation period. More than once the Romish preachers have been compelled to abandon the pulpit by the vigorous singing of one of Luther's. They have played their part in battle. At the famous battle of Leuthen, one of Heermann's hymns was raised by a regiment before going into the fight, and one after another took it up, until all the columns were singing it as they advanced. “Shall I silence them?” the general asked, as he rode up to stern, tobacco-loving, heroic King Fritz. “No; with such soldiers God will give me the victory,” and leaping down among the ranks and crying, “Now, children, in God's name,” he led them into battle. When the battle was won, the field was strewn with dead and wounded, it was night, and the soldiers were weary. Then one began to sing a hymn of thanksgiving, the bands joined in, and presently it rose

from the army in a full and mighty chorus that reached and greatly moved the king, who turned round, exclaiming; “What a power there is in religion!” It was at the great battle of Leipzig that Gustavus Adolphus sang, with his army, Luther's *Carmen Heroicum*, and after it, that, kneeling on the field, he thanked God for the victory in a stanza of the same hymn. The *Te Deum* won the fight at Liegnitz; it was a “poor sinner's song of Luther's that the peasant raised before the battle of Frankenhausen, and brave Earl Oldenburg triumphed at Drakenburg by the song of Simeon.

So curiously are the lives of these hymns interwoven with fiercest human struggles and profoundest human joys, with kings and politics, and famous battles that determined the fate of kingdoms, with poor peasants and lonely and nameless households, with crimes that leave the reddest stains in history, and softening of rugged and wild hearts. And it is pleasant to take up a hymn that has connected itself with past events, and can be traced into many a house and heart by its comfortable thoughts. Herbert's Hymn on Sunday gains a certain mournful delicacy when we know that he sung it himself upon his deathbed; that—

“Like a sweet swan, he warbles as he dies,
His Maker's praise, and his own obsequies.”

Gerhardt, himself, died repeating one of his own hymns, and even with the very words

“Him no death has power to kill.”

And there is a touching legend by which, as King Christian of Denmark lays sick at Christmas time, an angel came to him in a dream, and told him he would live but eight days. And on New Year's Day his chaplain preached him a farewell sermon; but when his courtiers would not sing death-songs over him, he cried, “Then will I sing myself, and you with me, and it shall be said the King of Denmark sung himself to the grave.” And he lifted up his voice, clear and strong, and they sang the Song of Simeon, but as they sung he fell asleep in Jesus.

There is now a common hymn in German village churches that strengthened Queen Elizabeth in her last moments. Luther's *Eine feste Burg* gains something by the pretty story of Melancthon; how as he stood in Weimar with his banished friends Jonas and Creuzieger, a little maid sung it in the street,

and he cried, "Sing on, my little girl, you don't know what famous people you comfort." We read our old favorite—

"God moves in a mysterious way"—

with a new interest and sympathy when we remember Cowper composed it during a solitary walk in the fields, and under presentiment of an attack of his cruel malady. Even the *Te Deum* wears a grander air when we think of it as so old that its origin is lost in one of the most curious of church legends; how that on the Easter night of the year 387, when Augustine was baptized by Ambrose, the two church fathers stood before the altar, and the Spirit came upon them, and they sang it through in alternate strophes to the congregation, and the pious Monica cried out, "I had rather have thee Augustinus and Christian, than if thou wert Augustus and emperor!" That same *Te Deum* has accompanied many a martyr to the stake in Flanders, and Bavaria, and London; Augustinian monks and stout-hearted laymen have sung it high above the flames; it was our English Bishop Fisher's farewell as he stood beside the block. And once it was lifted up where no lesser hymn would have been fitting—when Columbus discovered the first gray outline of the new world, and the crew threw themselves into each other's arms, weeping for joy.

But of all the stories that hymns can tell of themselves, there are none more quaint and touching than those of Mende and Novalis. Mende was a night watchman in Berlin before the poetry of night-watching was banished by police regulations, while the watchman's pious chant was still heard in the streets and chorales were blown on long horns from the church spires. Mende was a living hymn-book, whose leaves were turned over by the night winds, and to many a sick-room and troubled spirit Bible verses and stray stanzas would be borne in from the silent street. He had a verse for every house, and a hymn for every sorrow, and for five-and-twenty years the cheery voice of the old man rang through the dark, bringing more comfort and peace than all the ministers from their pulpits. "A glorious profession," he used to say; "by day I sleep or walk, but all night long I am alone with my Lord." Now, Mende, passing one evening by a worthy shoemaker's, overheard eager discussion and

heated denunciations of his beloved church, and began to fear that the honest Christian soul had fallen into the hands of some wandering demagogue. So, lifting up his voice, he chanted certain well-known lines of Gerhard on the simplicity and unity of faith, and these, falling through the still air into the little parlor, so confounded the shoemaker's guest, that he was fain to make his escape, while his host, full of joy, bade him adieu in the words of Paul, *Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.*

Novalis, poet and philosopher, wrote some hymns of a wonderful and gracious beauty, intelligible to all, moreover, and singularly distinct from those speculations that ranked him chief of mystic thinkers. His father, a business-like, prosaic, working man, troubled himself little about either poet or philosopher, considered rhyming, indeed, purely mischievous; but having a theory that boys would be boys, neither interfered with Novalis, nor, it is believed, read a line he ever wrote, unless it was in the ledger. Novalis died in his bright youth, and soon after, his father attended the Moravian Church on Sunday, as his custom was. The congregation sang words that he had never heard before, so thrilling, so full of Christian passion, so mournfully sweet, that he was deeply moved, and on leaving the church asked a neighbor how they had come by so glorious a hymn, and if he knew the author's name? "Why," he replied, starting back, "don't you know? It was your own son." Curiously, too, have some hymns been born, the merest accident seemingly presiding at the birth. An air floats pleasantly down from an old church tower into the pastor's study, and the pastor writes to the melody the sweetest of all even-songs. A poet is brought into such straits that he must pawn his violoncello; with better times the violoncello is redeemed, and, as his fingers stray over it, his eyes full of happy tears, he sings what he calls with bare truth "a comfortable hymn,—for, that God in his own time will deliver every one that trusts in him." During the plague, a clergyman, follows seven hundred and forty parishoners to the grave in nine weeks; his own house remains untouched, "as if an angel stood on the threshold, and waved off the pestilence with his bare sword;" and in that solemn loneliness he writes a farewell to the world.

that has been faintly uttered by innumerable dying lips as their own. The very finest hymns of the sixteenth century sprung likewise from the plague: the poet watching for weary days the ceaseless funerals that wound past his door to the village *God's Acre*; and so absorbed was he in the thoughts it suggested, that he remained in his room from morning till evening, and left it only when the hymn was finished. One is written to comfort a sick friend; a few simple words at a death-bed are the origin of another; a third grows out of a mighty sore wrestling with the devil; a fourth springs from the watchword of a famous battle; the ancient hymn, *In the midst of life we are by death surrounded*, was begun while watching some masons building a dangerous bridge. Standing on the neck of Land's End, Charles Wesley's thoughts run into the memorable stanza commencing, *Lo, on a narrow neck of land*; the quarrymen at Portland suggest two striking lines; riding from Cork to Barrow he composes a "hymn of eighty-eight lines for the conversion of Irish Roman Catholics;" and when the rough tars struck into one of his services with *Nancy Dawson*, he sung at the next service to the same air a hymn beginning—

"Listed into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! too long has been
Prest to obey the devil."

Curiously, moreover, these hymns are linked with their author. King Robert of France wrote what Trench calls "the loveliest of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry." The wife of the great Prussian Elector wrote the well-known resurrection hymn *Jesus my Redeemer Lives*. Ziegenbalg heard it before he died, and said it was as bright before his eyes as if the sun were shining in his face. One of the best of hymn-writers was an ancient Duke of Brunswick; one of the tenderest was a ribbon manufacturer at Mülheim. Thomas of Celano wrote only two hymns beside the *Dies iræ*; Bishop Ken left three; Nicolai wrote but the two finest—in structure and majesty and devoutness of thought—in his tongue. A single hymn has conferred immortality. Wearing but this one decoration, a man goes down to posterity and outlives the most famous of his time. The *Dies iræ* has been oftener translated than any book except the Bible. The precursor of a country church is remembered in more hearts

than the poet of a nation. The biography of a hymn will often reverse and confound the judgments of Letters. It is not the great poet but the obscure pastor who writes these "heavenly lays." In no country which possesses a hymnology have the great poets shared in its construction. Three of our greatest poets, Spenser, Milton, and Wordsworth, are essentially religious poets. You cannot read a page of their writings without being struck by the deep, pervading, religious feeling. Yet all the service Milton rendered that way (for the magnificent "Ode on the Nativity" is scarcely a hymn) was versifying, poorly enough, a few of the Psalms, while Wordsworth wrote some agreeable stanzas, which he called "The Laborer's Noon-day Hymn." It is not by its Schiller or Goethe that the great hymns of Germany have been sung, but by monks and country pastors, schoolmasters and humble men, whose names, if they were ever known, have long since been forgotten. And if we turn to the Bible, we find indeed the highest poetry in Job and the Prophets, the men who were poets and prophets by their calling; but we do not find in their writings a single lyric. It was David the warrior and king, Mary the young virgin-mother, Simeon the aged man, who waited in the temple; it was by them that those glorious hymns were written which have been sung these thousands of years, which will yet be chanted with holy joy in every land which the sun visits, from its rising till its setting.

What curious and subtle interweaving of these divine songs with the thoughts and plans and final purposes of countless beings! What a story of infinite love under a thousand varying phases, what adventure and chequered life in that one Twenty-Third Psalm, a pilgrim, as a recent writer pictures it, "commissioned of God to travel up and down the earth singing a strange melody, which, when one hears, he straightway forgetteth whatever sorrow he hath." What a history, to be partially revealed at the last day, and forever unfolding in heaven, in some solitary word of Christ, like that sweetest of lullabies sung to the weary, *Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!* And every word that catches up the echoes of these that are divine, will have its tale to tell. And every true hymn from the legendary past, or struck out of some pause in the hurry of the present, with a great name, or no name, be it "common as the commonplace," even soiled in well-thumbed penny books, is writing its own life and yours as you sing it, or read it, or recall it in some low half-murmur to the melody it went by at your mother's knee.

WILLIAM FLEMING STEVENSON.

From The London Review, 28 Feb.

DRIFTING.

FOUL weather seems to be gathering in the continental sky. The French nation gives signs of awakened interest in the tragedy which is passing in Poland. A panic has fallen on the Bourse; for, from the various Parisian journals of the day, the loud but well-known roll of the war-drum is beginning to be heard. M. de La Guéronnière mutters about the mission of France and the autonomy of Poland in a tone that reminds us of his ill-boding cry four years ago when the mission of France and the autonomy of Lombardy were in question. Nor can we wonder at the stir. A gallant, excitable, and overbearing people might have brought themselves to hold their breath so long as it was merely a matter of Russian absolutism in Poland. It has been reserved for a senseless Prussian Ministry to revive before the eyes of eager France the hateful recollections of a Holy Alliance, and to kindle her indignation with the sight of a monarchy, ridiculous at home, trampling on the prostrate Polish race abroad. The name of Prussia is a name which awakens no pleasant or friendly feelings in the hearts of the French masses. In stretching her arms towards the Rhine, the French empire would at any time have gratified not merely an acquisitive instinct, but a national and deep-seated animosity. The friendship between England and Prussia has been till lately an insuperable obstacle to a move in that direction. The Prussian Premier has at last succeeded in placing his country in the one position where she can hope for no self-restraint on the part of the French nation, and no sympathy on the part of England.

Europe at this moment—the symptoms are unmistakable—is drifting towards a desperate political complication. The resignation of M. Bismarck Schönhausen may mitigate, but it cannot altogether undo the harm that that feeble and inefficient statesman has done. By this time a note has doubtless been despatched to St. Petersburg, which, whatever its courtesy and frankness, still must wear, to a jealous northern eye, the semblance, if not of a menace, at least of an intervention. What will be the result, it is impossible to say. But there can be little doubt that the French empire is acting wisely in heading the movement of indignation that agitates the whole

of the Liberals of the Continent. To tear still further the treaties of 1815—to complete the restoration of oppressed nationalities which he has begun—to distract the minds of the revolutionists of Europe from the Roman question—to make France forget Mexico—to unite compactly around him the Catholic and the Liberal sections of the French people, and with all this to gratify French vanity with the wild hope of some happy windfall on the frontier of the Rhine,—is an opportunity which falls to few but the Napoleons. Were the emperor ten years younger, he would probably not hesitate a week. But hearts grow less chivalrous as hairs grow gray. To push once more into the maze of European revolution requires a cool brain and a confident hand. Ten years ago there might have been something to gain. To-day the empire seems to be so secure that there is nothing left for it to win. Yet those who know France best, know that the empire must preserve an imperial attitude if it wishes to be entirely secure. It will be difficult for Louis Napoleon to pretend to be indifferent to the dying groans of Poland. Besides all this, there is another reason why Louis Napoleon is less likely than most men of his years and station to shut his ears against that sound. It is that with all his cold reserve, with all his saturnine and ironical silence, with all his diplomatic and imperial airs of mystery, the French Emperor is at times a generous man and an enthusiast.

It is curious and instructive to observe how, upon the mass of contemporary history, the like causes produce the like effects. A political position, which is caused by a permanent evil, reproduces and repeats itself. A little cycle of summers passes by, and we have once more the same groups of figures in the same attitude and in the same inextricable difficulty. Only the actors change, or, rather, they do not change—they merely change places. Russia to-day stands where Austria stood yesterday; and Austria crosses over to her rival's place. It is the same problem, but those who have to work it out are different. The Polish nation of 1863 excites the same admiration and sympathy as the Italy of 1858 and 1859. Prussia and Russia in Warsaw and in Posen are what Austria was at Milan and upon the Po. France again assumes the dazzling form of an avenging angel, destined, perhaps, to set the

weary free from their oppressor. Nor is the position of this country dissimilar to its position at that time. England is perfectly aware of the injustice of many of the arrangements made at the great Congress, and the chronic dangers to which it gives rise in Europe. Yet she has a material interest in seeing that France does not swamp altogether the Conservative powers of the Continent. It is true that the Poles have a moral right to their independence: but it is also true that France ought not to have the Rhine. Great Britain, therefore, seems likely to return with some annoyance to the perplexing and anxious attitude of universal dissatisfaction, which it fell to her lot to occupy during the campaign of Lombardy. If next month the French eagles cross the Prussian frontier to assist Poland, what is Great Britain to do? Every generous instinct will be on the side of the Poles and France. Yet prudence, the regard for treaties, and our constitutional habit of distrusting the French empire, will perhaps tend to paralyze our mind. We do not wish once again to play the part that was played in the last war. It was an undignified, unhappy, unquiet part. It was the part played by Austria in the Crimean War, the part played by Prussia in the Italian. Now that it is over, and that we breathe again, we may confess that it was not the part Englishmen love to play. Let us hope that it is not coming back to us. Every English statesman of character will feel that the first thing he has to do is to preserve us from so painful a necessity.

We drifted into the Crimean conflict; and we allowed Austria and Sardinia to drift into the Italian. Our fault in both cases was the same: we were not resolute betimes: nor did we see the worst that was before us. Sincerely is it to be hoped that we are not drifting again for a third time. A quiet retrospect of the beginning of the contest between Austria and Italy, now that excitement and pride are dead, will show us that our political course was one of blunder and mistake. Lord Malmesbury was at the helm. Mr. Disraeli inspired the crew. The spirit of Lord Normanby perhaps reigned supreme over the tactics of the vessel. Yet the passage and the character of the vessel itself were not such that they should have been committed at such a time to such keeping. England at the immediate moment of contact between the contending interests was neither Conservative nor Liberal. She paused and hoped, and

feared and doubted, blaming both parties and influencing neither. Vigorous action either in one direction or the other would have stopped the war, or else prevented it from becoming glorious to France alone. Had this country joined the French Emperor at first, Austria would perhaps have given in, and certainly Savoy would never have been annexed. This time we should be careful to profit by the lesson. It will be, as usual, disastrous to the influence of this country and to the balance of power in Europe, should France be left alone to prosecute a missionary war, and to raise the Fiery Cross of Polish liberty and independence. If she is to act, England and Austria must act with her. The interests of European peace demand that on so serious an emergency there should be no want of unity on the part of all these governments. We regard the state of Poland as a calamity and a danger to the civilized world. We do not want to go to war with Russia, far less with Prussia. It would be a terrible misfortune to be driven into it. Let us, therefore, be wise in time, and deal with the Polish question as befits a generous and powerful country, which is not insensible to the voice of Polish distress, which will not allow a Berlin autocrat to plunge Europe into war, and which is equally sensible to the great blessings of peace, and to the demands of national honor.

To the generosity of the Russian Emperor we look for a solution of the difficulty into which Europe has been brought. At Berlin it is idle to expect more than has been extorted from the king by fear of France. A monarch who has not shrunk from attempting to play the absolutist with Europe as he might have played it with his facile and long-suffering subjects, is not likely to contribute much to the final settlement of the problem. The air of St. Petersburg, monarchical as it is, is less stifling just at present than the air of Berlin. The lips that have bestowed freedom on the serf should be capable at least of granting reforms, and, if necessary, independence to Poland. Nor is the attitude of Austria without promise. Is it impossible that the Great Powers should seize this crisis for undoing in a friendly spirit the knots which it will take years of bloodshed and misery to cut by the sword? To keep Poland and Italy as they are, is but to defer an evil day. Material interests are at stake, and regal, no less than national prejudices, have to be consulted. The vanity of more than one great power forbids us to speak of tearing the old documents which are the title-deeds of absolutism; yet the state of Europe requires undoubtedly that they should be reformed.

LIFE'S ANSWER.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

I know not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot:
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best, or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain:
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee:
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine:
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board:
Above the raving of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall:
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land,
The end is this:
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

OH! SING AGAIN THAT SIMPLE SONG.

Oh, sing again that simple song
We used to love so long ago;
Ere Fortune's spite, the cold world's wrong,
Had taught us all that now we know.
Ay, breathe once more that touching strain,
So sweet to spirits tempest-tost;
For still to me its sad refrain
Seems sweetest when it pains me most.

Oh, sing that cherished song once more,
Though plaudits such as used to greet
Thine ear, in courtly bowers, of yore,
Are thine no longer; incense sweet
Thy unambitious soul may claim;
The tribute of one grateful breast,
One loving heart's profound acclaim,
May soothe thy gentle spirit best.

Though Fortune frown and friends look cold,
And lowlier hopes and aims are ours;
And visions bright as those of old
No more may cheer our lonely hours;
Yet let us "drive dull care away,"
Unheeding Fortune's sharpest slings,*
To-day, to-day, at least, be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings!

—*London Society.*

* The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."
SHAKESPEARE.

SEA-BATHING.

OCEAN, solemn and strong, by wild winds swept
over often,
Terrible thou in the hour when thou arisest in
power:
Thee do the July calms and the summer silences
soften;
Weary mortals rest then on thy murmurous
breast.
Maidens come to thy marge and receive thy briny
embraces;
Tired men wash them free in the cool depths
of the sea.
Even as thy fast-flowing tide from the sand the
footstep effaces,
So at thy touch from the heart memories of
trouble depart.
Mountain-solitudes much do I love, and glens
that are lonely,
Where, under few tall firs, never the dark tarn
stirs.
Ah, but the ocean divine, with its musical whis-
per, can only
Wash from my spirit away all the dull cares of
the day.
Ocean, loving and calm, across thy mystic
abysses,
When my swift sail flies free, naught can be
dearer to me:
Ah, to dwell on thy breast as long as the wander-
ing Ulysses!
Ah, nevermore to rest save in the isles of the
blest!

—*Temple Bar.*

LADY-KILLERS.

O YE ladies fair who bathe at beautiful Bognor,
What would ye say if a shark caught you out-
side the machines?
He, who can bolt fat pork, would think a maiden
of England
Succulent morsel and sweet, even with bathing-
gown on.
Straight would he swim to his friends, who live
upon seamen and niggers,
Telling them where they could find morsels
more tender by far.
Shoals of sharks would throng at once to the ex-
quisite banquet.
Driven away from the sea, what in the world
would you do?
Ah! an idea occurs! Our gallant Volunteer
Rifles,
Each man armed with harpoon and a hundred
fathom of line,
Down on the coast should descend, and the many-
toothed miscreants extirpate.
Then again, fair girls, into the sea ye may
plunge,—
Plunge in the sparkling brine, and freshen your
charming complexions;
While Mr. Leech looks on, painting your por-
traits for *Punch*.

—*Temple Bar.*



